Greene began with cated moral disquisition Mamilia (1583), a long series of highly-coloured fantastic novels, 'love-pamphlets,' as he called them, and he was immediately imitated by Lodge, by Dickenson, by Lodewick Lloyd, and by many others of less notoriety These books had a peculiarity which is of the greatest importance they were written for women frequent to dedicate a novel of this class ' To the Gentlewomen of England,' Lyly went so far as to say that his books would 'rather lie shut in a lady's casket than open in a scholar's study' This gave a peculiarly civilising effect to what was best in these romances, most of which, although they were objected to by the severe on account of their appeal to frivolity and their long-drawn pictures of lovers' emotion, were in no sense licentious or even coarse.

This curious fashion, however, although introduced by a book so original, so wise, and in many ways so attractive as Euphues, and although for a little while so triumphant, was doomed to rapid and complete failure The romantic novel in Elizabethan England culminated in the Rosalynde of Lodge (1590), and we may admit the space of twelve years as comprising its rise and its decay. From the first it was exotic, not one of the novels (with the curious exception of Nash's realistic picaresque romance of Jack IVilton, 1594, from which an extract is given below) touched the incidents of actual life The landscape was a scene out of some vague, flowery Arcadia, the personages were heroic beyond mortal comprehension, the language used was almost invariably that artificial, mincing dialect suggested, as is now believed, by the study of the world famous Relog de Principes, or 'Dial of Princes,' by the Spanish bishop, Antonio de Guevara (translated from a French version by Lord Berners, see page 104, and again by Sir Thomas North in 1557) This dialect took the name of Euphuism, though it existed before the days of Euphues, and indeed hangs like a faint scent of musk over most early Elizabethan prose Discredited and ridiculed, Euphuism was not only long in dying, but lived to impress indelibly the style of the greatest English writers of the next age, and Shakespeare himself

The novel was a rapidly deciduous growth thrown off to prepare the minds and tongues of Englishmen for an infinitely more important and more national literary manifestation. The exotic, artificial romance was not nearly strong enough meat for the appetites of men, or of women either, awakened to the gust of life at the close of the glorious Tudor epoch. In the extreme fermentation of public and private existence, the violence and intensity of passion experienced in real life easily and finally rendered insipid the flowery, languid stories of the Euphuists When life moved so quickly, and presented people with such startling reverses of fortune, when foreign politics, and home churchcraft, and the bewilderment of infatuated love, and the intrepidity of murder, and a thousand other forms of passionate, ill regulated vitality, were surring the fantasy of the populace, so that life itself was more exciting than a thousand romances, it was impossible to be interested for any length of time in long, blossomy conversations between the melancholy shepherd Menaphon and the fair nymph Samela of Cyprus And out of this impatience grew the great literary invention of the Elizabethan age, the stage-play

We have already passed in review, in earlier divisions of this volume, the Tudor miracles and moralities which illustrated the theatrical spirit for men who had not been touched by the new In these interesting but primitive compositions plot had been entirely wanting, and everything approaching to evolution of character These plays had been humorous, sensible, and lively, they had depended upon allegory for their interest, and they had been independent of all exotic influence first years of Elizabeth certain faint efforts had been made at creating a native comedy and a native tragedy, and these will be chronicled in their place. But the mediæval play had to die before the Renaissance play could be created According to an early legend, the boy Shakespeare went from his home to Coventry to watch a performance of the old pageant of Corpus Christi It was the new world contemplating the old world, and between these two there was really no essential bond. The attempts made, therefore, to modernise the surface of the mediæval play, and give it a humanist veneer, are of purely antiquarian

The first Renaissance English play belongs to a period earlier than that with which this division deals. Nor was Ralph Roister Doister a farce on English lines at all, but founded almost servilely on a classical model There were several successors to Udall's clever adaptation of the manner of Plautus, but none of

them led any further in the development of In tragedy the same process was repeated, under a worse model, the so-called The interest taken in this bombastic Seneca. Latin tragedy in the early years of Elizabeth. was very remarkable, and culminated in the production of Garbudue of Sackville and Norton, first performed in 1562. The irrational character of these dramatic experiments, and the fact that they led nowhere, and were incapable of development and extension, struck contemporary minds after a quarter of a century of bewildered subjection to Seneca. The most advanced critic to day could scarcely define the faults of an early Elizabethan dramatist better than Whetstone did (in 1578) when he declared him to be 'most vain, indiscreet, and out of order, he first grounds his work on impossibilities, then in three hours runs he through the world, marries, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters, and bringeth gods from herven, and fetcheth devils from hell'

What delayed the wholesome revival of the modern drama in England was the persistence with which the university wits, such as Sidney, Harvey, and Gosson, determined that this incoherence could only be abated by a stricter adherence to classical rules of composition Their great mistake was to regard the drama as a purely intellectual or literary thing, without taking into consideration the material requirements of an audience in a theatre But, while the scholars were wrangling in their closets as to the proper way in which the precepts of Aristotle should be carried out, the common people, who had never heard of Aristotle or of the unities, but who desired to be amused and alarmed in commodious play houses, on their own lines, with intelligible chronicle plays and farces, were really preparing the foundations of a national drama. Hence, in discussing the movement of our dramatic literature, it is im possible to escape from a subject not properly dealt with in this volume, namely, the history of the stage, or to decline to acknowledge the importance of the date 1576, as that of the year in which the great building of advanced suburban theatres began

We are here, however, confronted by the extremely curious fact that it seems impossible for us to discover what happened in the English theatrical world between this date and 1587. In spite of endless research and conjecture, these ten years, the conduct of which would be of

extraordinary interest to us, obstinately refuse to deliver up their dramatic secrets. It is certain that several of the court plays of I vly, curious anomalies in stage craft, which faintly prophesied of the poetic comedy of the next age, were performed, and it is also certain that one play of real merit, in its fragmentary way, The Arraignment of Paris, by George Peele, was played in 1584 by the Children of the Chapel Royal before Queen Elizabeth. Robert Greene, afterwards so famous, in these years 'lest the University [of Cambridge] and away to London, where [he] became an author of plays' But these early dramas of Greene have, without exception, perished or vanished Perhaps the play of Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes, a strange medley of mediæval and Hellenic romance, belongs to this same dim period of transition Putting together these and what other scraps of evidence we possess, we come to the conclusion that in these years, from 1576 to 1587, there was a tendency to the employment of Euphuism on the stage, to an avoidance of serious passion, that there was preferred the use of rhyming metres, blank verse still lacking the sonority desirable for the public stage, that no attention was seriously given to characterisation or construction, the two qualities upon which drama really depends, and that for all these reasons there was a suspended animation, the English drama being unable to start, although absolutely ready to do so, until some man or men should arise strong enough to sweep these obstacles out of her path

It seems quite certain that neither Peele nor Lyly, though each had a graceful talent, was man enough to do this, and what Greene was doing when he was not penning love-pamphlets is so absolutely unknown to us that conjecture But the revolutionary qualities wanted were unquestionably met with in two men of extraordinary fertility of invention and resolute originality-Kyd and Marlowe Of these Marlowe had doubtless the greater genius, the tradition of the seventeenth century, combined with very recent discoveries, leads us to suspect that Kyd was the more innovating spirit. fault of allegorical pastorals like Endymion and The Arraignment of Paris was that they were too gentle, they merely brushed the surface of life. These were social entertainments, in which political and courtly complications were touched with so timid a hand that if the official world turned upon the poet he might say that he did not mean anything at all, and that the resemblance was accidental. But such plays ill-matched the deep excitement, the audacious keenness, of the maturing Elizabethan age, and therefore we see, in 1587, two dramatists, supported unquestionably by their strong personal friendship, rise like Harmodius and Aristogeiton to free English drama by an unexpected death-blow from the tyranny of a paralysing conventionality

The blow was struck by Varlowe in Dr Faustus and by Kyd in The Spanish Tragedy But to comprehend the nature of the revolution worked by these two men we must realise what their personal relations were with their time It wanted but a little that these twin planets of our dramatic dawn were burned at the stake for their atheistical and infamous opinions, they were in actual danger of a death as violent as any which they drew One of them actually died by the hand of a murderer, and both were, in their brief, fiery, and tempestuous lives, the prototypes of the melodramatic villains of their own tragedies Neither Kyd nor Marlowe shrank from the contemplation (we must not say the committal) in real life of those 'carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts' which they loved to describe If the character of Faustus fascinated them, it was because they saw in him what they wished to be-a turbulent innovator, self supported in a paroxysm of intellectual arrogance and revolt These new authors, in addition to the startling frankness with which they voiced the pride of the age, each possessed one dramatic quality of the highest and most pregnant value had discovered the secret of the evolution of a plot, Marlowe invented the sonorous fullness of an effective stage blank verse. These two things had but to be united, and tragedy was on the right road The same year, 1587 (it is probable), saw the first working out of the story of Hamlet in a popular Senecan form, due, almost certainly, to Kyd We incur little danger of mistake, indeed, if we take that date as the practical start-year of drama in its finished form in England. It is worthy of note that, while tragedy is thus taking hold of the English mind in deep romantic intensity, it is fiding from the stage of France, where it seemed to be so passionately welcomed Before Marlowe and Kyd are vocal, Jodelle and Garnier (with whom Kyd had much in common) have quitted the stage, and have left no direct descendants.

If we turn to narrative and lyrical poetry, we do not find the same abrupt transitions as meet

us in the history of drama, but we observe a rapid upward development. Oddly enough, the period is limited, at its beginning and its close, by a publication of Spenser-The Shepherd's Calendar in 1579, and the first three books of The Faerie Quien in 1590 As will in due course be shown, Spenser himself almost wholly disappears from our view during those years, but the progress of poetry, set in action by the startling novelties of The Shepherd's Calendar, Sidney's friendship with Spenser, and his presidency of the 'Areopagus,' a sort of club which set out to revolutionise poetry in a wholly undesirable way, dates from a year or so earlier than this, and Sidney, in defiance of his own rules, begins to write the canzonets and pastoral odes of the Arcadia, and, what is much more to the point, to introduce the sonnet and celebrate the alembicated loves of Astrophel and Stella But these poems are not seen by the general public, and a profound sensation is made by Thomas Watson, whose Hicatompathia, or Passionate Cinturie of Love, is published in 1582. Watson has, perhaps, not left behind him a single poem, a single line, which lives in English literature, yet his historical position is a very prominent one He marks the disappearance of the last traces of mediævalism, and the completion of the triumph of southern influences Watson is a Petrarchist of the late order, of the class of Bembo and Molza, and of his sonnets may be said what Dr Garnett has excellently remarked of those of the last mentioned Italian, that they are 'as inexpressive as harmonious-1 perpetual silvery chime which soothes the ear, but conveys nothing to the mind'

It was, in all probability, a very propitious thing for English poetry that the Italian verse of the Cinque Cento declined so suddenly and lost its prestige so completely The Petrarchists, after the brilliant success of their innumerable warblings, ceased to sing, or ceased to find listeners, in the middle of the century, the latest and perhaps the best of them, Bernardo Tasso and Luigi Tansillo, died in 1568-69 There was, therefore, no contemporary Italian, of their own exact class, before whom Sidney and Watson were tempted to bow down most they could do was to become the English Tansillo and Molza of a later age In spite of the weakness of their cause, their success was considerable It must not be overlooked that a strong chord of Petrarchism continued to run through the complicated music of the

great Elizabethan period and was not drowned until it melted into the grotesque melody of the disciples of Donne Drayton, Daniel, Barnfield, even Shakespeare himself, are full of Petrarchism, and it is only proper to remember that all this was started and given direction to by Sidney and Watson, but by Watson most of all

By the side of the Petrarchan there flourished the pastoral manner, borrowed from Italy and the Peninsula. One of the books of the Cinque Cento which most deeply influenced the literature of the world, and not least of England, was the Arcadia of Sannazaro (1504), a pastoral romance, written in careful, but not Euphuistic, prose, plentifully besprinkled with bucolic verse This work positively fascinated the youth of Europe, and was imitated, to satiety and ridi The Portuguese, in cule, in every language particular, greatly delighted in it, and it was i poet of Portugal, Jorge de Montemayor, whose Castilian pastoral of the Diana (1558) wakened in the youthful Sidney the ambition to compete in English pastoral with the poets of Southern Europe. Sidney had imitated Montemayor and Sannazaro before these poets were widely known in England, a version of the Diana (1598), by Bartholomew Young, acquired great popularity Pastoral was started in England in two species—the Virgilian and Chaucerian, mingled in a kind of national eclogue, by Spenser, the purely artificial and Sannazaran by Sidney-and this also had its vogue throughout the next half century, as exemplified in the direct scholars of Spenser, such as Phineas Fletcher and Browne, and in the more voluptuous dramatists from Beaumont to Shirley

One prominent section of literature remains to be spoken of, and that is prose we find much less to be said of a definite kind. The great years from 1570 to 1590 were years of national concentration on the difficult and supremely fascinating art of verse, and very secondary and desultory attention was given to Of late what is perhaps an pedestrian prose exaggerated attention has been given to the useful and picturesque but prolix translations of the carly Elizabethan age Sir Thomas North, Philemon Holland, Savile, and the rest have their place in the development of prose, but they were awk tard writers, rocking fever ishly between a vulgar riciness and an inappropriate pomposity of language. In Lyly, for the first time we meet with an English writer

of measured and occasionally elegant prose. although even Lyly is painfully prolix and mannered In Hooker, for the first time, we discover really competent and practical prose. capable of conducting an argument with sanity, lucidity, and dignity, but Hooker published Much of the practical nothing until 1594 prose of the early Elizabethan is energetic, and it is possible from a dozen writers to select brief passages of extreme magnificence, but it is difficult to perceive that they wrote upon any system, or that it had ever crossed their minds that prose should be given, and could descrive, no less sustained technical attention than verse itsclf After 1500 there came a burst of geographical and adventurous prose, much of which makes exceedingly good reading to-day Nothing is more delightful than to plunge into those miscellanics in which Hakluyt and afterwards Purchas preserved the 'memorable evploits of late years by our English nation achieved, from the greedy and devouring jaws of oblivion' Most of all, the progress of biblical and liturgical prose deserves our careful attention, the Bishops' Bible of Parker (1568) being the companion of men who gradually became dissatisfied with its imperfections, and demanded from the Conference of 1604 a revision of the English Scriptures, which led, in 1611, to the publication of a Bible the most faultless and the most melodiously picturesque to be found in any European ver-For the success of this crowning trophy of Jacobcan genius praise must not be withheld from Lancelot Andrewes, the editor or chairman of James I's learned committee of ecclesinstics

We have now indicated a few of the influences and the surroundings which moulded English imaginative thoughts in the days which preceded the magnificent burst of genius in the midst of which the voice of Shakespeare When the creators were at work, was raised simultaneously building the vast palaces of Elizabethan poetry, it became difficult to recollect the very names of their predecessors has therefore seemed well that we should linger a little on the movement of those gentle forces which led up to the great explosion of genius, in order to prepare readers for the phenomena which will be presented to them in due chronological course From 1591 to 1616that is to say, during the quarter of a century peculiarly identified with the activity of Shake speare-English literature was raised to an extraordinary height of splendour and originality, and this must now be studied in the detailed life of its individual exponents

One general order of ideas may, however, be Without giving way to the tendency suggested to see historical events immediately reflected in literary productions, we may yet perceive to advantage the many ways in which Elizabethan literature proceeded on lines continuous with thoseworked along by the great Tudor statesmen First of all, it is impossible not to be struck by the contributions to the sentiments of national independence offered by one great author after There was this difference between, another let us say, the polished epics of Italy and The Faerie Queen, that the one represented a vain aspiration and the other a living entity. When Spenser drew a picture of that newly-invented paragon of chivalry, the English gentleman, he painted something at once more attractive and more romantic than Orlando or Rinaldo had proved on the realistic canvas of Boiardo while he seemed, with his allegory and his fabulous geography, to be farther from existence than the southerners, he was actually moving much nearer to it, because he presented the veritable sentiment of the English champions who surrounded the virgin Gloriana on her throne

The literature of this magnificent period, in its pride of mich and audacity of purpose, seems to support the prerogative of the English Crown It is the literature of a nation that has just awakened to a sense of its strength, its isolation, its almost insupportable inward perti-With the sudden development of political independence, there came an apprehension of the necessity of intellectual and spiritual cultivation Every accomplishment helped to make England great, and while the Italian laboured at high astronomy or was martyred in the cause of ethical speculation without a spark of national enthusiasm, the Elizabethan turned his little copy of verses or practised an air on the theorbo with the belief that England would be so far the richer for The courtier, the speculator, the his chergy soldier, the poet, the adventurer on perilous sers, the patient and responsible public servant, were found united in a single personage in these 'spacious' times The careers of men like Raleigh and Sidney appeal to us all, but those of Fulke Greville, of John Davies, of Sackville may teach us still more of this devo tion to the day's service, be it what it may, of I

this noble determination to do well whatever England may call a man to do, be it successively the task of a poet, a diplomatist, a member of Parliament, a lawyer, a financier, or a soldier

It would be absurd, however, to pretend that Elizabethan literature was sustained at these Spenser and Shakespeare crystal heights exemplify the chivalrous aspect at its best, we shall discover little chivalry in Marston and Ioseph Hall Yet even in the grossest and most turbid of the Elizabethans we find abundance of that energy and intensity which are the signs of life and youth, and their faults are those out of which a great nation grows into serenity and strength If the playwrights were coarse and rough, they were at least rough with the crudity of a full bodied vintage, a wine that suffers in its youth for the stoutness and vigour This is quite another thing from of its quality the malady of morals which falls on a feeble and decaying people, and which is like the flatness of a thin, indifferent vintage kept too long In the general fusion of forces which took place in the reign of Elizabeth, a certain confused violence could not fail to be a symptom, in literature as well as in politics and Church matters I ife suddenly began to be many-sided and copious, and elements of turbidity were inevitable in so tumultuous a torrent of thought

The reader of the following pages will be able to appreciate what were the main imaginative forms taken by this redundancy and ebullience of national sentiment. If he passes suddenly from 1591 to 1616, which we take as the close of our third period, he will be surprised at the change he encounters At the first date the world was opening before the inexperienced poet, at the second, all experiments have been tried, all heights reached in the summer of English poetry, and the funtest breath of autumnal sadness is felt in the air Wc left Raleigh dreaming of Guiana, we find Ben Jonson and Donne blushing to remember their marriage odes on Somerset's hideous wedding The man of the moment is Bacon, the Spanish Marringe fills the air Shakespeare is dving. and Beaumont, Fletcher's dramatic art has already become a formula, the school of Spenser has sunk into silence Everywhere there is a sense of the meridian being passed, in literature, as in politics, the high rapture cannot be sustained, and the independence of a people is no sooner broadly established than

it begins to cultivate the weaknesses of other settled nations

In nine years more, at the death of James I in 1625, what we permitted ourselves to suspect has become matter of patent observation Liverywhere the symptoms of decay and decline Bacon is degraded, and dying, are obvious. and no one takes his place. Ben Jonson is paralysed, and 'sick and sid,' and his 'sons in Apollo 'have not a tithe of his genius is dead, and his work descends to Massinger Of the glorious romantic poets which had made London the capital of Parnassus, the weary Heywood is still hanging about the stage, Middleton is closing appropriately in Anything for a Queet Life, and with Ford and Shirley a little momentary revival, a martin's summer, is preparing England for a long period of darkness. In all this we trace nothing more nor less than the collapse of energy which answers in the history of the imagination of a people to nervous exhaustion in an individual England was tired of her rapture, her transcendent effort, and she was ready to sink into the repose of a convention

We may, perhaps, discover a further reason for the mulady which begins to afflict her from the reign of James I onwards to the end of the Commonwealth One palpable cause of the neglect of letters has been always pointed out in the confusion of political issues, and the concentration of popular attention on vast constitutional problems But this easy solution of the difficulty is not to be accepted without a protest In the first place, the decline of literature was proceeding at full speed while the political world was still quiet, and when none but the most far-sighted patriots anticipated a grand On the other hand, it is by no upheavil means certain that an eager interest in high matters of State is necessarily unfavourable to the production of literature The ecclesiastical storms which led to the appointment of Elizabeth's High Commission swept through every household in England, but their violence and bluster did not brush a grain of jewel-dust off the wings of The Faerie Queen, or delay by an hour the evolution of the genius of Shakespeare Nor is it at all certain that the disturbed condition of English politics half a century later had any ill effect on the imagination of Milton We have to beware of attributing to politics too direct an influence on the waxing and waning of poetical literature

When we close the brilliant and unparalleled

period the examination of which we are now about to commence, what we do find is that England did not escape that curious blight or malady of the mind which fell on every other part of Europe, and marked, in so doing, the close of the Renaissance. This was the preoccupation with a forced ingenuity of fancy which is known by so many names, and which affected so many literatures in different but contemporary ways, as in Donne with us, Marino with the Italians, Gongora with the Spamards In this a morbid horror of the obvious leads the writer into forms of thought and speech which are inelegant and non-natural, and in which the proportion between what is essential and what is trifling is lost quite exact to say that this change consisted in a decay of taste, because ugly and monstrous things had been written, with an almost innocent nonchalance, by the poets of the great period, while those of the decline were often prettier and more graceful in trifles than their masters had been But there was a decay of the sense of relative values, and this we see exemplified in the works of a man of such amazing genius and force as Donne, who says the most penetrating and the most silly thing at the same moment, not (as it would appear) distinguishing what is silly from what is penetrating, and having no criterion by which to judge his creations

So that, without paradox, we may say that what this period of our literary history did, in its excessive and volcanic strain of production, was to wear out and paralyse those faculties by which it held its own acts in the balance It lost the sense of proportion, the power of parallel measurement, so that it stumbled and fell, as those do who by some affection of the nerves have lost the power of regulating their What was left for further generations, then, to do was to recover the measuring and weighing power by means of a strict and tonic mental discipline And it is thus, and thus alone, that we can comprehend the readiness with which those whose childhood had been spent in the light of Spenser and Shakespeare were willing to subject themselves to the Aristotelian rules and the versification of Waller and Denham It was that the blaze and blare of Elizabethan genius had worn out their capacities of enjoyment, and they had to subject themselves to a system of intellectual discipline to recover their mental tone

EDMUND GOSSE,

Thomas Sackville.—In the reign of Elizabeth the first great name in poetry is that of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (1536-1608), from 1604 Earl of Dorset, and from 1599 Lord High-Treasurer of England, he has already come before us in the character of a dramatic writer (page 157) Probably towards the end of the reign of Queen Mary, and before he actively engaged in public life, Sackville planned the design of the Myrroure for Magistrates, somewhat on the lines of Lydgate's Falls of Princes (itself based on Boccaccio see above at The poet was to descend into the underpage 79) world, as in the plan of Virgil and Dante, and converse with the most famous persons in English history who had suffered sad reverses of fortune, these were each to tell his own story as a mirror and warning to statesmen and rulers wrote the noble Induction or Prologue describing the descent, and powerfully sketching the allegorical personages about the porch of hell, and told the tale of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, first of the shades to come up to the visitors—the Buckingham who first supported Richard III and then suffered for intriguing against him More than this Sackville did not contribute to the scheme, but what he wrote has alone real poetic value. The plan was continued by George Baldwin and George Terrers, and the whole published in 1559 and Sackville's part, though obviously meant as introduction to the whole, did not appear till 1563, and then near the end of the book. The Induction is a truly remarkable poem, a startling apparition when contrasted with the work of such predecessors Hallam said it 'unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the Faery Queen,' its pictures of gloom and sorrow, its allegorical personifications, rival Spenser's own work. The subject was not new, the stanza was that which Chaucer had made familiar, but the melody of the verse, the power and truth of the drawing, the dignity of the presentation, and the poetic charm were new and rare. Tottel's 'Miscellany' (1557) is the only other work of this time that contains anything comparable to Sackville in poetic value, and in rhythm and melody and metric perfection Sackville far sur passes Wyatt and Surrey Spenser recognised his own debt to his predecessor, and was unquestionably influenced by him

From the Induction to the 'Myrroure for Magistrates'

An hideous hole all vaste, withouten shape,
Of endles depth, overwhelmde with ragged stone,
With ough mouth and griesly jawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itselfe in one.
Here entred wee and yeeding forth anone
An horrible lothly lake wee might discerne
As blacke as pitch, that clepted is Averne

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish grows, With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumps that hes, Which up in th' ayre such stinking vapors throws That over there may flie no fowle but dyes, Choaked with the pestilent savors that arise,

Hither wee come whence forth wee still did pace, In dreadfull feare aimd the dreadfull place

And first within the porch and jawes of Hell, Sate deepe Remorse of Conscience, all besprent With teares, and to her selfe oft would shee tell Her wretchednes, and, cursing, never stent fo sob and sighe, but ever thus lament With thoughtfull care, as shee that, all in vaine, Would were and waste continually in payne

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there, Whirled on each place, as place that vengeaunce brought, So was her minde continually in feare, Fossed and tormented with the tedious thought Of those detested crymes which shee had wrough, With dreadful cheare, and lookes throwne to the skie, Wishing for death, and yet shee could not die

Next sawe wee Dread, all trembling how hee shooke, With foote uncertaine, profered here and there, Benumm'd of speach, and with a ghastly looke Searched every place, all pale and dead for feare, His cap borne up with staring of his heare, Stoyned and amazed at his own shade for dreede, And fearing greater daungers than was neede.

And next within the entry of this lake,
Sate fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how shee may vengeaunce take,
Never in rest, till she have her desire,
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To dy by death, or venged by death to bee

When fell Revenge, with bloudy foule pretence, Had showed herself, as next in order set, With trembling limbs we softly parted thence, Till in our eyes another sight wee met, When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet, Rewing, alas, upon the woefull plight Of Misery, that next appeared in sight

fetched

His face was leane, and somedeale pyned away, And eke his hands consumed to the bone, But what his body was, I cannot say, For on his carkas rayment had he none, Save clouts and patches pieced one by one, With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast, His chief defence agaynst the winters blast

His foode, for most, was wild fruites of the true, Unlesse sometime some crums fell to his share, Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept hee, As on the which full daintely would fare, His drink the running stream, his cup the bare Of his palm closed, his bed, the hard cold ground, To this poore life was Misery ybound

Whose wretched state when wee had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres, comrades
In thoughtfull cares forth then our pace wee held,
And by and by another shape apperes
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres, briefs
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deepe dented in,
With tawed hands and hard ytanued skin

The morror e gray no sconer hath Legar
To spreade his light even peping in our eyes,
When hee is up, and to his worke yran,
But let the night, blacke misty mantles rise
And with foule dar, e never so much disguise
If a favre bright day, yet ceaseth hee no while,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle

By him lay heary Sleepe, the cosin of Death, I lat on the ground, and still as any stone, A very corps, save yielding forth a breath, Small I cape tool hee whom Fortune frowned on, Or whom shee lifted up into the throne Of high renoune, but, as a living death, So dead alive, of life he drew the breath

The bodys rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travailes ease, the still nights feer was he,
And of our life in earth the better part,
Keaver of sight and vet in whom wee see
Things oft that tyde and oft that never bee,
Without respect esteming equally
King Crossus pompe and Irus poverty 1

And next in order sad, Old Age wee found His heard all houre his eyes hollow and blind, With drouping chere still poring on the ground, As on the place where nature him assigned Forest, v hen that the Sisters had untwyned His vitall thred, and ended with their knyfe. The fleting course of fast deelyning lyfe.

There heard wee him with broke and hollow plaint Rew vith him selfe his end approching fast, And all for nought his wretched mind torment With sweete remembraunce of his pleasures past, and fresh delives of lusty youth forewast, assted Recounting vine's, how would hee sob and shrick, and to be vong aguin of Jove beseeke.

But an the cruell fates so fixed bee I hat tyme forepast cannot retourne agavne, I his one reque t of Jove vet praved hee— That, in such withred plight, and wretched paine, As eld, accompanied with his lothsome trayne, Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe, He might a while vet linger forth his life,

And not so soone descend into the pit,
Where Death, when hee the mortall corps hath slayne,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it
Thereafter never to enjoy agryne
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylayne,
In depth of darknesse waste and yeare to nought,
As hee had nere into the world been brought

But who had scene him sobling how her stood.
Unto hunselfe, and how her would bemone.
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good to take of youth, all were his youth foregone,.
He would have mused, and mervayled much whereon this wretched. Age should like desire so fayne.
At I knowed fall we'll lyfe do hibut length his payne.

Crookebackt he was, tooth shaken, and blere eyed Went on three feete, and sometyme crept on foure, With olde lame bones, that rattled by his syde, His scalp all pilled, and hee with eld forlore, His withred fist still knocking at Deaths dore, Fumbling and driveling as hee drawes his breath, For briefe, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of stomacke, savour, and of taste,
Ae could shee brooke no meate but broths alone,
Her breath corrupt, her kepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,
Detesting phisicke and all phisickes cure

But, oh, the dolefull sight that then wee see!
Wee turned our looke, and on the other side
A gnesly shape of Famine mought wee see
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth, that cryed
And roared for meate, as shee should there have dyed,
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas! was gnawne on every where, All full of holes, that I ne mought refraync From tears to see how shee her arms could teare And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne, When, all for nought, shee fayne would so sustayne Her starven corps, that rather seemed a shade Than any substaunce of a creature made

Great was her force, whome stone wall could not stay Her tearing mayles snatching at all shee sawe, With gaping jawes, that by no meanes ymay Be satisfied from hunger of her mawe, But eates herselfe as shee that hath no lawe, Gnawing, alas, her carkas all in vayne, Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vayne.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our cyes,
That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Lo, suddenly she shrickt in so huge wise
As made Hell gates to shiver with the might,
Wherewith a dart we sawe how it did light
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale Death
Enthrilling it, to reve her of her breath

And by and by a dumb dead corps we sawe, Heavy and colde the shape of Death aright, That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawe, Against whose force in vaine it is to fight, Ne peeres, ne princes, nor no mortall wight, No Townes, ne Realmes, Cityes, ne strongest Tower, But all perforce must yield unto his power

His dart anon out of the corps her tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)
With great tryumph eftsoones the same hee shooke,
That most of all my feares affrayed mee
His body dight with nought but bones, parde,
The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the veine

Lastly, stood Warre, in glittering armes velad, With visage grym, stern lookes, and blackly hewed In his right hand a naked s vorde he had, That to the hilts was all with bloud embrued, And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rewed)

[.] It is was the began of Ithaca, employed as messenger by Lebus, on satisfies

Famine and for he held, and therewithall, He razed townes, and threw downe towres and all

Cities he sackt, and realmes (that whilome flowerd In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelmde, and all theire fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceast,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppresst
His face forchewed with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deepe and wide

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham, His cloak of black all pilled, and quite forworne, Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blaine Which of a duke had made him now her skorne With gastly looks, as one in maner lorne, Oft spred his armes, stretcht hands he joynes as fast, With ruful cheer, and vapored eyes upcast

His cloake he rent, his manly brest hee beat, His hayre all torne about the place it lay My heart so molt to see his griefe so great, As felingly methought it dropt away, His eyes they whirld about withouten stay With stormy sighes the place did so complayne, As if his heart at ech had burst in twayne

firise he began to tell his dolefull tale, And thrise the sighes did swallow up his voyce? At each of which he shricked so withall, As though the heavens rived with the noyse, Till at the last recovering his voyce, Supping the teares that all his breast berayinde, On cruel Γortune weeping thus he playinde

The Induction runs to eighty stanzas, the Complaint to over a hundred. Our text is substantially that of the edition of 1587. The first of the seventy-four characters in the completed work is King Albanact of Scotland in 1085 B.C., the last is Wolsey. King Locrinus of Britain, son of Brutus, tells his story, King Bladud and Queen Cordila also, and Julius Casar and half a dozen Roman emperors figure in the company of British notables. Sackville West edited the collected works in 1859.

George Gascoigne (1525-77), son of Sir John Gascoigne of Cardington in Bedfordshire, and descendant of the famous Chief-Justice under Henry IV, was an early dramatist (see above at page 238), one of our first saturists, an indefatigrible translator, and a pioneer in many departments of literature He studied at Cambridge, entered Gray's Inn, wrote poems, and sat in Parliament for Bedford (1557-59), but was disinherited by his father for his prodigality He married a widow (to improve his finances), was still perse cuted by creditors, set out for Holland, and served gullantly under the Prince of Orange (1572-75) Surprised by a Spanish force and taken prisoner, he was detained four months, and, on his return to England, settled at Walthamston, where he collected and published his poems He was praised by his own and the succeeding generation of writers, and experienced a share of royal favour,

for he accompanied the queen to Kenilworth, and supplied part of the poetic scenic entertainments there and at Woodstock. He translated in prose and verse, from Greek, Latin, and Italian Complaynt of Phylomene, his first poem, was begun The Supposes, translated from I Suppositi of Ariosto, is the first prose comedy in English, Jocasta (1566), practically a translation from Dolce's Giocasta (which was based on the Phanissæ of Euripides), is the second tragedy in English blank verse, The Glasse of Government is an original comedy, The Steele Glas is the earliest blankverse satire, and in the Notes of Instruction on Making of Verse we have the first considerable English essay on the subject. It is pathetic that already Gascoigne thought some of the standard poetic epithets were worn out 'If I should undertake to wryte in prayse of a gentlewoman,' he says, 'I would neither praise hir christal eye nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are trita et obvia' How often have they done duty since! To such a zealous experimenter English literature obviously owes a deep debt, though much of his work is hopelessly tedious. It may be said for him that he sometimes attains freedom both in rhyme and in blank verse, and that his lyrics show even a certain grace and lightness of touch steete Glas, Gascoigne explains that he finds an oldfashioned mirror of steel greatly more truthful than those of glass (first made at Venice in 1300, but not in England until 1673) Common glass, beryl glass, and crystal he believes to be false

That age is dead, and vanisht long ago,
Which thought that steele both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things even as they were indeede
In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The christal glass, which glimseth brave and bright,
And shewes the thing much better than it is,
Beguiled with foyles of sundry subtil sights,
So that they seeme and covet not to be

All the more reason that, having had such a trusty steel mirror bequeathed to him, the satirist should put it to some use! Thus he can show his contemporaries their faults, as in the two following extracts (the second from the Epilogus)—drunken soldiers, filse judges, usurious merchants being also not forgotten

On the Country Gentleman.

The Gentleman which might in countric keepe A plenteous boorde and feed the fatherlesse With pig and goose, with mutton, beefe, and veale (Yea, now and then a capon and a chicke), Will breake up house and dwel in market townes A loiting life, and like an Epicure But who meanwhile defends the common welth? Who rules the flocke when sheperds so are fled? Who stayes the staff which shuld uphold the state? Forsoth, good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in—Nay, rather leapes both over hedge and ditch, And rules the rost—but few men rule by right.

O knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne, You were not borne onely for your selves Your countrie clayme, some part of all your paines, there should you live, and therein should you toyle, To hold up right and banish cruel wrong, To help the pore, to bridle backe the riche, To panish vice and vertue to advaunce, To see God service, and Belzebub supprest. You should not trust lieftenaunts in your rome, and let them sway the scepter of your charge, Whiles you meanwhile know scarcely what is don, hor yet can yeld accompt if you were callde.

On the Court Ladies.

Beholde, ny lorde, v hat monsters muster here, With Angels face and harmfule helish harts, With smyling lool es, and deep deceiful thoughts, With tender skinnes and stony cruel mindes, With stealing steppes, yet forward fecte to friude. Pehold, behold, they never stande content, With God, with kinde, with any helpe of arte, I at curle their locks with bodkins and with braids, But dye their heare with sundry subtill sleights, But paint and slicke till fayrest face be foule, But bumbast, bolster, frisle, and perfume They marre with muske the balme which nature made, And dig for death in dellicatest dishes. The yonger sorte come pyping on apace, In whi tles made of fine entiring wood, Fill they have caught the birds for whom they birded The elder sorte go stately stalking on, And on their backs they beare both land and fee, Castles and towres, revenewes and receits, Lordships and minours, fines, yea, fermes and al What should these be? Speak you, my lovely lord They be not men, for v hy, they have no beards They be no boyes which weare such side long gowns, I licy be no Gods, for al their gallant glosse, they be no divels, I trow, that seme so saintish. What he they? Women masking in men's weedes-With dutchkin dublets, and with jerkins jaggde With Spanish spangs and ruffes fet out of France, With high copt hats and feathers flaunt a flaunt-They, to be sure, seem even -vo to men, indeed!

The Arraignment of a Lover

At Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
When I alse Suspect accused mee,
'George, quod the judge, 'holde up thy hande,
Thou ar arraigned of flatterve,
Fell, therefore, howe vijt thou bee tryed,
Whose judgment here wijt thou abyde?'

'My Lord,' quod I, 'this lady here,
Whom I estecine above the rest,
Doth I nowe my guilte, if any were,
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best verdict
Let hir bee judge and jurour bothe,
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.'

Quoth Beastle 'No, it fitteth not A prince hir-elfe to judge the cause, Will is our justice, vell you wot, Appointed to discusse our Lawes, If you vill guiltlesse seeme to soc, God and your country quitte you so' Then Crafte the cryer called a quest,
Of whom was Falshoode foremost feere,
A pack of pickethankes were the rest,
Which came false witnesse for to beare,
The jury suche, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said 'I should be trust'

meser

Jelous the jayler bound mee fast,
To hear the verdict of the byll,
'George,' quod the judge, 'nowe thou are east,
Thou must goe hence to Heavie Hill,
And there be hanged all by the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead!'

Downe fell I then upon my knee,
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cried 'Good Ladye, pardon mee!
Which here appeale unto your grace,
You knowe if I have beene untrue,
It was in too much praysing you

'And though this judge doe make suche haste,
To shed with shame my guiltlesse blood,
Yet let your pittle first be plac't
To save the man that meant you gool,
So shall you shewe yourself a Queene,
And I maye bee your servaunt seene'

Quod Beauty 'Well, bicause I guesse
What thou dost meane hencefoerth to flee,
Although thy faultes deserve no lesse
Than Justice here hath judged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?'

'Yea, Madame,' quod I, 'that I shall,
Loe fayth and trueth my suerties!'
'Why, then,' quod she, 'come when I call,
I aske no better warrantise.'
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrill,
At hir command when shee doth call.

There are an edition of Gascoigne by W C Hazlitt (1863-69) reprints by Arber of the *Instruction*, the *I hylomene* and the Steele Glas (1863) and a Life by Schelling (Boston 1893)

Thomas Tusser (1524-80) was, in Fuller's words, 'successively a musician, schoolmaster, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, poet, more skilful in all than thriving in any vocation.' Sprung of a good stock near Witham, in Essex, he was trained especially in singing and music, became a chorister at St Paul's and elsewhere, studied at Eton and Cambridge, and lived at court for ten years as retainer and musician to He then tried farming both in Lord Paget. Suffolk and in Norfolk, but without success, about 1559 was a singer in Norwich Cathedral, firmed taxes in Essex, became a servant at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but died in London, a prisoner for debt, in 1580. His highly didactic poem, a Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie, first published in 1557, is a series of practical directions for farming, expressed in always rude but not always dull and sometimes quite pointed dactylic verse, and many pro-crbs are traced back to himwas also a Hundreth Poyntes of Good Hussirie,

and the two were finally expanded (1573) into Five Hundreth Pointes of Good Husbandry united to as many of Good Husbandry, united to as many of Good Husbandry, of which there have been a score of reprints and editions, including one in Scott's edition of the Somers Tracts, and one for the English Dialect Society by Payne and Herrtage in 1878 He has been called the British Varro, Scott praises his minute and comprehensive observation, his quaint and pointed style.

The following verses, not consecutive, will show his shrewdness and common-sense, as well as his uncouth notion of 'poetry'

Of mastines and mungrels, that many we see, a number of thousands, too many there be Watch therefore in Lent, to thy sheepe go and looke, for dogs will have vittels by hooke and by crooke.

Good Ploughman look weekly of custom and right for rostmeat on Sundaies and Thursday at night This dooing and keeping, such custom and guise, they call thee good huswife, they loue thee likewise.

As cat a good mouser is needful in house because of hir commons she killeth the mouse So rauening currs, as a meany do keep, makes maister want meat and his dog to kill sheepe.

In medow or pasture (to grow the more fine) let campers be camping in any of thine Which if ye do suffer, when low is the spring, you gaine to your self a commodious thing

The camping recommended for improving pasture is football playing, and 'camping fields' are still known where the word camping or kemping is no longer used for the game. Tusser sometimes varies his usual verse with a rhythm of shorter lines, which partly anticipates Shenstone and Cowper, as in these lines in praise of having fields enclosed or fenced

The countrie inclosed I praise, the tother delighteth not me, For nothing the wealth it doth raise to such as inferiour be. Now both of these parily I know, here somewhat I mind for to show

There swineherd that keepeth the hog there neatherd with cur and his horne, There shepheard with whistle and dog be fense to the medow and corne, There horse being tied to a balk is ready with theefe for to walke

Over and above these disadvantages, he contends that poor fields enclosed will give better returns than rich soil unenclosed

More plenty of mutton and beefe, corne, butter, and cheese of the best,
More wealth any where (to be brecfe),
more people, more handsome and prest,
where find ye (go search any cost)
than there where enclosure is most?

The following is part of Tusser's meteorology

In winter-

North winds send haile, South winds bring raine, East winds we bewaile, West winds blow amaine, North east is too cold, South east not too warme, North west is too bold, South west doth no harme

In spring-

The North is noier to grass of all suites, The East a destroyer to hearbs and al fruites.

In summer-

The South with his showers refresheth the corne, The West to al flowers may not be forborne.

In autumn-

The West as a father all goodness doth bring, The East, a forbearer, no maner of thing, The South, as vinkind, draweth sicknes too neere, The North as a friend maketh all again cleere

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,
And cause spring tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leaue anker in mud,
Bureruing many of life and of bloud,
A et, true it is, as cow chewes cud,
And trees, at spring, doth yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as neuer it stood,
It is an ill wind turnes none to good

In his Farmers' Year (1899) Mr Rider Haggard follows, but in prose, the example of Tusser, who more than three hundred years earlier tilled the land in the same county of Norfolk, he repeatedly quotes Tusser—less in appreciation of his poetry than in approval of his sentiments and opinions. Tusser knew perfectly what to do with dogs that take to lamb killing, and how to employ branches of trees to eke out hay and straw as fodder. 'Good lamb is worth gold' then as now, but, alas! by reason of the bad times for farmers, Mr Haggard seems to be less confident than his predecessor that

Good farme and well stored, good housing and drie, Good corne and good dairie, good market and nie, nigh Good shepherd, good tilman, good Jack and good Gill, Make husband and huswife their coffers to fit,

though even these aids are necessary to ward off total ruin

Queen Elizabeth deserves a niche in the literary history of the period named from her reign. Born in 1533, she was queen from 1558 to 1603 She was one of the learned ladies of her time, like Lady Jane Grey, Mildred Cooke (afterwards the Countess of Burghley), and Sir Thomas More's daughter Margaret, had many accomplishments, and was well and widely read-a better classic, it would appear, than Lady Jane, and more proficient in modern tongues She translated Boethius as When she was Ascham's pupil well as Sallust. she could already speak Latin easily, Greek moderately well, and French and Italian as perfectly as English. And her mastery of her mother-tongue is borne witness to by every recorded saying or letter of hers, her style reflects her powerful, subtle mind-terrible and insinuating by turns, cold and

statel or pla, ful and geni d, unmistakably direct and trenchant or impenetrably oracular, as she willed it to be, but always memorable. Her poems, though, like her beauty, prused in her own time as unsurpassable, are less triumphant, but show at least, as Bishop Creighton puts it, that 'she was infected with the poetical fury of the times'. When in Mary's reign she was practically imprisoned in the gatehouse of Woodstock, she wrote with charcoal on a shutter this not unpoetical and quite characteristic expression of her ill humour

Oh Fortune how thy restless wavering state
Hath wrong'it with care my troubled wit,
Witness the present prison whither fate
Could bear me and the joys I quit
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
I rom bonds wherein an innocent enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved
And freeing those that death hid well deserved
But by her envy can be nothing wrought
So God send to my foes all they have wrought
Quoth Llizabeth, Prisoner

Bishop Creighton accepts as probably genuine the famous impromptu made when her sister the queen caused her to be plied with questions about her belief in transubstantiation

> Christ was the Word that spake it, He took the bread and brake it, And what his words did make it That I believe and take it.

Her best known poem or exercise in verse is the so called sonnet, selected by Puttenham in Eliza beth's lifetime as a specimen of the 'gorgious,' and by him described as 'a ditty of her Maiesties owne miking, passing sweete and harmonicall' Puttenham expressly says it refers to Elizabeth's alarm at the intrigues of her prisoner Mary Queen of Scots ('the daughter of Debate'), Bishop Creighton thinks it must have been written soon after Norfolk's execution. Here we follow Puttenham's version.

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warnes to shun such snares as threaten mine
anno

For falshood now doth flo v, and subject faith doth ebb, Which would not be, if reason rul'd or wisdome wes d the webbe

But clowdes of tots untried do cloake aspiring mindes, Which turne to riigne of late repent, by course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope suppo ed, the roote of ruth will be, \nd frutelesse all their graffed guiles, as shortly ye shall see.

Frendazeld eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds, Shalbe un celd by worthy wights, whose foresight falshead fin I.,

The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sowe, Shal reap no game where former rule hath taught stil place to prove

No forcume bannisht wight shall ancre in this port, Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let them els where res rt Our rusty sworde with rest shall first his edge employ To polle their toppes that seeke such change and gape for joy

In some versions done in the first line is dread subject faith is subject is rangue of life repent is the rain of a too late repentance.

At page 228 will be found Sir James Melville's 'interview' with the queen, and his notes of her conversation. The following, written in August 1588 after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, is from the Camden Society's volume (1849) of her letters to James VI

Now may appeare, my deare brother, how makee conjoined with might, strivest [sic] to make a shameful end to a vilanous beginning, for, by Gods singular fauor, having ther flete wel beaten in our narow seas, and pressing with all violence to atcheue some watering place, to continue ther pretended invation, the winds have carried them to your costes, wher I dout not the shal receaue smal succor and les welcome, vnles tholords [the Catholic earls] that so traitors like wold belie ther own prince, and promis another king reliefe in your name, be suffred to live at libertye, to dishonor you, peril you, and aduance some other (wiche God forbid you suffer them live to do) Therfor, I send you this gentilman [Sir Robert Sidney, afterwards Larl of Lucester], a rare younge man and a wise, to declare unto you my ful opinion in this greate cause, as one that neuer wyl abuse you to serve my owne turne, nor wyl you do aught that myselfe wold not perfourme, if I wer in your place You may assure yourselfe that, for my part, I dout no whit but that all this tirannical, prowd, and brainsick attempt wil be the beginning, thogh not the end, of the ruine of that king that most unkingly, even in mids of treating peace, begins this wrongful war. He hath procured my greatest glory that ment my sorest wrack, and hath so dimmed the light of his synshine, that who hathe a wyl to obtaine shame let them kipe his forses companye. But for al this, for yourselfe sake, let not the frends of Spain be suffred to yeld them forse, for thogh I feare not in the end the sequele, yet if by leaving them unhelped you may increase the English harts unto you, you shall not do the worst dede for your behalfe, for if aught should be done, your excuse wyl play the bottenx, if you make not sure worke with the likely men to do hit. Looke wel unto hit, I besiche you.

The necessity of this matter makes my skribling the more spidye, hoping that you wyl mesure my good affection with the right balance of my actions, which to you shalbe cuer such as I have professed, not douting of the reciproque of your behalfe, according as my last messengier unto you hathe at large signefied, for the wiche I rendar you a milion of grateful thankes togither, for the last general prohibition to your subjects not to fostar nor ayde our general foe, of which I dout not the observation, if the ringeleaders be safe in your hands, as I noweth God, who ever have you in his blessed kiping, with many happy years of raigne. Your most assured foung sistar and cousin,

LLIZABETH R

To my vere, good brother the Ling of Scotts.

She wrote French with almost equal freedom and vigour. But in spite of her mental gifts and acquirements, it must be added that Elizabeth does not seem to have really cared for literature or interested herself in learned men. She plud no special heed to Shakespeare's plays when they

vere performed before her, and took no interest in Spenser or his work. If the Elizabethan writers made her name famous, conferred glory on her reign, and celebrated herself in extravagant terms. it was not because Elizabethan literature owed anything to her. In temper she was rather pre-Elizabethan, or at most Early Elizabethan, than truly Elizabethan. Her last literary criticism was uttered shortly before her death, but throws a light backward on her whole life-one remembers what poetry and Shakespeare were to Tennyson on his death-bed. When Elizabeth was in her last illness, Sir John Harington, her godson, was gratified to note that she 'inquired of some matters which I have written,' he says, and tried to 'feed her humour' by reading to her some of his verses, 'whereat she smuled once and was pleased to say [to the discomfited poet], "When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less ",

John Foxe, the martyrologist, was born at Boston in 1516 He studied at Oxford, where he applied himself with ardour to the study of divinity, and was ultimately drawn to the doctrines of the Reformers, the consequence being that his position in Magdalen became unbearable, and he resigned his fellowship in 1545. He was not expelled, as used to be said. He was tutor in the Lucy house at Charlecote, and then in the family of the Duchess of Richmond at Reigate, in Surrey, where he continued till the persecutions of Mary's reign made him flee for safety to the Continent. Passing through Antwerp, Frankfort, and Strasburg to Bascl, he there supported himself by correcting the press for the printer Oporinus accession of Queen Elizabeth he returned to England, and was kindly received and provided for by the Duke of Norfolk, who had been his pupil at Reigate. Through other powerful friends, he might now have obtained considerable preferment, but, entertaining conscientious scruples as to surplices and some of the ceremonies of the Church, he declined the offers made to him, except that of a prebend at Salisbury, which he accepted with reluctance He pled in vain for mercy for the persecuted Anabaptists He died in 1587

Foxe published numerous controversial treatises and sermons, besides an apocalyptic Latin mysteryplay, called Christus Triumphans (Basel, 1556) But the work that has immortalised his name is his History of the Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs and Matters Ecclesiastical passed in the Church of Christ from the Primitive Beginning to these our Days, as well in other Countries as namely in England and Scotland, popularly known as Foxe's Book of Martyrs, the first part of which was published in Latin at Strasburg in 1554 The first English edition (folio) appeared in 1563. Sanctioned by the bishops, it was ordered by the Anglican Convocation of 1571 to be placed in the hall of every episcopal palace in England, and it went through

four editions in Foxe's lifetime, and many more since his death. The book is not a biographical record of those whom Fove regarded as God's martyred saints, it is an enthusiastic apology of the Reformation, a fierce impeachment of the errors of the Roman Church, a compendium of controversial theology Next to the Bible it moulded the temper of English Protestants Fove's statements cannot be accepted as trustworthy evidence, if unsupported from other sources story is doubtless substantially true, although his credulity and obvious prejudice hardly suggest critical capacity in the selection of his authorities. But in those days most strong natures were prejudiced, and bitterly prejudiced, one way or People who can admire Mr Froude's brilliant gifts as a historian, and make allowance for his keen prejudices, should not be too severe on Foxe's partisanship And Foxe was no doubt as thoroughly sincere in his abhorrence of popery and papists as in his joy in the privileges of the newer light. He possessed the gift of graphic narrative, knew thoroughly how to use interesting episodes, and relieved the pathos and the horrors of his story by homely touches and even amusing episodes And his work will survive as a noble monument of English

From the 'Book of Martyrs'

[Under the year 1555 Foxe tells at length 'a Notable History of William Hunter a Young Man, an apprentice of 19 years, pursued to Death by Justice Brown, for the Gospel's Sake, worthy of all Young Men and Parents to be read. William Hunter, apprentice to a silk weaver in London was discharged from his master's em ployment for refusing to attend mals. Having returned to the house of his father at Brentwood he attracted the attention of the spiritual authorities by reading the Scriptures on the desk in Brent wood chapel. The summer Father Atwell, challenged him, and reported the matter to the Vicar he questioned him closely on transubstantiation, and reported to the magistrate Master Brown, who caused the constable to arrest Hunter and brought the heretic before Bonner, the Bishop of London Hunter was re peatedly examined by the Bishop, put in the stocks kept in irons in prison for nine months and having been five times examined, was at length condemned in the consistory at St Paul's when Foxe was present. Hunter was sent for a time to Newgate, and then to Brentwood to prepare for death. The conversations with all his various visitors, including Master Highed a gentleman of Essex, who was one of the next victims are detailed with suspicious precusion by Foxe, who gives the last part of the story thus]

In the meanetime, Williams father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end in that good waie which hee had begun, and his mother sayde to him that she was glad that ever she was so happie to beare such a childe, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christs names sake. Then William sayde to his mother 'For my little paine which I shall suffer, which is but a short braide, Christ hath promised me, mother,' sayd he, 'a crowne of joy may you not bee glad of that, mother' With that, his mother kneeled downe on her knees, saying 'I pray God strengthen thee, my sonne, to the end yea, I thinke thee as well bestowed as any childe that ever I bare.'

At the which words, Maister Highed tooke her in his arms, saying 'I rejoice' (and so said the others) 'to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoice.' And his father and mother both saide that

they were never of other minde, but praied for him, that as he had begun to confesse Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. Williams father said. I was afraid of nothing, but that myson should have bin hilled in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him? But William confessed after a month that his father was charged with his boorde [board], that he lacked nothing, but had meate and cloathing enough, yea, even out of the court, both mony, meate, clothes, woode, and coales, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inne, being the Swin in Brentwood, in a parlor, whither resorted many people of the country to see those good men which were there, and many of Williams acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abhomination of popish superstition and idolatry

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Munday, on Munday, at night, it happed that William had a dreame about two of the clock in the morning, which was this how that he was at the place where the stake was pight where he should be burned, which (as hee thought in his dreame) was at the towns end where the butts stood, which was so indeed, and also hee dreamed that he met with his father as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant Γο whom he said (as he thought in his dreame), how that he bade him. Away, false prophet, and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was, which things came to passe indeed. It happed that William made a noise to himselfe in his dreame, which caused M. Highed and the others to wake him out of his sleepe, to know When he awaked, he told them his what he lacked dreame in order as is said

Now when it was day, the sheriffe, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter then came the sheriffes son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arme, saying 'William, be not afrud of these men which are here present with bowes, bills, and weapons, ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned.' To whom William answered 'I thank God I am not afraid, for I have east my coumpt what it will cost me, already " Then the sheriffes son could speake no more to him for weeping. Then William Hunter plucked up his coun, and stepped over the parlour grounsell, and went forward cheerefully, the sheriffes servant taking him by one arm. and his brother by another, and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dreame, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying 'God be with thee, son William, and William said 'God be with you, father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet againe, when we shall be mery! His father said 'I hope so, William,' and so departed So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dreame, whereas all things were veric unreadic Then William tooks a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st Psalme, till he came to these word, 'The sacrince of God is a contrite spirit, a con in e and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Then said 'Iaster Tirell of the Beacher, called William Irel 'Thou hest,' eaid he, 'thou readest talle for the words are, "an humble spirit"! But Will am said 'The translation cayth "a contrite heart"!

'Yea,' quoth M Tyrell, 'the translation is false, ye translate books as we list your selves, like heretickes? 'Well,' quoth William, 'there is no great difference in those words.' Then said the sheriffe 'Here is a letter from the queen of thou wilt recant, thou shalt live. if not, thou shalt be burned.' 'No,' quoth William, 'I will not recant, God willing' Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard I onde a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William Then said Master Brown 'Here is not woode enough to burn a legge of him? Then said William 'Good people, pray for me, and make speed. and dispatch quickly, and pray for mee while yee see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise' 'How!' quoth Master Brown, 'pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dogge.' To whom William answered 'Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laide to your charge in the last daie howbeit, I forgive you.' Then said Master Brown 'I aske no forgivenesse of thee ' 'Well,' said William, 'if God for give you not, I shall require my bloud at your hands. Then said William 'Sonne of God, shine upon mc!' and immediately the sunne in the element shone out of a dark cloude so full in his face that hee was constrained to looke another way, wherat the people mused, because it was so darke a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his armes Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish booke to carrie to William, that hec might recant, which booke his brother would not meddle withall Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how hee would have showed him the booke, saide 'Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abho minations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues." Then quoth the priest 'Look how thou burnest here, so shalt thou burne in hell.' William answered 'Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away 13

Then there was a gentleman which said 'I pray God have mercie upon his soul.' The people said 'Amen, Amen' Immediately fire was made. Then William east his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said 'William, thinke on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraide of death' And William answered 'I am not afraid.' Then hift he up his hands to heaven, and said 'Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' And easting downe his head againe into the smothering smoke, he yeelded up his hife for the truth, sealing it with his bloud to the pruse of God

Better known is Foxe's account of 'The Be haviour of Dr Ridley and Master Latimer'

Upon the north side of the towne, in the ditch over against Baily [Balliol] colledge, the place of execution was appointed, and for feare of any tumult that might arise, to let the burning of them, the lord Williams was commanded by the queenes letters, and the housholders of the city, to be there assistant, sufficientlic appointed And when every thing was in a readiness, the prisoners were brought forth by the major and the bayliffes Master Ridley had a faire blacke gowne furred, and faced with foines, such as he was wont to weare beeing bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet night cap upon his head, and a corner cap upon

the same, going in a paire of slippers to the stake, and going between the major and an alderman, etc. After him came master Latimer in a poor Bristow freeze frock all worne, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchiefe on his head all readie to the fire, a newe long shrowde hanging over his hose downe to the feet, which at the first sight stirred mens hearts to rue upon them, beholding on the one side the honour they some time had, and on the other, the calamitie whereunto they were fallen.

Master doctour Ridley, as he passed toward Bocardo, looked up where master Cranmer did lie, hoping belike to have seene him at the glass windowe, and to have spoken unto him But then master Cranmer was busie with Frier Soto and his fellowes, disputing together, so that he could not see him through that occasion master Ridley, looking backe, espied master Latimer comming after, unto whom he said, 'Oh, be ye there?' 'Yea,' said master Latimer, 'have after as fast as I can follow? So he following a prettie way off, at length they came both to the stake, the one after the other, where first Dr Ridley entring the place, marvellous earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards Then shorthe after espying master Latimer, with a wondrous cheereful looke he ran to him, imbraced and kissed him, and, as they that stood neere reported, comforted him saying, 'Be of good heart, brother, for God will either asswage the furie of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it' With that went he to the stake, kneeled downe by it, kissed it, and most effectuouslie praied, and behind him master Latimer kneeled, as earnestlie calling upon God as he. After they arose, the one talked with the other a little while, till they which were appointed to see the execution, remooved themselves out of the sun What they said I can learn of no man

Then Dr Smith, of whose recantation in king Edwards time ye heard before, beganne his sermon to them upon this text of St Paul in the 13 chap of the first epistle to the Counthians Si corpus meum tradam igni, charitatem autem non habeam, nihil inde utilitatis capio, that is, 'If I yeelde my body to the fire to be burnt, and have not charity, I shall gaine nothing thereby' Wherein he alledged that the goodnesse of the cause, and not the order of death, maketh the holines of the person, which he confirmed by the examples of Judas, and of a woman in Oxford that of late hanged her selfe, for that they, and such like as he recited, might then be adjudged righteous, which desperatelie sundered their lives from their bodies, as hee feared that those men that stood before him would doe. But he cried stil to the people to beware of them, for they were heretikes, and died out of the church And on the other side, he declared their diversities in opinions, as Lutherians, Œcolampadians, Zuinghans, of which sect they were, he said, and that was the worst but the old church of Christ and the catholike faith beleeved far otherwise. At which place they lifted uppe both their hands and cies to heaven, as it were calling God to witnes of the truth the which countenance they made in many other places of his sermon, whereas they thought he spake amisse ended with a verie short exhortation to them to recant, and come home again to the church, and save their lives and soules, which else were condemned was scant in all a quarter of an houre.

Doctor Rulley said to master Latimer, 'Will you begin

to answer the sermon, or shall I?' Master Latimer said 'Begin you first, I pray you.' 'I will,' said master Ridley

Then the wicked sermon being ended, Dr Ridley and master Latimer knecled downe uppon their knees towards my lord Williams of Tame, the vice chancellour of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, which sate upon a forme thereby whom master Ridley said 'I beseech you, my lord, even for Christs sake, that I may speake but two or three wordes' And whilest my lord bent his head to the major and vice chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether he might give him leave to speake, the bailiffes and Dr Marshall, vice chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said 'Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not onely have liberty so to doe, but also the benefite of a subject, that is, have your life' 'Not otherwise?' said maister Ridley 'No,' quoth Dr Marshall 'Therefore if you will not so doe, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts' 'Well,' quoth master Ridley, 'so long as the breath is in my bodie, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his knowne truth Gods will be done in me!' And with that he rose up and said with a loud 'Well then, I commit our cause to almightie God, which shall indifferently judge all' To whose saying, maister Latimer added his old posie, 'Well! there is nothing hid but it shall be opened.' And he said, he could answer Smith well enough, if hee might be suffered

Incontinently they were commanded to make them readie, which they with all meeknesse obeyed. Master Ridley tooke his gowne and his tippet, and gave it to his brother in lawe master Sliepside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his owne charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the sergeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth, hee give away, other the bailiffes He gave away besides divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifullie weeping, as to sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat, and to divers of my lord Williams gentlemen some napkins, some nutmegges, and races [roots] of ginger, his diall, and such other things as he had about him, to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the pointes of his Happie was he that might get any ragge of him Master Latimer give nothing, but very quickly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other aray, which to look unto was very simple and being stripped into his shrowd, hee seemed as comly a person to them that were there present as one should lightly see, and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold

Then master Ridley, standing as yet in his trusse, said to his brother 'It were best for me to go in my trus e still' 'No,' quoth his brother, 'it will put you to more paine and the trusse will do a poore man good' Whereunto master Ridley said 'Be it, in the name of God,' and so unlaced himselfe. Then beeing in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone, and held up his hande and said 'O heavenly lather, I give unto thee most heartie thanks, for that thou hast called mee to be a professour of thee, even unto death. I beseech thee,

Lord God, 'ake merce upon this realme of England, and deliver the time from all her enemies.'

Then the smith tool a chaine of iron, and brought the same about both Dr Ridleyes and maister Latimers middles, and as he was knocking in a staple. Dr Ridley tooks the chains in his hand, and shaked the same, for it did girde in his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said 'Good fellow, knocke it in hard, for the flesh will have his course.' Then his brother did bringe him gunnepowder in a big, and would have ted the same about his necke. Master Ridley asked what it was His brother said, 'Gunnepowder' 'Then,' sayd he, 'I take it to be sent of Cod, therefore I will receive it as sent of him. And have you any,' sayd he, 'for my brother?' meaning master Latimer 'Yea, sir, that I have,' quoth his brother 'Then give it unto him,' sayd hee, 'betime, least ye come too late.' So his brother went, and carried of the same gunne powder unto maister Latimer

In the meanctime Dr Ridley spake unto my lord Williams, and saide 'My lord, I must be a suter unto your lordshippe in the behalfe of divers poore men, and speciallic in the cause of my poor sister. I have made a supplication to the queenes majestie in their behalves be each your lordship for Christs sake, to be a mean to her grace for them. My brother here both the suppli cation, and will resort to your lordshippe to certific you herof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience, I praise God, this only excepted Whiles I was in the see of London divers poore men tooke leases of me, and agreed with me for the same. Now I heare say the bishop that now occupieth the same roome will not allow my grants unto them made, but contraric unto all lawe and conscience bath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to injoy the same beecch you, my lord, he a meant for them, you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you '

Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at Dr Ridleys feete. Fo whome master Latimer spake in this manner 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man. Wee shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never bee putte out'

And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr Ridler saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful lowd voice. In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum Domine recipe spiritum And after, repeated this latter part often in In hish, 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit,' master Latimer crying as vehementlic on the other side, 'O Father of her en, receive my soule!" who received the flame as it were imbracing of it. After that he had stroated his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soone died (as it appeared) with serie little And thus much concerning the end of paine or none this olde and blessed servant of God, master Latimer, for whose laborious travules, fruitfull life, and constant death the whole realine hath cause to give great thanks to almightic God

Put master Ridley, by reason of the evill making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laide about the some Lorsell, and over high built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept downe by the wood, which when he felt fee desired them for Christes sake to let the fire come unto him. Which when his brother in lay heard, but not well under tood, intending to rid him out of his

paine (for the which cause hee gave attendance), as one in such sorrow not well advised what hee did, heaped faggets upon him, so that he cleane covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned cleane all his neather parts, before it once touched the upper, and that made him leape up and down under the facgots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saving, 'I cannot burne ' Which indeed appeared well, for, after his legges were consumed by reason of his structing through the pame (whereof hee had no release, but onelic his contentation in God), he showed that side toward us cleane, shirt and all untouched with firme this torment he forgate not to call unto God still, having in his mouth, 'Lord have mercy upon me,' intermedling this cry, 'Let the fire come unto me. I cannot burne ! In which paines he laboured till one of the standers by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself And when the flame touched the unto that side gunpowder, he was seen stirre no more, but burned on the other side, falling downe at master Latimers feete. Which some said happened by reason that the chain loosed, other said that he fel over the chain by reason of the poise of his body, and the weakness of the neather hms.

Some said that before he was like to fall from the stake, hee desired them to hold him to it with their billes However it was, surelie it mooved hundreds to teares, in beholding the horrible sight, for I thinke there was none that had not cleane exiled all humanitic and mercie, which would not have lamented to beholde the furie of the fire so to rage upon their bodies Signes there were of sorrow on evene side. Some tooke it greevouslie to see their deathes, whose lives they held full deare some pittied their persons, that thought their soules had no need His brother mooved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicitie, that he thought then to doc him best service when he hastned his end Some cried out of the lucke, to see his indevor (who most dearelie loved him, and sought his release) turne to his greater vexation and increase of paine. But whose considered their preferments in time past, the places of honour that they some time occupied in this common wealth, the favour they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had in the aniversity where they studied, could not chuse but sorrow with teares to see so great dignity, honour, and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly vertues, the study of so manie yeres, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire and consumed in one moment they are, and the reward of this world they have alreadie. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glorie, when hee commeth with his saints, shall shortlie, I trust, declare

Perhap the best known edition of Forex Book of Wirtzers is that by Cattley (8 vols 1837-41) but it is far from perfect in the last paragraph quoted, for example Cattley had altered 'lucke to 'fortune. The Lest is that in the Reformation series of the Ecclesiastical Historians of England, edited by Mendham and Pritt (3 vols 1833 et set), with Founends vindication against the attacks of Catholic inics. But many of the Catholic criticisms were justified, and Forex exaggerations and want of historical precision were fully exposed by Dr S. Maitland in a series of jumphlets (183-42). The biography of Fore, attributed to his son Samu I, and published in both Latin and Foglish in the 1641 edition of the Acte, is certainly apoeryphal, although it has formed the Lass of numerous popular in more.

Raphael Holinshed (Holynshed, Hol-LINGSHEAD, &c.), principal writer of the Chronicles which bear his name, is said by Wood to have been educated at one of the universities, and to have become a minister of God's Word. It is certain that he came to London, was a translator in the printing office of the German, Reginald Wolfe, was steward to Thomas Burdet of Bromcote, in Warwickshire, and died about the year 1580 Leland's MSS at his command, and he was assisted by William Harrison (1534-93), who, born in London and educated at both universities, became chaplain to Lord Cobham and Canon of Windsor, and by Richard Stanyhurst (1547-1618), born in Dublin, educated at Oxford, who, destined to be afterwards famous as the translator of Virgil, wrote for Holinshed on Irish affairs under the guidance of the Jesuit martyr, Edmund Campion Prefixed to the historical portion of the work is a description of Britain and its inhabitants, by William Harrison, which gives an interesting picture of the state of the country and manners of the people in the six teenth century This is followed by a history of England to the Norman Conquest, by Holinshed, a history and description of Ireland, by Stanyhurst, additional chronicles of Ireland, translated (from Giraldus Cambrensis and others) or written by Holinshed and Stanyhurst, a description and history of Scotland, mostly translated from Hector Boece and Major, by Holinshed and others, and, lastly, a history of England, by Holinshed, from the Norman Conquest to 1377, when the first edition of the Chronicles was published The book was eagerly welcomed and widely read, but some passages reflecting on debatable topics offended the queen and the ministers, and had to be cancelled. The second edition, when it appeared in 1587, was revised and continued down to 1586 under the editorship of John Hooker or Vowell, chamberlain of Exeter and uncle of 'the Judicious Hooker,' who had for condjutors John Stow, elsewhere mentioned, Abraham Fleming (1552?-1607), a translator from the classics, a poor poet but a competent antiquary, and Francis Thynne, calling himself Boteville (1545?-1608), the Lancaster Herald. In this second edition of 1587, several sheets containing matter offensive to the queen and her ministers were mutilated in all but the first impressions, but the uncastrated text was restored in the excellent edition in six volumes quarto published in London in 1807-8 Shakespeare got the material of almost all his historical plays from the Chronicles, and sometimes copied the very words It was from Holinshed-who followed Boece-that Shakespeare derived the groundwork of Wachth, as well as of King Lear and (in part) of Cymbeline In Lear Shakespeare partly followed in earlier play based on Holinshed the passages of Holmshed paraphrased in Henry VI are themselves paraphrases of Hall And the author (or authors) of Henry VIII might have taken the passages originally due to Cavendish's Life of |

IVolsey either from MS, from the second edition of Holinshed which had followed Cavendish, or from Stow, whose Chronicles contains selections from Cavendish

Sometimes the text of Shakespeare's plays is little more than a blank verse rearrangement of Holinshed's facts and words. Thus in Act I scene 1. of *Henry V* the Salie law is thus expounded

There is no barre

To make against your Highnesse claim to France But this which they produce from Pharamond 'In terram Saluam multeres ne succedant, 'No woman shall succeed in Salic land,' Which Salike land the French unjustly gloze To be the Realme of France and Pharamond The founder of this Law and Female Barre, Let their own Authors faithfully affirme That the Land Salike is in Germanie Betweene the Flouds of Sali and of Elve, Where Charles the Great, &c.

In Holmshed it is thus put 'Against the surmised and false law Salike, which the Frenchmen allege ever against the kings of England in barre of their just title to the crowne of France. The verie words of that supposed law are these. "In terram salicam mulieres ne succedant," that is to say, "Into the Salike land let not woman succeed? Which the French glossers expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond. whereas their owne authors affirme that the land Salike is in Germanie, betweene the rivers of Elbe and Sala, and that where Charles the Great,' &c

So in Act IV scene viii the list of prisoners and slain reported to the king after Agincourt is quite amusingly close to Holinshed's, as will appear from the last few lines

The king, having recited the long list of French slain, says

Here was a Royall fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Ketlie, Davy Gam, Esquire
None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twentie.

The corresponding sentence in Holinshed is 'Of Englishmen there died at this battell, Edward Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke, Sir Richard Kikelie, and Davie Gamme, Esquier, and of all other not aboue five and twentie persons' The parallelisms have been worked out at length by Mr Boswell Stone in his Shakespeare's Holinshed (1896)

Holinshed tells at great length the proton pseudos, the fundamental fable about Brutus, the eponymous hero of Britain, which from the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth continued so long to falsify English history Britain, it appears, was peopled within two hundred years after the flood by the children of Japhet, whose son Samothes was the founder of Celtica, including Gallia and Britannia, and was succeeded by five kings of

the Celts and Samotheans Then came the grant Albion and his followers, and gave the island a new name. These legends fill a whole book of the history of England, though they are admitted to be somewhat disputed. But there is no doubt about Brute. The second book begins thus

Hitherto have we spoken of the inhabitants of this fle before the comming of Brute, although some will needs have it, that he was the first which inhabited the same with his people descended of the Trojans, some few grants onche excepted whom he utterhe destroied, and left not one of them alive through the whole fle. But as we shall not doubt of Brutes comming hither, so may we as uredly thinke, that he found the fle peopled either with the generation of those which Albion the giant had placed here, or some other kind of people whom he did subdue, and so reigned as well ouer them as ouer those which he brought with him

When Brutus (or Brytus) 'came to the age of 15 yeeres so that he was now able to ride abrode with his father into the forests and chases, he fortuned (either by mishap or by God's providence) to strike his father with an arrow in shooting at a deere, of which wound he also died. And the yoong gentleman, immediathe after he had slaine his father (in maner before alledged) was banished his countrie, and thereupon got him into Green, where traveling the countrie, he lighted by chance upon some of the Trojan offspring, and associating himselfe with them, grew by meanes of the linage (whereof he was descended) in great reputation among them.'

By and by Brutus, who had taken to wisc Innogen, the daughter of King Pandrisus, led his Frojans from Grecia by way of the Straits of Gibraltar, fells in with more Trojans near the Pyrences under their king, Gorineus, united their forces and fight with a king of the Piets in Poitou or Pietland, and, directing their course to this island, finally 'after a few days suling they landed at the liaven now called Totnesse, the year of the vorld 2050, after the destruction of Troy 66' After Brute and Gorineus had destroyed the grints Goginasog and all such is stood against the inviders, Brute give Cornwall to Gorineus, and set to building a capital on the Thames for himself

Here therefore he began to build and lay the foundation of a citie, in the tenth or (as other thinke) in the second yeare after his arrivall, which he named (saith Gal. Mon.) Troinouant, or (as Hum. Lilloyd saith) Fromewith, that is, new Troy, in reinembrance of that noble citie of Froy from whence he and his people were for the greater part de cended

When brutus had builded this ettie, and brought the island fullic under his subjection, he by the adults of his nobles commanded this He (which before hight Albion) to be called Britaine, and the inhabitants Britons after his name, for a perpetuall memorie that he was the first bringer of them into the land. In this meane while all of he had by his wife his second. In this meane while all of he had by his wife his second. Cambris or Camber, and the thirt Albanaetus or Albanaet. Now when the time of his death dreat neers, to the first he betooke the

gouernment of that part of the land nowe knowne by the name of England so that the same was long after called Loegna, or Logiers, of the said Loennus. To the second he appointed the countrie of Wales, which of him was first named Cambria, diuided from I oegna by the riner of Scuerne. To his third sonne Albanact he deliuered all the north part of the Ile, afterward called Albania, after the name of the said Albanact which portion of the said Ile heth beyond the Humber north ward. Thus when Brutus had diuided the Ile of Britaine (as before is mentioned) into 3 parts, and had gouerned the same by the space of 15 yeares, he died in the 24 yeare after his arrivall (as Harison noteth) and was buried at Troinouant or I ondon, although the place of his said buriall there be now growne out of memorie.

Then follows the history of Locrine the eldest sonne of Brute, of Albanact his yoongest sonne, and his death of Vadan, Mempricius, Ebranke, Brute Greensheeld, Leill, Ludhurdibras, Baldud, and Leir, the nine rulers of Britaine successively after Brute. Cordelia, Gorboduc, and many less-known potentates are dealt with before Cassibelaune and Julius Cesar are arrived at Vortigern and Hengist do not appear till the tenth book of nearly mere fable. From the Anglo-Saxon settlement on there is much sound history

These eponymous elucubrations about Albion and Brute naturally led the Scottish authors to claim for their kingdom a still more venerable antiquity and noble origin. The history of Scotland, com piled for Holinshed by Harrison from Boece and others, in like manner records the voyages of Gathelus, a Greek, who in Egypt marries Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea, and by way of Portingale comes to Ireland, now called Scotia after Scota It was i prince called Rothsay that first took the Sco s over to the western isles, and when they settled on the mainland of the country after then to be known as Scotland, they called the first district they settled Argathcha or Argyll, from their 'first captein and guide, Gathelus' Thus Scottish history, like English history, was founded on bascless fables This self glorification by alleging descent from the great classical nations began with the Franks, but was much more diligently worked out by the Celtic peoples, the Irish series being mainly quite different in substance from those of Welsh manufacture But the Brutus and other like fibles seem to have long been about the most popular part of British history, and were quite heartily taken over and cherished by the Normans, who interested them selves more in the Welsh fable than in the Anglo Saxon Chronicle In England the myths derived from Gcoffrey of Monmouth began to lose credit a generation or two after Holinshed, but in Scotland, as we have seen (page 212), these constituted the warp and woof of early Scottish history till well on in the eighteenth century (see page 824)

John Stow (1525?-1605), an industrious writer, was born in London about the year 1525. He was the son of a tailor, and was brought up to the same

trade, but early showed a turn for antiquarian research. About 1560 he planned to write on English history, and travelled on foot through a great part of England examining the historical manuscripts in cathedrals and collections. He bought up, as far as his resources allowed, old books and manuscripts, of which there were many scattered through the country, in consequence of the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII When necessity compelled him to fill back on his trade, his studies were suspended till the bounty of Archbishop Parker enabled him again to resume them edited Chaucer and some of the old English chronicles, and in 1561 he published his Summary of English Chronicles (dedicated to the Earl of Leicester), which was afterwards called Annales of England, and re-edited, expanded, and altered At length, in 1598, appeared by other hands his Survay of London, the best known of his writings, which has served as the groundwork of all subsequent histories of the city There was another work he was anxious to publish, a large history of Britain, on which forty years' labour had been bestowed, the MS was extant, but it is not known what became of it. His industrious researches deserved a better fate than befell him In his old age he fell into such poverty as to be driven to solicit charity from the public. Having made application to James I, he received the royal license 'to repair to churches or other places to receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of well-disposed people' Under the pressure of want and disease, Stow died in 1605 at the age of His works possess few graces of style, but he was on the whole the most accurate and conscientious chronicler of the time, though still too willing to accept the fables on which the early history was based. He often declared that in his histories he had never allowed himself to be swayed either by fear, favour, or malice, but that he had impartially and to the best of his knowledge delivered the truth Bacon and Camden took statements upon his sole credit - Richard Grafton, chronicler, has been already referred to (page 106) as continuator of Hall.

The Anthologies.

Master Slender 'had rather than forty shillings that he had his book of songs and sonnets here,' but it would appear that he had lent it, at Allhallowmass last, to Alice Shortcake, with his book of riddles. Which of several anthologies it was that Cousin Abraham regretted it is impossible to decide, for he was offered the choice of several such collections of 'dainty passages of wit'. The names of most of these miscellanies are far more poetical than their contents, and have led the unwary to suppose that these were garlands and posies of enchanting lyrics. It is desirable to insist upon the fact that, with certain exceptions, they were nothing of the kind. We have already

spoken of the earliest and most important anthologies, the 'Miscellany' published by Tottel (1557), in thirty years this went through eight editions, and the latest of them may presumably be the volume which Slender missed This, however, was in no sense an Elizabethan work, although one or two of the contributors survived and continued to write in the reign of Elizabeth The earliest of the genuine Elizabethan anthologies was The Paradise of Dainty Devices, published in 1576, by Richard Edwards, sometime of Her Majesty's Chapel, who wrote a large portion of it himself, Lord Vaux, Lord Oxford, and Jasper Heywood were also contributors. This collection has a charming title, but there its merit ends, it is, as a contemporary called it, 'a packet of bald rhymes' It was strangely popular, however, being incessantly reprinted until at least 1606

An even finer title adorns a still more humdrum volume, A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, edited by Thomas Proctor in 1578 This is attributed to 'divers worthy workmen of later days,' but what is not written in the form of 'pretty pamphlets' by Proctor himself seems to be from the hand of a certain Owen Roydon, of whom The spirit of poetry is nothing else is known eminently absent from A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions It was followed, in 1584, by A Handful of Pleasant Delights, edited by Clement Robinson This marks a bold advance towards music, the editor took credit for printing every sonnet 'orderly in his proper time,' and the pieces were arranged to be sung No poets of any prominence were among the contributors, however, and the actual merit of most of the ballads in AHandful of Pleasant Delights is extremely small (But see below at page 274.) The fifth anthology, A Bouquet of Dainty Concerts (1588), said to be a collection of 'sweet ditties either to the lute, bandora, virginals or any other instrument,' I have never seen, it is said to exist in a unique exemplar in a private library. It was edited, or written, by Antony Munday Mr Bullen, who has examined this treasure, confesses that 'there is not even a passable lyric to be found' in it

We come in 1593—when, it should be noticed, the lyrical revival was already complete—to The Phæmx Nest Lodge and Breton contributed to this, and it was edited by an unidentified R S, of the Inner Temple. In 1599 William Jaggard brought out 'The Passionate Pilgrim, by W Shakespeare.' This was a purely piratical miscellany, consisting of twenty pieces, the property of Shakespeare, Raleigh, Marlowe, Barnfield, and others, obviously all stolen The history of this strangely tantalising compilation, and its actual connection with Shakespeare, remain obstinately obscure We are told, however, by Heywood that Jaggard was 'altogether unknown' to Shakespeare when he 'presumed to make so bold with his name! The Passionale Pilgrim, as a fraudulent publication, hardly deserves a place among the anthologies. The next on the list seems to be Belvedere, or the Garden of the It ises 1600), which, however, is a nosegay of such traumentary extracts as deserve rather to be called petals than flowers. We come at last to the famous England's Helicon, or the Muses Harmony (1600), a kind of Golden Treasury of the Elizabothen age, summing up the splendours of its lyric promise, and edited by one John Bodenhim. Even more precious is the Poetreal Rhapsod; (1602), edited by Francis Davison, not because it contains more excellent poetry, but because it vas compiled from fresher sources, and adds more to the total harvest of our literature both these collections, and still more in the enlarged reprint of Linglana's Helicon of 1614, there were delightful numbers. Shakespeare himself, and Greene, and Barnfield, and Sidney, and Spenser, and Lodge being among the songsters whose throats are seen quivering with ecstasy on the boughs of these latest anthologies But neither these nor their predecessors (always excepting Fottels 'Miscellany') had much influence on the development of poetry or deserve any pro-Before 1585 the nuncnt place in its history anthologics had been filled with dry and tuneless morality, in which youth was admonished to withdraw his attection from the vain seducements of After 1585 they became collections, and mostly reprints, of poems, in themselves indeed most beautiful, but written without relation to the anthology and unstimulated by its existence Poetical Miscellanies, then, are literary curiosities which have, in the opinion of the present writer. received an amount of attention from critics which they do not intrinsically deserve, and which should be transferred from them to the music books These latter really did influence and even transform the character of lyrical poetry in England the maugurators of the Song were not the didactic I dwardses and Proctors, in spite of the beautiful names which they give to their collections, but musicians such as Byrd, and Dowland, and that rare artist in both lands, the incomparable Thomas Campion. EDMUND GOSSE

Translators and Translations.

At many different dates English literature has been largely influenced by translations and trans-In early Christian days Biblical renderings and the close contact with Church Latin gave a Hebraic-Latinistic flavour to Anglo-Saxon us a prince of translators, and Boethius and Orosius left their mark on English thought Caxton, his patrons, friends, and successors were zcalous in translating The version of Ciccro's De Sercetule in 1473 is one of the first instances of the trinslation of a great classic, and is thought by some to have been identical i ith that rendering printed by Caxton in 1481 (see page 97) Douglass metrical rendering of the Enerd (1513) w is, all things considered, a notable achievement

But the great age of great translators was the second half of the sixteenth century and the earlier decades of the seventeenth-the age of Hoby and North, of Philemon Holland and Florio, in prose, whose achievements were rivalled, then or later, by Phaer's and by Stanyhurst's Virgil, Golding's Ovid, Chapman's Homer, Harrington's Arrosto, and Fairfax's Tasso in verse. Many hands were now busy rendering the Greek and Latin classics. and giving their contemporaries better or worse versions of French, Italian, and Spanish master-Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, was a late contemporary of Fairfax's If it cannot be said that the great Tudor translators were as a rule quite accurate or faithful, if they did not make it their business to reproduce the distinctive form and manner of their originals, they yet succeeded admirably in fulfilling one of the canons of perfect translation-they produced noble English versions which to the reader seem wonderfully like spontaneous and original works

Sir Thomas Hoby (1530-1566), translator of The Courtyer of Castiglione, made Englishmen familiar with the Renaissance ideal of a gentleman, but remained himself so faithful to all that was best in English character that Ascham, though constantly suspicious of 'the Englishman Italianate,' unreservedly praised both Hoby and his book. Born at Lcominster, Hoby studied at St John's, Cambridge, travelled in France and Italy, and was ambassador in France The Cortegiano, planned by Castiglione in 1508, was not printed till 1528, and found as much favour in France and Spain, translated, as at home Hoby was at work on his English translation in his youth, but did not print it till 1561 The book was received with universal applause, was repeatedly reprinted, and produced very traccable influences on the next age and its writers Professor Raleigh, who has edited Hoby (1900) for the 'Tudor Translations,' while praising the truly English style and its rhythm, admits that, like so many of the Elizabethan translators, he tried rather to restate in English the substance of the original than to make an accurate translation He made many mistakes through imperfect knowledge, was sometimes even slipshod in his English, and allowed himself rather to limit his vocabulary by the preference (common to him with Cheke and that school) for homely English words, in direct contrast to the pedantic Ciceronianism of the universities, the 'inkhorn terms' that commended themselves to another generation Much more influential, however, was Hoby's contemporary, North

Sir Thomas Not th (1535-1601), often referred to as the first great master of English prose, was the second son of the first Lord North, seems to have been educated it Cambridge, was a student it Lincoln's Inn, but early devoted himself to literature. He was apparently often embarrassed in circumstances, and even 'drowned by poverty,'

but maintained some dignity in Cambridgeshire, being knighted about 1591 His first work was The Diall of Princes by Guevara, 'Englysshed oute of the Frenche,' but partly at least direct from Spanish (1557) Lord Berners had as early as 1534 trans-Inted a shorter version by Guevara of the same work (see pages 104, 105) Of late it has been attempted to trace the Euphuism of Lyly to Guevara, and probably Lyly was influenced by the renderings both of Berners and of North, but a substantial residuum of Euphuism is Lyly's own, and cannot be traced to either of Guevara's translators In other respects North's influence on almost all subsequent writers of English The Worall Philosophie of was very marked Done is a witty and pithy rendering of an Italian work His most famous work, The Lives of the Noble Grecianes and Romanes compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historiographer Plutarke of Charonia, professedly from the French rendering of Amyot, was in magnificently racy, nervous, idiomatic English-all the more that the translator did not greatly concern himself to follow Amyot closely, still less the He wrote freely, using new-Greek original. comed Latinisms, contemporary colloquialisms, and English slang with equal effectiveness The work, which reads like an original, became one of the most popular books of the time, and was largely Shakespeare's encyclopædia of classical history In Antony and Cleopatra Shakespeare has used North's words and phrases very closely, in Corrolanus there are whole speeches taken almost straight from North

Aristides the Just Ostracised.

The people moreover being growen very dissolute & licencious, by reason of the victoric of Marithon, and seeking to have all thinges passe by them and their authoritic, beganne nowe to mislike and to be greatly offended that any private man should go before the rest in good fame and reputation. Whereupon they came out of all shires of Attica into the city of Athens, and so banished Aristides with the Ostracismon disguising the envy they bare to his glory with the name of feare of tyranny For this maner of banishment called Ostracismon, or Exostracismon, was no ordinary punishment for any fault or offence committed but to give it an honest cloke, they said it was onely a pulling downe and tying shorte of too much greatnesse and authority, exceeding farre the maner and countenance of a popular state. But to tell you truly, it was none otherwise then a gentle meane to qualifie the peoples envy against some private person which envy bred no malice to him whose greatnesse did offend them, but onely tended to the banishing of him for ten yeares. But afterwards when by practise this Ostracismon banishment was laid upon means men and malifactors, as upon Hyperbolus that was the last man so banished. they never after used it any more at Athens. the way it shall not be amisse to tell you here why and wherefore this Hyperbolus was banished. Alcibiades and Nicias were the chiefest men of Athens at that time, and they both were ever at square together, a common thing amongest great men. They perceiving now by the peoples assembling, that they went about to execute the Ostracismon, were marvelously afrayed it was meant to banishe one of them, wherefore they spake together, and made both their followers frends with each other, and joyned them in one tribe together, insomuch, when the most voyces of the people were gathered to condemne him that should be banished, they founde it was Hyperbolus. The people therewith were much offended, to see the Ostracismon so embased and scorned, that they never after would use it again, and so left it off for ever But briefly to let you under stand what the Ostracismon was, and after what sorte they used it ye are to know that at a certaine day appointed every citizen carried a great shell in his hande, whereupon he wrote the name of him he would have banished, and brought it into a certaine place railed about with woodden barres in the market place when every man had brought in his shell, the magistrates and officers of the city did count and tell the number of them for if there were lesse then 6000 citizens, that had thus brought these shels together, the Ostracismon was not full and perfect. That done, they laid apart every mans name written in these shels and whose name they found written by most citizens, they pro claimed him by sounds of trumpet a banished man for ten yeares, during which time notwithstanding the party did enjoy al his goods. Now every man writing thus his name in a shel, whom they would have banished it is reported there was a plaine man of the countrey (very simple) that could neither write nor readc, who came to Aristides (being the first man he met with) and gave him his shell, praying him to write Aristides name upon it He being abashed withall, did aske the countrey man if Aristides had ever done him any displeasure. No, said the contrie man, he never did me hurt, nor I know him not but it grieves me to heare every man call him a just man. Aristides hearing him say so, gave him no answer, but wrote his own name upon the shell, and delivered it agains to the countric man But as he went his way out of the city, he lift up his hands to herven, and made a prayer contrary to that of Achilles in Homer, besechinge the gods that the Athenians might never have such troubles in hand as they should be compelled to call for Aristides Notwithstanding, within three yeares after, when Verxes king of Persia came with his army through the countries of Thessaly and Bocotia, & entred into the heart of the country of Attica, the Athenians revoking the law of their Ostracismon, called home againe all those they had braished, and specially, because they were affraid Aristides would take part with the barbarous people, and that his example should move many other to do the like, wherin they were greatly deceived in the nature of the man for before that he was called home, he continually travelled up and downe, persuading and incouraging the Grecians to maintaine and defende After that lawe was repealed by proclama their liberty tion, & that Themistocles was chosen the only Lieutenant generall of Athens, he did alwaies faithfully aid and assist him in al things, as well with his trivell, as also with his counsell and thereby wan his enemies great honor, because it stood upon the safety and preservation of his countrie. For when Furibiades, Generall of the army of the Grecians, had determined to forsake the He of Salamina, and that the gallies of the barbarous

North

people were come into the middest of the seas, and nad environed the Iles all about and the mouth of the arme of the strught of Salamina, before any man knew they sere thus inclosed in Anstides departing out of the He of Igina with a marvellous Loldnesse, ventured through the middest of all the barbarous ships and fleete, and be good hap got in the night into Themistocles tent, and cilling him out, spake with him there in this sort Themistocles, if we be 10th wise, it is high time we should now leave off this vame envy and spite we have tong time borne each other, and that we should enter into another sort of envy more honourable and profit able for us both. I meane, which of us two should do his best endeavour to save Grece you, by ruling and commaunding all like Licutenant generall and I, by counselling you the best, and executing your commande ment considering you are the man alone that will roundlest come unto the point that is best which is in my opinion that we should hazard battell by sea within the straight of Salamina, and that as soone as might be possible. But if our frendes and confederates do let this to be put in execution. I do assure you your enemies do helpe it forward. For it is said, that the sea both before and lichard us, & round about us, is covered all over with their shippes, so as they that would not before, shall now be compelled of force and in spight of their hearts to fight and bestirre them like men because they are compassed in all about, and there is no passage left open for them to escape, nor to flie Whereunto Themistocles answered, I am sory, Aristides, that herein your honesty appeareth greater then mine but since it is so, that you have deserved the honor in beginning and procuring such an honourable and commendable strike betweene us, I will henceforth indexour my selfe to excede you in continuing this your desire

See the Li es of the Norths by Roger North as edited by Dr Jessopp (3 vols 1890), and Professor Skeat's notes in his Shake species Plut in \$ (1857) on the I was that illustrate Shakespeare's I lays, the edition of the Merill Fullschue by Joseph Jacobs (1873) and the edition b, Wyndham of the Plutaren in the Fudor Translations (6 v.ls. 1895-95).

Philemon Holland (1552-1637), styled by Fuller 'the translator general of his age,' was born it Chelmsford, became a Fellow of Frinity College, Cambridge, and in 1591 obtained somewhere the degree of MD. He afterwards practised inedicine at Coventry, and in 1628 was headmaster for ten months of the free school there His more notable translations were Livy, Pliny's Natural History, Suctomus, Plutarch's Horals. Ammi inus Marcellinus, Venophon's Cyrepædia, and Camden's Eritannia The translation of Suctonius was carried out when the plague raged it Coventry in 1605-6, in his liter years the old m in suffered from bodily fruities and poverty His translations are futhful on the whole, and in fine Elizabethan English, and though not so stitely as North's English renderings, have their own quaint charm. They mostly appeared in majestic tolios, and this, with their number, led to Pope's well known jesting allusion, 'And here the groining shelves Philemon bends! His son, Henry Holland, a bookseller in London, wrote some historical works, and published, after his father's death, one or two works by Philemon on medical subjects

Hannibal crossing the Alps

So that Anniball took up his lodging for one night, The morrow after, without his cariages & horsemen when as the barbarous people ran betweene them more coldly than before, he joined his forces together, aid passed the streight, not without great dammage and losse. but with more hurt of the sumpter horses than of men. After this, the mountainers (fewer in number, and in robbing wise rather than in warlike sort) ran in heapes, one while upon the vaward, other while upon the rere ward, as any one of them could either get the vantage of ground, or by going one while afore, and by staying another while behind, winne and catch any occasion & The clephants, as they were driven with opportunity great leasure, because through these narrow streights, they were readie ever & anone to run on their noses so what way soever they went, they kept the army safe & sure from the enemies, who being not used unto them, durst not once come neer The ninth day he woon the verie tops of the Alpes, through by lanes and blind crankes after he had wandred many times out of the way, either through the decentfulnesse of their guides, or for that when they durst not trust them, they adventured rashly themselves upon the vallies, and gue-sed the way at adventure, and went by aime. I'wo daies abode he en camped upon the tops thereof, and the soldiors weried with travaile and fight rested that time certaine also of the sumpter horses (which had slipt aside from the rockes) by following the tracks of the armie as it marched, came to the campe. When they were thus overtoiled and wearred with these tedious travailes, the snow that fell (for now the starre Vergilie [i e. the Pleiades] was set and gone downe out of that horizon) increased their feare exceedingly Now when as at the breake of day the ensignes were set forward, and the armie marched slowly, through the thicke and deepe snow, and that there appeared in the countenance of them all, slouthfulnesse and desperation ball advanced before the standerds, and commaunded his soldiours to stay upon a certaine high hill, (from whence they had a goodly prospect and might see a great way all about them) and there shewed unto them Italic and the goodly champion fields about the Po, which he hard under the foot of the Alpine mountains saying, That even then they mounted the wals, not only of Italy, but also of the cittic of Rome, as for all besides (auth hee) will be plaine and easie to be travelled and after one or two battailes at the most, ye shall have at your command, the verie eastle and head citic of all Italy Then began the armie to march forward and as yet the enemies verely themselves adventured nothing at all, but some pettie robberies by stealth, as opportunitie & occasion served. Howbeit they had much more difficult travailing down the hill, than in the climbing & getting up, for that most of the advenues to the Alpes from Italy side, as they be shorter, so they are more upright for all the way in a manner was steepe, narrow, and slippene, so as neither they could hold themselves from sliding, nor if any tripped and stumbled never so little, could they possibly (they staggered so) recover themselves and keep sure footing, but one fell upon another, as well horse as man. After this they came to a much parrower rocke, with crags & rags so steepe downeright, that hardly a nimble soldiour without his armonr and baggage (do

what he could to take hold with hands upon the twigs and plants that there about grew forth) was able to creep do vn. This place being before naturally of it selfe steepe & prodant with a downe fall, now was choked & dammed up with a new fill of earth, which left a bank behind it of a wonderful & monstrous height. There the horsmen stood sill as if bey had been come to their vaies end. and when anniball mercelled much what the matter might be that stated them so, as they marched not on word was brought from that the Rock was unrecessible & unpassable. Wherapon, he went himself in person to view the place, a then he saw indeed without all doubt, that although he had fetched a compasse about yet he had gained nought thereby, but conducted he armie to passe through wilds & such places as before had never been beaten & troden. And verely that (of all other) was such as I was impossible to passe through. I or, wher as there lay old snow untouched & not troblen on, and over it o her snow newly fallen, of a smal depth, in this soft a tender snow, a the same not verie deep, their feet as they went easely tooke hold but that snow, bem, once with the gate of so min, people & beasts upon it, fretted and thaved, they were fame to go upon the bare yee underreath, and in the slabbene snow broth, as it religited and includ about their heale. There they had fouls alos and much strugling, for that they could not tread sure upon the slipperie yee, and againe, going as they did (downe hill) their feet sooner fuled them and when they had helped themselves once in getting up, either with hands or knee, , if they chanced to ful aguin, when those their props and states deceived them, there were no twigs nor rootes about, whereon a man might take hold, and rest or stay houselfe, either by hand or And therefore all that the poore garrons and beats could doe was to tumble and wallow enly upon the slipperie and glas ie yee and the molten slabbie snow Otherwhiles also they perished as they went in the deepe snow, whiles it was yet soft and tender for when they were once slidden and fallen, with flinging ou their heeles, and beating with their hoofes more forcibly for to take hold, they brak, the yee through, so as most of them as if they had ben caught fast and fe tered, stucke still in the deepe, hard frozen, & conscaled yee. At last, when as both man & beast were werted and overtoiled, and all to no purpose, they encamped upon the top of an hill, having vith very much ado clensed the place aforchand for that purpose such a deale of snow there was to be diaged, faied, and thrown out. This done, the souldiors were brought to breake that rocks, through which was their onely wase, and against the time that it was to be hewed through, they felled & overthrew many huge trees that grew there about, and made a mightie heape and pile of wood the wind served fitly for the time to kindle a tire, & then they set all a burning. Now when the rock was on fire and red hot, they powred thereon strong sineger for to calcine & dissolve it. When as the rock was thus baked (as it were) with fire, they digged into it, and opened it with pickcaxes, and made the descent gentle and easie, by incanes of moderate windings and turnings so as not onely the horses and other heasts, but even the elephants also might be able to go downe. I oure dates he spent about the levelling of this rock & the beasts were almost pined and lost for hunger. For the hill tops for the most part are bare of grasse, and looke what fog and forage there was, the snow over hilled it. The dales and lower grounds have some little

banks lying to the sunne, and rivers withall, necre unto the woods, yea and places more meet and bescenning for men to inhabite. There were the labouring beasts put out to grasse & pasture, and the soldiors that were wearied with making the waies had three duies allowed to rest in. I rom thence they went downe into the plaine countrie, where they found both the place more easie and pleasant, and the natures of the inhabitants more tractable (From the Livy)

See Fuller's 11 in hier, and Whibley's preface to the Suctionius in the Fudur Translations (1879). Girron is a pony face! cleared away for coarse winter grass.

John Florio, the translator of Montaigne, was born in London about 1553. His father was a Protestant cale and Italian preacher in London, but unpleasant charges were brought against his moral character, and he lost his post and his John Florio appears as a private tutor in foreign languages at Oxford about 1376, and two years liter published his First Fruites, munly English and Italian dialogues, accompanied by A Perfect Irauction to the Italian and English Tongues In 1581 Florio was admitted a member of Magdalon College, and became a teacher of French and Italian. He enjoyed the patronage successively of the Lirls of Leicester, Southampton, and Pembroke The Second Frances, more Italian and English dialogues, had annexed to it the Garden of Recreation, containing Italian Proverbs (1591) His Italian and English dictionary, entitled A Worlde of Wordes, was published in 1598, and was repeatedly reprinted, extended, and translated Florio was appointed reader in Italian to Queen Anne, and afterwards groom of the privy chamber In 1603 he published in folio his famous translation of Montaigne, of which it is priise enough to say that it is a version worthy of its original, and a noble monument of Elizabethan English. Thanks to him, as was said at the time, 'Montagne now speaks English ' in that version Montagne spoke to Shakespeare In his later translation (1685) Charles Cotton, himself not immaculate, dwells on the numerous and gross errors of his predecessor There are indeed not a few slips in Florio's by no means literal translation, and it may fairly be claimed that Cotton's easy colloquial style comes nearer the diction of the Essays than Florio's quaint and stately but cumbrous and involved English But Florio, it should be remembered, would not seem quaint to Elizabethans, and his Hontaigne still rinks as the great standard English rendering The title was The Essaves on Morall, Politike and Millitarie Discourses of Lord Michaell de Montaigne It is certain from the Tempest that Shakespeare was familiar with the book, and it was long, but quite gratuitously, believed that the pedantic Holofernes in Love's Labour's Lost was a study after Florio No doubt Shakespeare must have known one who was a protégé of his own patrons, but Florio was not the only Italian then in London, and Florio (who died of plague at Fulham in 1625) was no absurd pedant

Florio

From the Essay of Lyers.

I see all men generally busied (and that verie im properly) o panish certaine innocent errours in children. which have neither impression nor consequence, and chastice and ver them for rash and fond actions. Onely lying and stubbornnesse somewhat more, are the faults whose birth and progresse I would have severely punished and cut off, for they grow and increase with them and if he tongue have once gotten this ill habit, good Lord! hos hard, nay how impossible it is to make her leave it ! whereby it ensueth, that we see many very honest men in other matters, to bee subject and enthralled to that fault I have a good lad to my tailour, whom I never heard speak a truth, no not when it might stand him in stead of profit. If a lie had no more faces but one, as truth hath, we should be in farre better termes than we are For whatsoever a her should say, we would take it in a contrarie sense. But the opposite of truth bath many, many shapes, and an undefinite field. The Pythagoreans make good to be certaine and finite, and evill to bee in finite and uncertaine. I thousand bywayes misse the marke, one onely hits the same. Surely I can never assure my selfe to come to a good end, to warrant an extreme and evident danger, by a shamelesse and solemne An ancient Father saith, IVe are better in the com panie of a knowne dogge, than in a mans societie ruhose speech is unknowne to us. Ut externus alieno non sit nominis vice (PLIN Aut Hist vn 1) 1 stranger to a strin r is not like a man. And how much is a false speech lesse sociable than silence? (Book 1 chap. 15.)

Of the Force of Imagination.

For'is imaginatio Leneral casum. A strong imagina tion leactith chance, say learned clearks. I am one of those that seele a very great conflict and power of imagination. All men are shockt therewith, and some overthrowne by it. The impression of it pierceth me, and for want of strength to resist her, my endevour is to avoid it. I could live with the only assistance of holy and merry hearted men. The sight of others anguishes doth sensibly drive me into anguish, and my sense hath often usurped the sense of a third man. If one cough continually, he provokes my lungs and throat. more unwilling to visit the sicke dutie doth engage me unto, than those to whom I am little beholding and regard least. I apprehend the evill which I studie, and place it in me. I deeme it not strange that she brings both igues and death to such as give her scope to worke her wil, and applaude her Simon Thomas was a great Physitian in his dues. I remember upon a time comming by chance to visit a rich old man that dwelt in That is, and who was troubled with the cough of the lungs who discoursing with the said Simon Thomas of the meanes of his recoverie, he told him that one of the best was to give me occasion to be delighted in his companic, and that fixing his eyes upon the livelines and treshnes of my face, and setting his thoughts upon the johne and vigor vherewith my vouthfull age did then ilour h, and filling all his senses with ing florising estate, his habitude might thereby be amended and his health recovered. Put he forgot to say that mine might al 6 Le e spaired and infected Gallus Vibrus did so well enure h s mind to comprehende the essence and motions of fells, that he so tran ported his judgement from out he see, is he could never afterward bring it to his right place agrune, and might rightly boast to have become a foole through wisdome. Some there are that through feare anticipate the hangmans hand, as he did, whose friends having obtained his pardon, and putting away the cloth wherewith he was hood winkt that he might heare it read, was found starke dead upon the scaffold, wounded only by the stroke of imagination. Wee sweat, we shake, we grow pale, and we blush at the motions of our imaginations, and wallowing in our beds we feele our bodies agitated and turmoiled at their apprehensions, yea in such manner as sometimes we are ready to yield up the spirit (Bool it chap ac)

The Profit of One Man is the Dammage of Another

Demades the Athenian condemned a man of the Citie. whose trade was to sell such necessaries as belonged to burials, under colour, hee asked too much profit for them, and that such profit could not come unto him without the death of many people. This judgement seemeth to be ill taken, because no man profiteth but by the losse of others by which reason a man should con demne all manner of gaine. The Merchant thrives not but by the licentiousnesse of youth, the Husbandman by dearth of come, the Architect but by the rune of houses, the Lawyer by suits and controversics betweene men Honour it selfe, and practice of religious Ministers, is drawne from our death and vices. No Physitian delighteth in the health of his owne friend, said the ancient Greeke Comike nor no Souldier is pleased with the peace of his Citie, and so of the rest And which is worse, let every man sound his owne conscience, hee shall finde that our inward desires are for the most part nourished and bred in us by the losse and hurt of others, which when I considered, I began to thinke how Nature doth not gainesay herselfe in this, concerning her generall policie, for Physitians hold that The birth, increase, and augmentation of everything is the alteration and corruption of another

The second edition of the Montaigne at peared in 1613 and a third in 1632. There have been recent reprints by Professor Morley (1 vol. 1835). J. H. M'Carthy (3 vols. 1839—yo). Chubb (1 vol. 1893). Walker (in the 'I_umple Classics, 6 vols. 1897—98), and Professor Suntsbury (in the 'Iudor Translations, 3 vols. 1892—93).

William Painter (1540?-94) studied at Cambridge, was master of Sevenoaks school, but in 1561 became Clerk of Ordnance in the Tower His Palace of Pleasure (1566-67), largely composed of stories from Boccaccio, Bindello, and Margaret of Navarre, became popular, and was the main source whence many dramatists drew their plots, several of Shakespeare's plays owe something to his Italian borrowings. Twenty six of the tales come from Bandello, but were done, not from the Italian, but from one or other of the French versions Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet is based directly on the rhymed translation of Arthur Broke, but may in some points have followed Printer's Rhomeo and Iulictta, published in the second volume (1567) of the Palace of The reader may compare the balcon? scene in Painter with that given on the next page as in Broke

And continuing this manner of Lyfe for certaine Dayes, Rhimeo not able to content himfelf with lookes, daily

did behold and marke the lituation of the house, and one day amongs others hee espyed Iulicita at hir Cham ber Window, bounding vpon a narrow Lane, ryght ouer against which Chamber he had a Gardein, which was the cause that Rhomeo, searing discouery of their loue, began the day time to passe no more before the Gate, but so foone as the Night with his browne Mantell had courred the Earth, hee walked alone vp and downe that little streat. And after he had bene there many times, missing the chiefest cause of his comming, Iuliatta, im pacient of hir cuill, one night repaired to hir window, & perceived throughe the bryghtnesse of the Moone hir Friend Rhomeo under hir Window, no leffe attended for, than hee hymfelfe was waighting Then she secretly with Feares in hir Eyes, & wyth voyce interrupted by fighes, said 'Sigmor Rhomeo, me thinke that you hazarde your person to mutch, and commyt the same into great Daunger, at thys time of the Night to protrude your felf to the Mercy of them which meane you little good. Who yf they had taken would have cut you in picces, and mine honor (which I esteme dearer than my Lyfe,) hindred and fuspected for euer ' 'Madame,' aunswered Rhomeo, 'my Lyse is in the Hand of God, who only can dispose the same howbest yf any Man had foughte menes to bereyue mee of my Lyfe, I should (in the presence of you) have made him knowen what mine ability had ben to defend the same standyng Lyfe is not so deare, and of sutch estimation with me, but that I coulde vouchfafe to facryfice the fame for your fake and althoughe my myshappe had bene so greate, as to bee dyspatched in that Place, yet had I no cause to be sorrye therefore, excepte it had bene by lofynge the meanes, and way how to make you vnderstande the good wyll and duety which I beare you, defyrynge not to conferue the fame for anye commodytye that I hope to have thereby, nor for anye other respecte, but onclye to Loue, Serue, and Honor you so long as breath shal remaine in me.' So soone as he had made an end of his talke, loue and pity began to feaze vpon the heart of Iulietta, & leaning hir head vpon hir hand, having hir face all beforent with teares, she faid vinto Ahomeo 'Syr Rhomeo, I pray you not to renue that grief agayne for the onely Memory of futch inconuc nyence maketh me to counterpoyfe betwene Death and Lyfe, my heart being fo vnited with yours, as you cannot receyue the least Injury in this world, whercin I shall not be so great a Partaker as your felf beseechyng you for conclusion, that if you defire your owne health and mine, to declare vnto me in fewe Wordes what youre determynation is to attaine for if you couet any other fecrete thing at my Handes, more than myne Honoure can well allowe, you are maruelously decenued

The Fulace of Pleasure has been edited by Haslewood (1813) and Ioseph Jacobs (1850)

At thur Broke, or BROOKE, had the honour of writing that Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Iuliet (1562) from which probably Shakespeare chiefly took the story of his drama. Though professedly translating from the Italian of Bandello, Broke worked from a French translation, and the result was a paraphrase, with additions, amplifications, and alterations, in rather limping verserlymed couplets of twelve and thirteen syllables alternately (The prose version of the tale by

Painter may also have been before Shakespeare, but Broke's poem gave Shakespeare not merely the plot but sometimes the words, the Nurse is partly Broke's creation) Part of the balcony scene is quoted. Nothing is known of Broke except that he died by shipwreck while passing to France by way of Newhaven to join the English troops fighting for the Huguenots in 1563.

Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
Within her window, and anon the Moone did shine so
bright

That she espyde her loue, her hart reuned, sprang,
And now for 103 she clappes her handes, which erst for
woe she wrang

Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desired sight, His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight

Yet dare I say, of both that she reioyced more

His care was great, hers twise as great was all the tyme

before.

But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The welbelouing knight, and eke the welbeloued dame
Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaynes ronne
With whispering voyce, ybroke with sobs, thus is her
tale begonne

Oh Romeus of your lyst too lauas sure you are
That in this place, and at thys tyme to hasard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kynsmen, saw you here?
Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would
they teare.

In ruth and in disdayne, I, weary of my life, With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy knyfe

For you, myne owne once dead, what 10y should I have heare?

And eke my honor staynde which I then lyfe doe holde more deare

Fayre lady myne, dame Iuliet, my lyfe (quod he)
Euen from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three
They may, in spyte of foes, draw foorth my liuely threed,
And they also, who so sayth nay, a sonder may it shreed
But who to reaue my lyfe, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps should trye vnto his payne how I it could defende
Ne yet I loue it so, but alwayes, for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake

And how I wishe for lyfe, not for my propre ease
But that in it, you might I loue, you honor, serue and
please

Tyll dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send And therupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende

Now loue and pitty boyle in Iuliets ruthfull brest,
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary hed doth reste,
Her bosome bathd in teares, to witnes inward payne,
With dreary chere to Romeus, thus aunswerd she agayne,
Ah my deere Romeus, keepe in these woordes (quod she),
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
For pitty and for dred welnigh to yelde vp breath
In euen ballance peysed are my life and eke my death
For so my hart is knitte, yea made one selfe with yours
That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your
mynde endures.

Lanas is lavish feysed, poised The poem has been re peatedly reprinted since 1821, as in J P Collier's School of Shake-speare (1843).

John Harington, the elder (flor 1540–78), who was a confidential servant of Henry VIII, wrote very pleasing love-verses, some of which were published in the Auza Antiqua (1804). The pact married first a natural daughter of the king, and then Isabella Warkham, one of the Princess Elizabeth's gentlewomen, and with his second wife vas sent to the Tower by Queen Mary, together with Elizabeth, who, on her accession to the throne, rewarded him with many favours. The following verses, from the author's own MS dated 1564 (but written probably ten years before), were composed on Isabella Markham, and Sir John Harington ip 186 391), the translator of Ariosto, was the son of this loving couple

Whence comes my love? O hearte, disclose 'I was from cheeks that shame the rose, From lips that spoyle the rubics prayse, From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze. Whence comes my woe? as freely owne, Ah me! 'twa from a heartelyke stone.

The blushyng check speakes mo lest minde, The hpps, befitting wordes moste kynde, The eye does tempte to love s desire, And seems to say its Cupid's fire, Yet all so faire but speake my moane, Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone

Why thus my love, so kynd bespeake
Si eet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushvinge cheeke—
Yet not a hearte to save my paine?
O Venus, take thy giftes again,
Make not so faire to cause our moane
Or make a hearte that 's lyke our owne

Richard Edwards (1523'-66) was a Somerset man, who studied at Oxford, and was a member of Lincoln's Inn, but became a gentleman of the Chapel Royal and Master of the Children of the Chapel His drama of Palamon and Ireite has not been preserved, but Damon and Pythias is in Dodslev's collection, and is of little importance. Many of his poems, which were very popular, are in The Paradyse of Dayntye Devises. One was

Amantium Irw Amoris Redintegratio Est.
In going to my naked bed, is one that would have slept,
I hear I a wife sing to her childe, that long before had
went

She suched sore, and sung full sweet, to bring the babe to rest.

That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her brest

She was full weare of her watch, and grieved with her childe,

She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smilde,

Then did she say Now have I found this proverb true to prove,

The falling out of faithfull friendes renewing is of love

The tooke I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,

In register for to remaine of such a worthy wight, As slap proceeded thus in song unto her little brat, Much matter attered the of saight in place whereas she And proved plaine there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,

Could well be knowne to live in love without discorde and strife

Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,

The falling out of faithfull freendes renewing is of love.

I marvaile much, pardie, quoth she, for to beholde the

To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to tosse the world about.

Some kneels, some crouch, some backe, some check, and some can smoothly smile,

And some embrace others in arms, and there thinke many a vile.

Some stand aloofe at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout.

Yet are they never freendes indeed until they once fall

Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did

The falling out of faithfull freendes renewing is of love.

George Turberville (1540?-1610) was of the ancient Dorset house from which Mr Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was descended, and was secretary to Sir Thomas Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador in Scotland and (for two years) in Russia. He translated from Latin into English verse (Ovid, &c), and from Italian (Ten Tragicall Tales, also versified), wrote books on Falconrie and hunting, and—his most notable book, in virtue of which he ranks amongst Elizabethan poets—Epitaphes, Lpigrams, Songs and Sonets (2nd ed. 1567, reprinted by Collier 1867). A number of his poems, written in 'Moscovia,' de scribe the manners of the Russians

That Death is not so much to be Feared as Daylie Diseases are

What? ist not follie for to dread and stand of Death in feare, That Mother is of quiet rest, and griefs away doth weare?

That brings release to want of wealth, and poore oppressed Wights?

He comes but once to mortall men, but once for all he smite.

Was never none that twise hath felt of cruell Death the Knife, But other griefes and pining paines doe linger on thro life,

And oftentimes one selfe same Corse with furious fits molest,
When Death by one dispatch of life doth bring the soule to rest.

A Vow to Serve Fulthfully

In greene and growing age, in lustic yeers, In latter dayes when silver bush appears, In good and gladsome hap when Fortune serves In lowing luck when good aventure swerves, By day when Phoebus shewes his princely pride, By night when golden Starres in skies doe glide, In Winter when the groves have lost their greene,
In Sommer when the Longest dayes are seene,
In happie helth when sicklesse limmes have ly'e,
In griefull state, amids my dolors ryfe,
In pleasant peace when Trumpets are away,
In wreakful warre when Mars doth beare the sway,
In perillous goulfe amid the sinking sande,
In safer soyle and in the stable lande,—
When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace
You beare your faithfull Friend unfriendly fice,
In good report and time of woorser fame,
I will be yours, yea though I loose the game

٦

To a Gentlewoman that alwayes willed him to weare Rosemarie

The greene that you did wish mee weare aye for your loove,
And on my helme a braunch to beare not to remoove
Was ever you to have in minde,
Whom Cupid hath my Feere assignde.

As I in this have done your will, and minde to doo So I request you to fulfill my fansie too A greene and loving heart to have, And this is all that I doe crave.

For if your flowring heart should chaunge his colour greene,
Or you at length a Ladi straunge of ince be seene
Then will my braunch against his use
His colour chaunge for your refuse.

As Winters force can not deface
this braunch his hue
So let no chaunge of love disgrace
your friendship true
You were mine owne and so be still,
So shall we live and love our fill

Then may I thinke my selfe to bee well recompenst, For wearing of the Tree that is so well defenst Agaynst all weather that doth fall, When waywarde Winter spits his gall

And when wee meete to trie me true, looke on my hed,
And I will crave an oath of you wher Faith be fled

So shall we both assured bee, Both I of you, and you of mee

The verse, 'Of One that had Little Witte'-

whether

I thee advise
If thou be wise
To keepe thy wit
Though it be small
'Tis rare to get
And farre to fet,
'Twas ever yit
Dearste ware of all—

looks back to Skelton, that 'To his Ladie'-

Discharge thy dole,
Thou subtile soule,
It standes in little steede
To curse the kisse
That causer is
Thy chirric lippe doth bleede—

is a very old stave (as in Sir Thomas More, page 124, and the older song on page 157), and

This kind of paine
Doth he sustaine
Not ceasing
Increasing,
His pittifull pining wo
In plenties place
Devoide of grace,
Releasing
Or ceasing
The pangs that pinch him so—

suggests the bob wheel used afterwards by Montgomerie in *The Cherrie and the Slae*

A few other contemporaries we name here Barnabe Googe (1540-1594), born in Lincoln, studied both at Cambridge and at Oxford, and in 1574 was by Cecil sent to Ireland, where he became provost marshal in Connaught He was well spoken of as a poet for his Eglogs, Epitaphes, and Sonnetes (1563), and translated The Popish Kingdome or Reigne of Antichrist, a satirical Latin poem by Thomas Naogeorgus or Kirchmayer -Thomas Churchyard (1520 3-1604), soldier, poetaster, and miscellaneous writer, produced scores of volumes, pamphlets, and broadsides in prose and verse. He served in the army, 'trailed a pike' in the reigns of Henry VIII, Mary, and Elizabeth, fought in Scotland (he described the siege of Leith in a poem), Ireland, Flanders, and France, and received from Elizabeth-whom he had propitiated by complimentary addresses-a pension of eighteenpence a day, which was not paid regularly Churchyard was the Old Palæmon of Spenser's Colin Clout,

That sang so long untill quite hoarse he grew

His best poem is The Legend of Shore's Wife (1563), but is not great. The Worthiness of Wales is a highly topographical poem (1587, republished by the Spenser Society in 1871) His adventures are described in Churchyarde's Chippes (1575, &c., the part concerning Scotland was reprinted by Chalmers in 1817) Single pieces or selections were printed by Sir Alexander Boswell and others --Thomas Place (c. 1510-60), lawyer, physician, and translator, apparently born at Norwich, is remembered for his translation (1555-60) of the first nine books of the Eneid into fourteen syllable verse (completed later by other hands), it was warmly commended by Puttenham and other contempo raries - Sir Thomas Chaloner (1521-65), a London mercer's son, who was at the court of Charles V as a diplomatist, repeatedly conducted negotiations with the Scots, fought at Pinkie, and was later ambassador to Spain He wrote in prose and

crse, both Laun and English, and contributed to the *Hyrroure for Magistrales*—tribur Golding (1435-1605), the son of an Essex gentleman, is said to have been educated at Cambridge, and was in industrious translator of theological works from Latin and French, especially Calvin, Beza, and Bullinger—He also Englished Cæsar and part of Seneca, but is best known for his rendering in English ballad metre of Ovid's *Melamorphoses* (1565-67, republished 1904), praised by all contemporary critics, and familiar to Shakespeare

Literary Criticism.

Most early English literary criticism is incidental, as in Ascham's Scholemaster, or, like Gascoigne's Vates of Instruction (see page 247), deals directly with the craft of verse making Gabriel Harvey staggered his friend Spenser with his pedantic arguments against thyme, and in favour of regulating English verse by the rules of classical prosody (see page 332) William Webbe, about whom little is known save that after studying at St John's College, Cambridge, he became tutor in families of distinc tion, in 1586 took the same side, in his Discourse of English Poetrie, 'with the author's judgment touching the reformation of English verse.' He not merely protested against 'the tinkerly verse which we call rhyme,' but provided his enemies with arguments by printing, as example of reformed verse, his own wooden hexameters and sapphics cursorily surveys English poetry to his own time, bives us much interesting information on current views, and in spite of his theory, welcomes the (monymous) author of the Shepheards Calender as the best of all English poets that I have seen or heard' In 1602 Thomas Campion, graceful song writer though he was, was still denouncing 'the childish titil ition of riming,' and being answered by Daniel (see page 339) Gosson's School of Abuse (1579) was not so much literary criticism as a sincere and powerful Puritan impeachment, by a converted playwright, of modern manners, including playgoing and poetry making, and ultimately called forth Sidney's Apology (1595) Meanwhile Puttenham's 1rt of Poisie had appeared

Stephen Gosson (1555-1624), a Kentish man, studied at Oxford, and having been poet, actor (perhaps), dramatist, sittrist, and preacher, died rector of St Botolph's, Bishops ate. His pistorals vere praised, none of his comedies or tragedies have been preserved. Gosson's famous satire, the Senteral of 16 are (1579), was dedicated to Sidney, and moved him, after a time, to write his apology or defence of poetry, as Gosson's short treatise is 'an invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpill its of a commonwealth.' The first regular theatre in England had been built by burbage three years before (1576), and vas keenly it acked by the clergy. Gosson says

And I cause I have I are matriculated my selfe in the seconds where so many about storish, I will imitate the dead I appt, a linch, comming to the banks of Nylus

to quenche their thirste, syp and away, drinke running, lest they be snapte short for a pray to crocodile. I shoulde tel tales out of the schoole and bee ferruled for my failte or hyssed at for a blab yf I layde all the orders open before your eyes. You are no sooner entred, but libertie looseth the reynes, and geves you head, placing you with poetrie in the lowest forme, when his skill is showne to make his scholer as good as ever twangde. Hee preferres you to piping, from pyping to playing, from play to pleasure, from pleasure to slouth, from slouth to sleepe, from sleepe to sinne, from sinne to death, from death to the devill, if you take your learning apace and passe through every forme without revolting

Like other satirical writers, when he inveighs against the degeneracy of his own time he forgets all its claims to credit, and leaves out of account all the glories of the Elizabethan era. Thus

Our wreasting at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to ryot, our bowes into bolles [bowls], and our dartes to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttonie, Italy of winton nesse, Spaine of pride, Fraunce of deceite, and Dutch land of quaffing Compare London to Rome and England to Italy, you shall find the theaters of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us Experto crede, I have seene somewhat, and therefore I thinks may say the more

Lodge replied to Gosson almost at once (see an extract at page 318), and there were defences, attacks, and reiterations on both sides Sidney's apology did not appear till 1595

George Puttenham. - In 1589 appeared anonymously The Arte of English Poesie, written, as its author states, for the queen herself, courtiers, and ladies and young gentlewomen 'desirous to become skilful in their owne mother tongue, and for their private recreation to make now and then ditties of pleasure.' The authorship was not ascribed to any one till in 1614 Richard Carew said the book was by Master Puttenham has generally been understood to be George Puttenham (died 1590), but it may have been his brother Richard (c. 1520-1601), both of them nephcus of Sir Thomas Elyot. The author describes himself as a scholar of Oxford, and as having travelled abroad, been at court, and written interludes, poems, and prose works (unknown to any later generation) Slender as are the grounds for fixing the authorship, there is no doubt that the Arte of Poesie is the first systematic criticism of literature as art in English, more comprehensive than the cognate essays of Webbe (1586) and Sidney (1595), and from its publication onwards treated as a standard work. It is a treatise of some length, divided into three books—the first of poets and poesy, the second of proportion, and the third of ornament. There are chapters on language, rhyme in Latin, the poetry of 'wilde and savadge people,' the different kinds of poesy, cadence, metres, style, figures, and an interesting survey of English poetry down to his own time, quoted below. The first book thus opens

A Poet is as much to say as a maker And our English name well conformes with the Greeke word for of ποιείν, to make, they call a maker Poeta Such as (by way of re-emblance and reverently) we may say of God who without any travell to his divine imagination, made all the world of nought, nor also by any paterne or mould as the Platonicks with their Idees do phantastically sup pose. Even so the very Poet makes and contrives out of his owne braine both the verse and matter of his poeme, and not by any foreine copie or example, as doth the translator, who therefore may well be sayd a versifier, but not a Poet. The premises considered, it giveth to the name and profession no small dignitie and prehemi nence above all other artificers, Scientificke or Mechani call. And neverthelesse without any repugnancie at all, a Poet may in some sort be said a follower or imitator, because he can expresse the true and lively of every thing is set before him, and which he taketh in hand to describe and so in that respect is both a maker and a counterfaitor and Poesie an art not only of making, but also of imitation. (From Chap 1)

It appeareth by sundry records of bookes both printed and written, that many of our countreymen have painfully travelled in this part of whose works some appeare to be but bare translations, other some matters of their owne invention and very commendable, whereof some recitall shall be made in this place, to th'intent chiefly that their names should not be defrauded of such honour as seemeth due to them for having by their thankefull studies so much beautified our English tong, as at this day it will be found our nation is in nothing inferiour to the French or Italian for copie of language, subtiltie of device, good method and proportion in any forme of poeme, but that they may compare with the most, and perchance passe a great many of them. And I will not reach above the time of king Edward the third and Richard the second for any that wrote in English meeter because before their times by reason of the late Normane conquest, which had brought into this Realme much alteration both of our langage and lawes, and there withall a certain martiall barbarousnes, whereby the study of all good learning was so much decayd, as long time after no man or very few entended to write in any laudable science so as beyond that time there is litle or nothing worth commendation to be founde written in this arte. And those of the first age were Chaucer and Gover, both of them as I suppose knightes. After whom followed John Lydgate the monke of Bury, and that nameles, who wrote the Satyre called Piers Plowman, next him fol lowed Harding the Chronicler, then in king Henry th' eight times Skelton, (I wot not for what great worthines) surnamed the Poet Laureat In the latter end of the same kings raigne sprong up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyat th'elder and Henry Earle of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie as novices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Arioste and Petrarch, they greatly pollished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile. In the same time or not long after was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings. Afterward in king Edward the sixths time came to be in reputation for the same facultie Thomas Sternehold, who first translated into English certaine Psalms of David, and John Hoywood the Epigrammatist who for the myrth and quicknesse of his conceits more then for any good learning was in him came to be well benefited by the king. But the principall man in this profession at the same time was Maister Edward Ferrys, a man of no lesse mirth and felicitie that way, but of much more skil and magnifi cence in his meeter, and therefore wrate for the most part to the stage, in Tragedie and sometimes in Comedie or Enterlude, wherein he gave the king so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes Queene Maries time florished above any other Doctour Phaer, one that was well learned and excellently well translated into English verse heroicall certaine bookes of Virgils Encides Since him followed Maister Arthure Golding, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meetre the Metamorphosis of Ovide, and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of Virgils Aiteidos, which Maister Phaer lest undone And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong up an other crew of Courtly makers, Noble men and Gentle men of her Majesties owne servauntes, who have written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman Edward Earle of Oxford. Thomas Lord of Bukhurst, when he was young, Henry Lord Paget, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Master Edward Dyar, Maister Fulke Grevelt, Gascon, Britton, Turberville and a great many other learned Gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for envie, but to avoyde tediousnesse, and who have deserved no little commendation. But of them all particularly this is myne opinion, that Chaucer, with Gower, Lidgat and Harding for their antiquitie ought to have the first place, and Chaucer as the most renowmed of them all, for the much learning appeareth to be in him above any of the rest And though many of his bookes be but bare translations out of the Latin and French, yet are they wel handled, as his bookes of Troilus and Cresseid, and the Romant of the Rose, whereof he trans lated but one halfe, the device was John de Mehunes a French Poet, the Canterbury tales were Chaucers owne invention as I suppose, and where he sheweth more the naturall of his pleasant wit then in any other of his workes, his similitudes, comparisons and all other descriptions are such as can not be amended meetre heroicall of Froilus and Cresseid is very grave and stately, keeping the staffe of seven, and the verse of ten, his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding ryme, neverthelesse very well becoming the matter of that pleasaunt pilgrimage in which every mans part is playd with much decency Gower saving for his good and grave moralities had nothing in him highly to be commended, for his verse was homely and without good measure, his wordes strained much deale out of the French writers, his ryme wrested, and in his inventions small subtillitie the applications of his moralities are the best in him, and yet hose many times very grosselv bestowed, neither doth the substance of his workes sufficiently aunswere the subtilitie of his titles. Lydgat a translatour onely and no deviser of that which he wrate, but one that wrate in good verse. Harding a Poet Epick or Historicall, handled himselfe well according to the time and maner of his subject. He that wrote the Satyr of Piers Ploughman seemed to have bene a malcontent of that time, and therefore bent himselfe

wholy to taxe the disorders of that age, and specially the pr de of the Komane Clergy, of whose fall he scemeth to be a very true Prophet, his verse is but loose meetre, and his termes hard and obscure, so as in them is little pleasure to be taken. Skelton a sharpe Satirist, but with more rayling and scoffery then became a Poet Lawreat, such among the Greekes were called Pantonimi, with us Puffons, altogether applying their wits to Scurrillities and other rediculous matters. Henry Larle of Surrey and hir Thomas II sat, betweene whom I finde very litle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lan ernes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English Poesie, their conceits were lofti, their stiles stately, their conveyance cleanely, their terme proper, their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister The Lord I aux his commendation Francis Petrarena licth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the apt nesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he sheweth the cointerfait action very lively and pleasantly Of the later sort I thinke thus That for Tragedie the I ord of Buckhurst, and Maister Eduard Ferrys for such doings as I have some of thoirs do deserve the hyest Th'Earle of Oxford and Maister Edwardes of her Majesties Chappell for Comedy and Enterlude. For Lalopue and pastorall Poesie, Sir Philip Sydney and Muster Challenner, and that other Gentleman who wrate the late Shepheardes Callender For dittie and amourous Oue I finde Sir Walter Ruveleighs vayne most loftic, insolent, and passionate. Maister Edward Djar, for Llegie most sweete, solempiic and of high conceit. Gasem for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne Thace and Golding for a learned and well corrected verse, specially in translation cleare and very faithfully answering their authours intent. Others have also written with much facillitie, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recitall and first in degree is the Queene our soveraigne Lady, whose learned, delicate, nable Muse easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since for sense, sweetnesse and subtillitie, be it in Ode, Elegie, Epigram, or any other kinds of poeme Heroick or Lyricke wherein it shall please her Majestie to employ her penne, even by as much oddes as her owne excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassalls.

(From Book L chap 31)

There are shrewd observations in Puttenham's advice to the poet on diction or choice of words

Before the Conquest of the Normans it was the Angle caxon, and before that the British, which as some will is at this day the Walsh, or as others affirme the Cornish I for my parte thinks neither of both, as they be now spoken and pronounced This part in our maker or Loct must be heedyly booked unto, that it be naturall pure, and the most u hall of all his countrey and for the same purpose rather that which is spoken in the Luigs Court, or in the good townes and Cities within he land, I'm in the marche and frontiers, or in port to toes, where straungers haunt for traffike sake, or jet - Universities where Schollers use much peevish affecta tion of a nd out of the primative languages, or finally, in an ughud h village or corner of a Realme, where is no re or but of poore rusticall or uncivil people

neither shall be follow the speach of a craftes man or carter, or other of the inferiour sort, though he be inhabitant or bred in the best towne and Citie in this Realme, for such persons doe abuse good speaches by strange accents or ill shapen soundes, and false ortographie But he shall follow generally the better brought up sort, such as the Greekes call charientes, men civill and graciously behavoured and bred maker therfore at these days shall not follow Piers Plooman nor Gover nor Lidgate nor yet Chaucer, for their language is now out of use with us neither shall he take the termes of Northern men, such as they use in dayly talke, whether they be noble men or gentlemen, or of their best clarkes all is a matter nor in effect any speach used beyond the river of Trent, though no man can deny but that theirs is the purer English Saxon at this day, yet it is not so Courtly nor so current as our Southerne English is, no more is the far Westerne mans speach ye shall therefore take the usuall speach of the Court, and that of London and the shires lying about London within lx. myles, and not much above I say not this but that in every shyre of Figland there be gentlemen and others that speake but specially write as good Southerne as we of Middlesex or Surrey do, but not the common people of every shire, to whom the gentlemen, and also their learned clarkes do for the most part condescend, but herein we are already ruled by th'English Dictionaries and other bookes written by learned men, and therefore it needeth none other direc tion in that behalfe. (From Book in chap 4)

It will be noticed that he includes amongst poets Hardyng (1378-1465), a mere rhyming chronicler, Edward Ferrys or Ferrers, apparently by mistake for George Ferrers, soldier, courtier, and writer of masques, who died in 1579, Phaer, Golding, and Chaloner are named at pages 265-6 Gascon is Gascoigne, Britton is Breton

Camden.

William Camden (1551-1623), one of the best historians of his age, was born in London, and educated at Christ's Hospital, St Paul's School, and Oxford. In 1575 he became second master of Westminster School, but devoted his leisure hours to the study of the antiquities of Britain-1 subject to which from his earliest years he had been strongly inclined. That he might personally examine ancient remains, he in 1582 travelled through some of the eastern and northern counties of England, and the fruits of his researches appeared in his famous Britannia, written in Latin, and describing itself (in the translation by Philemon Holland, 1610, prepared apparently under Camden's own superintendence) as A Chorographicall Description of the most Flourishing Kingdomes of England, Scotland, Irelana, and the Ilands adioyning, out of the Depth of Antiquitie This was published in 1586, and immediately brought him into high repute as an antiquary and main of learning. Anxious to improve and enlarge it, he again and again journeyed into different parts of the country, examining archives and relics of intiquity, and collecting,

with indefatigable industry, whatever information might contribute to render it more complete. The sixth edition, published in 1607, was that which received his finishing touches, and of this an English translation, made with the author's sanction by Dr Philemon Holland, appeared in 1610 Holland's second edition (1637) contained many additions by the translator. From the preface to the translation we extract the following account by Camden of his historical labours

I hope it shall be no discredite to me if I now use againe the same words with a few more than I used twenty foure yeeres since in the first edition of this Abraham Ortelius, the worthy restorer of ancient geographie, arriving heere in England above thirty foure yeares past, dealt earnestly with me that I would illustrate this He of Britaine, or (as he said) that I would restore antiquity to Britaine, and Britaine to his antiquity, which was, as I understood, that I would renew an cientric, enlighten obscuritie, cleare doubts, and recall home ventie by way of recovery, which the negligence of writers, and credulitie of the common sort had in a maner proscribed and utterly banished from among us. A painfull matter, I assure you, and more than difficult, wherein what toyle is to be taken as no man thinketh so no man beleeveth but he that hath made the triall Nevertheless, how much the difficultie discouraged me from it, so much the glory of my country encouraged me to undertake it. So while at one and the same time I was fearefull to undergoe the burden, and yet desirous to doe some service to my country, I found two different affections, Feare and Boldnesse, I knowe not how, conjoined in me. Notwithstanding, by the most gratious direction of the Almighty, taking industrie for my consort, I adventured upon it, and, with all my studie, carc, cogitation, continuale meditation, paine, and travaile, I emploied myselfe thereunto when I had any spare time. I made search after the etymologie of Britaine and the first inhabitants timerously, neither in so doubtfull a matter have I affirmed ought confidently For I am not ignorant that the first originalls of nations are obscure, by reason of their profound antiquitie, as things which are seene very deepe and farre remote, lil e as the courses, the reaches, the confluents, and the out lets of great rivers are well knowne, yet their first fountaines and heads he commonly unknowne. I have succincily runne over the Romans government in Britaine, and the mundation of forragne people thereinto, what they were, and from whence they came. I have traced out the ancient divisions of these kingdoms, I have sum marily specified the states and judiciall Courts of the same. In the severall counties, I have compendiously set downe the limites (and yet not exactly by pearch and pole, to breed questions), what is the nature of the soile, which were places of the greatest antiquitie, who have been the dukes marquesses, earles, viscounts, barons, and some of the most signall and ancient families therein (for who can particulate all?) What I have performed, I leave to men of judgment But time, the most sound and sincere witnesse, will give the truest information, when envie, which persecuteth the living, shall have her mouth stopped. Thus much give mee Jeave to saythat I have in nowise neglected such things as are materiall to search and sift out the Truth attained to some skill of the most ancient British and Lnglish Saxon tongues I have travailed over all England for the most part, I have conferred with most skillfull observers in each country, I have studiously read over our owne countrie writers, old and new, all Greeke and Latine authors which have once made mention of Britaine, I have had conference with learned men in the other parts of Christendome, I have been diligent in the Records of this Realme, I have looked into most Libraries, Registers, and memorials of Churches, Cities, and Corporations, I have pored over many an old Rowle and Evidence, and produced their testimony (as beyond all exception) when the cause required, in their very owne words (although barbarous they be) that the honor of veritie might in no wise be impeached

The Britannia went through many subsequent editions, and proved so useful a repository of antiquarian and topographical knowledge that it was styled 'the common sun, whereat our modern writers have all lighted their little torches' A later translation was by Gibson, Bishop of London (1695), and, with large additions, by Richard Gough (1789 and 1806)

In 1593 Camden became head-master of Westminster School, and, for the use of his pupils, published a Greek Grammar in 1597 same year he left the task work of teaching on his receiving the appointment of Clarencieux Kingof Arms, an office which allowed him more leisure for his favourite pursuits Other works, all in Latin, were an account of the monuments and inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, a collection of ancient English historians, a narrative of the trial of the Gunpowder Plotters, drawn up at the desire of James VI, and annals of the reign of The last of these works is Queen Elizabeth praised by Hume both for style and matter, and as being 'written with simplicity of expression, very rare in that age, and with a regard to truth It is eminently favourable to Elizabeth, and Robertson protested against its account of Scottish affairs under Queen Mary as inaccurate Camden, who left a short autobiography in Latin, died unmarried at Chislehurst, 9th November 1623, at the age of seventy two, and was buried in West-Not long before his death he minster Abbey founded and endowed a history lecture at Oxford.

In the *Britannia*, Camden, after describing the Britons of England, Wales, and Cornwall, and the Picts of Caledonia, thus proceeds to distinguish between the 'wild Scots' and the 'civil Scots'

Among the people of Britaine, after Picts, the Scotish nation by good right challenge the next place con cerning whom, before I speak ought, for feare lest evill willers and frowardly peevish, should calumniously mis construe those allegations, which I, simply, ingenuously, and in all honest meaning, shall heere cite out of ancient writers as touching Scots, I must certific the Reader before hand, that everie particular hath reference to the old, true, and naturall Scots onely whose of-spring are those Scots speaking Irish, which inhabite all the West part of the kingdome of Scotland, now so called, and the Ilands adjoyning thereto, and who now a daies be termed High land men. For, the rest which are of

civil Leha jour, and bee seated in the Last part therof, ailest they beare now the name of Scotish men, yet are they no lung lease than Scots, but descended from the very same Germane originall, that we English men are, And this, neither can they chuse but confesse, nor we but acl no ledge, being as they are, termed by those above, aid. High land men, Sassones, as well as we, and using as they doe the same language with us, to wit, the Luclish Saxon, different onely in Dialect, a most assured argument of one and the same originall. In which regard, so farre am I from working any discredit unto them, that I have rather respectively loved them alvaics, as of the same bloud and stocke, ven and honoured them too, even when the Kingdomes were divided but now much more, since it hath pleased our almightic and most mercifull God, that wee growe united in one bodic, under one most Sacred head of the Luipire, to the joy, happinesse, welfare, and safetie of both Nations, which I heartily wish and pray for

He is sceptical about the most current contradictory etymologies of the word Scoti, and sensibly says, 'A man may with as great probability derive the Scots pedigree from the gods as from Scota, that supposed and counterfeat daughter of the Lgypti in King Pharao, wedded (forsooth) unto Guthelus, the sonne of Cecrops, founder of Athens "-a derivation not exploded in Scotland at that time. Less justly he weighs and rejects the etymology accepted by modern Celtic scholars 'And yet I cannot but marvell whence Isidorus had this. The Scots (saith he) take their name in their own proper tongue of their painted bodies, for that they are marked with sharpe yron pricks and inke.' (Professor Rhys defends the view that Scott is a Latin word from a British verb scod, used of this tattooing process) Camdon then shows justly enough that the early Scots were Irish

I or certainely knowen t is that out of Ireland, an He inhabited in old time by Britans, as shall in due place be prooved, they passed into Britain, and what time to they were first known unto writers by this name, scated they were in Ireland. I or Claudian the Poet hath written of their irruptions into Britaine, in these verses

Te'am e im Scotus Hibernem Mori, et infesto spumænt remige Thetis

What tune the Scots all Ireland stir'd offensive armes o take,

And with maine stroke of enemies ores, the sea much fome did ma' e

Also in another place,

Sco rum cumulos flevit glacialis Hite ne

Ind frozen Ireland heapes of Scots bewail'd with many a teare

Ore its blewise writer thus, Ireland is peopled with Scotis Nations. Gildas calleth Scots, Irish Spoilers. And beda, The Scots that inhabite Ireland, an Isle seat unto Britaine as also elsewhere. Yea, and in the dates of Charles the Great, Psinhardus in expresse words calleth Ireland The Isle of Scots Moreover, Giraldu Combrensis, That the Scotish nation (saith he) is desended out of Ireland, the affinitie as well of

their Language, as of their apparell, of their weapons also, and of their maners even to this day doe sufficiently proove

Camden finally accepts the tradition that the Scots came from Spain into Ireland, and the (Irish) identification of the words Scots and Scyths. And though he sees the inconveniences of the theory, he is bound to hold that the Scythians must have been Goths, and so a kind of Germans originally. He adds a new argument for the identification of Scots, Scythi, and Gothi

But if arguments in this case may bee taken from the habite and apparell of the people, surely the array and clothing of the wild Scots at this day, is all one with that of the Gothes in times past, as we may by and by perceive out of Sidonius Apollinaris, who in describing a Goth, portraieth and depainteth unto us a wild Scot, as right as may be They are (saith he) of a flaming deepe yellow, died with saffron, they buckle upon their feet a paire of Broges made of raw and untanned leather up to their ankles, their knees, thighs, and calves of their legs are all bare. their garments high in the necke, straight made and of sundry colours, comming skarce downe to their hammes, the sleeves cover the upper points of their armes and no more, their souldiers coats of colour greene, edged with a red fringe, their belts hanging downe from the shoulder, the lappets of their eares hidden under the curled glibbes and lockes of haire lying all over them, (For so a man may very rightly call the manifold branched and parted twists of haire, which Scots and Irish weare,) they use also hooked Spears, which Gildas termeth Vnemata tela, and axes to fling from them. They were likewise strait bodied coats (as saith Porphyrio) fitted close to their breasts, without girdles. If this be not for all the world the very right apparell of the wild Irish Scots, let them selves be Iudges.

This undated letter of Camden to Sir Robert Cotton, printed by the Camden Society (*Letters*, 1843), illustrates Camden's use of learned lessure

RYGHT WORTHY SYR,—That in my solitarines here I may worde the deadly sinne of Slouth, I am now an humble suitor to you that you would send me by William Holland my servant the Book of Heraldry, if you have bound it up, or as it is. Or some other booke or Papers which you shall think fitting my studies or delight. The Booke of France which I lately received standeth me in small steed, for I per cease by my Notes that I have had it heretofore. And therefore I will shortly returne it Your Absolon de Vita Guthlaci is the very same that other call Falix Monachus, and I have already both it and the other conjoined therewith. But for Fheodulus, I never sawe him before. Thus presuming of your ancient kindness, I rest,—Yours in all most assuredly,

WILL'M CAMDEN

Felix's Life of St Guthlac is still an authority for the Life of the Hermit of Crowland.

Based on his own Memor icilia de Seifso and his letters, there are Lives of Camden by Smith (1691) and in the various editions of the Britimum (Git one, Gough's, Ec.), and in Wood's Allier & Oxenens s

John Speed (1552?-1629) published in 1611 a History of Great Britaine, in which he was assisted by Spelman, Cotton, and others Born at Farringdon, in Cheshire, and a London tailor too by trade, he enjoyed few advantages from education, yet his history is highly creditable to his acquirements and judgment, and was long the best in existence. He rejected some of the fables of preceding chroniclers concerning the origin of the Britons, and though he retained many of the time honoured errors, was more discriminating in his selection of authorities His history of the island extends to the union of England and Scotland under King James, to whom the work was In 1606 he published maps of England and Wales, subsequently extended to Scotland and Ireland, the best that had till then appeared following letters of the learned tailor to Cotton reveal the conscientious author and proof reviser

Worshipfull Sir, my thoughts runnyng upon the well performance of this worke, and fearfull to comitt any thing disagreeing from the truth, I have sent you a coppy of some part of that which you have alredy sene, because you left in writing at the Printers that with a fast eye you had overune it, and your leasure better affording that busines in the contrey then here you had, this therefore hath caused me to send you as much as my Printer cane espare, beseiching your Worshipe to read it more attenty vly, to place the Coynes, and what adicssions you will before you returne it, and I pray you to past a paper where you doe adde, and not to intirline the coppy, for somewhere we cannot read your Notes because the place geues your pene not rome to exprese your mynd I have sent such Coynes as are cutt, and will weekly supply the same, so much therefore as you shall perfect I praye you send againe with as much speed as you can, but where you do want the Coynes, kepe that coppy still with you, untill I send them, for I shall not be sattisfied with your other directions or Mr Coles helpe Good Sir, afford me herein your assistanc as you have begune, and remember my suit to my L privy seall, wherein you shall binde me in all dutifull service and affection to your Worship's command. So beseiking the Almighty to prosper our indevours I humbly take my leave, and leave your Worship to the Lordes protection

Your Worships to comand in all dutifull service,

JOH SPEED

I am returned to my Printers, and therfore yf you please your directions maye be thither Remember to signify the formes of 'our Altars.

Sir, I do most hartely thanke for your Worships assist ance and kinde remembrance of our busynes, which doth not a little revive my now decayed spirit, lying on bed of my old disease the stone, which is not more grievious unto me than the detraction of this so chargable a busyness. I have sent you as many Coynes as are done, and will weekly supply them as we can get them from detracting Swisser [Christopher Switzer, a well known engraver]. Also you shall herewith receive two leaves of coppy which we can not read the place that you have interlyined, and either to falsify your meaning, or leave out one silable we wold be lothe. Therfore I pray you both perfect that, and the yere of Christ in the

other, and send them again in all hast possible, for the Printer already hath overtaken us Thus comending my self most hartely to your Worship, I humble tak my leave this 30th of August

Yor Worships in all duty,

JOH SPEEDE

Good Sir, I most earnestly entreat you to send these towe sheets inclosed, upon Wensday next, for in truth I dowbt we shall want them before that daye.

If you will send a Note of all Monasteryes in the Realm, as also the Book of Henry the fourth, I shalbe much beholding to your Worship Thus you see how bold I am, but it is in love of that Kingdom which your self seeks still to adorne

Amongst historical writers is also the poet Samuel Daniel (see page 339), who wrote the first and second parts of a History of England, extending from the Norman Conquest to the death of Edward III, a mere compilation -Str Henry Spelman (1564-1641), antiquary, was born at Congham, in Norfolk, of which county he was high sheriff in 1604. His works are almost all upon legal and ecclesiastical antiquities Having found it necessary to study Anglo-Saxon, he embodied the fruits of his labour in his ponderous Glossarium Archævlogicum (1626-64), explaining the obsolete words occurring in the laws of England, it was completed after the author's death by his son and Dugdale. Another work was a Latin history of English church councils, also left incomplete. He wrote further on tithes and on sacrilege.-Sir John Hayward (1564?-1627), born at Felistowe, in 1599 published The First Part of the Life and Reign of Henry IV, which he dedicated to the Earl of Essex. Some passages in it give such offence to the queen that she caused the author to be imprisoned He conciliated James I by defending his succession and the divine right of kings, and at the desire of Prince Henry, composed Lives of the Three Norman Kings of England (1613) After his death, in 1627, was published (1630) his Life and Raigne of King Edward the Sixt writes with smoothness, but in a dramatic style, imitating Livy and other ancient historians in the practice of putting speeches into the mouths of his historic characters When Queen Elizabeth ordered Lord Bacon to search Hayward's Life of Henry IV to see if it contained any treason, Bacon reported that there was no treason, but that there were many felomes, for the author had stolen many of his sentiments and conceits out of Tacitus —Sir Robert Bruce Cotton (1571-1631) is celebrated as an industrious collector of records, charters, and writings of every kind pertaining to the ancient history of England In the prosecution of his object he enjoyed only too great facilities, the recent suppression of monasteries having thrown many valuable books and written documents into private hands In 1600 he accompanied his friend Camden on an excursion to Carlisle, for the purpose of examining the Picts' wall and other relics of former times. It was principally on his suggestion that James I resorted to the scheme of creating baronets, as a means of supplying the 'reasury, and he himself was one of those who purchased the distinction Sir Robert Cotton was the author of various historical, political, and antiquarian works His Raigne of Henry III (1627) frankly discusses kingcraft, his Dangers wherein the Kingdom now Standeth (1628) marked him out to the court as an enemy, and an ironical Proposition to Brulle the Impertinency of Parliament led to his imprisonment for a time name is remembered chiefly for the benefit which he conferred upon literature, by gathering his valuable library of manuscripts, which was not restored to him on his release from prison, and grief at the deprivation shortened his days After being considerably augmented by his son and grandson, it became, in 1706, the property of the nation, and in 1757 was deposited in the British Museum One hundred and cleven of the manuscripts, many of them highly valuable, had before this time been unfortunately destroyed by fire During his lifetime materials were drawn from his library by Raleigh, Bacon, Selden, and Herbert, and he furnished literary assistance to Camden, Speed, and many contemporary authors

Richard Knolles (1550?-1610) published a Generall Historie of the Turles, which Johnson, in the 122nd number of the Rambler, eulogised as 'displaying all the excellences that narration can idmit. His style, though somewhat obscured by time, and sometimes vitiated by false wit, is pure, nervous, elevated, and clear' Hallam ranks Knolles high among our elder writers, and Southey and Byron were equally pronounced in their admiration Southey recommended Coleridge to read him, Byron said old Knolles was one of the first books that give him pleasure as i child, made him wish to visit the Levant, and "give perhaps that oriental colouring that has heen observed in my poetry' The historical value of the book is slender, original research on the subject was hardly possible to Knolles, and he seems to have followed a Latin history by Boissard, published it Frankfort in 1596 Knolles, born apparently it Coldashby, in North imptonshire, was educated at Oxford, and soon after 1571 became mister of the free school at Sandwich, in Kent, where he spent the rest of his life A fifth edition was issued in 1638, and the history was continued by Sir Paul Rycaut, whose edition in three folio volumes (1657-1700) became the standard one In ibridgment by John Savage (1701) was much read

The Taking of Constantinople.

A little before day the Turks approached the walls and began the resault, where shot and stones were delivered upon them from the walls as thick as hall, whereof little fell in viin, by reason of the multitude of the Furk, who, pressing fast unto the walls, could not see in the dark how to defend them elses, but were with at number wounded or slain, but these were of

the common and worst souldiers, of whom the Turkish king made no more reckoning than to abate the first Upon the first appearance force of the defendants. of the day, Mahomet gave the sign appointed for the general assault, whereupon the city was in a moment and at one instant on every side most furiously assaulted by the Turks, for Mahomet, the more to distress the defendants and the better to see the forwardness of the souldiers, had before appointed which part of the city every colonel with his regiment should assail they valiantly performed, delivering their arrows and shot upon the defendants so thick that the light of the day was therewith darkned, other in the meantime couragiously mounting the scaling ladders, and coming even to handy strokes with the defendants upon the wall, where the formost were for most part violently borne forward by them which followed after. On the other side, the Christians with no less courage withstood the Turkish fury, beating them down again with great stones and weighty pieces of timber, and so overwhelmed them with shot, darts, and arrows, and other hurtful devices from above, that the Turks, dismayed with the terrour thercof, were ready to retire.

Mahomet, seeing the great slrughter and discomfiture of his men, sent in fresh supplies of his janizaries and best men of war, whom he had for that purpose reserved as his last hope and refuge, by whose coming on his fainting souldiers were again encouraged, and the terrible assault begun afresh At which time the barbarous king ceased not to use all possible means to maintain the assault, by name calling upon this and that captain, promising unto some whom he saw forward golden mountains, and unto others in whom he saw any sign of cowardise, threatning most terrible death, by which means the assault became most dreadful, death there raging in the midst of many thousands. And albeit that the Lurks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places over their deal bodies, and with divers event either slew or were slain by their enemies.

In this so terrible a conflict, it chanced Justimianus the general to be wounded in the arm, who, losing much blood, cowardly withdrew himself from the place of his charge not leaving any to supply his room, and so got into the city by the gate called Romana, which he had caused to be opened in the inner wall, pretending the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but being indeed a man now altogether discouraged

The souldiers there present, dismayed with the depur ture of their general, and sore charged by the janizaries, forsook their stations, and in hast fled to the same gate whereby Justinianus was entred, with the sight whereof the other souldier, dismayed, ran thither by heaps also Put whilst they violently strove all together to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the entrance of the gate, that few of so great a multitude got in, in which so great a press and confus on of minds, eight hundred persons were there by them that followed trodden under foot or thrust to death The emperor himself, for safeguard of his life flying with the rest in that press as a man not resurded, miserably ended his days together with the Greek empire. His dead body was shortly after found by the Furks among the slain, and known by his rich apparel whose head being cut off, was forthwith presented to the Furkish tyrant by

whose commandment it was afterwards thrust upon the point of a launce, and in great derision carried about as a trophy of his victory, first in the camp, and afterward up and down the city

The Turks, encouraged with the flight of the Chris tians, presently advanced their ensigns upon the top of the uttermost wall, crying Victory, and by the breach entred as if it had been a great flood, which, having once found a breach in the bank, overfloweth and beareth down all before it, so the Turks, when they had won the utter wall, entred the city by the same gate that was opened for Justinianus, and by a breach which they had before made with their great artillery, and without mercy cutting in pieces all that came in their way, without further resistance became lords of that most famous and imperial city Some few there were of the Christians who, preferring death before the Turkish slavery, with their swords in their hands sold their lives dear unto their enemies, among whom the two brethren Paulus and Troilus Bochiardi, Italians, with Theophilus Palaeologus, a Greek, and Joannes Stiavus, a Dalmatian, for their great valour and courage deserve to be had in eternal remembrance, who after they had like hons made slaughter of their enemies, died in the midst of them embrued with their blood, rather oppressed by multitude than with true valour In this fury of the barbarians perished many thousands of men, women, and children, without respect of age, sex, or condition. Many for safeguard of their lives fled into the temple of Sophia, where they were all without pity slain except some few reserved by the barbarous victors to purposes more grievous than death itself. The rich and beautiful ornaments and jewels of that most sumptuous and magnificent church (the stately building of Justinianus the emperor) were in the turning of a hand plucked down and carried away by the Turks, and the church it self, built for God to be honoured in, for the present converted into a stable for their horses, or a place for the execution of their abominable and unspeakable filthiness, the image of the crucifix was also by them taken down, and a Turks cap put upon the head thereof, and so set up and shot at with their arrows, and afterwards in great dension carried about in their camp, as it had been in procession, with drums playing before it, railing and spitting at it, and calling it the God of the Christians, which I note not so much done in contempt of the image, as in despite of Christ and the Christian religion

But whilst some were thus spoiling of the churches, others were as busie in ransacking of private houses, where the miserable Christians were enforced to endure in their persons whatsoever pleased the insolent visitors, unto whom all things were now lawful that stood with their lust, every common souldier having power of life and death at his pleasure to spare or spill. At which time riches were no better than poverty, and beauty worse than deformity. What tongue were able to express the misery of that time? or the proud insolency of the conquerors? where of so many thousands every man with greediness fitted his own unreasonable desire, all which the poor Christians were enforced to endure. But to speak of the hidden money, plate, jewels and other riches there found passeth credit, the Turks themselves wondred thereat and were therewith enriched, that it is a proverb amongst them to this day, if any of them grow suddenly rich, to say, He hath

been at the sacking of Constantinople, whereof if some reasonable part had in time been bestowed upon the defence of the city, the Turkish king had not so easily taken both it and the city

Dryden, who rarely borrowed, seems, as Macaulay pointed out, to have adapted a couplet from Knolles's history. Under the engraved portrait of Mustapha I are these lines

Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand, And leaves for Fortunc's ice Vertue's firme land

In Absalom and Achitophel, Dryden has

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand, And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtuc's land

Knolles also translated Bodin's Common IV eale

Sir Paul Ryenut (1628–1700), the continuator of Knolles, deserves mention for his other works. The son of a financier from Brabant who settled in England, he was born at Aylesford, in Kent, was secretary of Embassy at the Porte, consul at Smyrna, secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and British resident at Hamburg. In 1668 he published *The Present State of the Ottoman Empire*, based largely on his own observations, he also translated Platina's Latin history of the Popes, long a standard authority, and Garcilaso de la Vega's *Commentaries of Peru*

The Elizabethan Song-Writers.

The influence of music on the evolution of lyrical poetry in England was sudden and decisive It saved English verse, in the very nick of time, from being ruined by the heresies of the humanists, who wished to eject rhyme and to introduce lumbering equivalents for the classical measures necessity of writing in such a manner as that the words could be used to accompany music drove the poets into the employment of brisl, simple, and melodious metres It may therefore be said that Byrd and Tallis, the two first great English musi cians, whose labours date from about 1575, were the carliest encouragers of Elizabethan lyric, although at first little followed their training The year 1588 was really that which marks the starting-point of easy song-writing This was a year of surprising musical activity in England-now was printed the Musica Transalpina, which introduced the forms of Italian madrigal amongst us, now William Byrd (1538?-1623) published his first English song-book, the Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs, now Dowland began his career as a lutanist in Oxford After this year the art of writing madrigals or songs in light English verse was one which was perfectly understood, it was rendered easier by the introduction of Luca Marenzio's very popular Roman music, which was excessively admired in London, and by the publication of Byrd's Songs of Sundry Natures in 1589 and of Thomas Watson's Italian Madrigals Englished in 1590

It would not be right, however, while emphasising the fact that the muin flood of song-writing in England begins in 1588, to neglect to notice that several poets had, since 1580, been attempting, and sometimes with considerable success, to attain a pure lyrical movement. It is difficult to know exactly how to date the songs of Sidney, all of which must be precedent to 1586, while some may My true love has my heart' and date from 1581 'Weep, neighbours, weep,' were in any case among the very carliest and most successful of Eliza-The miscellany called A Handful bethan songs of Pleasant Delights was published in 1584, and the contents of it are entirely, as Mr Bullen has pointed out, 'intended to be sung to one or other popular tune. This is from that collection

Consider, Sweet, what sighs and sobs
Do nip my heart with cruel throbs,
And all, my Dear, for love of you,
frust me truly,
But I hope that you will some mercy show
In due time duly

If that you do my case well weigh,
And show some sign whereby I may
Have some good hope of your good grace,
I rust me truly,
I count myself in blessed case,
Let reason rule ye

Here, however, it may be said that little advance beyond the shambling measures of folk-song has been made. But into his comedies of Campaspe and of Sapho and Phao, both published in 1584, Lyly introduces six or seven songs of a definitely artistic character, and these may be said to mark the advent of pure Elizabethan song. No previous lyrist had sung like this in England.

What bird so sings, vet so does wail?

O'tis the ravish d'nightingale
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tercu' she cr es
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick song! Who is 't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear,
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note,
Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing!

Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!

the same eestitic and almost infantile melody is found in one or two scraps of another dramatist, George Peele, whose famous 'Pair, and fair, and thrice so fair' (quoted below at page 323) is found in his Arrangement of Paris, which dates from 1584

It is, however, certain that in the abundant romances of the period and the various poetical miscellanes this peculiar note of joyous lyricism does not show itself until about 1588, whereas after that year it becomes so natural and abundant that we cease to record its manifestations. This is undoubtedly connected with the foundation of the national chamber music, which or ed its character

to William Byrd Italian airs were now imported and English airs invented in immense numbers, and it was necessary to find poems to suit those airs, the result was the composition of innumerable brief snatches of song, lucid, aerial, and sympathetic, either of a gaiety that chapped its hands and danced, or else of a melancholy which melted into tears. To 1588 belongs the old favourite by Sir Edward Dyer

My mind to me a kingdom is
Such perfect joy therein I find
I hat it excels all other bliss
That God or Nature hath assigned
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

One of the earliest poets to obtain ease in this particular manner of writing was Nicholas Breton This song belongs to the same year, but is of quite a different order of dance-music

Tho' Amaryllis dance in green
Like I very Queen,
And sing full clear
Corinna, with a smiling cheer,
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
Hey ho! I'll love no more

My sheep are lost for want of food,
And I so wood
That all the day
I sit and watch a herd maid gay,
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
Hey ho! I'll love no more

At the same time, the importation of the madrigal began from Italy Here is an example, dating probably from 1589, by Thomas Watson, it is an adaptation to the case of Sir Philip Sidney of a popular Italian madrigal by Luca Marenzio

How long with vain complaining,
How long with dreary tears and joys refraining,
Shall we renew his dying,
Whose happy soul is flying—
Not in a place of sadness—
But of eternal gladness?
Sweet Sidney lives in heaven,
O therefore let our weeping
Be turned to hymns and songs of pleasant greeting

Trom this time until the end of the century the abundance and variety of song in English poetry is beyond the power of any historian to chronicle The full choir burst forth simultaneously into warbling melody But it is to be noted that the connection with music continued unbroken most exquisite songs of Shakespeare and Fletcher were introduced to lighten the action by an instrumental is well as a vocal interlude, even the lyrics in the romances of Greene and Lodge were probably intended to be sung to an accompaniment on the lute. Campion, one of the most delicate and characteristic of Elizabethan lyrists, was an accomplished musician, and some of the most exquisite specimens of pure song-writing which

have come down to us are those which have been gathered out of the motets and madrigals of Morley, Dowland, Robert Jones, Wilbye, Weelkes, and Orlando Gibbons, the Little Masters of English chamber music.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Sir Edward Dyer (c.1545-1607), poet and courtier-diplomatist, was born at Sharpham Park, in Somerset, studied at Oxford, was knighted in 1596, and died in London He was praised by his intimate friend Sidney, as well as by Puttenham and Meres, who commended especially his elegies It was long difficult to know which were his poems some ascribed to him in one collection were elsewhere recognised as the work of Lodge or Breton, but in 1872 Dr Grosart did his best to identify and edit all Dyer's extant work-a dozen pieces in all 'My Mind to Me a Kingdom is,' set to music by Byrd in 1588, is almost certainly his, and is by far the best known

My Mind to Me a Kingdom is.

My mynde to me a kyngdome is, Such preasent joyes therein I fynde, That it excells all other plisse That earth affords or growes by Lynde.

Thoughe muche I wante which moste would have, Yet still my mynde forbiddes to crave No princely pompe, no wealthy store, Nor force to winne the victorye,

No wilye wit to salve a sore, No shape to feede a lovinge eye, To none of these I yielde as thrall, Forwhy? my mynde doth serve for all

Because

I see how plenty suffers ofte, And hasty clymers sone do fall, I see that those which are alofte Mishappe doth threaten moste of all, They get with toyle, they keepe with feare Such cares my mynde could never beare.

Content I live, this is my staye, I seeke no more than maye suffyse, I presse to beare no haughty swaye, Look, what I lack my mynde supplies Lo! thus I triumphe like a kynge, Content with that my mynde doth bringe.

Some have too muche, yet still do crave, I little have and seek no more. They are but poore, though muche they have, And I am ryche with lyttle store They poore, I ryche, they begge, I gyve, They lacke, I leave, they pyne, I lyve

I laughe not at another's losse. I grudge not at another's gayne, No worldly waves my mynde can toss, My state at one dothe still remayne I scare no soe, I sawne no sriende, I loathe not lyfe nor dread my ende

Some weighe theyre pleasure by theyre luste, Theyre wisdom by theyre rage of wyll, Theyre treasure is theyre only e truste, A clocked craft theyre store of skylle

But all the pleasure that I fynde, Is to mayntayne a quiet mynde

My wealthe is healthe and perfect ease My conscience cleere my choyce desence, I neither seek by brybes to please, Nor by deceyte to breede offence Thus do I lyve, thus will I dye, Would all did so well as I!

Dr Hannah, the editor of Raleigh and others, has pointed out that one of Greene's poems ends with

A mind content both croune and kingdoine is, and Dyer himself, as if to show that this happy optimism was not the whole truth, indited a very different tune

The Man of Wos

The mann whose thoughtes agaynste him do conspyre, On whom Mishapp her storye dothe depaynt, The mann of woe, the matter of desier, Tree of the dead, that lives in endles plaint, His spirit am I whiche in this deserte lye, To rue his case whose cause I cannot flye

Despayre my name whoe never findes releife, Frended of none, but to myself a foe, An idle care mayntaynde by firme beleife,

That prayse of faythe shall throughe my torments growe, And counte those hopes that others hartes do ease, Butt base concertes the common sense to please

For sure I am I never shall attayne The happy good from whence my joys aryse, Nor have I power my sorrows to refrayne, Butt wayle the wante when noughte ellse maye suffyse, Wherebye my lyfe the shape of deathe muste beare, That deathe which feeles the worst that lyfe doth feare.

But what availes with tragicall complaynte, Not hopinge healpe, the Furyes to awake? Or why should I the happy mynds agunynte With doleful tunes, theyre settled peace to shake? All ye that here behould Infortune's feare, May judge noe woe may withe my gref compare.

And the alternating joys and sorrows of the lover are expressed in the song beginning

> I woulde it were not as it is, Or that I cared not yea or no, I woulde I thoughte it not amiss, Or that amiss myghte blamless goo, I would I were, yet would I not, I myghte be gladd, yet coulde I not

And he sums up the situation in Now griefe, now hope, now love, now spyghte, Long sorrows mixte with shorte delyghte.

Nicholas Breton (1545?-1626?) was a prolific and versatile writer of works in piose and verse, pastoral, satirical, romantic, religious, and humoious Of him little personally is known, save that his father, William Breton, a London merchant, left money and property for his education. William's widow married the poet Gascoigne, and Nicholas cloaked is said, on poor authority, to have studied at Oriel

College, Oxford. His Worls of a Young II it appeared a 1577, and a swift succession of small volumes proceeded from his pen—over a score in prose and about as many in verse, eight pieces with his name, comprising his first lynes, are in England's Helicon, a notable poetical miscellary published in 1600, including con tributions from Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Lodge, Marlowe, Watson, Greene, &c. He wrote far too much. His satire is less coarse but less effective than that of some contemporaries, his religious poems are disfigured by too fintastic conceits. It it's Frenchi our, a prose idyl of ingling, though named from an old merry dance, is one of his most notable pieces.

A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon

On a hill there growes a flower,
Faire befull the daintie sy cet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the healenly Muses meete.

In that bower there is a chaire I ringed all about with golde, Where doth sit the fairest faire That did ever eye beholde

It is Phillis, fair and bright, She that is the shepheards joy, She that Venus did dispight, And did blind lier little boy

There is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see,
This is 1/50 /100, the which
There is none but onely shee

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O faire eyes, vet let me see
One good looke, and I am gone
Looke on me, for I am liee,
Thy poor sillic Condon

Thou that art the shepheards queene, Looke upon thy silly staine, By thy comfort have beene scene Dead men brought to life againe.

Phillida and Coridon.

In the merry moneth of May
In a morne by breake of day,
Forth I valked by the wood side,
Whenas May was in his pride
There I spied all alone
Phillida and Coridon.
Much adon there was, God wot!
It would love and he would not
she ayd, Never man was true,
He avd, None was face to you.
He hadd, his had loved her long
She ayd, Love hou'd have no wrong
Condon would his a her then,
she sayd, Maidea must kisse no men

Till they did for good and all, Then she made the sheepheard call. All the heavens to witness truth—Never loved a truer youth. Thus with many a pretty oath, Yea, and nay, faith and troth, Such as seely sheepheards use. When they will not love abuse, Love, which had beene long deluded, Was with kisses sweete concluded, And Phillida with garlands gay. Was made the Lady of the May

A Sweet Lullable

Come, little babe, come, silly soule,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's griefe,
Borne as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappic chiefe
Sing lullable and lap it warine,
Poore soule that thinkes no creature harme.

Thou little thinkst, and lesse doost knowe.
The cause of this thy mother's moane,
Thou wantst the wit to waile her woe,
And I myselfe am all alone,
Why doost thou weepe? why doost thou waile?
And knowest not yet what thou doost ayle.

Come, little wretch! Ah! silly heart,
Mine onely joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore,
'Twas I, I say, against my will—
I wayle the time, but be thou still

And doest thou smile? Of thy sweete face!
Would God Him selfe. He might thee see!
No doubt thou wouldst soone purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and mee,
But come to mother, babe, and play,
I or father false is fled away

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home agains to send,
If Death do strike me with his launce,
Yet mayest thou me to him commend
If any aske thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchast blame.

Then will his gentle heart loone yield I know him of a noble minde. Although a Lyon in the field, A lamb in towne thou shalt him finde. Aske blessing, babe, be not afrayde! His sugred words hath me betrayde.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,
Although in woe I seeme to moane.
Thy father is no rascall lad
A noble youth of blood and boane,
His glancing lookes, if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile

Come, little boy, and rocke a sleepe! Sing lullable, and be thou still!

I, that can doe naught else but weepe, Will sit by thee and wale my fill God blesse my babe, and hillable, I rom this thy father's quality

Popular and estcemed in the seventeenth century, Breton's work was forgotten in the eighteenth, till Bishop Percy printed in the Reliques two of his There was no pieces from England's Helicor edition of his works in prose and verse till Dr Grosart produced them for the 'Chertsey Library' in 1877, another volume of new discoveries was added in 1893. Single works have been published separately—as The Bower of Delights in the 'Flizabethan Library' in 1893, and No II hippinge nor Trippinge in 1896 Professor Saintsbury reprinted in his Elizabethan and Jacobian Tracts (1892) Breton's 'Pretic and Wittie Discourse between Wit and Will,' which contains the 'Song between Wit and Will' and other amorbean struns between them, between Care and Misery, &c.

Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford (1550-1604), studied at Cambridge, succeeded his father as seventeenth carl in 1562, and, already a favoured courtier, married Burghley's daughter in 1571 was handsome, accomplished, foppish, luxurious, rumously extravagant, and unbearably insolent and wrong-headed. He called Sidney a puppy, but was not allowed by the queen to accept Sidney's He was appointed to high offices, was special commissioner for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and acted is Lord Chamberlain at James I's coronation But his estates had to be sold—his wealth was utterly squandered by his w istefulness—and Burghley had to provide for his Yet some twenty three of his poems remain to support the contemporary judgment that he was one of the best of the courtier poets of Elizabeth's early reign, they were printed in the Paradise of Dainly Devices and other anthologies Puttenham illustrated his English Poes e with the one best known, given below, Grosart printed all that could be attributed to Oxford in his *Viscel*tantes of the Fuller II orthy Library (1872)

Fancy and Dosire

Come hither, shepherd s swaine '
Sir, what doe ye require?
I pray thee shew to me thy name!
My name is Fond Desire.

When werte thou borne, Desyre?
In prode and pompe of May
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begott?
By selfe concepte, men say

Tell me who was thy nourse?
I reshe youthe, in sugred toye,
What was thy meat and davly food?
Sad syghes and great annoye.

What haddest thou than to drincke? Unfayned lovers' teares What cradle wert thou rocked in? In hope devoyde or feares

What fulled thee to the sleepe?

Sweet thoughtes which liked one beste
And wher is now thy dwelling place?

In gently hearts I res

then

What thing doth please thee mo t?

To page on beauty still
Whom dost thou think to be thy toe?

Diviagne of my good will

Dothe companye displease?

It dothe in manye one
Where would Desyre than chase to be?

He loves to muse alone

Will eyer age or death

Bring thee unto decaye?

Noe, noc! Desyre both lives and dyes

A thousande tymes a daye

Then, fond Desyre, farewell!

Thou art no mate for me,
I should be lothe methin! s to dwell
With such a one is thee

Another short poem runs thus

Doth sorrow feet thy soule? O direfull spirit Doth pleasure feed thy heart? O blessed min Hast thou bene happie once? O heavy plight Are thy mishaps forepast? O happie than Or hast thou blisse in eld? O blisse too late But hast thou blisse in youth? O sweet estate.

Thomas Watson (1557?-1592) was author of Hicatompathia, or Passionate Cinturie of Love (1582), a series of sonnets, Amyntæ Gaudia (in Latin, 1585), Italiai Vadrigals Englished (1590), one of which is quoted above at page 274, The Tears of Fancie (1593) He translated the Antigone of Sophocles into Latin. In the Hecatompathia, 'a hundred passions,' a hundred eighteen line poems called 'sonnets,' describe each a several passion, two of these are given below lovemaking was as artificial as the record of it, though Watson ranks high among the 'amoretists' Professor Arber reprinted the Hocatompathia, the Tears of Fance, and some of Watson's other things (1870) in his 'English Reprints' When Maye is in his prime, and youthfull Spring

Doth cloath the tree with leaves and ground with flowres, And time of yere reviveth every thing, And lovely nature smiles and nothing lowres, Then Philomela most doth straine her brest With night complaints, and sits in litle rest This birds estate I may compare with mine, To whom foud Love doth worke such wrongs by day, That in the night my heart must needes repine, And storm with sighe to ease me as I miy, Whilst others are becalm'd or life them still, Or sayle secure with fide and winde at will And as all the e which heare this bird complaine Conceive in all her tunes a swee e delight, Without remorse or pitving her payne, So she, for whom I wayle both day and night, Doth port her selfe in hearing my complaint, A just reward for acroing such a mint!

Time wasteth yeeres, and month, and howrs.

Time doth consume fame, benour witt, and strength,
Time kills the greenest herbes and sweetest flow rs.

Time weares out Youth and Benuties looke at length.
Time doth convey to ground both for and frend
And each thing els but Love, y bich high rolend

Time maketh every tree to die and rott,

Fime turneth ofte our pleasures into paine,

Fime causeth warres and wronges to be forgott,

Fime cleares the skie which first hung full of rayne,

Time makes an end of all humane desire,

But onely this which setts my heart on fire.

Fime turneth into naught each princely state,

Time brings a fludd from newe resolved snowe

Time calmes the sea where tempest was of late,

Time eates whate er the moone can see belowe,

And yet no time prevails in my behove,

Nor any time can make me cease to love!

Henry Constable (1562-1613), poet, the son of Sir Robert Constable of Newark, at sixteen entered St John's College, Cambridge, early turned Catholic, and betook himself to Paris He was an active Catholic negotiator, conducted a mission to James VI at Edinburgh (without result) on behalf of the papal powers, and was by and by pensioned by the French king. But he muntained his political loyalty, though on his return to Lingland in 1604 he was for a few months confined in the Tower He died at Liege. In 1592 was published his Diar a, e collection of twenty three sonnets, two years later, the second edition, containing seventysix, but some of these were by his friend Sir Philip Sidney and other poets 'The Shepheards Song of Venus and Adonis,' one of four pastoral poems contributed by him to England's Helicon, was thought by Millone and others to have suggested Shal espeare's Venus and Idonis See W C Hizlitt's edition of his works (1859), and J. Gray's (1897) The following is one of Constable's sonnets My ladies presence makes the Roses red because to see her lips they blush for shame, the lyllies leaves for envic pale became, and her white hands in them this envic bred The Mangold the leaves abroad doth spred. because the sunnes and her power are the same, the Violet of purple cullour came, dyed in the blood shee made my hart to shed. In briefe all flowers from her their vertue take, from her sweet breath their sweet smels do proceede. the living heate which her eye beames doth make warmeth the ground and quickeneth the seede The raine wherewith shee watereth the flowers I alls from mine eyes which she discolves in showers.

Ve ius and Adonis begins thus

Venus fair did ride,
Silver doves they drew her,
By the pleasant lawnds
Fre the sun did rise,
Vestas leauty rich
Open d wide to view her,
Philomel records
Pleasing harmonies

Barnabe Barnes (1569)-1609), son of the Bishop of Durhim, approved himself a true poet, but had been vell night forgotten when in 1875 Dr. Crossit reprinted his poems—Parthenophil, containing 'sonnets, madrigals, elegies and odes,' by far his best work, and a collection of Spirituall Sometts. He also wrote an unple is interagedy,

The Devil's Charter, and a treatise on political offices and duties, as a friend and collaborator of Gabriel Harvey, he suffered at the hands of Nash and his allies, and see below at Shakespeare, page 364. Professor Arber included Parthenophil in his English Garner (vol v 1882) This 'ccho sonnet' from Parthenophil shows Barnes perhaps at his worst, but is a fair specimen of the uncouth and inartistic artificialities to which writers of really fine verse sometimes condescended (rew being a form of 'row,' and here presumably meaning 'rank')

What be those hairs dyed like the marigold'

Echo Cold!

Echo Cold!
What is that brow whose frown makes many moan?
Anemone!
What were her eyes when they great lords controlled?

What were her eyes when they great lords controlled?

Rolled!

What be they when from them loves thrown?

Love's throne!

What be her cheeks (when blushes rose) like?

Rose like!

What are those lips which 'bove pearls' rew be?

Ruby '
Her ivory shoulders, what be those like?

What saints are like her' speak, if you be?

Few be'

Thou dwellst in rocks, hart like omewhat, then?

What then?

And rocks dwell in her heart, is 't true?

Whom she loves best, know this cannot men

Not men!

Pass him she loathes! Then I dismiss you

Miss you!

What's sex to whom men sue so vain much?

Furnes their fires, and I complain such?

Plan such!

Lord Yaux and Vicholas Grimonid were amongst the contributors to Fottel's 'Miscellany' Other sonneteers and minor poets of the period were William Percy (1575-1648), third son of the eighth Earl of Northumberland, a fellow-student at Ox ford and close friend of Barnes's, who produced in 1594 a volume of sonnets called Calu - Henry Lok, or Locke (1553?-1608?), son of a London mercer, published upwards of three hundred sonnets on Christian Passions, Conscience, and the like, which show more piety than poetry, and his sixty secular ones are hardly more valuable. He also versified Ecclesiastes and some of the Ps dms - n. Griffin-probably Burtholomew Griffin -who published in 1596 a collection of sixty two sonnets called Fidessa, some of them admirable He may have been an attorney, but the facts of his life are little known—Richard Linche, or Lynche, who wrote two unimportant prose works, is be heved to have been the R. L. who in 1596 published a collection of thirty eight sonnets somewhat unequal in quality -- william smith, another Spenseriin sonneteer, is remembered chiefly for his collection of over fifty sonnets called Chloris, published in 1596

Richard Hooker.

Richard Hooker, one of the great glories of the English Church, was born in Exeter in March 1554, of a family originally called Vowell, his uncle being city chamberlain (see the article on Holin-At school he displayed so much aptitude for learning and gentleness of disposition that, having been recommended to Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, he was sent by him to Oxford university he studied with ardour and success Sandys, Bishop of London, put his son under Hooker's care. Another of his pupils was George Cranmer, a grand nephew of the archbishop, and with both these young men he formed a close In 1579 his skill in and enduring friendship Oriental languages led to his temporary appoint ment as deputy-professor of Hebrew, and two years later he entered into holy orders. Not long after this he had the misfortune to be led into a marriage which proved a constant source of annoyance to him during life. The tale is told by his biographer, Izaak Walton, whose picture of the saintly and simple-minded theologian is one of the most perfect things in English biography But it must be remembered that Walton did not sketch from life Keble pointed out that the excessive meekness and simplicity of the sketch hardly harmonise with the insight, incisiveness, and humour shown in Hooker's works Dean Paget thinks there are but a few grains of truth in the "ossip Walton got from Hooker's pupils Sandys and Cranmer, but there seems no doubt Mrs Hooker was a shrew from whom her husband got little sympathy Appointed to preach at Paul's Cross in London, Hooker put up at a house set apart for the reception of the preachers his arrival there from Oxford he was wet and veary, but received so much kindness and attention from the hostess that, according to Walton, 'he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. So the good man came to be persuaded by her that he was a man of a tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him-such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more confortable, and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry? Hooker authorising her to select a wife for him, she not unnaturally selected her own daughter, 'a silly, clownish woman, and withal a mere With this helpmate he led but an \antippe.' uncomfortable life, though apparently in a spirit of resignation When visited by Sandys and Cranmer at the Buckinghamshire rectory to which he had been presented in 1584, he was found by them reading Horace and tending sheep in the absence of his servant. In his house they received little entertainment except from his conversation. and even this Mrs Hooker did not fail to disturb, by calling him away to rock the cradle, and by exhibiting such other shrewish dispositions as made them glad to depart on the following morn-

ing In taking leave, Cranmer expressed his, regret at the smallness of Hooker's income and the uncomfortable state of his domestic affairs, to which the worthy man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour—as indeed I do daily—to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.' On his return to London, Sandys made a strong appeal to his father in



RICHARD HOOKER.

(After Hollar)

behalf of Hooker, the result of which was the appointment of the meek divine, in 1585, to the office of Master of the Temple He accordingly removed to London, and commenced his labours as forenoon preacher Now, the afternoon lecturer was Walter Travers, a man of great learning and eloquence, but a Puritan and high Calvinist, whereas Hooker's views, both on church government and theology, were 'judicious' and moderate. The consequence was that 'the forenoon sermons spoke Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva,' Travers sometimes even expressly denounced the latitudinarianism of his colleague, and in consequence of these controversies Whitgift suspended Travers from preaching Travers appealed to the Council with charges against Hooker's doctrine, and Hooker answered conclusively But to Hooker the personal controversy was so veratious that he strongly expressed to the archbishop his wish to retire into the country, where he might live in peace and have leisure to finish his treatise Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity A letter he wrote to the archbishop shows his temper and aim

My LORD-When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my

quiet county parsinge, but I am wears of the noise at lopped croof la place, and indeed Gol and nature lid no intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my part cular contests here with Mr Tru era have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man, and that belief light occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concern ng lus opinions, and to satisfy that, I have con silted the holy Scripture and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with by us as to alter our frame of Church government, our manner of God's vorship, our praising and praying to him, and our established coremonies, as often as their tender con scences shall require us and in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a Treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demon tration of the reasonableness of the Laws of our Ecclesi astical Polity, in which design God and his holy Angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience not does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences, and I shall never be able to do this but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and Leep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions, and therefore, if your Grace can judge me worths of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun.

In consequence of this appeal, Hooker was pre sented in 1591 to the rectory of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, there he finished four books of his treatise (printed in 1594). He became sub-dean ind prebendary of Sirum, and in 1595 was pre sented to the rectory of Bishopsbourne, in Kent. Here he wrote the fifth book, published in 1597, and on 2nd November 1600 he died sixth and eighth books appeared in 1648, the seventh in 1662. Doubts were raised as to the genuineness of the sixth bool, it is certainly out of keeping with the general plan of the work, but Keble had no doubt it was substantially Hooker's work, though not designed as part of The seventh and eighth books were probably written from Hooker's notes by Gauden, the editor or author of the Eikon Lasilife

Hool er's Ecclesiastical Polity is an unsurpassed musterpicce of reasoning and eloquence, its diction majestic, sonorous, and rhythmical. But the style is eminently Latinised, and so at times some s hat rhotorical and artificial, and the sentences ire not seldom intolerably long, with inconvenient 'So stately and graceful breils and parentheses is the march of his periods,' said Hallam, 'so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences. so arme and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more ad mirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquas'

The unument against Roman Catholics and

Puritans alike is conducted by Hooker with rare moderation and candour, and on broad general principles, not on detached texts or interpretations of Scripture. The fundamental idea is the unity and all embracing character of law as the manifestation of the divine order of the universe, the outward expression of the mind of God, identical with reason 'It was a kind of maxim among the Purit ins that Scripture was so much the exclusive rule of human actions, that whatever, in mitters at least concerning religion, could not be found to have its authority, was unlawful. Hooker devoted the whole second book of his work to the refutation of this principle. He proceeded afterwards to attack its application, more particularly to the episcopal scheme of church-government, and to the various ccremonics or usages which those sectaries treated as either absolutely superstitious, or at least as impositions without authority was maintained by this great writer, not only that ritual observances are variable according to the discretion of ecclesiastical rulers, but that no certain form of polity is set down in Scripture as generally indispensable for a Christian church' The guide of human conduct is not Scripture alone, but the concurrent instruction of all the sources of knowledge Providence has put at man's The work is not a vast controversial pamphlet, but a monument of massive logic and masterly philosophical thought-one of the carlicst and greatest in the English tongue. It is fair to say that to the Ecclesiastical Polity of the 'judicious Hooker' Anglican theology owes the tone and direction which largely still characterise it. 'It is claimed for this great book,' Dean Paget says, 'that it first revealed to the nation what English prose might be It is significant that even those who censured him felt that somehow he stood apart, and that later ages have looked back to him as eminent even in the period of Spenser, of Shakespeare, and of Bacon'

There is a preface—not too conciliatory—to them that 'seck (as they term it) the reformation of the laws and orders ecclesiastical in the Church of England,' which begins thus

Though for no other cause, yet for this, that postenty may know to have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be for men's information extant thus much concerning the present state of the Church of God established amongst us, and their careful endeavour which would have upheld the same. At your hands, beloved in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (for in him the love which we bear unto all that would but seem to be born of him, it is not the sea of your gall and bitterness that shall ever drown), I have no great cause to look for other than the self-ame portion and lot, which your manner liath been hitherto to lay on them that concur not in opinion and sentence with you. But our hope is, that the God of peace shall (notwithstanding man's nature too impatient of contume hous malediction) enable us quietly and even gladly to suffer all things, for that work sake which we cover to perform. [He tells the malcontents by whom 'their discipline was planted.'] A founder it had, whom, for mine own part, I think incomparably the wisest man that ever the French church did enjoy, since the hour it enjoyed him. His bringing up was in the study of the civil law Divine kno vledge he gathered, not by hearing or reading so much, as by teaching others. For, though thousands were debtors to him, as touching knowledge in that kind, yet he to none but only to God, the author of that most blessed fountain, the Book of Life, and of the admirable desterity of wit, together with the helps of other learning which were his guides till being occasioned to leave France, he fell at the length upon Geneva, which city the bishop and clergy thereof had a little before (as some do affirm) forsaken, being of likelihood frighted with the people's sudden attempt for abolishment of Popish reli gion the event of which enterprise they thought it not safe for themselves to wait for in that place. At the coming of Calvin thither, the form of their civil regiment was popular, as it continueth at this day neither king, nor duke, nor nobleman of any authority or power over them, but officers chosen by the people yearly out of themselves, to order all things with public consent. For spiritual government, they had no laws at all agreed upon, but did what the pastors of their souls by persuasion could win them unto Calvin, being admitted one of their preachers, and a divinity reader amongst them, con sidered how dangerous it was that the whole estate of that church should hang still on so slender a thread, as the liking of an ignorant multitude is, if it have power to change whatsoever itself listeth [And so he expounds the Calvinistic system, as he conceived it.]

The Nature and Majesty of Law

And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye, but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed, and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers on In like manner the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well spring and fountain of them, to be discovered Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general

All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some forc conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a Law So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law Which thing doth first take place in the works even of God himself (From Book 1. chap. 1)

Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High, whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession, that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth, therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few.

(From Book 1 chap 2)

Moses in describing the work of creation attributeth speech unto God 'God said, let there be light, let there be a firmament, let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, let the earth bring forth, let there be lights in the firmament of heaven. Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with himself that which did outwardly proceed from him, secondly, to shew that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execu tion, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto, even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will He 'made a law for the rain,' he gave his 'decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment' Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws, if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have, if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself, if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen, if the prince

of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faminess begin to stand and to rest himself, if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the time and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

(From Book 1 chap 3)

Wherefore that here we may briefly end Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power both Angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy

(From Book 1 chap 18.)

Scripture and the Law of Nature

What the Scripture purposeth, the same in all points it doth perform. Howbeit that here we swerve not in judgment, one thing especially we must observe, namely, that the absolute perfection of Scripture is seen by relation unto that end whereto it tendeth hereby it cometh to pass that first such as imagine the general and main drift of the body of sacred Scripture not to be so large as it is, nor that God did thereby intend to deliver, as in truth he doth, a full instruction in all things unto salvation necessary, the knowledge whereof man by nature could not otherwise in this life attain unto, they are by this very mean induced either will to look for new revelations from heaven, or else dangerously to add to the Word of God uncertain tra dition, that so the doctrine of man's salvation may be complete, which doctrine we constantly hold in all respects without any such things added to be so com plete that we utterly refuse as much as once to acquaint ourselves with anything further. Whatsoever to make up the doctrine of man's salvation is added, as in supply of the Scripture's unsufficiency, we reject it, Scripture purposing this, both perfectly and fully done it. Again, the kope and purpose of God in delivering the holy Scripture, such as do take more largely than behoveth, they, on the contrary, side racking and stretching it further than by him was meant, are drawn into sundry is great inconveniences. These pretending the Scriptures perfection infer thereupon that in Scripture all things lawful to be done must needs be contained count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereto they were instituted. As therefore God created every part and particle of man exactly per feet, that is to say in all points sufficient unto that use for which he appointed it, so the Scripture, yea, every sentence thereof is perfect, and wanteth nothing requisite unto that purpose for which God delivered the same So that, if hereupon we conclude that because the Serifture is perfect, therefore all things lawful to be cone are comprehended in the Scripture, we may even as we'll conclude so of every sentence, as of the whole it was the drift, scope, and purpose of Almighty God in Holy Scripture to comprise all things which man may But admit this, and mark, I beseech you, what would follow God, in delivering Scripture to his Church, should clean have abrogated among them the Law of Nature, which is an infallible knowledge imprinted in the minds of all the children of men, whereby both general principles for directing of human actions are comprehended, and conclusions derived from them, upon which conclusions groweth in particularity the choice of good and evil in the daily affairs of this life. Admit this, and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and a torment to weak consciences, filling them with infinite perplexities, scrupulosities, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs? Not that the Scripture itself doth cause any such thing (for it tendeth to the clean contrary, and the fruit thereof is resolute assurance and certainty in that it teacheth), but the necessities of this life urging men to do that which the light of nature, common discretion, and judgment of itself directeth them unto, on the other side, this doctrine teaching them that so to do were to sin against their own souls, and that they put forth their hands to iniquity, whatso ever they go about, and have not first the sacred Scrip ture of God for direction, how can it choose but bring the simple a thousand times to their wits' end, how can it choose but vex and amaze them? For in every action of common life to find out some sentence clearly and infallibly setting before our eyes what we ought to do (seem we in Scripture never so expert) would trouble us more than we are aware. In weak and tender minds we little know what misery this strict opinion would breed, besides the stops it would make in the whole course of all men's lives and actions. Make all things sin which we do by direction of nature's light, and by the rule of common discretion, without thinking at all upon Scrip ture, admit this position, and parents shall cause their children to sin, as oft as they cause them to do anything, before they come to years of capacity and be ripe for knowledge in the Scripture, admit this, and it shall not be with masters as it was with him in the gospel, but servants being commanded to go, shall stand still till they have their errand warranted unto them by Scripture Which, as it standeth with Christian duty in some cases, so in common affairs to require it were most unfit. (From Book it chap. 8.)

sum and body thereof, unless we first of all prove that

Defence of Reason.

But so it is, the name of the light of nature is made hateful with men, the 'star of reason and learning' and all other suchlike helps, beginneth no otherwise to be thought of than if it were an unlucky comet, or as if God had so accursed it, that it should never shine or give light in things concerning our duty any way towards him, but be esteemed as that star in the Revelation called Wormwood, which being fallen from heaven maketh rivers and waters in which it falleth so bitter that men tasting them die thereof. A number there are who think they cannot admire as they ought the power and authority of the Word of God, if in things divine they should attribute any force to man's reason For which cause they never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason. Their usual and common discourses are unto this effect. First, 'the natural man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolish

ness unto him, neither can be know them, because they are spiritually discerned. By these and the like disputes an opinion hath spread itself very far in the world, as if the ay to be ripe in faith were to be raw in vit and judgment, as if Reason were an enemy unto Keligion, children Simplicity the mother of ghostly and Divine Wi-dom

To our purpose it is sufficient that whosoever doth serve, honour, and obey God, whosoever believeth in him, that man would no more do this than innocents and infants do, but for the light of natural reason that slimeth in him, and maketh him apt to apprehend those tungs of God, which being by grace discovered are effectual to persuade reasonable minds and none other, that honour, obedience, and credit belong anglit unto No man cometh unto God to offer him sacrifice, to pour out supplications and prayers before him or to do him any service, which doth not first believe him both to be, and to be a rewarder of them who in such sort seek unto him. Let men be taught this either by revelation from heaven, or by instruction upon earth, by labour, study, and meditation, or by the only sceret inspiration of the Holy Ghost, whatsoever the mean be the know it by, if the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason, why should none be found capable thereof but only men, nor men till such time as they come unto ripe and full ability to work by reasonable understanding? The whole drift of the Scripture of Go I, what is it but only to teach Theology? Theology, what is it but the science of things divine? What science can be attained unto without the help of natural discourse and reason? 'Judge ve of that which I speak,' saith the apostle In vain it were to speak anything of God, but that by reason men are able some what to judge of that they hear, and by discourse to discern how consonant it is to truth. Scripture indeed, teacheth things above nature, things which our reason by itself could not reach unto. Yet those also we believe, knowing by reason that the Scripture is the word of God.

The thing we have handled according to the question moved about it, which question is, whether the light of reason be so pernicious that in devising laws for the charch, men ought not by it to search what may be fit and convenient. For this cause therefore we have endeavoured to make it appear how in the nature of reason itself there is no impediment, but that the self same spirit which revealeth the things that God hath set down in his law, may also be thought to aid and direct men in finding out by the light of reason what laws are expedient to be made for the guiding of his church, over an I besides them that are in Scripture.

(From Book in chap. 8 and 2.)

Roble's edution of Hooker (1836, 7th ed. revised by Church and Paget, 1683) superseded all earlier ones—it comprised Walton's Lift and a full introduction by Roble. See also the introductions to Book V by Paget (1839) and Bayno (1942).

Henry Smith (1550?-1591) was called by contemporaries the 'silver tongued Smith,' and esteemed the prime preceder of the nation,' and Anthony Wood records him is the 'mirriele and wonder of his age' for eloquence in the pulpit. He was the son of a gentlem in of good estate in I electershire, studied it Lincoln College, Oxford, and, drawn into church work in spite of difficulties about subscription, became it 'lecturer at

St Clement Danes in London He was suspended for Puritanism, but restored as being in full sympath, with the Church in faith and doctrine, though doubtful about minor details of discipline. His sermons, remarkable as specially of free from the besetting vices of the age—vulgarity and quant ness and affected learning. The following passage on the two consciences is from Smith's famous sermon on of the Betraying of Christ.

If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged Be not deceived, for sin doth not end as it hearn When the terrors of Judas come upon the soul, the tongue cannot hide his sins, for despair and horror will not be smothered, but he which hath Saul's spirit haunting him, will rage as Saul did. There is a warn ing conscience, and a gnawing conscience. The warning conscience cometh before sin, the grawing conscience followeth after sin The warning conscience is often lulled asleep, but the gnawing conscience wakeneth her again. If there he any hell in this world, they which feel the worm of conscience graw upon their hearts, may truly say that they have felt the torments of hell. Who can express that man's horror but himself? Nay, what horrors are there which he cannot express himself? Sorrows are met in his soul at a feast, and fear, thought, and anguish divide his soul between them furies of hell leap upon his heart like a stage calleth to fear, fear whistleth to horror, horror beel oneth to despair, and saith, Come and help me to torment this sinner. One saith that she cometh from this sin, and another saith that she cometh from that sin, so he south through a thousand deaths and cannot die. Irons are laid upon his body like a prisoner all his lights are put out at once he hath no soul fit to be comforted. Thus he lies as it were upon the rack, and saith that he hears the world upon his shoulders, and that no man suffereth that which he suffereth. So let him he (saith God) without ease, until he confess and repent, and call for mercy. This is the goodly way which the scrpent said would make you gods, and made him a devil fore at the last learn the sleight of Satan in this wretched His subtilties are well called the depths of traitor Satan, for he is so deep that few can sound him

Richard Hakluyt (1552?-1616) was a laborious compiler, to whom the world is indebted for the preservation of narratives which might other wise have fallen into oblivion, especially on the m tritime adventures and discoveries of his country-Hakluyt came of a family originally Dutch but settled for two centuries in Herefordshire (where the name was spelt in many ways, including Hackle vight 13, and received his elementary education it Westminster School He after wards studied at Christ Church, Oxford, where he engaged in an extensive course of reading in various languages, on geographical and nauticul subjects, he was appointed to lecture at Oxford on cosmography and the colliteral sciences, and carried on a correspondence with those cere britted Continental geographers Ortelius and Mercitor For the years he was in Piris as chaplain to the English ambassador, during which

time he cultivated the acquaintance of persons eminent for their knowledge of geography and On his return from I rance in maritime history 1580, Sir Walter Raleigh appointed him one of the society of counsellors, assistants, and adventurers, to whom he assigned his patent for the prosecution of discoveries in America. He was in 1590 made rector of Wetheringsett, in Suitolk, was probendary and irclideacon of Westminster, and chaplain of the Sivoy, and was buried in Westminster Abbey In 1582 and 1584 he had published two small collections of voyages to America, but these are included in a much larger work in three volumes, which he published in 1599, entitled The Principall Navigations, Voiages, Fraffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over Laid, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these 1500 Years In the first volume are contained voyages to the north and north east, the true state of Iceland, the defeat of the Spanish Aimada, the expedition under the Earl of Essex In the second he relates voyages to Cidiz, &c to the south and south east, and in the third, expeditions to North America, the West Indies, and round the world Narratives are given of nearly two hundred and twenty voyages, besides miny relative documents, such as patents, instructions, and letters To this collection all the subsequent compilers in this department have been largely indebted. In the preliminary essay on the history of navigation prefixed to Churchill's Collection of Voyages, of which John Locke was-on doubtful grounds—said to be the author (though he certainly helped in collecting the material), If ikluyt's collection is spoken of as 'valuable for the good there to be picked out but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous, delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust, so many triding voyages that have nothing new in them, so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking, and such a inultitude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries' These documentary authentications would now be thought in nowise irrelevant or out of place in such a work. when I roude called Hakluyt's Aavigations 'the prose epic of the modern English nation,' he was probably rejoicing as much in these same warlike exploits the philosophical editor disapproved as in the more purely exploratory adventures The poetry of this epic, it should be added, lies rather in the facts themselves than in any creative effort of Hakluyts For he keeps himself studiously in the background, and wrote little in his own name, though he could, and did, write admirably-winess his preface, and doubtless many of the narratives he professes to give in the riters' words one much to his editorial pensystematising and abridging in his own excellent I

English He issued a second edition in 1598-1600 A new edition (5 vols, 4to, 1809-12) containing a supplement of tales collected by Hikluyt was added. He translated French voyages to Florida, and, from the Portuguese, the travels of Ferdinand de Soto, in what was then called Virginia. His papers came into the hands of Purchas, and were used for the Pilgrims, and the Hakluyt Society was founded in 1846 for publishing the records of early voyages and travels. Hakluyt begins his Navigations (standard edition in 12 vols 1903-5) with a few fables, in sharp contrast to the conscientiously realistic and authentic records of which all but the first two or three voyages consist unhappily, is a purely mythical 'Voyage of Arthur, King of Britaine, to Island and the most north eastern parts of Europe, Anno 517,' taken, like the second, the vovage of Malgo, an even less known British king, from Geoffrey of Monmouth and other Latin chroniclers Real history begins in the fourth and fifth with stories from Bede. Octher's (Ohthere's, see page 20) is the fifth voyage. The following is part of Hakluyt's own preface

For (to conteine myselfe onely within the bounds of this present discourse, and in the midst thereof to begin) wil it not in all posteritie be as great a renowme unto our English nation, to have bene the first discoverers of a Sea beyond the North cape (never certainly knowen before) and of a convenient passage into the huge Em pire of Russia by the bay of S Nicholas and the river of Duina, as for the Portugales to have found a Sea beyond the Cape of Buona Esperinza, and so consc quently a passage by Sea into the East Indies, or for the Italians and Spaniards to have discovered unknowen landes so many hundred leagues Westward and South westward of the streits of Gibraltar, & of the pillers of Hercules? Be it granted that the renowmed Portugale Vasques de Gama traversed the maine Ocean Southward Did not Richard Chanceler and his mates performe the like Northward of Europe? Suppose that Columbus that noble and high spirited Genuois escricil unknowen landes to the Westward of Europe and Did not the valiant English knight sir Hugh Willoughby, did not the famous Pilots Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet, and Charles Jackman accoast Nova Zembla, Colgoieve, and Vaigatz to the North of Europe and Asia? Howbeit you will say perhaps, not with the like golden successe, not with such deductions of Colonies, nor attain ing of conquests. True it is that our successe hath not bene correspondent unto theirs yet in this our attempt the uncertaintic of finding was farre greater, and the difficultic and danger of searching was no whit less For hath not Herodotus (a man for his time, most skilfull and judicial in Cosmographie, who writ above 2000 yeeres ago) in his 4, booke called Melpomene, signified unto the Portugales in plaine termes, that Africa, except the small Isthmus between the Arabian gulfe and the Mediterran sea, was on all sides environed with the Ocean? And for the further confirmation thereof, doth he not make mention of one Neco an I gyptian king, who (for trials Lalle) sent a fleet of Phiemicians downe the Red sea, who setting forth in Autumne and sailing Southward till they had the Sunne at noonetide upon

their sterbourd (that is to say, having crossed the .Lqui noctial and the Southerne tropique) after a long navigation, directed their course to the North, and in the space of 3 yeeres environed all Africk, passing home through the Gaditan strettes, and arriving in "Lgypt" And doth not Plinie tel their that Noble Hanno, in the flourishing time and estate of Carthage, sailed from Gades in Spaine to the coast of Arabia Foelis, and put downe his whole journall in writing? Doth he not make mention that in the time of Augustus Cæsar, the wracke of certaine Spanish ships was found floating in the Arabian gulfe? And, not to be over tedious in alleaging of testimonies, doth not Strabo in the 2 booke of his Geography, together with Cornelius Nepos and Plinie in the place beforenamed, agree all in one, that one Ludoxus flecing from king Lathirus, and valing [dropping] downe the Arabian bay, sailed along, doubled the Southern point of Africk, and at length arrived at Gades? And what should I speake of the Spaniards? Was not divine Plato (who lived so many ages ago, and plainely described their West Indies under the name of Atlantis) was not he (I say) instead of a Cosmographer unto them? Were not those Carthaginian, mentioned by Aristotle lib d admirabil au cilt their forerunners? And had they not Columbus to stirre them up, and pricke them forward unto their Westerne discoveries, yea, to be their chiefe loads man and Pilot? Sithens therefore these two worthy Nations had those bright lampes of learning (I means the most ancient and best Philosophers, Historiographers and Geo graphers) to shewe them light, and the load starre of experience (to wit those great exploits and voyages layed up in store and recorded) whereby to shape their course what great attempt might they not presume to undertal e? But alas our English nation, at the first setting foorth for their Northeasterne discovery, were either altogether des titute of such cleare lights and inducements, or if they had any inkling at all, it was as misty as they found the Northren seas, and so obscure and ambiguous, that it was meet rather to deterre them, then to give them encouragement

But besides the foresaid uncertaintie, into what dangers and difficulties they plunged themselves, Animus memi nusse horret, I tremble to recount. For first they were to expose themselves unto the rigour of the sterne and uncouth Northren seas, and to make triall of the swelling waves and boistrous winds which there commonly do surge and blow then were they to saile by the ragged and perilous coast of Norway, to frequent the unhaunted shoares of finmark, to double the dreadfull and misty North cape, to beare with Willoughbies land, to run along within bearing of the Countreys of Lapland and Corelia, and as it were to open and unlocke the seven fold mouth of Duina. Moreover, in their Northeasterly Navigations, upon the seas and by the coasts of Condora, Colgoieve, Petzora, Joughoria Samoedia, Nova Zembla, &c., and their passing and returne through the streits of Vaigats, unto what drifts of snow and mountaines of yee even in June, July, and August, unto what hideous over fals, uncertaine currents, darke mistes and fogs, and divers other fearefull inconveniences they were subject and in danger of, I wish you rather to learne out of the vovages of sir Hugh Willoughbie, Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet and the rest, then to expect in this place an endlesse catalogue thereof And here by the way I cannot but highly commend the great industry and magnanimity of the Hollanders, who within these few yeers have dis-

covered to 78 yea (as themselves affirme) to 81 degrees of Northerly lautude yet with this proviso, that our English nation led them the dance, brake the yee before them, and gave them good leave to light their candle at our torch. But nowe it is high time for us to weigh our ancre, to hoise up our sailes, to get cleare of these boistrous, frosts, and misty seas, and with all speede to direct our course for the milde, lightsome, temperate, and warme Atlantick Ocean, over which the Spaniards and Portugales have made so many pleasant prosperous and golden voyages. And albeit I cannot deny, that both of them in their East and West Indian Navigations have indured many tempests, dangers, and shipwracks yet this dare I boldly affirme, first that a great number of them have satisfied their fame thirsty and gold thirsty mindes with that reputation and wealth, which made all perils and misadventures seeme tolerable unto them, and secondly, that their first attempts (which in this comparison I doe onely stand upon) were no whit more difficult and dangerous then ours to the Northeast. For admit that the way was much longer, yet was it never barred with ice, mist, or darknes, but was at all seasons of the yeere open and Navigable, yea and that for the most part with fortunate and fit gales of winde

The following is a brief specimen of the warlike and non-geographical stories the Churchills' editor disapproved

The 26 of July 1592, in my returning out of Barbary in the ship called the Amity of London, being in the height of 36 degrees or thereabout, at foure of the clocke in the morning we had sight of two shippes, being dis tant from us about three or foure leagues by seven of the clocke we fetched them up, and were within gunshot—whose boldnesse, having the king of Spaines armes displayed, did make us judge them rather ships of warre, then laden with marchandise. And as it appeared by their owne speeches, they made full account to have taken us it being a question among them whether it were best to carv us to S Lucar, or to Lisbon waved ech other a maine. They having placed themselves in warlike order one a cables length before another, we began the fight. In the which we con tinued, so fast as we were able to charge and discharge, the space of five houres, being never a cables length distant either of us from other In which time we received divers shot both in the hull of our ship, masts, and sailes, to the number of 32 great, besides 500 musket shot and harquebuzes a crocke [large earthenware jars] at the least, which we tolde after the fight. And be cause we perceived them to be stout, we thought good to boord the Biscaine, which was on head the other where lying aboord about an house, and plying our ordinance and small shot, in the end we stowed all his men. Now the other in the flie boat, thinking we had entred our men in their fellow, bare roome with us, meaning to have layed us aboord, and so to have intrapped us betwixt them both which we perceiving, fitted our ordinance so for him, as we quitted our selves of him, and he boorded his fellow by which meanes they both fell from us Then presently we kept our loofe [luff], hoised our top-sailes, and weathered them, and came hard aboord the flieboat with our ordinance prepared, and gave her our whole broad side, with the which we slew divers of their men, so as we might see the blood run out at the scupper holes. After

that we cast about, and new charged all our ordinance, and came upon them a rine, willing them to weeld, or els we vould sinke them wherupon the one would have veelded, which was shot betweene winde and water. but the other called him traitor Unto whom we made answere, that if he would not yeeld presently also, we would sinke him first. And thereupon he understanding our determination, presently put out a white flag, and yeelded, and yet refused to strike their own sailes, for that they were swome never to strike to any Englishman We then commanded their captaines and masters to come abourd us, which they did And after examination & sto ving them, we sent certaine of our owne men aboord them, and strook their sailes, and manned their ships finding in them both 126 persons living, & 8 dead, besides those which they themselves had cast overboard So it pleased God to give us the victory being but 42 men and a boy, whereof 2 were killed and 3 wounded for the which good successe we give God the only praise These two rich prizes laden with 1400 chests of quick silver with the armes of Castile and Leon fastened upon them, and with a great quantity of bulles or indulgences, and guilded Missals or Service books, with an hundred tunnes of excellent wines, we brought shortly after into the river of Thames up to Blacke wall

The Elizabethan Sonnet-Cycles.

The sonnet is a species of lyrical poetry which the world owes to the instinct of the Italians for delicate and harmonious form The word sonnetto gives the effect of the recurring sound of a little peal of bells, skilfully rung once to attract attention or commemorate a pissing event. That the sonnet was originally an adaptation from some Provencal lyrical sequence is not doubted, but the whole essence of its merit is its conciseness and rotundity, and its escape from the loose Provençal prodigality of rhyming The sonnet must have fourteen lines. and an exact sonnet must have five rhymes arranged according to a very precise fashion (abba abba ede ede) This precision was not known to the carliest Italian sonneteers, who, however, never varied the number of lines, and never closed with a couplet. The oldest sonnet extant is believed to be one of considerable irregularity of form, written about 1220 by Piero delle Vigne. In the next generation Guittone di Arezzo, a poet of more industry than genius, gave his attention and its final form to the sonnet Folgore de San Geminiano, a precursor of Dinte, was the first, it appears, to produce a 'cycle' of sonnets-that is, a set of consecutive picces dealing progressively with a definite theme

The sonnet, having thus made Italy its home, flourished there, almost unintermittently, for the next five centuries, until it became as easy for an educated Roman or Neigolitan to write a sonnet as to sign his name. Petrirch was the model of excellence to all these generations of poets, and it is to be noted that when the renaissance was complete, and so many of the medical forms of literature were done away with, the sonnet was retained out of respect for the humanism of Petrarch. We have drawn attention on page 159

to the sonnets published in the collection which came to be known as 'Tottel's Miscellany' in 1557. in which Wyatt's and Surrey's paraphrases from Petrarch introduced the sonnet to English literature The word 'sonnet,' however, was misunderstood, and was used for the next forty years or so, as it still is by uneducated people, to mean any lyrical poem or ballad The French had by this time introduced several irregularities into the arrangement of the rhymes, and had invented the word 'quatorzain' to describe a poem in fourteen lines of rhymed verse, not necessarily a sonnet We find this useful word introduced into English as early as 1582, and it is perhaps worth pointing out that the thousands of Elizabethan poems called 'sonnets' are in their vast majority merely quatorzains, and not real sonnets at all Drayton was so conscious of this that he called his cycle of 1594 Amours ın Ouatorzains That the Elizabethans were slow to comprehend the real essence of the sonnet is shown by the fact that the work which more than any other served to popularise the form in England, the Hecatompathia of Watson (1582), is composed in a form of eighteen, instead of fourteen, lines

The fourteen-line limit, however, had been properly laid down in 1575 by Gascoigne, who, un fortunately, prescribes 'cross metre and the last two rhyming together,' heresies unknown to the Continental poets Such rules did not affect Sir Philip Sidney, who is to be taken as the real introducer of the Petrarchan sonnet into English As Mr Lee has said, the publication of his Astrophel and Stella gave the sonnet in England 'a vogue that it never enjoyed before or since' Sidney was the scholar of Petrarch in this matter, but he had a closer and more familiar relation with his own French contemporaries, especially Ronsard and Du Bellay It has recently been put forward that Sidney owed much as a sonneteer to Desportes, but dates make this improbable. As a matter of fact, Sidney died but a few months after Ronsard, he is affiliated as sonneteer to the original cenacle of the Pléiade His sonnets were probably composed about the year 1580, they were posthu mously published in 1591, and immediately set the fashion for cycles of sonnets Mr Sidney Lee, in an appendix to his learned Life of William Shakespeare, has analysed the output of sonnets in, England between 1591 and 1597 The result is surprising, he estimates that during that time far more than two thousand sonnets of various kindsamatory, congratulatory, philosophical, or religious -were actually published in this country post-Sidncian 'sonnets' were, almost without ex ception, quatorzains closing in a couplet

The influence of Desportes, if we cannot detect it in Sidney, is obvious in these later Elizabethans. In 1592 came the first flight of English sonnet-sequences, with Constable's Diana and Daniel's Delia, both of them dipped in the conventional sweetness of Desportes. In 1593 the cycles of sonnets were like flights of locusts, with Barnes,

Constable, Lok, Giles Fletcher (the elder), Watson, and Lodge, whose Phillis contains some very musical, experimental measures. Among the publications of 1594 deserve mention Drayton's Idea, Percy's Calia, a curious anonymous volume entitled Zephyria, Chapman's Coronet, and Barn field's Italianated perversity called The Affectionate Shepherd The year 1595 was made illustrious in the sonnet world by Spenser's series of eighty eight Amorette, 1596 produced Griffin's Fidessa, Linche's Dulla, Barnes's Divine Century, and the Chloris of William Smith. This was the culminating year of the Elizabethan sonnet, and after this the fashion began rapidly to fade away. It is to be noted that several collections of sonnets probably belong to this short period of six years (1591-97), although they were not then published Shakespeare's Souncis is by far the most illustrious example of this temporary suppression, but with it must be compared, and to the same period attributed, the Calica of Lord Brooke, the Aurora of Sir William Alchander (the Earl of Stirling), the love sonnets of Campion, and a comic cycle of Gulling Sonnets by Sir John Davies

The sonnet continued to be cultivated more fitfully after the Elizabethan age was over John Davies of Hereford and William Browne were less successful than Drummond of Hawthornden, who went back to the rigorous Petrarchan model with considerable adroitness Donne composed two cycles of Holy Sonnets and La Corona, which were not published until a generation later. After this the form fell into a disrepute from which it did not recover until, in Wilton's hands, 'the thing became a trumpet.'

It is not to be supposed that this extraordinary manufacture of short poems, all made after the same pattern, could display much individual origi-The sonnets of Shakespeare—puzzling as they are, and formed to mystify the commentator -are at least of a most thrilling sincerity, and are inspired by an original exercise of high imagination, but if from Shakespeare to Sidney and Spenser, as sonneteers, the descent is considerable, from these latter to the general herd of cyclewriters it is immense. In the average Elizabethan sonnet we find some picturesqueness of diction, much sweetness, a tiresome abuse of pedantry, an elegance which has something affected about it, a passion so covered up with the ashes of an alembicated preciosity that it is often doubtful whether it burns at all The monotony of the Elizabethan sonnets, their vague allusiveness, the instability and dimness of the images they evoke, do much to lessen our pleasure in reading them Yet it must not be forgotten that, even if Sidney, Shakespeare, and Spenser were removed, there would be left a body of graceful melodious poetry, all of which helped to give distinction to average poetic style in England, and some of which possessed positive ment of a high lyrical order

EDMUND GOSSE.

Sir Philip Sidney seemed destined to take a very prominent part in the evolution of English In considering his work in verse, we have to recollect that at the age which Sidney had attained when he fell beneath the walls of Zutphen, Spenser had published nothing but The Shepherd's Calendar, and Shakespeare was principally known as the author of Venus and Adonis Sidney was no less painfully working out his way through linguistic and traditional difficulties towards the open light of a perfect style, but the poisoned bullet cut short his chances of achieving a Faerie Queene or a Hamlet When critics speak of the 'coldness' and 'aftectation' of Sidney's poetry, they are forgetting the conditions under which he laboured, and are neglecting the evidence that he was rapidly surmounting those Perhaps, if the truth were known, conditions Philip Sidney was one of the most notable 'inheritors of unfulfilled renown' the world has ever He studied the art of poetry so closely he had such an expanding and mounting sense of its capacity-he was learning so to 'look into his heart, and write,' that everything seemed to point to his becoming one of the great English That he never became, but the charm, the romantic pathos, of the imperfect verses he did write is perennial

Sidney began to study verse at a time when the particular kind of poetry he enjoyed among the Italians and the Spaniards was unknown in England He conceived a British variety of Petrarchan art, a species of lyrical songs and sonnets, which 'might be employed, and with how heavenly fruit, both private and public, in singing the praises of the Immortal Beauty' But in doing so he was' aware of the necessity of avoiding the insipidity and insincerity which had fallen upon such poetry on the continent of Europe-the vain repetitions, the languid conceits, the preposterous frozen compliments In opening a new literature he desired to avoid falling immediately into the errors of an old, and indeed exhausted, literature, like that Hence Sidney starts with a divided aim, he wishes to introduce the psychology of love, with its delicacies and its refined analysis of emotion, into the rough and awkward English tongue, but at the same time he wishes to escape the pitfalls into which those descend who 'poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes with new-born sighs and denizen'd wit do sing '

The early numbers in the Astrophel and Stella show us the adventures of Sidney's spirit when this design of regenerating English lyrical poetry first occurred to him. He studied 'fing inventions' and Continental models, 'oft turning others' leaves' He tried hard to reproduce his emotions, but the effect merely depressed him, he was conscious that what he composed was harsh and pedantic, and that his speech bore no relation to his glow of inward feeling. The words came forth halting, and he became aware that study was driving away

invention. Then it was that, 'great with child to speak, and helpless in his throes, Sidney was biting his pen and beating his bosom, when "Fool 171 said m. Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write' Accordingly, look in his heart he did, but to eyes un iccustomed to the blaze of nature the white light of the heart at first only blinds and bewilders Hence, in the poetry which Sidney began to write about 1575 and onwards (for to this date we may perhaps, attribute his determination to reform poetry in England) we find at first much that seems to us dry and displeasing, much empty fluency, much flatness, and even some insipidity But Sidney advances in skill, he gains more and more command over the medium, and before the Istrophel and Stella is finished, we find that the young poet has secured the power of copying for mankind the emotional language which a living passion has written on his heart.

Hence the careful reader of Sidney's sonnets. who has at first found them a little colourless and dim after the far richer poetry of the succeeding generation, learns to appreciate in them that very quality v high the eighteenth, and until lately even the nineteenth, centuries were unable to detect in them, their rigorous sincerity When once the author has surmounted the difficulty of speaking in verse, of using the language of literature—as soon as he has a uned confidence in his own observation and in his own judgment of values-he sings 'with his eve upon the object,' so that, although a species of archaism makes the Astrophel and Stella secm old fashioned among the Elizabethan sonnetcycles, it will yet be found to be more interesting, because more sincere, varied, and circumstantial, than any of its successors, except that of Shake-All the time that he was writing so speare earnestly, an invincible modesty kept Sidney in the bickground of the poets-'Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit,' he calls himself. But this sim plicity gave him a realistic vitality His genius was planted firmly on experience. The highway, along which his horse's feet went trampling, was his Parmissus His sheep were thoughts, which he pastured, far from the haunts of men, on the 'fur hills of fruitless love' Other men might be 'victors still of Phœbus golden treasure' Sidne, poetry was never the main object of life, never life itself, but he adorned the paths or love, war, patriotism, religion, all that led through the wide fields of his beautiful, practicil chivalry, with the roses and lilies of fragrant, flowery verse

Is a consequence of his not 'taking himself seriously' as a poet, when once his verse was written he cealed to care what became of it, and it might very easily have entirely dis appeared. It is probably to the piety of his admirable sister, the Countess of Pembroke, who had the courage to ignore her brother's dying command that the MS of his Areadia should be destroyed, that we ove the preservation of

Sidney's prose and verse. He published nothing in his litetime, three editions of Istroblel and Stella belong to 1591 and his miscell incous poems were added to the third edition (1508) of the Some sonnets appeared for the first time with Constable's poems, in 1594. A great mass of rather interesting verse, probably belonging to Sidney's early and unemancipated years, is embedded in the Arcadia itself (1590), so that the effect which was made by the poetry of Sidney, save through the literary coteries influenced by him in his lifetime, did not belong to the period of his career, but was almost wholly posthumous With so extreme a rapidity was literature then developing, that in 1595 poetry of the most startling originality written in 1575, even by Spenser and Sidney, wore a faded air, as a consequence of this the influence of Sidney, which was for a few years immense, soon waned, though the Arcadia continued to be reprinted and many romances were written in imitation of it EDMUND GOSSE.

Sidney was born, 30th November 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent, son of Sir Henry Sidney (who usually spelt the name Sydney, while his son preferred Sidney or Sidney Philip studied at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, and after spending nearly three years on the Continent returned to England, an accomplished writer, in 1575, and was introduced to the court by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester He was present at the famous reception given by Leicester to the queen at Kenilworth in the summer of that year. At first a favourite of the queen, he was sent in 1577 on missions to the Elector Palatine, the Emperor Rudolf, and the Prince of Orange. Elizabeth was ungrateful towards his father for his exertions as Lord Deputy in Ireland, and Philip wrote in his defence, he also addressed the queen against her projected match with the Duke of Anjou Elizabeth frowned on him, and his mother's brother, the once powerful Leicester, fell into disfavour. Sidney retired (1580) to his sister Mary, now Lady Pembroke, at Wilton, where, probably, most of his Arcadia was written. In 1583 he was knighted, and married Frances, daughter of Sir F Walsingham arrangement (1585) to accompany Drake on one of his buccaneur expeditions was defeated by Elizabeth's caprice and Drake's treachery was ordered to accompany Leicester, chosen by the queen to carry her half hearted support to the Netherlanders in their struggle against Spain. After one small brilliant exploit, he received, on and October 1586, his death wound under the walls of Zutphen-where five hundred and fifty Englishmen made a gallant but all judged attack on nearly three thousand Spaniards—and died on the 17th

His work in literature may be placed between 1578 and 1582. Widely celebrated as it was in his lifetime, nothing vas published till after his death. His brilliant character, his connections, his generous patronage of men of letters, with the report of those

to whom his writings were communicated, united to give him his pre-eminent contemporary fame This was, however, amply supported when the Arcadia (written probably 1578-80, but never finished) appeared, imperfectly in 1590, completely in 1598 This book long retained a vast popularity, though now it is almost unread. It is a pastoral romance, founded upon the Arcadia (1504) of Sannazaro, but perhaps even more influenced by the Spanish romances. An intricate love story,

intermixed with poems and written in melodious but diffuse, elaborate, and artificial prose, not free from the artificial 'conceits' of that age, the book was received with enthusiasm at home, and was almost as well received in France. Its influence on English literature was smaller Shr'le spcare shows traces of his study of it in several of his plays, especially in Lear, Loves Labour's Lost, the I empest, and the Midsummer Night's Dream, Spenser was indebted to it, Crowne imitated it, and many plays were based

on cpisodes in it. The eighteenth century, on the whole, reversed the verdict of that of the sixteenth and seventeenth, though Richardson borrowed his heroine Pamela from it, and Cowper unfeignedly admired it, calling its author 'a warbler of poetic Horace Walpole called it a 'tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through,' Hazhtt was hardly more favourable, and Hallam's praise is faint. Now, unquestionably, its interest is mainly historical, though much of it is fine. Drayton commended Sidney for having checked Euphuism and improved English style, he says he

Thoroughly paced our language as to show That plenteous English hand in hand might go With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce Our tongue from Lylv's writing then in use

To about 1580 may be assigned Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie (1591, afterwards named Define of Poesse), written in clear, manly English in reply to an abusive Puritan pamphlet by Gosson Sidney defines poetry, after Aristotle, as Ideal Imitation, and for her claims her ancient place as the highest mode of literature, teaching mankind the most important truths through the medium of that pleasure which is the formal end of all fine art. In mediaval fashion, many authorities are quoted, and the

author's wide best him lished Calendar SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(From the picture in the possession of Earl Cowper)

range of reading ıs displayed Sidney criticises severely the crowd of contemporary versifiers --not peculiar to that age ' -- to whose want of power, bad tastc, and trivial style he partly ascribes the then existing low estimate of poetry And here he names the English poets known to Chaucer, Sackville, Surrey, and Spenser's just (anonymously) pub-'Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poeti cal sinews in them ' En lish drama, it will be

remembered, was then in its cradle In 1580 Ralph Roister Doister, Gorbodue, and Gammer Gurton were practically all the drama here to show, and Sidney could not foresee that his own contemporaries were just about to recreate the art. His criticism of the contemporary English stage was truned to Italian and pseudo-classical canons, he demanded the complete separation of tragedy and comedy, and the adhesion to Senecan Even Gorboduc, which might have been 'an exact model of all tragedies,' is 'very defectu ous in the circumstances. The next ten years saw Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare all busily at work In 1575 Sidney had met Penelope Devereux (1560-1607), daughter of the first Earl of Essex, but it was only in 1581, the year following her marringe to the Puritan Lord Rich, who afterwards divorced her, that Sidney awoke too late to

love for her The one hundred and eight sonnets and cleven songs of Astrophel and Stella (1591) offer a mar cllous picture of passionate love. In 1583 he was knighted, and married Walsingham's young daughter, Frances. Sidney also translated the Psalins. He was among the first to recognise appensers promise, he knew Gabriel Harvey, Thomas Lodge, Marlowe, Bacon, and Raleigh, and he accepted dedications from Giordano Bruno

Sidney's impetuosity of temper is seen in much of his writing, as in his reply to Leacester's Common-realth, an attack on the Earl, his uncle declaring to the attacker, 'thou therein liest in thy throat, which I will be ready to justify upon thee in any place in Europe'. The same trut appears in the following letter—containing what proved to be a groundless accusition—which he addressed in 1578 to Ldward Molyneus, his father's secretary and (ultimately, at least) his own valued friend

MR MOLLYFLY—Few words are best. My letters to my fither have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me, and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the meantime, farewell

Of the following extracts, four are from Sidney's Areadia, and the fifth from his Defence of Poesse

The treadin professes to deal with love and idventures in the Greek province which, actually famed for its pure air and its people and the purity and simplicity of their lives, the Roman poets had idealised into a kind of pastoral and romantic Utopia. This is the opening

It was in the time that the earth begins to put her new aparrel against the approch of her lover, and that the Sun running a most even course becomes an indifferent arbiter betwein the most and the day when the hope less shepheard Strephon was come to the scendes which he against the island of Cithera where viewing the place with a heavy kinde of delight and sometimes casting his eyes to the Heward, he called his friendly rivall the pastor Claus unto him, setting first downe in his darkened countenance a dolefull copic of what he would speake, and with a long speech on his absent love, during which they see a shipwrecked man, Musidorus, washed ashore. Him they offer to conduct back with them to their home in Arcadia, and to present to the hospitable gentleman Kalander

In Arcadia.

The 3. day after in the time that the morning did throw roses and violets in the heavenly floore against the comming of the Sun (the nightingales striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong caused sorow) and made them part of their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that mant had bin their pavilion) they went on their jorney which by and by welcomed Musidorus eyes, wearied with the wasted soile of Laconia, with delightfull prospects.

There were hilles which garmshed their proud heights with stately trees, humble vallets, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers, medows, enameld with al sorts of ey pleasing floures, thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the chereful deposition of many well tuned birds, each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the prety lambs with bleting oratory craved the dams comfort, here a shepheards boy piping, as though he should never be old, there a yong shepherdesse knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voices music. (Book is change)

A Stag Hunt

Then went they together abroad, the good Kalander entertaining them with pleasaunt discoursing-howe well he loved the sporte of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber delights, that the sunne (how great a jornie soever he had to make) could never prevent him with earlines, nor the moone (with her sober countenance) disswade him from watching till midnight for the deeres feeding O, saide he, you will never live to my age, without you kepe your selves in breath with exercise, and in hart with joyfullnes, too much thinking doth consume the spirits, and oft it falles out, that, while one thinkes too much of his doing, he leaves to doc the effect of his thinking Then spared he not to remember, how much Arcadia was chaunged since his youth, activitie and good felowship being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old growing world, still worse and worse. Then would be tell them stories of such gallaunts as he had knowen, and so with pleasant company beguled the times hast, and shortned the wayes length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the houndes were in couples, staying their com ming, but with a whining accent criving libertie, many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kinds. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their greene liveries, as though they were chil dren of Sommer, with staves in their hands to beat the guiltlesse earth, when the houndes were at a fault, and with hornes about their neckes, to sound an alarum upon a sillie fugitive the houndes were straight uncoupled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to trust the nimblenes of his feet then to the slender fortification of his lodging, but even his feete betrayed him, for, how soever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enimies, who, one taking it of an other, and sometimes beloeving the windes advertisement, some times the view of their faithful councillors the huntsmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was alreadic begun. Their cric being composed of so well sorted mouthes, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a musick Then delight and varietie of opinion drew the horsemen sundrie wayes, yet cheering their houndes with voyce and horn, kept still as it were The wood seemed to conspire with them together against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters, and even the nimph Echo left to bewayle the losse of Narcissus, and became a hunter But the Stagge was in the end so helly pursued, that (leaving his flight) he was driven to make courage of despaire, and so turning his head, made the hounds with

change of speech to testify that he was at a bay as if from hot pursuit of their enemie, they were sodainly, come to a parley (Book i. chap ra)

Shipwracke

But by that the next morning began to make a guilden shewe of a good meaning, there arose even with the sun a vaile of darke c'oudes before his face, which shortly (like inck powred into water) had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing (as it were) a mourneful stage for a Tragedie to be placed on For forthwith the windes began to speake lov der, and as in a tumultuous king dome to thinke themselves fittest instruments of com maundement, and blowing whole stormes of hayle and rainc upon them, they were sooner in daunger then they coulde almost bethinke themselves of chaunge. For then the traiterous Sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted Navie, under which (while the heaven favoured them) it had layne so calinely, making mountaines of it selfe, over which the tossed and tottring ship shoulde clime, to the streight carried downe againe to a pit of hellish darkenesse, with such cruell blowes against the sides of the shippe that which way soever it went was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay nor way to escape And shortly had it so dis severed the loving companie, which the date before had tarned together, that most of them never met againe, but were swallowed up in his never satisfied mouth.

(Book in chap 7)

The prayer of the Princess Pamela was a favourite prayer of King Charles I, whom Milton reproached for 'having stolen a prayer word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god'

O all seeing Light and eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great, that it may resist, or so small, that it is contenined looke upon my miserie with thine eye of mercie, and let thine infinite power souchsafe to limite out some proportion of deliuerunce vnto me, as to thee shall seem most convenient. Let not murie, O Lord, triumphe ouer me, and let my faultes by thy handes be corrected, and make not mine vinuste enemie the minister of thy Justice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdome this be the aptest chastizement for my inexcusable follie, if this low bondage be fittest for my ouer hie desires, if the pride of my not inough humble harte be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yeeld vnto thy will, and 103 fully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Onely thus much let me craue of thee, (let my crawing, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since euch that proceeds from thee,) let me crauc, euch by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may guic my selfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodnes (which is thy self) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Maiestic so to shine into my mind, that it may still depende confidently upon thee. Let calamitie be the exercise but not the ouerthrowe of my vertue let their power preuaile, but preuaile not to destruction let my greatnes be their prine let my paine be the sweetnes of their revenge. Let them (if so it seem good vinto thee) veve me with more and more punishment. But, O Lord, let never their wickednes have such a hand, but that I may carre a pure minde in a pure bodie. (And pausing a while) Ind O, most gracious Lord (said she) what ever become of me, prescrue the vertuous Musidorus

(Buntil chap &)

'In these my not old yeres and idelest times, having slipt into the title of a Poet, I am provoked to say somthing unto you in defence of that my uncleeted vocation,' says Sidney in the *pologie*, 'I have just cause to make a pittiful defence of poore Poetry, which from almost the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughing-stocke of children' And he thus compares poetry and philosophy

The philosopher sheweth you the way, hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousnes of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by turnings that may divert you from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive Which constant desire whosoever studious painfulnes hath in him, hath already passed halfe the hardnes of the way, and therefore is beholding to the Philosopher but for the other halfe Nay, trucly, learned men have learnedly thought that where once reason hath so much over mastred passion, as that the minde hath a free desire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it selfe is as good as a Philosophers book, since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evile, although not in the words of Arte which Philoso phers bestowe upon us, for out of naturall conceit the Philosophers drew it. But to be moved to doe that which we know, or to be moved with desire to knowe, How opus Hic labor est

Nowe therein of all sciences (I speak still of humane and according to the humane conceit) is our Poet the Monarch For he dooth not only show the way, but giveth so sweete a prospect into the way, as will infice any man to enter into it Nay, he dooth, as if your journey should lye through a fayr Vineyard, at the very firste, give you a cluster of Grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to passe further He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubt fulnesse, but he commeth to you with words set in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well inchaunting slill of musicke with a tale forsooth he commeth unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner And pretending no more, doth intende the winning of the mind from wickednesse to vertue, even as the childe is often brought to take most wholsom things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste, which if one should beginne to tell them the nature of the Moes or Kubarb they shoulde receive, would sooner take their Phisicke at their eares then their mouth. So is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things) till they bee cradled in their graves, glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Encas, and hearing them, must needs heare the right description of wisdom, valure, and justice, which if they had been barely, that is to say philosophically, set out, they would sweare they bee brought to schoole againe.

Sidney 'never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas but he found his heart stirred as with the sound of a trumpet,' and said 'they are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts,' 'there will be the time to die nobly when you cannot live nobly,' 'there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart than the eye of a respected friend.'

With how sad steps, O Moone, thou clim'st the skies, How silently, and with how winne a face! What, may it be, that even in heavenly place. That busic Archer his sharpe arrowes tries? Surc, if that long with love acquainted eyes. Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case, I read it in thy lookes thy languisht grace. To me that feele the like thy state discries. Then, even of fellowship, O Moone, tell me, Is constant love deemed there but want of wit? Are beauties there as proud as here they be? Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorne whom that love doth possesse?

Do they call vertue there ungratefulnesse?

Sonnets from 'Astrophel and Stella'

O happic Thames, that didst my Stella beare! I saw thee with full many a smiling line. Upon thy cheereful face joy's livery werre, While those faire planets on thy streames did shine. The boate for joy could not to daunce forbear. While wanton winds with beauties so divine. Ravisht, stud not, till in her golden hare. They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine. And faine those (Tol's youth there would their stay. Have made but, forst by Nature still to flie, First did with puffing kisse those lockes display. She, so disheveld, blusht. From window I, With sight thereof, cried out. O faire disgrace, Let Honur's selfe to thee grant highest place!

I never dranke of Agruippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorne with vulgar brains to dwell,
Poore layman I, for sacred rites unfit
Some doe I heare of poets furie tell,
But, God wot, wot not what they meane by it,
And this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,
I am no pick purse of another's wit
How falles it then that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speake, and what I speale doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
Ghesse we the cause? What, is it this? Fie, no
Or so? Muche lesse. How then? Sure thus it is,
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kisse

Come, Sleepe, O Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace, The baiting place of wit, the balme of woe, The poore man's wealth, the prisoner's release, Th' indifferent judge betweene the high and low With shield of proofe shield me from out the prease Of those fierce darts De paire at me doth throw, O male in me those civill warres to cease I will good tribate pay, if thou do so Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed A chamber deaf of noise, and blind of light, A rosic garlind, and a weary hed. And if these things, as being thine in right, Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me Livelier than else where Stella's image see.

Whether the Turkish new moone minded be To fill her homes this years on Christian coast? How Pole right king means without leave of hoast Fowering with ill made fire cold Muscosy? If I rench can yet three parts in one agree? What now the Dutch in their full diets boast? How Holland hearts, now so good townes be lost, I rust in the shade of pleasant Ornige tree? How Ulster likes of that same golden bit Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame? If in the Scotch Court be no weltring yet? These questions busic wits to me do frame I, cumbred with good maners, answer doe, But know not how, for still I thinke of you

Song 'Love is dead.'

Ring out your belies, let mourning shewes be spread, For I ove is dead

All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdaine
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith faire scorne doth gaine
From so ungrateful fancie,
From such a femall franzie,
From them that use men thus,

Weepe, neighbours, weepe, do you not heare it said. That Love is dead?

His death bed, peacock's follie,
His winding sheete is shame,
His will, false seeming holie,

Good Lord, deliver us '

His sole exec'tour, blame

From so ungrateful funcie,
From such a femall franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

My True Love hath my Heart.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange the one for the other giv'ne I hold his deare, and mine he cannot misse, There never was a better bargaine driv'ne. His heart in me keepes me and him in one, My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides. He loves my heart, for once it was his owne, I cherish his because in me it bides. His heart his wound received from my sight, My heart was wounded with his wounded heart, For as from mee on him his hurt did light, So still methought in me his hurt did smart. Both equal hurt, in this change sought our blisse, My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

(From the Art ulut)

'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother' (c.1555-1621), was not merely the friend and patron of Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Nicholas Breton, and other poets and literary men. She edited the Arcadia her brother had dedicated to her, had a share with him in the translation of the Psalms, translated from the French A Discourse of Life and Death by her brother's friend Plessis du Mornay, and rendered into English blank verse Garnier's French tragedy, Antonie. She was the wife of the second Earl of Pembroke, and mother of the Earl to whom it has been supposed (and denied) that Shakespeare dedicated his sonnets

Sidney's poems and Apolique have been edited, the first ly Grosart (1877), the second by Arber (1968), Fingel (1880) Cook (1890) and Shuckburgh (1891) Astrophel and Stella by Gray,

Arber, Flügel (1889) and Pollard (1888) The Aradia was retroduced in facsimile by Professor Sommer in 1891. The Life by
Fulke Greville (1652) was re-edited by Sir E Brydges (1810), and
there are Lives by Zouch (1803), J. A. Symonds (1836) and Fox
Bourne (1862 and 1892). See Philip Sidney s Veniours of the Staticy
Family (1899), and his edition of the Sonnets and Songs (1900).

Edmund Spenser.

In a passage which has been often quoted Gibbon says, 'The nobility of the Spensers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the Faerie Queene as the most precious jewel of their coronet.' It is not, however, by any means certain that they have the right to claim him. He sprang from a family of Spensers settled at Hurstwood, in the north-east of Lancashire, and it is believed that his father was a certain John Spenser, a journeyman clothmaker, who came up to London before 1550 If so, his mother's name was Elizabeth, but her family is not known. He was born, about 1552, at East Smithfield, in 'merry London, my most kindly nurse,' as he says in the Prothalamion From the 'Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell,' it appears that he was sent, as a 'poor scholar,' to Merchant Taylors' School when it was opened in 1561 It is supposed that he was a foundation scholar, and that he stayed at the school until 1569 Lancelot Andrewes was his schoolfellow, and their head-master was Dr Mulcaster

Before he left school Spenser had 'commenced author,' for early in 1569 a Dutch refugee, Dr Jan van der Noodt, published a miscellany called A Theatre for Worldlings, in which were included certain translations from Petrarch and from Joachim du Bellav, which, though anonymous at the time, were afterwards in a modified form claimed by Spenser These translations, in blank verse and rhyme, have created a great deal of discussion, but there is no reasonable doubt that they came from the hand of Spenser, and they already display some of the characteristics of his style.

On the 20th of May 1569 Spenser passed directly from Merchant Taylors' School to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he matriculated as a sizar We have evidence of his great poverty and of repeated illnesses while at college, he succeeded B.A. in 1573 and commenced M.A. in 1576, the year that he left Cambridge. He mentions the university in the Faerie Queene

My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crown He [i e. the Ouse] doth adorn, and is adorned by it With many a gentle Muse and many a learned Wit.

We know nothing of his academic life, but he formed at the university certain friendships which had an influence upon him. Edward Kirke, who afterwards edited the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and Gabriel Harvey, a poetaster and criticaster who assumed a position of authority at Cambridge, were his principal associates, and Harvey is the Hobbinol of Spenser's eclogues. As late as 1586

Spenser was still Harvey's 'devoted friend, during life.' Harvey was the chief of those who promulgated the heresy that the rhythms and rhymes of normal English verse were to be swept away in favour of accentuated rhymeless measures closely modelled on Greek and Latin prosody. There is no doubt that by too modestly acceding to all this nonsense Spenser was delayed in the development of his genius.

Spenser took his degree of MA. in 1576 and left Cambridge He went to his own people in Lancashire, and here, as has been suggested, met the Rosalind of his sonnets and pastorals. In the



(From a print in the British Museum after the picture in the possession of the Earl of Kinnoull)

next year, Gabriel Harvey urging him to 'forsake his shire' and come south, Spenser seems to have paid a short visit to Ireland, and in 1578 or 1579 to have settled in London Here he seems to have been early presented to Sir Philip Sidney and his brother-in-law, the Earl of Leicester, and to have taken up his abode in Leicester House He wrote a series of poems which have been lost, called Stemmata Dudlerana A correspondence with Gabriel Harvey, who addresses Spenser as 'Immerito,' has been preserved, and is full of bad advice about hexameters and trimeters winter of 1579-80 Spenser had other poetical works ready-Dreams, The Dying Pelican, and Nine Comedies All these have disappeared, but on the 5th of December 1579 was entered at Stationers' Hall a poem, the effect of which on the expansion of English literature was astounding This is, of course, The Shepherd's Calendar

The publication of this famous collection of pastorals placed Spenser, at a bound, in front of all

English poets since Chaucer The originality and mustery of the 'new poet,' as Spenser began immed itely to be styled, was admitted at once Shetnerd's Calendar vas anonymous, and consisted of twelve cologues, as they may all be roughly styled, distinguished from one another in their mure, subject, and treatment. In adopting the Arcadian device of 'goatherds' tales' Spenser was yielding to the fashion of the hour, and to the prictice of the followers of Sannazaro The whole of Ludand was supposed to be a sheep farm, under the sway of the queen of shepherds, fur Elisa, daughter of Pan, the god of shepherds setting of bucolic illegory offers many inconvenicrices to the fanc, of the poet, especially as he wishes to treat questions of Puritan religious discipline, which have remirkably little to do with Pan and Syrinx. Under the general denomination of 'cclosues,' moreover, are included fables, saures. amatory lyrics, and other forms of current verse, so that the Slepherd's Calerdar is really to be looked upon as a sort of miscellany

To his contemporaries the most daring thing about the new poet was his diction, which Spenser enriched, or attempted to enrich, with a multitude of obsolcte and rural forms Sidney, who was one of the earliest admirers of the Calendar, and who put the new poet on a level with Theocritus, Virgil, ind Sannazaro, 'dared not allow that same framing of his style in an old rustic language? Spenser's object, however, no doubt was by this diction to accentuate the English character of his verses and to lessen their Italian aspect. Moreover, in the Shepherd's Calendar Spenser shows himself still related to the primitive and rural poets of the English middle ages-allegorical and alliterative. Indeed, it is not to be denied that many critics. coming upon these poems after traversing the wastes of the fifteenth and early so teenth centuries. have applieded them with cicess, since, after all. in comparison with what the English poets, and Spenser himself, were almost immediately ifterwards to produce, the greater part of the Shephurd's Calendar is but tame, colourless, and experimental In the cologues for May and August we see 'the new poet,' at his best, and that is far ahead of any of his immediate predecessors, except Sackville.

In the summer of 1500 Lord Grey de Wilton, on being appointed the Queen's Deputy in Ireland, took Spenser over to Dublin as his secretary, and it is supposed that he was an eye witness of the horrible scenes enacted in the province of Munster a little later, when the Rebellion of Desmond broke out Long afterwards, in his prose View of Ireland, the poet recounted many of his experiences 15d1 he was appointed Registrar of Chancers in Iteland ud bot a lease or grant of the abbey and castle of Enn acorthy, in county Wexford, these vere succeeded by arrous employments and residences and Spanser probably made Dublin his herdquaters from 1580 to 1588 In the latter year ne seems to have settled at Kilcolman, I an abandoned peel-tower of the Desmonds. in a then wooded glen of the Galtee Hills, in the north of county Cork, some thirty miles south of Limerick, this, with its 3000 or 4000 acres of land, was Spenser's share of the spoil. Here, in 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh visited him, and here Spenser read to his friend the early cantos of the great poem which had now for so many years been occupying his thoughts and The 'Shepherd of the Ocean,' as Ralcizh was called, perceived in a moment that this romance of fairyland rose immeasurably high above anything that had called itself poetry in England before In the very interesting autobiographical poem called Colin Clout's Come Home Again, first published in 1595, Spenser gives a minute account of the conversations of the two fricads Raleigh, on his part, read his own poem of Cynthia, the greater portion of which is now lost, and urged Spenser to come with him to court, so that they might in unison lay their songs before Elizabeth This Spenser immediately agreed to do, it would appear that he accompanied Raleigh to England, and was presented to the queen She gave him a pension of £50 a year, and in December 1589 the first three books of that epoch making poem, the Faire Queen, were entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company It was announced as 'disposed into twelve books,' but when it was published early in 1590 only three books were produced, and it is probable that no more was at this time completed. It was dedicated, in words which seem blown through a golden trumpet, to 'the most high, mighty and magnificent Empress,' Elizabeth, 'to live with the eternity of her fame,' as was added in a later edition

The reception of the Faerie Queene was more than enthusiastic. All England responded to the opinion attributed to Shakespeare, that Spenser's 'deep conceit was such as, passing all conceit, needed no defence.' He was accepted, in that age of glorious singers, as the first of English pocts Caressed and congratulated by all the court, Spenser stayed in England until far on into 1591, enjoying to the full, no doubt, these the most vivid and agreeable months of his existence. He was obliged at length to return to his duties, for he was now Clerk of the Council of Munster, and he had his poems to write, which no doubt were better encouraged by the solitude of Kilcolman than by the excitements of London He was troubled, however, by a law-suit with his crazy neighbour, Lord Roche, but the importance of this has perhaps been evaggerated. We may believe that Spenser's life was now for some years comfortable, and of a nature to encourage him in the prosecution of We may leave him his noble poetical labours at Kildolman for the moment, and consider the scheme of his great romantic masterpiech

The plan of the Faerie Queene was confessedly allegorical, and the author has left us no chance

of miscomprehending his intention. By the 'Elvish' Monarch, Gloriana, who is kept out of sight throughout, but who animates the whole idea, he meant national splendour as embodied The Knight of the Red Cross was in Elizabeth emblematical of Holiness, Sir Guyon of Temperance, the Lady Britomart of Chastity of the Taerie Queene was intended to be this The Queen Gloriana keeps her annual festival upon twelve consecutive days, on each of which there occur adventures, undertaken by twelve successive knights, and these form the subjects of the books of the poem, eked out by such episodes as the overthrow of Marinell and the resistance of Belphæbe. Such is the scheme of the Faerie Queene as Spenser himself unfolded it to Raleigh. It was to be a great chivalrous epic after the Italian fashion of Boiardo and Ariosto, but with this distinction, that allegory was to be predominant in the outline of it, and that the conduct of the sentiment was to be uniformly splendid, with none of the descents to playfulness and even triviality which the Italians allowed themselves Since Pulci had enjoyed so facile a success with the Morgante Maggiore, there had been a growing tendency to introduce burlesque, and even pantomimic absurdity, into the chivalrous epic, which, indeed, was now dying in the south of Europe. Spenser came just in time to lift it again to an incomparable magnificence, in a poem of extreme dignity and gravity

We do not know how Spenser would have rounded forth his plan, for he did not live to complete the Faire Queene Only six of the twelve promised books were finished. But nothing that he might have added could have removed one basal fault, as Dean Church says, the poem 'carries with it no adequate account of its own story, it does not explain itself, or contain in its own structure what vould enable a reader to understand how it arose.' There seems to have been planned yet another parallel epic, celebrating the 'politic virtues,' also, no doubt, to be in twelve books. What we possess, therefore, is but a fragment, and yet, beautiful as this is, no one has ever wished for more. Spenser did not possess constructive gifts, he was more prolix, if possible, than his Italian predecessors, and it is better to enjoy the actual texture of what he gives us in such gorgeous profusion than to attempt to realise what it was which he intended to supply As he wrote on he used the Faerie Queen. as a receptacle into which to pour whatever he had felt or suffered, dreamed or longed for, it became his constant haunting vision of life, now dropped for a while, now taken up anew, fused in nothing but in its uniformity of delicious music and radiant colour

The form of the Faerie Queene deserves our attention Spenser chose the ottava rima, as it had been used by Boiardo and was still being used by Tisso, but he altered it by adding a line between the Italian fourth and fifth, by modifying the

arrangements of rhymes, and by adding a foot to the last line, which became an Alexandrine. This was a real metrical invention of high importance, and it has been claimed for Spenser that it is the only one which can be traced home to an English poet. It was little appreciated in Spenser's own age, or at least little and incorrectly imitated, but from the central years of the eighteenth century, when it was resuscitated by Akenside and Thomson, onwards to Tennyson and later, it was the characteristic metre of English romanice, to Byron, Shelley, and Keats, in particular, it proved irresistibly attractive. None of these poets have used it with more complete success than its founder, in whose hands its sinuous and voluptuous melody, so subtle, so long drawn, so majestic, presents to us something which is the very type and emblem of sustained poetic expression. The difficulty of handling this metre, especially in the group of four identical rhymes, is, however, greater than Spenser, who seems strangely breathless and hurried, can give himself time to overcome He constantly forces sound, sense, and grammar to the evigencies of rhyme, satisfied if, without positively tripping, he can close his stanza in a rich Alexandrine.

Before Spenser returned to Ireland, he pub lished in London a collection of nine of his miscellaneous poems, which appeared early in 1591 under the general title of Complaints these, Munopotmos, or the Fate of the Butterfly, had already been issued in 1500, this is a lyrical narrative of the loves of a winged fay, Clarion, treated with extreme delicacy and lightness of touch. The Ruins of Time is an exquisite series of elegies, prolonged in several measures, and closing with a lament for Sir Philip Sidney, who had died on the 17th of October 1586, which doubtless indicates the date of composition of the poem In The Tears of the Muses the poet calls upon Clio and her sisters to sing the degradation and sloth of England and her rulers in jeremiads which have little appropriateness or value beyond their verbal music, this is one of the poorest of Spenser's compositions Virgil's Gnat appears to be a very early production, touched up by the more practised hand of the poet just before publication, little is to be said regarding this fluent paraphrase. Vastly more important is Prosopopoia, or, as it is more usually named. 'Mother Hubbard's Tale' This sature, we are told by the poet himself, was 'long sithens composed in the raw conceit of my youth." It is interesting to see Spenser here deliberately competing with Chaucer Two central ideas run through ' Mother Hubbard's Tale,' it is a sarcastic picture of the English court, in its political conditions, and it is a satire of the contest proceeding between the Catholic and the Reformed Church under Elizabeth. It has been observed that Spenser's picture of society is obscured by his mability to touch life directly, Spenser must always be either romancing or allegorising

The rest of the miscellaneous volume entitled

the Complaints is taken up by four series of short pieces, mystical or allegorical, two of which are translated from Joachim du Bellax, one paraphrased from Petrarch, while one, Visions of the World's Vanity, seems to be substantially original Among the former are found the boyish sonnets of 1569, revised and republished to take their place among the maturer writings of the poet

Larly in 1502 (the date on the title page is 1501) Spenser published Daphnaida, an elegy in memo rial of Douglas Howard Gorges, the only daughter of Lord Bindon. This is a good example of his less personal manner in funereal poetry, sedate, fluent, and elegant, but too much taken up with the commonplaces of mortuary reflection to move the heart very deeply Indeed, there is little doubt that the composition of death poems of this class was part of the business of a professional Elizabethan poet, and not the least lucrative part. A knowledge of the deceased was not necessary, the family supplied the outlines on which the clegy was to be constructed, and the verse writer then built up his work around such a scriffolding The poet. in fact, was called in, as the sculptor or the painter might have been, and no charge of insincerity could be brought against the result of his labours Although the preface of Daphnaida is signed 'London, this first of January, 1591[2],' there is good reison to believe that Spenser had reached Ireland before the close of December

He resumed his duties as Clerk to the Council of the province of Munster Of his history during the next two years nothing is preserved was probably working, in the seclusion of his barbarous little pecl-tower of Kilcolman, on the remaining books of the Facrie Oucene 11th of June 1594 Edmund Spenser and Elizabeth Boyle were married in the Cathedral of Cork, by William Lyon, bishop of that diocese. Of the bride we may learn as much as the subsequently published Imorette and Epithalamion are inclined to tell us, for little more is known She bore him four, if not five, children, to two of whom he gave characteristically romantic names-Sylvanus, Laurence, Peregrine, Katherine It has been discovered that about the time of his marriage Spenser resigned the Clerkship of the Council to Sir Richard Boyle, a kinsman of his wife, and a family arrangement has been conjectured. unquestionably anxious to be free to visit England once more and see his later poems through the

Fo Sir Wilter Raleigh he had sent, immediately upon his arrival at Kilcolman in the winter of 1591, the MS of his Coine Cloud's Come Home Igain, but his friend refrained from printing it. It was published in 1595. This is one of the most vigorous, viried, and felicitous of Spenser's works, a record in exquisitely animated verse of ill that had happened to him, socially and spiritually, during the two years of brilhant awakening under Raleigh's protection. There is reason to suppose that Colin

Clout's Come Home Again did not pass to the press straight from Spenser's hands, for it contains a celebration of his old lost love Rosalind, which reads strangely as coming from the recent bride groom of Elizabeth Boyle. Probably the poem was printed, without his revision, from the old MS But we are not left in the same doubt regarding Spenser's next publication, Amorette and Epitha lamion, which was brought over from Kilcolman in the autumn of 1595 by Sir Robert Needham, and put safely in the hands of Ponsonby, the publisher, who brought it out in a tiny volume in November

This book was entirely devoted to a celebration of his married love. The Amoretti were the son nets, eighty eight in number, which he had composed during their courtship, while Lpithalamion was their marriage ode. The former were of the Petrarchan order, melodious and graceful, but dimmed to excess by the indefiniteness which was Spenser's great fault, and very rarely giving the reader that hold upon reality which is indispensable for the true enjoyment of poetry of this class On the other hand, *Lpithalamion* is perhaps Spenser's most perfect and most picturesque production, this poem glows with life and passion said long ago, 'I do not know any other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty, it is in intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure' This magnificent poem is a canzone of the Italian class, perhaps the most perfect in the English language, whether Spenser borrowed the form direct from Petrarch or was affected by some experiments of Sir Philip Sidney may be questioned It is enough to point out here that the style of Spenser is nowhere of so consummate a splendour as it is in the gorgeous strophes of Epithalamion

It is believed that Spenser returned to England towards the end of 1595, and that he brought with him the manuscript of the eccond part of the Faerie Queene, consisting of the fourth, fifth, and sixth This was published by Ponsonby in 1596, and continued the romance with the story of Cambel and Iritmond, or of Iriendship, that of Artegall, or of Justice, and that of Sir Calidore, or of Courtesy This was all that Spenser ever published of his great scheme, but it is certain that he proceeded further, for two cantos, the sixth and the seventh of 'some following book' of the Faerie Queene, were published in 1609 in the carliest folio These are known as the Cintos of Muta bility, and they are supposed to illustrate a legend of constancy In 1596 Spensor was a guest at the wedding of Elizabeth and Catherine, the daughters of the Earl of Worcester, and to this feast he contributed a 'spousal' odc, Prothalamion, which was privately printed by Ponsonby This same year saw the publication of his Four Hymnsin Honour of Love, in Honour of Beauty, of Heavenly Love and of Heavenly Beauty been claimed that these were among Spenser's earliest effusions, 'composed in the greener times

of my youth,' and these words are supposed particularly to affect the two earlier hymns. These are, doubtless, more mannered and less highly finished than the two later ones, but they greatly differ, as we now possess them, from what Spenser originally composed. 'Many copies' of the two Earthly Hymns, in their earlier form, 'were formerly scattered about,' but not one has hitherto been discovered.

When the poet issued his Four Hymns he was living at Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth had a palace. He was extremely active in the year 1596, doubtless availing himself of the fact that he was closer to London to publish the various miscellaneous effusions of the past years He printed .1strophel, an Arcadian elegy on Sir Philip Sidney's death, a subject which he had treated elsewhere with greater fervour. In this year, too, Spenser wrote his prose treatise, the View of Ireland, a statesman-like proposition for the 'thorough subjugation of that rebellious country,' which has been misunderstood by Celtic patriotism Spenser could not be expected to take a view in opposition to the queen whom he served and the Government with which he was associated, but his little book testifies to close and not unsympathetic study of the elements of Irish society as he saw it in those troubled years

Ireland was peculiarly unsettled when Spenser, probably in the opening weeks of 1597, returned to his home in Kilcolman On the 30th of September 1598 the poet was appointed Sheriff of Cork, and on this occasion the queen describes him in her letters as 'a gentleman dwelling in the county of Cork, who is so well known unto you all for his good and commendable parts, being a man endowed with good knowledge in learning, and not unskilful or without experience in the wars' Meanwhile the new rebellion under Tyrone was gathering to a head in secret, and in 1598 the wild Irish rose throughout Munster in the hope of regaining from the English Undertakers, of whom Spenser was-one, the lands of which they had been dis possessed. In October all the province of Munster was in the hands of the rebels Spenser was attacked in his peel tower, and had only just time to escape with his household before the whole of Kilcolman was in flames Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that Spenser's youngest child, a baby, perished in the fire got safe to Cork, where he joined the President, Sir Thomas Norris, who sent the poet to London with a despatch containing a first report of the rebellion Spenser arrived in England about the middle of the month of December 1598 State papers drawn up by the poet for the queen's guidance 'in the recovery of the realm of Ireland' were printed first by Dr Grosart in 1884, and are valuable biographically, as showing that Spenser was not overwhelmed by his misfortunes end, however, was startlingly near at hand the 16th of January 1599 he died in an inn at King Street, Westminster There was a very painful story of his having died in extreme indigence, from want of food, and Jonson reported that, as he was starving, 'he refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them'. It is also reported that he was buried at the expense of Lodowick Lloyd, the queen's serjeant-at-arms, a poetaster of the time. On the other hand, we hear from Camden that Essex paid for a public funeral at the Abbey, where the nobles and poets threw elegies, 'and the pens wherewith they had been written,' into the grave. A monument was raised in the Abbey by Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, in 1620

Spenser was early distinguished as the poet's poet, and through successive generations, even when there has seemed little sympathy between his ideas and those in vogue among his youthful admirers, he has exercised an extraordinary influence over enthusiastic and imaginative young men. In his own day a cluster of disciples gathered about his work, although it is possible that of his person they knew little or nothing Later on in the next century poets as unlike him as Cowley and Dryden acknowledged a lasting debt to him for stimulating their love of the poetic art. But we reach the most unlikely of the admirers of Spenser when we come to Pope, whose childhood was nourished on the Faerie Quiene, who scornfully accused Addison of criticising Spenser without having really read him, and who held up the great Elizabethan as one of the landmarks of our litera-Pope wrote, when he was twelve, an epic poem of Alcander, in which he tried to reproduce the beauties of the Faerie Queene When he was old he read Spenser's poems over again, and said that they gave him as much delight as they did when he was a child The list of the great English poets which Pope drew out began with the name of Spenser

This evidence of Pope's is of peculiar value, because of the diametrical opposition between the praiser and the praised in the technical character of their work. It shows that there is a peculiar quality of romance in the poetry of Spenser which is entirely independent of style and fashion, and naturally attracts all who are attracted, in whatever form, by the art of verse. After the classical period, and when romance came slowly back into fashion, it is no wonder that Spenser became again a favourite, or was imitated by such poets as Thomson, Collins, and Shenstone. With the complete revival of imagina tive literature in England he was closely identified, and we trace him strongly in Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, and, less obviously, in Byron the writings of Tennyson and even of Browning the Spenserian elements are clearly perceptible. Spenser, in short, has entered into the very blood and bones of our national poetry, and we are with him oftener than we are conscious of his presence. He is still our criterion of the romantic virtues,

of cardour and courtesy in a man, of dignified sweetness in a woman. His types are, without our realisation of the fact, the ideal portraits which we like to point to as those of the noblest specimens of our race and breed.

When we look broadly at the poetic work of Spenser, we find that the Faire Queene stands out so mussively that it dwarfs all his other achieve-Taking this glorious fragment, then, as representative of his power and quality, we see that the most prominent characteristic of Spenser is his intense conviction of the paramount importance No poet has ever lived in whom the of be tuty obsession of leveliness, in person and scenery, in thought and act, in colour and sound, in associa tion and instinct, was so constraining as it is in He is led by beauty as by a golden Spensor chain, and his work has the weaknesses inherent on a too persistent concentration of the mind on this particular species of harmony sublimity, he does not know the heightening power of austerity in treatment, he shrinks from all life that is not led in the mazes of an enchanted forest or by the lustral waters of an ocean cordingly, his statcliness and his fantastic pageant of the imagination have a certain unreality about them, which his migic is seldom quite intense chough to remove. His scenes are too spectacular and too phintasmal to give complete satisfaction to any but children and poets

It would be an error, however, to regard 'our sage and serious Spenser' as one who merely designed to unroll before our eyes a panorama of exquisite and dignified pictures of an incredible His extreme devotion to the principle of beauty did not preclude him from the aim of being 'a better teacher than Scotus or Agumas' It is true that the least pleasing parts of his great poem are those in which he strains most tightly his ethical or didactic purpose. Like many great teachers, he teaches best when his thoughts are least set on teaching. His studies of womanhood, extraordinary in their variety and subtlety, are living sources of education. Age after age our best youth has learned to adore the female virtues in this exquisite series of full length por-What could not be said of Una and Amoret, of Britomart and Belphabe, of Florincl and Screna. In these stainless and tender creations Spenser trught the wild men of his own age 'the rude rabblement' not less than the Sityranes and braggadochios of Elizabeth's 'salvage' court, to honour and submit to the inherent m yesty of woman, which, indeed, was at the sime time quaintly and artificially foreshidowed by the efiquette due from a gentleman in addressing the queen as a beautiful and perfect maiden, although to the gross outward eye she might seem to him old and harsh and ugh

Of Spender's treatment of the phenomena of the physical world much might be said. He excels in broad effects, he brings up before us

the illimitable wideness of great plains, the billow vastness of primeval forests, the world veiled in shadow, drowned in a blaze of sunshing, brooded over by the starry stillness of midnight. metre, so tense and delicate, becomes like an æolian harp as he describes the various movements of the air, from a light breeze to the very roar of tempest But, perhaps, most of all Spenser exercises his magic in rendering the sound and appearance of living waters-in sea, in lake, in river Even in the depths of the woodland his embodied virtues are never far from some glade down which the sound is heard of forming breakers or of silver Spenser's treatment of landscape can nowhere be more favourably studied than in the long drawn voluptuous scenes of Aciasia's Bower of Bliss in the second book of the Faerie Oucene, where we possess, combined in extraordinary full ness, his typical characteristics, his love of allc gorical presentment, the richness of his vision, his amazing fluency and melody of style, his Platonic elevation, and also his cardinal fault, his want of constructive resolution. We think of him at last, in face of all that is ineffectual and mistaken in his theory of poetry, as nevertheless one of the noblest figures in our poetical history clothed with romance as with a garment, he is an impressioned votrry of the loftiest imaginative purity, and he is one of the most lavish of those who have strewn at our fect the rubies of exquisite In the masque of the English poets Edmund Spenser rides on a white horse and blows a golden trumpet, the champion of beauty and Paladin of poets

April.

'Ye dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke Doe bathe your brest,

Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke, At my request

And che you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell, Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,

Helpe me to blaze Her worthy praise,

Which in her sexe doth all excell

Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,

That blessed wight,

The flowre of Virgins may slice florish long

In princely plight!

For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte, Which Pan, the shepheards God, of her begot

So sprong her grace Of heavenly race,

No mortall blemishe may her blotte

'Sec, where she sits upon the grassic greene, (O seemely sight!)

Yelad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,

And crimines white

Upon her head a Cremosin coronet, With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set

Bay leaves betweene And primroses greene,

Lmbellish the sweete Violet'

(From Int Shepherd's Calendar)

Una and the Red Cross Knight.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine, Yeladd in mightie armes and silver shielde, Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine, The crucil markes of many a bloody fielde, Yet armes till that time did he never wield His angry steede did chide his forming bitt, As much disdayning to the curbe to yield Full jolly knight he seemd, and taire did sitt, As one for I nightly guists and fierce encounters fitt

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador d
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad,
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave
And ever as he rode his hart did earne.
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladic rode him faire beside, Upon a lowly Asse more white than snow, Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide Under a vele, that wimpled was full low, And over all a blacke stole shee did throw As one that inly mournd, so was she sad, And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow, Seemed in heart some hidden care she had, And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad

So pure and innocent as that same lambe
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
I orwasted all their land, and them expeld,
Whom to avenge she had this knight from far compeld

I chind her farre awiy a Dwarfe did lag,
That laste ceind, in being ever last,
Or weared with bearing of her lag.
Of needments at his backet. Thus as they past.
The day with cloudes was suddenic overeast,
And anory Jove an indeous storme of rame.
Did poure in o his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert mgh at hand, A hadie grove not fur tway they spide, That promist ivide the tempest to withstand, Whose loftic trees, yelad with sommers pride, Did spred to broad, that heavens light did lide, Not perceable vith power of any starr And all within were pathes and alleres vide, With footing vorne, and leading inward farr Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred ar

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led, Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony, Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred, Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy, The styling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall, The vine propp Elme, the Poplar never dry, The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all, The Aspine good for staves, the Cyprese funerall,

The Laurell, meed of mightic Conquerours
And Poets sage, the I are that weepeth still
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Lugh, obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Marke sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seedom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way Untill the blustring storme is overblowne, When, weening to returne whence they did stray, They cannot finde that path, which first was showne, But wander too and fro in waies unknowne, Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene, That makes them doubt their wits be not their or ne So many pathes, so many turnings seene, That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been (From The Facile Quient Book neemed)

Acrasia's Bower of Bliss

The creative most daintie Paradise on ground. It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happinesse envice,
The punted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by,
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude And scorned partes were mingled with the fine). That nature had for wantonesse cusuale. Art, and that Art at nature did repline,. So striving each the other to undermine,. Lach did the others worke more heautify,. So differing both in willes agreed in fine. So all agreed, through sweete diversity. This Gardin to adome with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest sul stance that on earth might Lee,
So pure and shi iv that the silver flood
Through e ery channell running one might see,
Most goodly it with curious yinngetee
Was overwrought, an I shapes of nalled boyes,
Or which some seemd with lively jollitee
To the about, playing their wenton toyes,
Whyles others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all of purest go'd was spred
A travic of five in his native hew,
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That right who did not well avis'd it vew
Would surely deeme it to bee give trew
Lov his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample layer fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
An I those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, he car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight Above the waters, and then downe again. Her plong, as over may stered by might, Where both as hile would covered remaine, And each the other from to rise restraine. The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele, so through the christall waves appeared plaine. Then suddeinly both would themselves unfiele, and the amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele

As that fure Starre, the messenger of morne, His deavy face out of the sea doth reare, Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare Christalline humor dropped downe apace. Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare, And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace, His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton Maidens, him espring, stood Grein, while at his unwonted guise.
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood, Abo ht that her a strainger did axise.
But thother rather higher did arise, Aigh her two hilly paps aloft displayd, and all that might his inclining hart entyse. To fee delights she unto him bewared. The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made.

With that the offer like vise up arose, And her to re lockes, which formerly were bound Up in one knott, she low adowned did lose Which flowing loss and thick her clothed around, And the yeone in golden mantle gownd.
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was found.
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appear,
Their wanton meriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw, He much rebult those wandring eyes of his, and counseld well him forward thence did draw Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis, Of her fond favorites so named amis, When thus the Palmer 'Now, Sir, well avise, For here the end of all our traveill is Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise, Els she will ship away, and all our drift despise'

Estsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie care,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee
For all that pleasing is to living care
Was there consorted in one harmonee,
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet, Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made To th' instruments divine respondence meet, The silver sounding instruments did meet With the base murmure of the waters fall, The waters fall with difference discreet, Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call, The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee, Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing With a new Lover, whom through sorcered And witchcraft she from farre did thither bring There she had him now laid aslombering In secret shade after long wanton joyes, Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing Many faire Ladies and laser rous boyes, That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes

And all that v hile right over him she hong With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight, As seeking medicine whence she was stong Or greedily depasturing delight, And oft inchining downe, with kisses light For teare of waking him, his lips bedowd, And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright, Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd, Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay Ah' see, whose fayre thing doest frine to see, In springing flower the image of thy day Ah' see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee Doth first peope foorth with bashfull modestee, That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may Lo! see soone after how more bold and free Her bared bosome she doth broad display, Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls a "ay

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a Paramowre
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre,
Ga her the Rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou may at loved be with equal crime

(From The Faerie Queene, Book it canto xit.)

The Temple of Venus

'Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which furning all with frank ensence I found
And odours rising from the alters flame
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roofe up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with cro ones, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay,
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as

'An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lo ers vowes entire
And cke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
To both in jo, and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight,
For all the Priests vere damzels in soft hinnen dight

Right in the midst the God lesse selfe did stand Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Who— substance was uneath to understand hard For neither 1 retious atone, nor durefull brasse,
For shining bold, nor meuldring clay it was.
Put much more rire and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, an 1 like to christall glasse,
Yet glasse has not, if one did rightly deeme,
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme

'I ut it in shape and heautic did excell.
All other Idole is high the heathen adore,
Farre palling that which by surpassing skill.
I hidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in love yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore,
And both her feete and legs together twyred.
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast
combyned.

'And all about her necke and shoulders flev
A flocke of little loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple liew,
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terre triall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
The whilest their eldest brother was a vay,
Cupid their eldest brother, he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his last compels all creatures to obay

'And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaying,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disclaying,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently faying,
As every one had cause of good or ill
Amongst the rest some one, through Loses constraying
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill

""Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of prace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under "kie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne the place,
That with thy smyling looke doest pacific
The raging seas and maket the stormes to flic,
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And, when thou spredst th, mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and at the vorld shows joyous
cheare" (From Ine Faerie Queene Pock in canto x.)

Mutability

When I bethinke me on that speech shyleare exemple Of Mutabilitie, and well it way,

Me seemes that though she all unworthy were.

Of the Heavins Rule, yet, very moth to say,

In all things classific beares the greate to my.

Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle, in meture And lose of things so vaine to east away,

Whose floring pride, so fading and so fielde,

Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie,
For all that moveth doth in Change delight
But thence forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight
(From The Fiere Queue, Book vii, cano viii)

Spensor Visited by Walter Raleigh.

*One day (quoth he) I sat (as va, m, trale) Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hote, keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade. Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore, There a strainge shepheard channel to fir a neout, Whether allared with my pipes delight, Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about. Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right. Whom when I asked from what place he came, Ai d how he hight hunselte he did yele pe. The Shepheard of the Ocean 1, nam., And said he came far from the main can deeper.

He, saving me best to in that same shade,
Provo' ed me to plate some pleasant iit;
And vinea he heard if e musicke which I made,
He found himselfe tull greatly pleased at it
Vet, amuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
William plate the annuled of many,
And plated if ercon, (for well that skill he could,)
Himselfe as slitfall in that art as any
He piped, I sung, and, when he sung, I piped,
be chaunge of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped vie, until vie both were veery'

(From Colin Class' Con e Hime Agrin)

From 'Amoretti.'

Street is the Rose, but groves upon a brere,
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpe his bough,
Sweet is the Lalantine, but pricketh nere,
Sveet is the Firbloome, but his brunche is rough,
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill,
Sweet is the Broome flowre, but yet sowre enough,
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill—a mane herb of
So every sweet with source is tempred still,
That maketh it be covered the more
I or easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine!

From 'An Hymn of Heavenly Beauty'

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightic Spright! From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow, To shed into my breast some sparkling ligh Of thine eternal! Truth, that I may show Some little beames to mortall eyes below Of that immortall beautic, there with thee, Which in my weake distraighted mynd I see,

That with the gloric of so goodly sight.
The hearts of men, which fondly here admired in our seeming showes, and feed on vaine delight, from ported with celestiall desyre.
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer, and learne to love, with zealous humble devity, the eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie we wolf this have world, subject to fleshly eye, From thence to mount aboft, by order dew, To contemplation of th' immortall sky. Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly, That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath, fill he her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who let the greeful eyes to feed Wish start of the its fairs, looke on the frame Of the view of universe and therein read. The endlessed and of creatures which by name. Thou carat not count, much lesse their natures aime, All which a comade with wondross view respect, Aril all with admiration behalf edeckt.

First, the Earth, on a lamantine policis founded. At the Sen, enauth with his enlards, then the Aue sull flitting but yet firmely bounded.

On everie side, with pyles of flaming brinds, Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands, And, last, that mightic shining christall wall, Wherewith he hath encompressed this All

From the 'Epithalamion.'

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time, The Kosy Morne long since left Tithones bed, All ready to her silver coche to clyme. And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed. Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt they lates And carroll of Loves praise The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft. The I hrush replyes, the Mavis descant playes The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft, Redbreast So goodly all agree, with sweet consent, To this dayes merriment. Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long, When meeter were that ye should now awake, T' awayt the comming of your joyous make, And hearken to the birds love learned song. The deawy leaves among! Nor they of toy and pleasance to you sing, That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring

My love is now awake out of her dreames, And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams More bright than Hesperus his head doth reru-Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight, Helpe quickly her to dight But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night, Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot, And all that e er in this world is favre. Doe make and still repayre And ye three handmayds of the Cypnan Queene, The which doe still adorne her beauties pride, Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride And, as ye her array, still throw betweene Some graces to be seene. And, as yo use to Venus, to her sing, The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring

Not is my love all ready forth to come Let all the virgins therefore well awayt And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome, Prepare your selves, for he is comming strayt. Set all your things in scemely good aray, Fit for so joyfull day The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see Faire Sun! show forth thy favourable ray, And let thy lifull heat not fervent be, bledall For feare of burning her sunshyny face, Her beauty to disgrace. O fayrest Phochus! father of the Muse! If ever I did honour thee aright, Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight, Doe not thy servants sample boone refuse, But let this day, let thir one day, be myne, Let all the rest be thine. Then I thy soveragne prayees loud wil sing, That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud Their merry Musick that resounds from far, The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud. Fiddle That well agree withouten breach or jar But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite When they their tymbrels smyte, And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet, That all the sences they doe ravish quite, The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street, Crying aloud with strong confused noyce, As if it were one voyce, Hymen, 10 Hymen, Hymen, they do shout, That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill, To which the people standing all about, As in approvance, doe thereto applaud, And loud advaunce her laud, And evermore the, Hymen, Hymen sing, That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace, Lyke Phobe, from her chamber of the East, Arysing forth to run her mighty race, Clad all in white, that scemes a virgin best. So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene Some angell she had beene Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre, Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene, Doc lyke a golden mantle her attyre, And, being crowned with a girland greene, Seeme lyl e some mayden Queene. Her modest eyes, abashed to behold So many gazers as on her do stare, Upon the lowly ground affixed are, Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold, But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud, So farre from being proud. Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing, That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see So fayre a creature in your towne before, So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she, Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store? Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright, Her forchead yvory white, Her checkes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded, Her lips like cherryes charming men to byte, Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded, Her paps lyke lyllies budded, Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre, And all her body like a pallace fayre, Ascending up, with many a stately stayre, To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre. Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze, Upon her so to gaze, Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing, To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty,

There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will,
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your eccho ring

The New of the Present State of Ireland, 'discoursed by way of a dialogue betweene Eudoxus and Irenæus,' begins thus

Eudox But yf that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be see goodly and commodious a soyle, as ye report, I wonder that noe course is taken for the tourning thereof to good uses, and reducing of that savadge nation to better government and civilitye.

Iren Marry, soe there have beene divers good plottes devised, and wise counsells cast alleready about reformation of that realme, but they say, it is the fatall desteny of that land, that noe purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which whether it proceede from the very Genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Allmighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiett state still for some secrett scourdge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowen, but yet much to be feared

Spenser expounds at some length the melancholy fact that the earliest English settlers in Ireland became *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*

Iren The cheifest abuses which are nowe in that realme, are growen from the English that were, but are nowe much more lawless and licentious then the very wild Irish soe that as much care as was then by them had to reforme the Irish, soe much and more must nowe be used to reform them, soe much time doth alter the manners of men

Eudox That seemeth very straunge which you say, that men should soe much degenerate from theyr first natures as to growe wilde

Iren Soe much can libertye and ill example doe.

Eudox What libertye had the English there, more then they had heere at home? Were not the lawes plaunted amongest them at the first, and had not they governours to courbe and keepe them still in awe and obedience?

Iren They had, but it was, for the most part, such as did more hurte then good, for they had governours for the most part of themselves, and commonly out of the two howses of the Geraldins and the Butlers both ad versaryes and corryvalls one agaynst the other though, for the most parte, they were but as deputyes under some of the King of Englandes sonnes, brethren, or other neere kinsemen, whoe were the Kinges lieu tenauntes, yet they swayed soe much, as they had all the rule, and the others but the title Of which Butlers and Geraldins, albeit (I must confess) theye were very brave and woorthye men, as also of other the Peeres of that realme, made Lord Deputyes and Lord Justices at sundry times, yet thorough greatnes of their late conquests and seignories they grewe insolent, and bent both that regall authoritye, and also theyr private powers, one agaynst

another, to the utter subversion of themselves, and strengthening of the Irish agayne This ye may see playnly discovered by a letter written from the cittizens of Corl e out of Ireland, to the I arle of Shrewsbury then in England, and remayning yet upon record, both in the Foure of London, and also amongest the Chronicles of Wherein it is by thein complained, that the Irclan.i English Lords and Gentlemen, who then had great pos essions in Ircland, beganne, through pride and insolutione, to make private warres one against another, and when either parte was weake they would wage and dray e in the Irish to take theyr parte, by which meanes they both greatlie encouraged and enabled the Irish, which till that time had bene shutt up within the Moun tayne of Slewloghir, and weakened and disabled them selves, insoemuch that theyr revenues were wonderfully impayred, and some of them, which are there reckoned to have bene able to have spent 12 or 13 hundred poundes per annum, of old rent, (that I may say noe more) besides they commodities of creekes and havens. were nowe scarce able to dispend the third part which disorder, an other huge calamitye came upon them, as that, they are nowe growen to be allmost as lewde as the Irish I meane of such English as were planted above toward the West, for the English Pale hath preserved it self, through neereness of their state, in reasonable civilitye, but the rest which dwell above Consught and in Mounster, which is the sweetest soyle of Ireland, and some in Leinster and Ulster, are degenerate, and growen to be as very patchockes [clowns, boors] as the wild Irish, yea and some of them have quite shaken of theyr English names, and put on Irish that they might be alltogither Irish

Yet, though taking a somewhat pessimist view of Irish polity and Irish character in these distracted times, Spenser, as Irenaus, says

I have heard some greate warriours say that, in all the services which they had seene abroide in forrayne countreys, they never sawe a more comely horseman then the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge neither is his manner of mounting unseemely, though he wante stirrops, but more ready then with stirrops, for in his getting up his horse is still going wherby he gayneth way

And when Eudovus asks about the bards

fell me (I pray you) have they any arte in theyr compositions? or be they any thing wittye or well savoured, as Poems should be? [Ireneus answers.]

Yea truly, I have caused diverse of them to be trans lated unto me that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweete with and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye yet were they sprinckled with some prety flowers of theyr owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and combiness unto them.

For dates of the first publication of Spenser's separate works have been given in the coarse of the narrative. The Faeric Queene was completed in the books in 1.96, the earliest edition in folio i that of 1600. Spen er's withis were first collected in 1611 and 2, annual 17 with a late. During the last two conturnes the editions lave been innumerable after Clobe edition (1393) is the most comparation, Dr. Grosaits (10 vols. 1232-24) the most copious. The Lewing ray by of Spenser 1 still that published by Dean K. W. Church in 1372.

FDMUND GOSSE

Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the mos bulliant and heroic of the great men who adorned the reign of Elizabeth Ralegh, Rauleygh, and Rauley, other spellings used by himself, show how the name was pronounced. He was born in 1552, at Hayes manor, near Sidmouth in Devon of an ancient family, and from his youth wa distinguished by great intellectual acuteness, bu still more by a restless and adventurous dispo Having studied awhile at Oriel College Oxford, he became a soldier at seventeen, fough for the Huguenot cause in the civil wars of France and in 1578 joined a luckless expedition of his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in quest o the 'Unknown Goal' In 1580 he went to Ireland with a hundred soldiers to act against the rebels He took part in the massacre on 10th November of six hundred Spaniards and Italians from the fort of Smerwick, and in all his movements showed vigour and ability and no scruples He remained in Ireland until December 1581, when we find hin receiving £20 for carrying despatches from Colone Zouch to the queen, with the aid of a handsome person and winning address, he soon became a special favourite with Elizabeth The energy dis played in suppressing the rebellion of Desmond brought Raleigh a grant of part of the forfeited property—ultimately extended to 40,000 acres, i would seem, and he had the 'farm of wines' and In 1584 he was a license to export broadcloth knighted, in 1585 he became Lord Warden of the Stannaries and Vice Admiral of Devon and Corn wall, and in 1585-86 he sat in parliament for In 1584 he joined in an adventure for the discovery and settlement of unknown countries With the help of his friends, two ships were sen out in quest of gold mines to that part of North America of which a section still retains the name Virginia, conferred by Queen Elizabeth, but The R deigh himself was not with these vessels commodities brought home by them produced so good a return that the owners were induced to fit out, for the next year, another ficet of seven ships, under the command of Raleigh's cousin Sir Richard Grenville. The attempt made to colonise America proved an utter failure, and after a second trial in 1587 the enterprise was given up The second expedition is said to have been the means of introducing tobacco into England, and also of making known the potato, which was first cultivated on Ralcigh's land in Ireland. On these expeditions he spent £40,000, but acquired a right to be regarded as the first Englishman who seriously aimed at creating a Greater England over-seas, the father of British colonial enterprise. When visiting his Irish estates Raleigh formed

When visiting his Irish estates Raleigh formed or renewed with Spenser an acquaintance which ripened into intimate friendship. He introduced the poet to Elizabeth, and otherwise benefited him by his patronage and encouragement, for which favour Spenser acknowledged his obligation in

Colin Clout's Come Home Igain, where Raleigh is celebrated under the title of the 'Shepherd of the Ocean,' and also in a letter to him, prefixed to the Faerie Queene, explaining the plan ind design of that poem Raleigh's famous tract on the Fight about the Isles of the Azores, which inspired Tennyson's noblest war lyric, appeared in 1591 In 1592 he prepared a new expedition to seize the Spinish treasure-ships, but his doting mistress forbade him to sail with the fleet. Now he fell

into disgrace, Elizabeth having discovered his in trigue with one of her maids of honour, Bessy Throgmorton (whom he afterwards married), and Elizabeth sent both culprits to the lower, where Raleigh was confined several months So carly as 1593 R ileigh had contemplated a voyige to Guinna, ind in 1595 he undertook, at his own expense, an expedition to this region, concern ing the riches of which many wonderful talus were then cur-Hc took rent. formal possession of the country in the queen's name, and after

coming back to England, he published, in 1596, i Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Gutana-1 work Hume, following the sneering judgments of Raleigh's worst enemies, character used as full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind' Subsequent explorers of Venezuel (part of Raleigh's 'Gurina') have proved his substantial accuracy In the same year we find him holding a command in the expedition against Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex and Lord Effingham In the successful attack on that town, his bravery as well as prudence, was very conspicuous. In 1597 he was rear admiral in the expedition which sailed under Essex to intercept the Spanish West India fleet, and by capturing Figul, one of the Azores, before the arrival of the commander in chief give great offence to the 1 (1594-1612).

Earl, who considered himself robbed of the glory of the action. A temporary reconciliation was effected, but Raleigh ifterwards heartily joined with Cecil in promoting the downfill of Essex, and was a spectator of his execution from a window in the Armoury. On the accession of James I in March 1603, Raleigh's prosperity was at an end. Cecil naturally promoted his own supporters, Raleigh's friends fell from power, and he himself was deprived of his offices. He may have done and

burs indiscreet things at a dinsecrous time. He vas accused of conspiring to de 'trone the king and place the crown on the hend of Arabella tuart, as also Dbring in popery and put England 11 the power of Spain After his arrest, he attempted suicide in the Tower I ried for treason Lefore a commis-Jon comprising Cecil, the Earls of Suffoll and Devon, the Chief Justice, and others, he was condemned to a traitors death on very inadequate evidence, mainly that of Lord Cob him, himself al ready convicted of treason Edward Coke



SIR WALFLR RALEIGH
From the Portrait by Zucharo in the National Portrait Callery

('Coke upon-Littleton'), who was then attorneygeneral, abused Raleigh during the trial in violent and disgraceful terms, bestowing upon him such epithets as viper, damnable atheist, the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived, monster, and spider of hell! Raleigh defended himself with such temper, acuteness, and eloquence that some even of his enemies were convinced of his innocence, and all parties were ashamed of the judgment pronounced. He was reprieved on the scaffold, his sentence being commuted to perpetual imprisonment, and for six of the twelve and a half years during which he was confined in the Tower his wife was permitted to bear him company. During his imprisonnent he wrote his H story of the World, encouraged b, the sympathy and friendship of Prince Henry

In 1616 Le was liberated through his having projected a second expedition to Guiana, from which the king hoped to derive some profit. His purpose was to colonise the country and work gold mines, and in 1617 a fleet of twelve armed He made vessels sailed under his command formal - but obviously impracticable - promises not to molest the dominions of the King of Spain, for the gold mine he proposed to work was certainly on Spanish territory Storms, disease, descrition, deaths in encountering Spanish hostility (Raleigh's elder son, Walter, being one of the slain), miscrably thwarted the expedition Returning to England, Raleigh landed at Plymouth, and on his way to London was betrayed by his cousin, Sir Lewis Stukeley, and arrested in the king's name. At this time the projected match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain occupied James's attention, and, to propitiate the Spanish Government, he determined that Rileigh should be sacrificed. He damaged his defence before Bacon and a commission by equivocations and contradictory statements, he had many enemies who denounced him as proud, covetous, unscrupulous, it was decided to proceed upon the old sentence of 1603, and Raleigh was accordingly beheaded at Whitehall on the 29th of October 1618 On the scaffold his behaviour was firm and calm, after addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, and touching the edge, said with a smile, 'This gives me no fear. It is a sharp and fur medicine to cure me of all my diseases' Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand, 'and then, fear not, but strike home" He laid himself down, but being re quested to alter the position of his head, said, 'What matter how the head he, so the heart be right?' On the signal being given, the executioner fuled to act promptly, and Raleigh asked, 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man" By two strokes received vithout shrinking, the head of that great Englishman was severed from his body

Strange that the two most conspicuous and many-sided Englishmen of their time should both have fallen from fortune so c damitously as Raleigh and Bacon, and in both cases the fall was partly due to inherent faults of temper and character Raleigh was, as Mr Stebbing has said, 'poet, st itesman, courtier, schemer, patriot, soldier, sailor, frecooter, discoverer, colonist, castle builder, historian, philosopher, chemist, prisoner, and visionary' He vas wonderfully gifted, gallant, fearless, enterprising, but he was also in his lifetime the best hated man in England, and though political rancour and envi at his glory grossly evapperated his defects of character, he was aggressivel self-confident, overweeningly ambitions self-seeling and grasping, regardless of others, and at times unscrupulous. The re-ulsion of feeling in his favour that folloaced on his death

was partly due to increasing dislike of the king and dynasty, whose victim he was believed to have been. In his poems and books his best characteristics rather than his worse are reflected—his learning, his originality, his energy, his dignity, his masterly command of the mothertongue as of all his tools. He seems to have really written these lines with the snuft of a candle the night before he died

Cowards may fear to die, but courage stout, Rather than live in snuff, will be put out

His works lend no countenance to the tradition that he was an atheist, their devout tone makes it even difficult to believe that he was a sceptic at heart 'Atheist' was long a term of reproach for all freethinkers, but universal rumour makes it certain that his house was a meeting-place for men who at least treated religious questions with a freedom then regarded as eminently suspicious. Marlowe (see pages 326, 350) may have been a member of this coterie, which Parsons the Jesuit called a 'school of Atheism'

The following verses, like several other short poems, are said to have been composed the night before his execution, it seems certain that they were 'found in his Bible in the Gate house at Westminster, 1618'

Lven such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

W R.

While in prison in expectation of death, either on this or the former occasion, he wrote also a tender and affectionate valedictory letter to his wife, of which the following is a portion

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines, my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess, let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me, which, though they have not tal en effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less, but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseach you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help my miscrable fortunes, and the right of your poor child, your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust

Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but, God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it, for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a

true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mis shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much—God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep—and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherborne or Exeter Church, by my father and mother 1 I can say no more, time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell, bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in His arms.

¹ [He was buried in the chancel of St Margarets, Westminster, but his w fe preserved his head in a red leather bag till her death in 1547]

Raleigh's short poems are excellent. He was more a man of action, of roving and adventurous spirit, than of poetic contemplation, but he had a daring and brilliant imagination, with a Shakespearian energy of thought and condensed felicity of expression. His long imprisonment turned his mind inward on itself, and tamed the wild fire of erratic hopes and ambitions Spenser's allusions to his friend's poetical genius are well known, and Raleigh repaid the compliment by his beautiful sonnet on the Faerie Queune One lost poem of Raleigh's, Cynthia, in praise of Queen Elizabeth, was only known through Spenser's mention of it, till part of it was published by Dr Hannah in 1885 There is no doubt that the following beautiful verses are by Raleigh, but some have been claimed for various contemporary writers

On Passions.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb,
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart, The ment of true passion, With thinking that he feels no smart That sues for no compassion,

Since if my plaints serve not to approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from excess of love,
But from excess of duty

For knowing that I sue to serve A saint of such perfection, As all desire, but none deserve, A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing,
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing

Thus those desires that aim too high For any mortal lover, When reason cannot make them die, Discretion doth them cover Yet when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words though ne'er so witty,
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart '
My true though secret passion,
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

A Vision upon this Conceit of the 'Faerie Queene.'

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn, and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

Lines prefixed to Gorges' 'Lucan,' 1614.

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,

He had been too unworthy of thy pen,
Who never sought nor ever cared to climb
By flattery or seeking worthless men.
For this thou hast been bruised, but yet those scars
Do beautify no less than those wounds do,
Received in just and in religious wars,
Though thou hast bled by both, and bear'st them too.
Change not ' to change thy fortune 'tis too late
Who with a manly faith resolves to die
May promise to himself a lasting state,
Though not so great, yet free from infamy
Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate,
Nature thy muse like Lucan's did create.

The Pilgrimage.

Give me my scallop shell of quiet, My staff of faith to walk upon, My scrip of joy, immortal diet, My bottle of salvation, My gown of glory, hope's true gage, And thus I ll take my pilgrimage! Blood must be my body's balmer, No other balm will there be given. Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer, Travelleth towards the land of Heaven. Over the silver mountains Where spring the nectar fountains There will I kiss The bowl of bliss, And drink mine everlasting fill Upon every milken hill. My soul will be a-dry before,

But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day, More peaceful pilgrims I shall see, That have east off their rags of clay, And walk apparelled fresh like me. I ll take them first To avench their thirst. And taste of nectar suckets It those clear wells Where sweetness dwells Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets. And when our bottles and all we Are filled with immortality, Then the blest paths we'll travel. Strewed with rubies thick as gravel-Culings of diamonds sapplier floors, High walls of coral and pearly bowers. From thence to heaven's bribeless hall, Where no corrupted voices brawl. No conscience molten into gold No forged accuser bought or sold, No cause deferred, no vain spent journey, For there Christ is the King's Attorney, Who pleads for all without degrees, And He hath angels but no fees, And when the grand twelve million jury Of our sins, with direful fury, 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give, Christ pleads His death, and then we live. Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader, Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder ! Thou giv'st salvation even for alms, Not with a bribed lawyer's pulms. And this is mine eternal plea To Him that made heaven, earth and sea, That since my flesh must die so soon, And want a head to dine next noon, Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread, Set on my soul an everlasting head! Then am I ready, like a palmer fit, To tread those blest paths which before I writ. Of death and judgment, heaven and hell, Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

The Pilgrin age is supposed to have been written by Raleigh in 1603, in the interval between his condemnation and his respite. One of the finest of Raleigh's poems is an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, appended to Spenser's Astrophel, and published without signature, but quoted as Raleigh's, in 1591 We give the first three of the fifteen verses. The versincation even more than the elegiac tone suggests a comparison with Tennyson's In Memoriam

On Sir Philip Sidney

To praise the life, or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit—thy wit high, pure, divine—
Is far beyond the power of mortal line,
Nor any one bath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal (though poor in learning's lore),
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life suppressed—
Thy dear life done—and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising san hath sought, seldom
With words and tears now sail thy timeless fate.

The 'bold and spirited poem' of The Lie is traced in manuscript to 1593, but first appeared in print in the second edition (1608) of Davison's Poetical Rhapsody. It has been assigned to various authors, but on Raleigh's side there is good evidence besides the internal testimony. Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's lifetime, ascribe it to him, and two manuscript copies of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of Sir IValler Wrawly his Lye

The Lie

errand

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the he.

Say to the court it glows
And shines like rotten wood,
Say to the church it shews
What's good, and doth no good
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the he.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the he

Tell men of high condition
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust,
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lice.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how it falters
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the he.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness,
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie-

Tell physic of her boldness. Tell skill it is pretension, Tell charity of coldne.s, Tell law it is contention. And as they do reply, So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness. Tell nature of decay, Tell friendship of unkindness, Tell justice of delay And if they will reply. Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness, But vary by esteeming, Tell schools they want profoundness, And stand too much on seeming If arts and schools reply, Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city, Tell how the country erreth, Tell manhood shakes off pity, Tell virtue least preserreth And if they do reply, Spare not to give the he

So when thou hast, as I Commanded thee, done blabbing, Although to give the lie Deserves no less than stabbing, Yet stab at thee who will, No stab the soul can kill

Raleigh's Nymph's Reply to Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd will be found in the section on Marlowe, page 353

> Where glory recommends the grief Despair disdains the healing-

is a well known quotation from his Silent Lover During the twelve years of his imprisonment, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the chief portion of his works, especially the History of the World, of which only a part was finished, the six books comprehending the period from the Creation to the downfall of the Macedonian empire, about 170 BC. This was published in 1614. The acquirements of Raleigh-who, in the words of Hume, 'being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives'-justly excited much admiration, but, it is to be remembered, the historian was aided by the contributions of his learned friends. Ben Jonson told Drummond that Raleigh 'esteemed more fame than conscience The best wits in England were employed in making his history' Ben himself had 'written a piece to him of the Punic war, which he altered, and set in his book.' According to another contemporary, a still more important helper was Dr Robert Burrel [Burhill or Burghill], rector of Northwold, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Raleigh, and had been his chaplain

Walter's History, for criticisms, chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, was performed by him,' but the design and composition of the work were Raleigh's own The historical lore is now antiquated and useless, the method is wholly that of a compiler, not of a scientific historian, large sections of the history are uninspired and tedious to a degree But a thousand asides and excursuses illustrate Raleigh's genius and powerful personality, and his profound and varied knowledge of men and experience of the world, with a wealth of apt and witty illustrations, give a perennial charm to this most extraordinary product of prison life.

Both in manner and in matter, the History is vastly superior to all the English historical productions which had as yet appeared though frequently clumsy and awkward, and abounding in immensely long and lumbering sentences, is freer than that of any contemporary writer from euphuisms or fantastic conceits, and is usually dignified and often majestic. The preface announces very forcibly the responsibility of rulers, and expressly attacks Henry VIII, and the history everywhere deals severely with the tyranny and injustice of kings James naturally thought it 'too saucy in censuring the acts of kings,' and the book was suppressed for a time. Raleigh's ideal was the benevolent despotism of an oligarchy, he was essentially aristocratic in his attitude towards 'the rabble.' Other writings of Raleigh's captivity were The Prerogative of Parliaments, The Cabinet Council, published by Milton in 1658, and Three Discourses, that on war being one of his most perfect pieces of writing The Aavice to his Son contains much admirable counsel, sometimes tinctured, indeed, with that worldliness and suspicion which the writer's hard experience had strengthened in a mind naturally disposed to self interest. Points on which he advises his son are the choice of friends and of a wife, flattery, quarrels, preservation of estate, choice of servants, the eschewing of evil ways of seeking riches, drunkenness, and the service of God Our first prose extracts are from the *History*

The Uncertainty of Human Happiness

If we truly examine the difference of both conditions, to wit, of the rich and mighty, whom we call fortunate, and of the poor and oppressed, whom we account wretched, we shall find the happiness of the one and the miserable estate of the other so tied by God to the very instant, and both so subject to interchange (witness the sudden downfall of the greatest princes, and the speedy uprising of the meanest persons), as the one hath nothing so certain, whereof to boast, nor the other so uncertain, whereof to bewail itself. For there is no man so assured of his honour, of his riches, health, or life, but that he may be deprived of either or all the very next hour or day to come Quad vesper vehat, incertum est 'What the evening will bring with it, it is uncertain' 'And yet ye carnot tell' (south S James) 'what shall be 'All, or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir I to-morrow To day he is set up, and to-morrow he

shall not be found, for he is turned into dust, and his purpose perisheth.' And although the air which compasseth adversity be very obscure, yet therein we better discern God than in that shining light which environeth worldly glory, through which, for the clearness thereof, there is no vanity which escapeth our sight And let adversity seem what it will, to happy men, ridiculous, who make themselves merry at other men's misfortunes, and to tho c under the cross, grievous yet this is true, that for all that is past, to the very instant, the portions remaining are equal to either. For be it that we have lived many years, 'and' (according to Salomon) 'in them all we have rejoiced,' or be it that we have measured the same length of days, and therein have evermore sorrowed yet, looking back from our present being, we find both the one and the other, to wit the joy and the woe, sailed out of sight, and death, which doth pursue us and hold us in chace from our infancy, hath gathered it Que juid atatis retro est mors tenet 'Whatsoever of our age is past, death holds it' So as whosoever he be to whom I ortune hath been a servant and the Time a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past), and truly examine what it hath reserved, either of Beauty and Youth, or foregone delights, what it hath saved, that it might last, of his dearest affections, or of whatever else the amorous Spring time gave his thoughts of content ment, then unvaluable, and he shall find that all the Art which his elder years have, can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions, than heavy, secret, and sad sighs He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows which grow up after our fast springing youth, overtake it when it is at a stand, and overtop it utterly when it begins to wither insomuch as looking back from the very instant time and from our now being, the poor, diseased, and captive creature hath as little sense of all his former miscrics and pains, as he that is most blessed in common Opinion hath of his forepast pleasures and delights. For whatsoever is east behind us is just nothing, and what is to come, deceitful hope hath it Отта дих entura sunt in incerto jacent. Only those few black Swans I must except, who, having had the grace to value worldly vanities at no more than their own price, do, by retaining the comfortable memory of a well acted life, behold death without dread, and the grave without fear, and embrice both, as necessary guides to endless glory

(From the Preface to the History)

The Battle of Thermopylæ

After such time as Xerxes had transported his army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace (leaving the description of his passage along that Coast, and how the River of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the Lake near to Pissyrus by his cattel, with other accidents in his marches tov ards Greece), I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. As first at Thermopyle, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground lying be ween the mountains which divide Thesaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a will with gates, which is then for the most part ruined At the entrane Leonidas one of the lings of Sparta, with three hundred Laced emonian, assisted with one thousand lege it and Mantineans, one thousand Arcadians, and other beloponnessins, to the number of three thousand one handred in the v hote, basides one thousand Phoeians,

four hundred Thebans, seven hundred Thespians, and all the forces (such as they were) of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge Army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that in the first dayes fight Nerves is said to have three times leaped out of his Throne, fearing the destruction of his Army by one handful of those men, whom not long before he had utterly despised, and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a runagate Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his Army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the Straits. But when the most valuant of the Persian Army had almost enclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did I couldrs, King of the Lacedamonians, with his three hundred and seven hundred Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only rusist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Verves, having lost in this last fight, together with twenty thousand other Soldiers and Captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might be fall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was Especially of the Spartans he stood in great to deal fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneces the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian Arrows was so thick as would hide the Sun, he answered thus 'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade' (Book in chap. 6)

English Valour and English Cross-bows

All that have read of Cressi and Agincourt will bear me witness, that I do not alledge the Battel of Poictiers for lack of other as good examples of the Linglish Vertue the proof whereof hath left many a hundred better marks in all quarters of France, than ever did the valour of the If any man impute these Victories of ours to the long bow, as carrying farther, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the I rench Cross bow, my answer is ready that in all these respects, it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superiour to the Musket, yet is the Musket a weapon of more use. The Gun and the Cross bow are of like force when discharged by a Boy or Woman, as when by a strong man, Weakness, or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long Bow unservice able. More particularly, I say, that it was the custome of our ancestors to shoot for the most part pointblank, and so shall he perceive that vill note the circumstances of almost any one Battel I his takes away all objection. for when two Armies are within the distance of a Butts length, one flight of Arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it in general true, that the long Bow reacheth farther, or that it pierceth more strongly than the Cross bow But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon can be grounded no common rule. If any man shall asl, how then came

it to pass that the English wan so many great battels, having no advantage to help him? I may, with lest commendation of modesty, refer him to the French Historian, who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a Bridge in face of the Enemy, useth these words 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain every where, without any stay, he forceth our guard placed upon the Bridge to keep the passage' [John de Serres] Or I may cite another place of the same Author, where he tells how the Britons, being invaded by Charles the Eighth, king of France, thought it good policy to apparel a Thousand and five Hundred of their own men in English Cassocks, hoping that the very sight of the English red cross would be enough to terrific the French But I will not stand to borrow of the Trench Historians (all which, excepting De Serres and Paulus Lmilius, report wonders of our Nation) the proposition which first I undertook to main tain, That the military virtue of the English, prevailing against all manner of difficulties, ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded, Why then did not our kings finish the conquest, as Cæsar had done? my answer may be (I hope without offence), that our I mgs were like to the Race of Lacide, of whom the old Poet Ennius gave this note Bellipstentes sunt mage quam sapientipotentes 'They were more war like than politic.' Who so notes their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a Conquerour, save only King Henry the Fifth, the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death

(Book v chap r)

On Ambition and Death.

By this which we have already set down is seen the beginning and end of the three first Monarchies of the World, whereof the Founders and Liceters thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the Field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the World. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had, the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another, her Leaves shall fall off, her Limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous Nations enter the field, and cut her down

I or the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the Kings and Princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great They are always trans Ones which preceded them ported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it, but they follow the counsel of Death upon his fir t approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promise, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed, God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred "I have considered," saith bolomon, all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit,' but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death

which opening the Conscience of Charles the Fifth made him enjoin his Son Philip to restore Navarre, and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a Glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death ' whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded, what none have dared, thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised, thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hie jucet'

(Conclusion of the History, Book v chap 1)

The last paragraph is usually accounted its author's most eloquent, just, and mighty utterance. Raleigh's contemporary 'report on the truth of the fight about the Iles of the Azores, this last sommer betwint the Revenge, one of Her Maiestic's Shippes, and an Armida of the King of Spaine,' has acquired new interest from Tennyson's magnificent verse rendering of the story

After the Revenge was intangled with this Philip. foure other boorded her, two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that evening But the great San Philip having received the lower tire of the Revenge, discharged with crosschir shot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred, but wee cannot report it for truth, unlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the Marriners, in some five, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all beside the Marriners, but the servants of the commanders and some fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only After many enter changed voleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the Rev n is and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe, into their owne shippes or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the Garge Nob'e of London, having received some shot thorowher by the Armados, fell under the Lee of the Recenge, and asked Syr Richard what he would command him, being lut one of the victulers and of small force. Svr An and bot him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada and the Admirall of the Hulkes both surke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Ri Fard vas vene dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the

fight, and late speechlesse for a time ere he recovered But two of the hearings owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the flandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others, afterned that he was never so wounded as that her forsooke the upper decke, til an houre before midnight, and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as her was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgion younded to death

Put to return to the fight the Spanish ships which attempted to board the Reing, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places. she having never lesse then two mightie Gallions by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clocke the day before, there had fifteene severall Armados assauled her, and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day far more willing to harken to a composition then hastily to make any more assaults or entrics. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts for none appeared in fight but enemies, saving one small ship called the Pilsrin, commanded by Iacob Il middon, who hovered all night to see the successe but in the morning bearing with the Recense, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escapul.

All the posider of the Revence to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hart. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundreth free fro n sicknes, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army those hundred all was sustained, the volets, bourdings, and entrings of fifteene shippes of warre, besides those which best her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from everie all maner of Annes and pouder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons, the mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogether rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the vene foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight Syr Richard finding himselfe in this dis or defence tresse, and unable anic longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteene houres fight, the assault of fifteene severall Armadoes all by tornes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie besides manic assaults and entries, and that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemie, who were now all east in a ring round about him, the herenge not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea, com manded the muster Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe, that thereby nothing might remaine of glone or victoric to the Spiniard, seeing in so manic houres fight, and with so great i Ni ie they were not able to take her, having had fifteene houres time tifteene thousand men, and fiftic and three sule of men of warre to performe it withall. And persuaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God and to the nerce of none els, but as they had like valiant resolute men repul ed to manie enimies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres or a few daies. maister Gunner readilite condescended and divers others. but the Captaine and the Maister were of an other opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to enter taine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same and that there being diverse sufficient and valunt men yet hving, and whose woundes were not mortall. they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable service hereafter And (that where Sir Richard had alleaged that the Spaniards should never gloric to have taken one shippe of her Maiesties, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended them selves) they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needes sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as she could never be removed out of the place

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons the maister of the Recenge (while the Captaine wan unto him the greater party) was convoyde aborde the Generall Don Alfonso Bassan Who finding none over hastic to enter the Revenge againe, doubting least S Archard would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiv ing by the report of the maister of the Recenge his daungerous disposition yeelded that all their lives should be saved, the companie sent for England, and the better sorte to pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well as I have saide, for feare of further losse and mischiefe to them selves, as also for the desire hee had to recover Sir Richard Grinvile, whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safetic of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir Richard and the maister Gunner, being no hard matter to diswade men from death to life. The maister Gunner finding him selfe and Sir Aichaid thus prevented and maistered by the greater number, would have slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben Then the Generall sent manie boates abord the Revenze, and diverse of our men fearing Sir Richards disposition, stole away abound the Generall and other shippes Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alonso Bassan to remove out of the Recenge, the shippe being marvellous unsaverie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his bodic what he list, for he esteemed it not, and us he was carried out of the shippe he swounded, and reviving againe desired the companie to pray for him Generall used Sir Richard with all humanitic, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly be wuled the daunger wherein he was, beeing unto them a rire spectacle, and a resolution sildome approved, to see one ship turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of so many huge Armides, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers.

Syr Richard died, as it is said, the second or third

day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the sea or on the lande wee know not the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour

It is not Raleigh that gives the dying sailor's speech, so admirably adapted by Tennyson, but the Dutch traveller Jan Huygen van Linschoten (1563–1611), who at the time of the battle was at Terceira (seventy miles from Flores), on his return voyage from India. He published in Dutch an account of his voyage to and from India immediately after his return, and an English translation appeared in 1598 Mr Arber has printed his account of the engagement along with Raleigh's and Gervase Markham's metrical rendering of it. One paragraph from Linschoten is as follows

He was borne into the ship called the Saint Paule, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet, Don Alouso de Barsan there his woundes were drest by the Spanish Surgeons, but Don Alonso himselfe would neither see him, nor speake with him all the rest of the Captaines and Gentlemen went to visite hym, and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondring at his courage and stout hart, for that he shewed not any signe of faintnes nor changing of colour But feeling the hower of death to approch, hee spake these wordes in Spanish, and said Here die I Richard Greenfield, with a joyfull and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my soule most joyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leave behinde it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bound to doe. When he had finished these or such other like words, hee gave up the Ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any true signe of heavinesse in him

An edition of the Works was published at Oxford in 1829, with the Lives by Oldys (1736) and Birch (1751) prefixed. The story of the Revenge we have given substantially as in Mr Arber's reprint (1871) the extracts from the History are from the 1614 edition. Sir E. Brydges edited the poems in 1814, and Hannah in 1835 and there is a bibliography by Brushfield (1836). Recent re earch has proved that many of the poems and prose pieces once attributed to Raleigh are not his. There are Lives by Cayley (1805) Tytler (1833) Mrs Thoinson (1830) Kingsley (Miccellinute 1836), Edwards (1868) St John (1865.) Mrs Creighton (1877) Gosse (1886), Stebbing (1892) and Hume (1868). For Raleigh's trial see Howell's State Trials or H L. Stephen's selection therefrom (1899) and for the atheism attributed to Raleigh Marlowe and others, see the edition of kyd's works by Mr Boas (1900).

John Lyly, author of Euphues and dramatist, was born in the Weald of Kent about 1554. He went to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, and graduated M.A. in 1575, as at Cambridge in 1579. He petitioned Queen Elizabeth in vain that he might be appointed Master of the Revels, but Lord Burghley gave him a post in his household. In 1589 he took part in the Martin Marprelate controversy, and incurred the enmity of Gabriel Harvey, who described him in Pierce's Supererogation (1593) as 'a mad lad as ever

twang'd, never troubled with any substance of witt or circumstance of honestie, sometime the fiddle-sticke of Oxford, now the very bable of London.' He was returned for Hindon to parliament in 1589, for Aylesbury in 1593, for Appleby in 1597, and again for Aylesbury in October 1601 The precise date of his death is not known, but he was buried in London on the 30th of November 1606

The first part of Lyly's famous romance, Euphnes, the Anatomy of Wit, was published in the spring of 1579, the second, Euphues and his England, in 1580, and at court both were received with applause. The book went through five editions in six years, and became a sort of textbook for court ladies and people of fashion, who were fascinated by its curious ornate style, comparisons, and conceits, and got its peculiar phrases by heart. In the words of Edward Blount the publisher 'Our Nation are in his debt for a new English which hee taught them Ladies were then his Schollers, And that Beautie in Court which could not Parley Euphueisme was as little regarded as shee which now there speakes not French.' The significance of the fact that Lyly wrote for the women of England has already been touched on at page 239. Lyly renounced the old sources of interest, in enchantments and startling adventures, and relied solely on his style, its alliterations and antitheses, its word-plays and conceits, which have to bear the burden of much moralising and many disquisitions, often quite Another feature of Lyly's 'new English' is the constant employment of similes, drawn from mediæval fables, from bestiaries and herbals, about animals, plants, and minerals It is usual to trace the cuphuistic style to the influence of Guevara. Lord Berners and North had translated works of Guevara (see pages 104 and 259), and other Englishmen also were affected by him. Euphuism was an evaggeration of the style introduced by Sidney from the Italian romancers, Gongorism (from the Spaniard Gongora) and Mannism (from the Italian Manni) were some what analogous later influences in poetry, and Ronsard, the Pleiad, and Du Bartas illustrate the Mr Sidney Lee holds that same tendency Guevara's influence on euphuism has been exaggerated, that pedantic eccentricity was in the air, and might have grown out of Lyly's own natural impulses Greene, Lodge, and others deliberately imitated Euphiues, as will be seen from the specimen given at page 317 of Lodge's Rosalyude, but their affectations were seldom so pronounced as Lyly's, though Lyly is more sober and less tedious than many of his later imitators, the pedants of King James's court. Later the euphuistic style was held up to derision Drayton, who praises Sidney for having put euphuism out of fashion, speaks scornfully of

Lilly's writing then in use, Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flyes, Playing with words and idle similes.

Sidney and, later, Ben Jonson were amongst hostile critics, Shakespeare (Love's Labour's Lost) and Sir Walter Scott caricatured the style, Scott's Sir Piercie Shaiton, meant for a euphuistic hero, Some of the influences of is an extravaganza cuphuism continued in the so called 'metaphysical school' disturbed the standard of English style till the great writers of the seventeenth century, such as Milton, Clarendon, and Barrow, effectively revived dignified simplicity and vigour. But of late the excellences of Lyly have also been recognised, in spite of over ornament, the iteration of antitheses, and consequent tediousness, there is, as Mr Gosse has pointed out, a new element of richness and harmony in Lyly's style, and Euphnes is in England the earliest 'book prose which shows any desire to be splendid. The matter is in many ways excellent, sound advice is offered on friendship, love, travel, education, morals, and religion, in his views on the conduct of life the anti-Puritan pamphleteer was, theoretically at least, a Puritan In the first part of the romance the author places his hero, a young Athenian, in Naples, and in the second part brings him to England, 'his voyage and adventures being mixed with sundry pretty discourses of honest love, the description of the country, the court, and the manners of that

How the lyfe of a young man should be ledde

There are three things which cause perfection in man, Nature, Reason, Use Reason I call discipline, Use, Exercise, if anye one of these braunches want, certeinely the Tree of Vertue must needes wither For Nature without Discipline is of small force, and Discipline without Nature more feeble if exercise or studie be voyd of any of these it avayleth nothing. For as in tilling of the ground and husbandry there is first chosen a fertill soyle, then a cunning sower, then good seede, even so must we com pare Nature to the fatte earth, the expert husbandman to the Schoolemaster, the faculties and sciences to the pure seedes. If this order had not bene in our prede cessors, Pithagoras, Socrates, Plato, and who so ever was renowmed in Gra c, for the glorie of wisedome, they had never hene eternished for wise men, neither canonised as it were for Saincts, among those that studie Sciences. It is therefore a most evident signe of Gods singular favour towards him that is endued with all these qualities without the least of the which man is most iniscrable But it il er be any one that thinketh wit not necessary to the obtaining of wisedome, after he hath gotten the waye to vertue by Industrie and Exercise, he is an Hercticke, in my opinion, touching the true fayth of learning, for if A tture play not hir part, in vaine is labour, and as I said before, if studie be not imployed, in vain is Nature Sloth tour oth the edge of wit, Studie sharpeneth the mindy a thing be it never so easie is harde to the (idle), a thing he it never so hard is casie to the wit well employed. And most playfily we may see in many things the efficience of industric and labour

The lyttle droppe, of rayne pearceth hard Marble, yron with often handling is worne to nothing. Besides this, Industrie she yeth hirselfe in other things, the fertill soyle if it he never tilled, doth waxe barren, and that which is

most noble by nature, is made most vyle by neglygence. What tree if it be not topped, beareth any fruite? What Vine if it be not proyned, bringeth foorth Grapes? Is not the strength of the bodye tourned to weakenesse with too much delycacie, were not Milo his armes brawne fallen for want of wrastlyng? Morcover by labour the fierce Unicorne is tamed, the wildest Fawlchon is reclaimed, the greatest bulwarke is sacked. It was well aunswered of that man of Thessalte, who beeing de mounded, who among the Thissalians were reputed most vile, those sayde hee that lyve at quyet and ease, never giving themselves to martiall affaires but what shoulde one use many words in a thing already proved? It is Custome, Use, and Exercise, that bring a young man to Vertue, and Vertue to his perfection. Licurgus the lawgiver of the Spartans did nourish two Whelpes both of one sire and one damme, but after a sundry manner, for the one he framed to hunt, and the other to he alwayes in the chimneyes ende at the porredge pot. Afterward calling the Lacedemonians into one assembly he saide To the atteining of vertue, ve Lacedemonians, Education, Industrie, and Exercise, is the most noblest meanes, the truth of which I will make manifest unto you by tryal, then bringing forth the whelpes, and setting downe there a pot and a Hare, the one ran at the Hare, the other to the porredge pot The Laced momans scarce understanding this mistery, he said. Both of these be of one sire and one damme, but you see how Education altereth Nature.

A Father's Grief

Thou weepest for the death of thy daughter, and I laugh at the folly of the father, for greater vanitie is there in the minde of the mourner then bitternesse in the death of the deceased But shee was amiable, but yet sinful, but she was young and might have lived, but she was mortall and must have dyed I [Ay] but hir youth made thee often merry, I but thine age shold once make thee wise I but hir greene yeares wer unfit for death, I but thy hoary haires should dispyse life. Knowest thou not, Eubulus, that life is the gift of God, death the due of Nature, as we receive the one as a benefite, so must we abide the other of necessitie Wise men have found that by learning which old men should know by experience, that in life ther is nothing sweete, in death The Philosophers accompted it the nothing sowre chiefest felicitie never to be borne, the second soone to dye. And what hath death in it so hard that we should take it so heavily? is it straunge to see that cut off, which by nature is made to be cut? or that melten, which is fit to be melted? or that burnt which is apt to be burnt, or man to passe that is borne to perish? But thou grauntest that she should have dyed, and yet art thou greeved that she is dead. Is the death the better if the life be longer? no trucly For as neither he that singeth most, or prueth longest, or ruleth the sterne oftenest, but he that doth it best deserveth greatest praise, so he, not that hath most yeares but many vertues, nor he that hath graiest haires but greatest goodnes, lyveth longust chicle beauty of life consisteth not in the numbring of many dayes, but in the using of vertuous dooms. Amongst plants those be best estemed that in shortest time bring foorth much fruite. Be not the fairest flowers gathered when they be freshest? the youngest beasts killed for sacrifice bicause they be finest? The measure of life is not length, but honestic, neither do we enter into life to the ende we should set downe the day of our death, but therfore do we live, that we may obey him that made us, and be willing to dye when he shal cal us

(From Eupinies, the Anatomy of Wit)

Continue not in Anger

The sharpe Northeast winde (my good Euphues) doth never last three dayes, tempestes have but a short time, and the more violent the thunder is, the lesse permanent it is. In the like manner it falleth out with the jarres and crossings of friends which, begun in a minuit, are ended in a moment.

Necessary it is that among friends there should bee some overthwarting, but to continue in anger not convenient, the Camill first troubleth the water before he drinke, the Frankensence is burned before it smell, friendes are tryed before they are to be trusted, least shining like the Carbuncle as though they had fire, they be found being touched to be without fire.

Friendshippe should be like the wine which Homer, much commending, calleth Maroneum, whereof one pinte being mingled with five quartes of water, yet it keepeth his old strength and vertue, not to be qualified by any discurtesie. Where salt doth grow nothing els can breede, where friendship is built no offence can harbour (From Euphues and his England)

It should be remembered that, in spite of his mania for over-elaborateness and artificiality, Lyly could and did, even in Euphines, make effective use of the mother-tongue in its pithiest shape. Thus, recurring to the proverbial wisdom of the race, he speaks of standing as though one 'had a flea in his care,' 'Ah! well I wot a new broome sweepeth cleane' shows no trace of Italianisation, nor do 'Always have an eye to the mayne,' 'A burnt childe dreadeth the fire," 'Children and fooles speake true,' 'Cut thy coat according to thy cloth,' 'He that loseth his honestie hath nothing else to lose,' 'It is too late to shutte the stable doore when the steede is stolne," 'Is it not a by word, lyke will to lyke?' 'To run with the hare and holde with the hounde,' and 'Fayre words fat fewe.' This, also from Euphnes, would come home even to the contemporary Philistine 'An Englishman hath three qualityes, he can suffer no partner in his love, no stranger to be his equal, nor to be dared

Lyly's comedies (which were performed before the queen by boys' companies) are more readable than his romance The earliest seems to have been The Woman in the Moone, produced perhaps before 1583 (though not printed till 1597), and was followed by Campaspe and Sapho and Phao (both published in 1584), Endimon (1591), Gallathea and Midas (1592), Mother Bombie (1594 -named from the fortune teller in the play), and Love's Metamorphosis (1601) Except the blank-verse Woman in the Moone, these comedies (on p istoral and mythological subjects) were written in prose, with occasional passages in verse. They display little dramatic power, but handle the old stories cleverly, and, in spite of its inevitable euphuism, the dialogue is frequently pointed and sparkling

The following soliloquy by Phao, a poor ferryman, is the opening of Sapho and Phao

Phao Thou art a ferriman, Phao, yet a freeman, possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling Who climbeth, standeth on glasse, and falleth on thorne. Thy hearts thirst is satisfied with thy hands thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day turne to sweete slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oare in a calme streame, as it doth Sapho to sway the scepter in her brave court Envi never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth alwayes upward, and revenge barketh only at Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy anything Thine angle is readile, when thine oare is idle, and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river as the foule which other buy in the market, thou needest not feare poyson in thy glasse, nor treason in thy The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood with pollicie O sweet life, seldome found under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage!

Hazlitt was a warm admirer of Lyly's Endimion 'I know few things more perfect in characteristic painting,' he remarks, 'than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afruid of betraying the secret of Midas's ears, fancy that "the very reeds bow down as though they listened to their talk," nor more affecting in sentiment than the apos trophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endimion, on waking from his long sleep "Behold the twig to which thou laidest down thy head is now become a tree" The Maydes Metamor phosis, an anonymous play, has on no good grounds been assigned to Lyly, except that its lyrics are not unworthy of Lyly—the fairies' song, for example

By the moon we sport and play, With the night begins our day As we dance the dew doth fall, Trip it, little urchins all.
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

It may have been by John Day, some ascribe it to Daniel.

The delightful songs were first printed in the collective edition of 1632, the best known is—

Cupid and Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe playd,
At cardes for kisses, Cupid payd,
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and teeme of sparows,
Loses them too, then downe he throwes
The corrill of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the cristall of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chinne,
All these did my Campaspe winne
At last hee set her both his eyes,
Shee won, and Cupid blind did rise
O Love! has shee done this to thee?
What shall (alas!) become of mee?

Song from 'Sapho and Phao'

O cruell Love! on thee I lay My curse, which shall strike blinde the day, Never may sleepe with velvet hand Charme thine eyes with sacred wand, Thy jaylours shal be hopes and feares, The prison mates, grones, sighes, and teares, Thy play to weare out wears times, Phantasticke passions, vowes, and rimes, Thy bread bec frownes, thy drinke bee gall, Such as when you Prao call, The bed thou lyest on by despaire, Thy sleepe, fond dreames, thy dreames long care, Hup. (like thy foole) at thy beds head, Mockes thee, till madnesse strike thee dead, As Phao, thou dost mee, with thy proud eves, In thee poore Sapno lives, for thee shee dies

The nightingale song, also from Sapho and Phao, is given in the section on Elizabethan song writers (page 274), where Lyly's importance as a lyrist is recognised

The Lyly of Euphues is such a very pointed contrast to the Anti Martinist pamphleteer that (although we say with Harvey, his antagonist, 'Would God Lilly had always been Euphues and never Papp Hatchett') we give a fragment from Papp with a Hatchett, Lyly's principal contribution to the Martin Marprelate controversy (see page 332)—for, though the authorship has been disputed, it seems to have been his

If Martin will fight Citie fight, wee challenge him at all weapons, from the taylors bodkin to the watchmans browne bil. If a field may be pitcht we are readie if they scratch, wer will bring cattes if scolde, we will bring women if multiplie words, we will bring fooles if they floute, we will bring quippes if dispute the matter, we will bring schollers if they buffet, we will bring fists Deus bone, what a number of we will brings be here! Nay, we will bring Bull to hang them good note and signe of good lucke, three times motion of Bull Motion of Bull? Why, next olde Rosses motion of Bridewell, Buls motion fits them best sequentur tria, in reckoning Bull thrise, methinkes it O bad application, Bad? should presage hanging I doo not thinke there can be a better, than to applie i I naves necke to an halter Martin cannot start, I am his shadowe, one parte of the day before him, another behinde him, I can chalke a knave on his backe thrice a weeke, He let him bloud in the combe

I alle heed, he will pistle thee. Pistle me? Then have I a pestle so to stampe his pistles, that I le beate all his wit to powder. What will the powder of Marins wit be good for? Marie, blose up a dram of it into the nostrels of a good Protestant, it will make him suddee, but if you minister it like Tobacco to a Paritane, it will make him as mad as a Mariin.

Lyly's plays were edited by P. W. Furholt in 1853 (2 vols.), Figure is in Arber's English Reprints (1973) and was edited by Landmann (Heditsons, 1907). The Comflete Works were edited in 3 v. ls. by Mr. W. inv. Son line 1922. See also Laker's edition of time Figure in (1835). Child John Lyly and Eufentium (1834) and Red tens Sameaffertes Eufstium (1871).

Thomas Lodge (15582-1625), poet, dramitist and romance writer, was the son of a Lord Lodge, their names being usually changed Mayor of London, studied at Trinity, Oxford, and i Shakespeare has been censured for anachronisms

entered Lincoln's Inn, but took to literature and a wild and rollicking life. He published in 1580 a Defence of Stage Plays in Three Divisions, in reply to Stephen Gosson Gosson rejoined in Plays Confuted in Five Actions, and Lodge rejoined once more. Gosson, who was neither charitable nor careful about evidence, speaks of Lodge as 'hunted by the heavy hand of God, and become little better than a vagrant, looser than liberty,' and he is generally but not certainly identified with the Young Juvenal of Greene's Groats-worth of He tried the army, and joined in an expedition to the Canaries against the Spaniards about 1588, writing on the way his euphuistic romance, Rosalynde Euphues Golden Legacie Published in 1590, this culminating example of Elizabethan romance (see above at page 238) has very many points of resemblance to his friend Greene's Mena phon (of 1589) With Cavendish he sailed to South America in 1591 Glaucus and Scilla, or Scilla's Metamorphosis (1589), a volume of verse, seems to have given Shakespeare the plan of Venus and Adonis Euphues Shadow (1592) was another imitation of Lyly Robin the Divell and William Longbeard were historical romances Phillis (1593), his chief volume of verse, contained forty sonnets and short pieces, and one narra 1 Fig for Monius (1589) consists of tive poem Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles He further wrote two second rate plays, The Wounds of Civill War (1594) and A Looking Glasse for London and England (1594, in conjunction with Greene), and he also translated Josephus, Seneca, and part of Du A Margarite of America (1596), another euphuistic romance, gives experiences from his second voyage, and was written, he says, 'in those straits christened by Magellan, in which place to the southward, many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagons, with drew my senses' From literature as a profession he turned about 1596 to physic, and became a He studied medicine, Wood says, at Catholic Avignon, and practised in London, being much patronised by Roman Catholic families, till his denth by the plague in 1625. Lodge was a very accomplished man. The prose of his romances is elaborate, and they are themselves mostly tedious, but some of his lyrics may fairly rank amongst the finest of the century Of the exquisite verses in Rosalynde Mr Gosse says, 'Nothing so fluent, so opulent, and so melodious had up to that time been known in English verse' It has been pointed out that many of the best closely follow French and Italian models, especially Ronsard and Desportes The Rosalinda contains passages of fine descrip tion, with verses interspersed. From this romantic little tale Shakespeare took the incidents of his As You Like II, following Lodge with remarkable closeness. Most of the personages, except Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey, are taken strught from Lodge, their names being usually changed

in this comedy—such as introducing a lioness and palm tree into his Forest of Arden, but he merely copied Lodge, who has the lion, the myrrh-tree, the fig, the citron, and pomegranate—consistency and credibility not being features of romantic tales of this kind. Rosalynde itself followed the Fale of Sir Gamelyn, sometimes printed as Chaucer's in the Canterbury Tales

Of Rosalynde, in some editions called only Euphues Golden Legacie, Lodge in his dedication to Lord Hunsdon says 'Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with Indour I writ this Booke rough and hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas' But the artistic convention is that he had found the 'scrowle' signed by Euphues' own hand, and thus the work begins

There dwelt adioyning to the Cittie of Bourdeaux, a Knight of most honourable parentage whom Fortune had graced with many favours, and nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in disciphering the riches of their bounties Wise hee was, and holding in his head a supreme conceite of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government and to make his wise dome more gracious, he had that salem ingenii, and pleasant cloquence that was so highly commended in Ulysses his valour was no lesse then his wit, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible then the sweetnes of his tongue was perswasive for hee was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, sir named sir John of Bourdeaux, having passed the prime of his youth in soundry battels against the Turks, at last (as the day of time hath his course) grew aged his haires were silverhewed, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead Honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were portrayd in his wrinckled linia ments, that all men might perceive his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir John that with the Phenix knew the terme of his life was now expired, and could with the Swanne discover his end by her songs, having three sonnes by his wife Lineda, the very pride of his forepassed yeares, thought now, seeing death by constraint would compell him to leave them, to bestow upon them such a Legacie as might bewray his love, and increase their insuing amitie Calling therfore these yong Gentlemen before him in the presence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, hee resolved to leave them a memoriall of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a Methode of their brotherly duties. Having therefore death in his lookes to move them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand hee began.

Oh my sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinus have determined a finall end of my dayes, the Holme tree wareth awaywarde, for he stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my grave that dischargeth al cares, and leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes. My silver haires containe great experience, and the number of my yeares have pend downe the subtilities of fortune. Therfore as I leave

you some fading pelfe to countercheck povertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you unto vertue. First therefore unto thee Saladine the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherin should be ingraved as well the excellencie of thy father's quali ties, as the essential forme of his proportion, to thee I give foureteene plough lands, with all my Manou houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine, I bequeath twelve plough lands But unto Rosader the yongest, I give my horse, my armor, and my launce with sixteene plough lands for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceede you all in bountie and honor Thus (my sonnes) have I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherin if you be as prodigall to spend, as I have beene careful to get, your friends will grieve to see you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin at your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the load starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Time your deeds by my honorable indevors, and shew your selves siens [scions] worthy of so florishing a tree least as the birds Halcyones which exceed in whitenes, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknesse

Here we have the family skeleton reproduced in As You Like It And, as in Shakespeare, the rascally elder brother deprives the two younger of their inheritance, forcing the second to become a mere bookworm, and the youngest to be his own foot-boy Further, when the foot-boy becomes rebellious, the new head of the house suborns a 'champion' (Shakespeare's wrestler) to kill him in a pretended trial of skill. And so Rosader (i.e. Orlando) finds opportunity to distinguish himself in the eyes of Rosalynde (indifferently spelt also Rosalynd and Rosalind), the daughter (not of a banished duke, but) of a dispossessed king of France—the parallel being so far complete.

All but one of the following poems are from Rosalynde The love sick Rosader describes his 'sweetheart to the forester, pulling a paper forth of his bosome, wherein he read this'

Rosalinds Description.

Like to the cleare in highest sphere, Where all imperial glorie shines, Of selfe same colours is her haire, Whether unfolded or in twines

Heigh ho, faire Rosalind

Her eyes are Saphires set in snow, Refining heaven by every winke, The gods doe feare when as they glow, And I doe tremble when I thinke.

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her checkes are like the blushing cloude That beautifies Aurora's face, Or like the silver crimson shroud That Phabus smiling lookes doth gracu.

Heigh ho, faire Rosalind

Her lips are like to budded roses, Whom rinks of lillies neighbour nigh Within which bounds she balme incloses, Apt to entice a deitie.

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke is like a stately tower, Where Love himself imprisoned lies, Fo witch for glaunces every houre, From her divine and sacred eies Heigh ho for Kosalind

With orient pearle, with rubic red, With marble white, with saphire blew, Her bodie everyway is fed, Yet soft in touch, and sweete in view Heigh ho, faire Rosalind

Nature her selfe her shape admires, The gods are wounded in her sight, And Love forsakes his heavenly fires, And at her eyes his brand doth light. Heigh ho, were she but mine.

Then muse not, nymphs, though I bemone
The absence of faire Rosalind,
Since for her faire there is a fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so divine
Heigh ho, faire Rosalind,
Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she
were mine

'Smiling to herselfe to thinke of her new entertained passion, and taking out her lute, she warbled out this ditty'

Rosalind's Madrigall.

Love in my bosome, like a bee,

Doth suck his sweete,

Now with his wings he plaies with me,

Now with his feete

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,

His bed amidst my tender breast,

My kisses are his daily feast,

And yet he robs me of my rest

Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
With prettie flight,
And make his pillow of my knee,
The live long night
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke plaies if so I sing,
He leads me every loving thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
I or your offence.
He shut mine eyes to keepe you in,
He make you first it for your sinne,
He count your power not worth a pinne,
Alas! what hereby shall I winne
If he gainesay me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Pecause a g xl
Then sit thou safely on my I nee,
And let thy bower my bosome be,
I urke in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cup d' so thou I the me,
Spare not, but play thee.

The next is

Rosader's Second Sonetto

Turn I my lookes unto the skies, Love with his arrows wounds mine eies. If so I looke upon the ground, Love then in every flower is found, Search I the shade to flie my paine. He meetes me in the shade again, Want I to walke in secret grove, Even there I meete with sacred love, If so I bathe me in the spring, E'en on the brink I heare him sing. If so I meditate along He will be partner of my mone, If so I mourne, he weepes with me, And where I am, there will be be When as I talke of Rosalind The god from coyness waxeth kind, And seemes in selfe same love to frie, Because he loves as well as I Sweete Rosalind, for pittic sue, For why then, love, I am more true, He if he speede will quickly flie, But in thy love I live and die

And Rosader, 'desirous to discover his woes to the woods, ingraved with his knife on the barke of a myrre tree, this pretie estimate of his mistris perfection'—a second 'sonetto' (of four quatrains, of which this is the first)

Of all chaste birds the phonix doth excell, Of all strong beasts the hon beares the bell, Of all sweet flowers the rose doth sweetest smell, Of all fure maides my Rosalind is fairest

This is from Phillis:

My Phillis hath the morning sunne At first to looke uppon her And Phillis hath morne waking birdes Her maings for to honour My Phillis bath prime feathered flowers That smile when she treades on them, And Phillis both a gallant flocke That leapes since she doth owne them. But Phillis bath so hard a heart (Ah las that she should have it), As yeeldes no mercie to desart Nor grace to those that crave it Sweet sunne when thou lookest on Pray her regard my moane. Sweet birdes when you sing to her To yeeld some pittie wood her Sweet flowers when as she treades on Tell her her beautie deades one. And if in life her love she nill a rec me, Pray her before I die she will come see me.

Lodge's trenchant pumphleteering style will be seen from a single paragraph of his reply to Gosson's Schoole of Abuse

There came to my hands lately a little (woulde God a vittye) pamphelet, baring a fayre face as though it were the schoole of abuse, but being by me advisedly wayed I fynd it the oftscome of imperfections, the writer fuller of wordes than judgement, the matter certainely

as ridiculus as serious. Asuredly his mother witte wrought this wonder, the child to disprayse his father, the dogg to byte his mayster for his dainty morcell. But I see (with Senea) that the wrong is to be suffered, since he disprayseth who by costome hath left to speake well, but I meane to be short and teach the Maister what he knoweth not, partly that he may se his owne follie, and partly that I may discharge my promise, both binde me Therefore I would wish the good scholmayster to over looke his abuses againe with me, so shall he see an ocean of informities which begin in his first prinsiple in the disprayse of poetry

An edition of Lodge's works in five vols 4to was published in 1834 for the Hunterian Club, with an introduction by Mr Gosse. Rosalynde, A Fig for Momus, and others of the pieces have been reprinted separately

Thomas Kyd (1558-951), the son of a scrivener, was baptised in a City church on 6th November 1558, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School Like so many of his contemporaries, he seems to have lived a life of hardship as a literary man. In 1590 he entered the service of a lord-possibly the Earl of Sussex. He was imprisoned in 1593 for sharing in the treasonable and atheistical views of Marlowe, but was appa rently soon released He translated The Housholders Philosophie (1588) from Tasso's Padre di Famiglia, he wrote pamphlet-broadsides describ ing sensational murders of the day, he seems to have written plays on a Seneçah model, and he translated Cornelia (1594) from Garnier, chief of the French Senecans, he probably produced in 1594 a play on Hamlet no longer extant, and possibly was author of the first draft of Titus Andronicus, which we have as Shakespeare remodelled it (see below at Shakespeare, page 360) But his credit depends mainly on his Spanish Fragedy, licensed and performed with much success in 1592, though probably written before 1588 And, as some think, the success of the Spanish Tragedy moved him-alone or with others—to produce a First Part of Jeronimo, a sort of introductory play vastly inferior to the earlier, others are confident this first part, which might be called The Wars of Portugal, is by a wholly different person The Spanish Tragedy was prodigiously popular-there were twelve editions, with alterations and additions, by 1633, and in Dutch and German translations it was It has many merits, it as popular abroad combines the Senecan rhetoric, the style of the Italian renaissance, and the English tradition, it has been called the first living tragedy on a great scale in English, its highly complicated plot being managed with no little dramatic skill, though there are incredibilities, obvious makeshifts, and wooden characters enough And it reeks with blood Besides jealousy, malignity, false accusation, treachery, revenge, and madness, there are two hangings, six other murders or assassinations by stabbing or shooting, and three suicides (two of ladies) enacted on the stage. Horrors and atrocities were largely the staple of the renaissance drama of Italy, and in Kyd's masterpiece we have a typical representation of the horrible that was in Shakespeare's hands to be superseded by the terrible. The Spanish Tragedy has, indeed, some considerable similarity to Titus Andronicus even as we know it, and has several points of resemblance to Shakespeare's Hamlet, as in the rôle of the murdered man's ghost, and the play within a play that brings home their guilt to the guilty and gives opportunity for revenge. On Kyd's share in developing English drama see above at page 241 Webster and Tourneur, later exponents of the Tragedy of Blood, forsook in some respects the Shakespearian mode, to return to Kyd's

The story is quite unhistorical, nor is it known to be based on any other play or tale. It tells of 'the love of Don Horatio for the Spanish princess Bellimperia', his murder by Bellimperia's brother, Don Lorenzo, and his own rival in love, the captive prince of Portugal, Don Balthazar, and the dreadful revenge of Horatio's father, Jeronimo, the Marshal of Spain, by means of a play where the murders supposed to be acted are carried out in reality'

The play is in blank verse, interrupted by irregular rhythms, occasional rhymed verse, and passages of prose, and amid the horrors are brief spells of comedy, grim jokes, and bid puns Jonson was engaged to make additions to the Spanish Tragedy, though he speaks disrespectfully of Kyd's art, and of the popular taste that hankered after plays such as his (see below at When, playing on Kyd's name, he page 406) spoke of 'sporting Kyd and Marlowe's mighty line,' the facetiously inappropriate epithet was unkindly meant. Lamb thought the additions were 'the salt of the old play,' and must have been by 'a more potent spirit than Ben, perhaps Webster' Coleridge thought the additions attributed (wrongly) to Ben were very like Shakespeare.

Thus the hero Jeronimo (or Hieronimo), 'run lunatic' for grief at the loss of his son, maintained method in his madness and mingled reason—and poetry—with his frenzy

Hier Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes, My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth? Or mine exclaimes that have surcharg'd the Ayre With ceaselesse Plaints for my deceased Sonne The blustring Winds, conspiring with my words, At my lament have moov'd the leafelesse trees, Disroab'd the Meadowes of their flowred greene. Made Mountaines harsh with Spring tide of my teares, And broken through the Brazen gates of Hell. Yet still tormented is my tortured Soule With broken sighes and restelesse passions That winged mount and hovering in the ayre Beat at the windowes of the brightest Heavens Soliciting for justice and revenge But they are plac'd in their Imperiall heights Where countermured with walles of Diamond I find this place impregnable, and they Resist my woes and give my words no way

The following is part of a passage Lamb, on internal evidence alone, thinks must have been by Webster, though there is no evidence that it is not Kyd's own. Schick, on the other hand, says of the whole passage to which it belongs 'The original Spanish Tragedy has certainly many ridiculous passages, but here Kyd is outdone by the interpolator'. Hieronimo still raves

Hier My son! and what's a son? A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve To balance those light creatures we call women, And at the nine months' end creeps forth to light. What is there yet in a son. To make a father dote, rave, or runne mad? Being borne, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth What is there yet in a Sonne? He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak. Ay or yet Why might not a man love a Calte as well? Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, As for a sonne? Methinkes a young Bacon, Or a fine little smooth Horse colt. Should moove a man as much as doth a Son. For one of these in very little time Will grow to ome good use, whereas a sonne The more he growes in stature and in yeares, The more unsquar'd, unbevelled he appeares, Reckons his Parents among the ranke of Fooles, Strikes cares upon their heads with his mid Ryots, Mal es them looke old before they meet with age, This is a Son, and what a losse were this, Con idered truely! Oh, but my Horatio Grew out of reach of those Insatiate humours He love I his loving Parents He was my comfort, and his Mothers joy, The very arm that did hold up our house-Our hopes were stored up in him. Non- but a damned Murderer could hate him He had not seene the backe of nineteen yeers, When his strong arm unhorst the proud Prince Balthazar, And his great minde, too full of honour, took To mercy that valunt but ignoble Portingale, Well, Heaven is Heaven still! And there is Aemesis, and Furies, And things called whippes, And they sometimes do meet with Murderers They doe not alwayes scape—that's some comfort. Ay, ay, ay, and then time steales on, And stealer, and steales, till violence leapes forth, I ike thunder wrapped in a Ball of fire, And so doth bring confusion to them all.

(Act III sc. xL)

The closely succeeding passage, also spoken by Hieronimo, and no doubt Kyd's own, has been universally praised, and essays have been written on the allegory contained in it

But if you be importunate to know. The way to him and where to finde him out, Then list to me and He resolve your doubt. There is a path upon your left hand side,. That leadeth from a guilty Conscience,. Unto a Forrest of distrust and feare. A darkesome place, and dangerous to passe,. There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts. Whose palefull humours if you but behold.

It will conduct you to dispaire and death, Whose rockie cliffes when you have once beheld Within a hugie dale of lasting night, That's kindled with the world's iniquities, Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes, Not far from thence where murtherers have built An habitation for their cursed soules. There is a brazen Caldron fixt by Jove In his fell wrath, upon a sulphire flame, Your selves shall find Lorenzo bathing him In boyling Lead and blood of Innocents.

(Also from Act III, sc. xi.)

This dialogue is also set down by Schick as part of a long interpolation

Isabella Deare Hieronimo, come in a doores, Oh seeke not meanes to increase thy sorrow Hier Indeed, Isabella, wee doe nothing here. I doe not crie, ask Pedro and Jaques Not I indeed, wee are very merry, very merry! Isa How? be merry here, be merry here? Is not this the place, and this the very tree. Where my Horatio died, where hee was murdered? Hier Was- Do not say what let her weep it out. This was the tree, I set it of a kirnell. And when our hote Spaine could not let it grow. But that the infant and the humane sappe Began to wither, duely twice a morning Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son It bore thy fruit and mine O wicked, wicked plant! One knocks within at the door See who knocks there. Ped It is a Painter, sir

Hier I id him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely ther's none lives but painted comfort
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chance.
God's will that I should set this tree! but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up

(From Act iii se xii.a)

. ... 1.

This is part of another soliloquy of Hicronimo's

But in extreames advantage hath no time, And therefore all times fit not for revenge, Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest, Dissembling quiet in unquietnesse Not seeming that I know their villanics, That my simplicity may make them thinke That ignorantly I will let it slip For Ignorance, I wot and well they know, Remedium malorum iners est Nor ought availes it me to menace them, Who as a wintry Storing upon a Plaine Will beare me downe with their Nobility No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoyne Thinceyes to observation and thy tongue To milder speeches than thy spirits affoord, Thy heart to patience and thy hands to rest, Thy cap to curtesic and thy knee to bow, Till to revenge thou know when, where and how

'Evil news fly faster still than good' is a blank verse rendering of the proverb, and 'They reck no laws that meditate revenge,' also from Act 1, might itself be a proverb

The first part of Jeronimo, the Spanick Trigidy, C richa and the Solymin and Persida will be found in Hashits Distilly, there is a separate edition of the Spanin Trigidy by Professor, Schick of Munich (1858) and in 1901 kyds works were edited for the Clarendon Press by Mr F S. Boas who in New Light on Marlowe and Kyd in Fortingally, February 1859, discussed kyds theological heresy—Unitarianism not Atheism. See also Symonds, Skakespeares Predecessors (1834). Our quotations follow the quarto of 1043.

George Peele, dramatist, was born probably about 1558, went up to Oxford in 1571, and By 1581 he took his master's degree in 1579 had removed to London, where he sought court appointments in vain, for seventeen years lived a roistering Bohemian life as actor, poct, and playwright, and died a discreditable death about 1597-98 He was one of those warned to repentance by Greene in his Groats worth of Wit (see page 326), but had little share in the bitter feuds of his friends and fellow authors. His best work, The Arraignment of Paris (1584), is a dramatic pastoral or masque containing some exquisite verse (in a variety of metres, including blank verse more musical than any yet written) and ingenious flatteries of Elizabeth The following passage, spoken by Diana in Act V, praises both Eliza and her 'Elyzium'-a hardly pardonable pun, yet less extravagant than the concluding compliment to Eliza (also called 'Zabeta') There wons within these pleasant shady woods,

Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature Have power to hurt by crucl heat or cold, Under the climate of the milder heaven, Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt, For favour of that sovereign earthly peer, Where whistling winds make music mong the trees, har from disturbance of our country gods limid the cypress springs, a gracious nymph, That honours Dian for her chastity, And likes the labours well of Phache's groves, The place Llyzium hight, and of the place Her name that governs there Eliza is, A kingdom that may well compare with mire, An auncient seat of kings, a second Troy, I compass d round with a commodious sea Her people are y cleped Angeli, Or, if I miss, a letter is the most She giveth laws of justice and of peace And on her head, as his her fortune best, She wears a wrenth of laurel, gold, and palm, Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye Her veil of white, is best behts a maid Her auncestors live in the House of Fame She siveth arms of happy victory, and flowers to duck her hous crown'd with gold This peerless nymph, whom heaven and earth beloves, This paragon, this only, this is she, In whom do meet so many gifts in one, On whom our country gods so often gue, In honour of whose name the Muses sing, In stite Queen Juno's peer, for power in arms And virtues of the mind Minerva's mate As the and forely as the Queen of Love, As claste as Dian in her chaste desires The same is she, if Phalae do no wrong To whom this ball in ment doth be on,

Another pastoral play, The Hunting of Cupid (1591), is lost His spirited Farewell to Sir John Norris on his expedition to Portugal (1589, cked out by A Tale of Troy), his Ecloque Gratulatory (1589) to the Earl of Essex, his Polynymma (1590) on the resignation of a Queen's champion, his Speeches for the reception of Queen Elizabeth (1591), and his Honour of the Garter (1593) for an installation of Knights are other occasional The historical play of Edward I (1593) is marred by its biseless slanders against Queen Eleanor, due to the then irrepressible English hatred of all that was Spanish The following noble and eloquent outburst in praise of England is put in the mouth of the Queen mother

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings, Whose chivalry hath royalised thy fame, That sounding bravely through terrestrial vale, Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories, Rings glorious cchoes through the farthest world, What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms, What barbarous people, stubborn, or untained, What climate under the meridian signs, Or frozen zone under his brumal plage, shore Erst have not quaked and trembled at the name Of Britain and her mighty conquerors? Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, I rance, Awed with their deeds and jealous of her arm, Have begged defensive and offensive leagues Thus Lurope, rich and mighty in her kings, Hath feared brave England, dreadful in her kings. And now, t' eternise. Albion's champions Equivalent with Trojans ancient same, Comes levely Edward from Jerusalem, Vecring before the wind, ploughing the sea, His stretched cails filled with the breath of men That through the world admires his manliness And, lo, at last arrived in Dover road, Long hanks, your king your glory, and our son With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights, I ike bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host, Higher than all his army by the head Marching alon, as bright as Phobus' eyes!! And we, his mother, shall behold our son, And England's peers shall see their sovereign

The bombastic Battle of Alcazar (1594) was followed by another play now lost. His Old Il rees Tale (1595), a legendary story, part in prose and part in blank verse, afforded Milton a rude outline for his masque of Comus, it has been unkindly criticised by Mr Symonds and Professor Saintsbury, and defended by Mr Bullen, who thinks it the most attractive play after the Arraignment Peole's Scripture drama, The Loce of David and Fair Betnsave, with the Tragedy of Ibsalon, was not printed till 1599. It presents a curious contrast to most contemporary Flizabethan work in virtue of its subject, and though later Milton evidently studied it with interest, the suggestion that Pecle chose a Scripture theme to disarm Puritan pre judice would imply that the playwright wholly misunderstood the nature of that d supproval. For those who abhorred the stage as a frivolous and

irreligious pastime, the representation of sacred characters for the public entertainment could only be a hemous aggravation of the offence, and the exhibition of the Shepherd King, the Psalmist who typified Christ, as an unlawful lover was an and scious defiance of a religious prejudice not con fined to the Puritans Some have thought that the play even contains covert allusions, in allegory, to Mary Queen of Scots and the politics of Elizabeth's A miracle play in more modern form, it is rather a dramatised story than a perfect drama, but it lends itself admirably to quotation It used to be highly praised. Campbell called it 'the carliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry,' Charles Lamb disrespectfully thought 'a surfeit' the inevitable consequence of reading much 'of the same stuff,' Mr Bullen condemns it as insipid and cloying, Professor Saintsbury, marvelling at Lamb's faint praise, thinks it 'crammed with beauties' But as Pecle's melodious blank verse lacks variety. so it may be said that his dramatic work, though not without eloquence, grace, and vivacity, lacks power and originality

From David and Bethsabe'

Of I-rael's sweetest singer now I sing, His holy style and happy victories, Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew Archangels stilled from the breath of Jove, Decking her temples with the glorious flowers Heavens rained on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai Upon the bosom of his ivory lute The cherubins and angels had their breasts, And, when his consecrated fingers struck The golden wires of his ravishing harp, He gave alarum to the host of heaven, That, winged with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast Their crystal armour at his conquering feet Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician, And of his beautious son, I prease to sing press Then help, divine Adonu, to conduct Upon the wings of my well tempered verse The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven, And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight, Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire That none can temper but thy holy hand To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse, And at thy feet her from pen doth use.

After this 'prologus,' Bethsabe and her maid in the bath are watched by David Bethsabe soliloquises after singing

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air, Black shade, fair nurse, shadov my white hair Shine, sun, Lurn, fire, breathe, air, and case me, Black shade, fair nur o, shroud me, and please me Shado i, my si cet nurse, 'cep me from burning, Make not my glad cruse cau e of my mourning

Let not my beauty's fire Inflame unstand desire, Nor pierce any bright eye That wandcreth lightly

Come, gentle /cphyr, tricked with those perfumes That erst in Lden sweetened Adam's love,

And stroke my bosom with thy silken fan This shade, sun proof, is yet no proof for thee. Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring. And purer than the sub-tance of the same, Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred Air. Goddess of life, and governess of health, Keeps every fount un fresh and arbour sweet. No brazen gate her passage can repulse. Nor bushy thiclet bar thy subtle breath, Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes. And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes, To play the wantons with us through the leaves

Then the king soliloquises

What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce My soul, incensed with a sudden fire? What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise, Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame? Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness, Lending her praise notes to the liberal heavens, Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes, Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine. May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight Be still enamelled with discoloured flowers, That precious fount bear sand of purest gold, And, for the pebble, let the silver streams That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source, Play upon rubics, sapphires, chrysolites, The brims let be embraced with golden curls Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make For joy to feed the fount with their recourse, Let all the grass that beautifics her bower Bear manna every morn instead of dew, Or let the dew be sweeter far than that That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hill, Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard

When Bethsabe is persuaded to come to the palace, David again says (to himself)

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe, And brings my longings tangled in her hair To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower, Seated in hearing of a hundred streams, That, for their homage to her sovereign joys, Shall, as the surpents fold into their nests In oblique turning, wind the nimble waves About the circles of her curious walks, And with their murmur summon easeful sleep To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

Lamb and Pecle's least enthusiastic admirers agree in praising the verse 'Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,' and many other phrases or de-The following episode shows tached passages Peele dealing not unworthily, but in closer dependence on the Scriptural record, with the ethical and religious side of the story

Nathan and David.

Nathan Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king There were two men both dwellers in one town The one was mighty, and exceeding rich In oven, sheep, and cattle of the field, The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf, Nor other cattle, save one little lamb

Which he had bought and nourshed by the hand, And it grew up, and fed with him and his, And eat and drank as he and his were wont, And in his bosom slept, and was to him As was his daughter or his dearest child. There came a stranger to this wealthy man, And he refused and spared to take his own, Or of his store to dress or make him meat, But took the poor man's sheep [text here is corrupt] And dressed it for this stranger in his house What, tell me, shall be done to him for this? David Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man Is judged and shall become the child of death, Fourfold to the poor man shall he restore, That without mercy took his lamb away Nath Thou art the man, and thou hast judged thyself David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me * I thee anointed king in Israel, And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul, Thy master's house I gave thee to possess, His wives unto thy bosom did I give, And Judah and Jerusalem withal, And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small, Have given thee more, Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray, And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight? Urias thou hast killed with the sword, Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcised Thou hast him slain wherefore, from this day forth, The sword shall never go from thee and thine, For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee Wherefore, behold, I will,' saith Jacob's God, 'In thine own house sur evil up to thee, Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives, And give them to thy neighbour to possess.' This shall be done to David in the day, That Israel openly may see thy shame Day Nathan, I have, against the Lord I have, Sinned, O, sinned grievously! and, lo, From heaven's throne doth David throw himself, And groan and grovel to the gates of hell. Nath David, stand up thus south the Lord by me 'David the king shall live' For he hath seen The true repentant sorrow of thy heart, But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine Stirred up the enemies of Israel To triumph, and blaspheme the God of Hosts, And say, he set a wicked man to reign

Song from 'The Arraignment of Paris,'

Cnone Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shephord on our green,
A love for any lady

The child shall surely die, that erst was born,

His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

Over his loved people and his tribes,—

Paris Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady

En. My love is fair, my love is gay, As fresh as bin the flowers in May, And of my love my roundelay, My merry merry merry roundelay, Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Both Fair and fair, &c. ' (repeated)

My love can pipe, my love can sing,

My love can many a pretty thing,

And of his lovely praises ring

My merry merry roundelays,

Amen to Cupid's curse,—

They that do change old love for new,

Pray gods they change for worse!

Both Tair and fair, &c.

(repeated)

Mr Bullen believes the attribution to Peele of Str Clyomon and Str Clamydes to be unfounded (see above at page 240), and regards the Merry Jests of George Peele as not all fabulous, though they were, of course, not compiled by him, and are many of them from French originals Other plays, such as Jack Strawe and Chapman's Alphonsus, have been without evidence credited to him.

Polyhymnua describes the ceremonies connected with the retirement from office of an aged Queen's champion, and ends admirably with what is called—

'A Sonnet'

His golden locks Time hath to silver turned—
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain, youth waneth by increasing!
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,

His helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Old Age his alms
But, though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart

Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,

He'll teach his swains this carol for a song—
'Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,

Cursed be souls that think her any wrong!'
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your bedesman now that was your knight!

His works were first collected by Dyco (3 vols. 1829-39, reissue with Greene, in 1861) The best edition is by A. H. Bullen (2 vols. 1888). See Symonds 5 Stakspere & Predecessors (1884)

Robert Greene, born at Norwich about 1560, took his B A from St John's College, Cambridge, in 1579 In his Repentance of Robert Greene (1592) he gives a sufficiently graphic sketch of an ill regulated life, about the events of which we know very little 'As there is no steele so stiffe but the stamp will pierce, no flint so harde but the drops of raine will hollowe, so there is no heart so voide of grace or given over to wilfull follie but the mercifull favour of God can modifie. An instance of the like chaunced to my selfe, being a man wholly addicted to all gracelesse indevors, given from my youth to wantonnes, brought up in riot, who as I grew in yeares so I waxed more ripe

in ungodlines that I was the mirrour of mischiefe and the very patterne of all prejudiciall actions As early pricks the tree that will prove a thorne. so even in my first yeares I began to followe the filthings of mine owne desires and neither to listen to the wholesome advertisements of my parentes nor bee rulde by the carefull correction of my Mister For being at the Universitie of Cumbridge, I lighted among wags as lewd as myselfe, with whome I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew mee to travell into Italy and Spaine, in which places I sawe and practized such villainie as is abhominable to declare. Thus by their counsaile I sought to furnish myselfe with coine, which I procured by cunning sleights from my Father and my friends, and my Mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped mee to the Oyle of Angels, that I grew thereby prone to all mischiefe, so that becing then conversant with notable Braggarts, boon companions, and ordinary spend thrifts, that prictized sundry superficiall studies, I became as a Sich [scion] grafted into the same stocke, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and At my return into England, I ruffeled out in my silks, in the habit of Walcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to ibide in, nor no vocation cause mee to stay myselfe in, but after I had by degrees proceeded Muster of Arts, I left the Universitie, and away to London, where (after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my freends) I became in Author of Playes and a penner of Love Pamphlets, so that I soone grew timous in that qualitic, that who for that trade browne so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Yong yet in yeares, though olde in wickedness I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable, whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischiefe, that I had as great a delight in wickednesse as sundric hath in godlinesse, and as much felicitie I tooke in villainy as others had in honestie -i e thus was the libertic I got in my youth the cause of my licentious living in my age, and beeing the first steppe to hell, I find it now the first let from heaven? There is some ground for hoping that this sad picture, like Gabriel Harvey's malign int amplifications, is somewhat overdrawn. But there is no doubt his life was exceptionally irregular Thus, after squandering his wife's and shimcless tortune, he finally deserted her immediately after their first child was born. But whatever his dissipations, he lost nothing of his literary facility, and it should be noted that his extant works are singularly free from grossness. The significance of Greene and his friends of the 'academic set' is indicated above at page 238. His first 'lovepamphlet, Vamillia or Looking Glasses for the In lies of England, appeared in 1583, and before his death, on and September 1592, he had produced some forty plays, poems, and tales, which were highly popular with all classes. The most notable of his prose works are short tales and romances, interspersed with poetry—as Pandosto. the Trumbh of Time, or the History of Dorastus and Fawnia (1588), remarkable as having furnished Shakespeare with the plot of his Uinter's Tale (see below at Shakespeare), The History of Irbasto, King of Denmark, 1 Pair of Turtle Doves, or the Fragical History of Bellora and Fidelia, Penelope's Web, Menaphon or Camilla's Alarum to Slumbering Luphues, Euphues his Censure to Philautus, &c Most of these were written under the influence of Lyly in his own time Harvey called Greene 'the ape of Euphues' Menaphon (1589), in other respects also one of his most notable works, contains several of Greene's most perfect poems The group of works of which the Farewell to Follie, the Mourning Garment, and Never too Late are representative indicate a resolve to write no more mere loveand to aim at edification, but pamphlets Greene made no reform in his life, and he still carried on his dramatic libours, of which also in his final, more comprchensive, and probably sincere repentance on his deathbed he expressed his ibhorrence. In another scrics of pamphlets he utilised his peculiar and extensive knowledge of all town vices and villainies—as A Notable Discovery of Coosnage, Conny-catching, The Black Bookes Messenger, &c Greene's plays, all published posthumously, arc Orlando I nioso, 1 tragedy, Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay, The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth, slaine at Flodden, entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, pre sented by Oboram, King of Fayeries, Alphonsus, King of Aragon (partly an imitation of Marlowes Tamburlaine), George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield, and a sort of humorous satirical mystery-play, written in conjunction with Lodge, called A Looling Glass for London and England, but taking its keynote from Jonah's mission to The Tragical Reign of Selimus some-Ninevch time Emperor of the Turks was claimed for Greene by Dr Grosart in his monumental edition of the works, and republished separately in 1898 Amidst a good deal of bombast and extravagance, there is genuine poetry in these plays. The blank verse of Greene approaches that of Marlowe, though less energetic. His imagination was lively and discursive, fond of legendary lore, and filled with In Orlando he classical images and illustrations thus apostrophises the evening star

I airc queene of love, thou mistris of delight, fhou gladsome lampe that waitst on Phaebes traine, Spreading thy kindenes through the jarring Orbes, That in their union pray e thy lasting powers. Thou that hast stated the fierre Phlegons course, and madest the Coachman of the glorious vaine. To droope in view of Daphnes excellence, I aire pride of morne, sweete beautic of the even, Looke on Orlando languishing in love. Sweete solitarie groves, whereas the Nymphes W th pleasance laugh to see the Satyrs play, Witnes Orlandoes futh unto his love.

Tread she these lawnes, kinde Flora, boast thy pride, Seeke she for shades, spread, cedars for her sake. Faire Flora make her couch anidst thy flowers Sweet Christall springs, Wash 3e with roses when she longs to drinke Ah, thought, my heaven tall, heaven, that knows my thought t

Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought

The comedies have a good deal of boisterous merriment and fireieal humour George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield, is founded on in old prose History of George a Greene, of the Robin Hood type, and there was also an old black letter ballad, The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, with Robin Hood, Searlet, and John, beginning

In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder, In Wakefield all on a green

George is a shrewd Yorkshireman, who meets with the kings of Scotland and England, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, &c, and who, after various tricks, receives the pardon of King Edwird

And George a Greene, give me thy hand. There is none in Lingland that shall do thee wrong. I ven from my court. I came to see thy selfe,. And now I see that fame speakes nought but trueth.

The following specimen of the simple humour of the play is in a scene between George and his servant

Jenkin He spied Madge and I sit together, he leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and began to sweare. Now seeing he had a dagger and I nothing but this twig in my hand, I gave him faire words, and said nothing. He comes to me, and takes me by the bosome. You whoreson slave, said he, hold my horse, and looke he take no colde in his feet. No, marie, shall he, sir, quoth I, He hy my cloake underneath him. I tooke my cloake, spread it all along, and [set] his horse on the midst of it.

Geors. Thou clowne, didst thou set his horse upon the cloake?

fenkin Ay, but mark how I served him. Madge and he were no sooner gone downe into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife cut foure holes in my cloak, ind made his horse stind on the bare ground

True Bacon and Frier Bungay is Greenc's most entertuning comedy. His friers are magicians, but the Brazen Head is destroyed by a mysterious power as soon as it has attained to speech. Bacon forswears magic, and the piece concludes with Broon's clownish man Miles being carried off to hell on the back of one of the devils heretofore wont to cirry out Breon's behests The play was acted in 1591, but may have been produced a year or two earlier. Alfaonius is obviously modelled on Marlowes Jamb irlaine, and, though Greene had at first rediculed the dramatic use of blank verse, very closely copies. Marlowe's style Here and elsewhere the style is visorous but over loaded with imagery. In many respects Greene deserves the title of "Shikespeares predecessor," though he is inferior to Muloue in power and I

pression and majesty. Greene could and did combine the comic and the serious in a harmony unapproached by his predecessors, he greatly surpassed Marlowe in creating noble women types. His sympathies are truly English, and he happily utilises various homely English characters.

If Harvey's story is true, Greene's death was in keeping rather with the unrepentant side of his life. He not merely sink into poverty, but was deserted by his friends. Having, it a supper where Nish was a guest, indulged to excess in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, he contracted a mortal illness, under which he suffered for a month, supported by a poor charitable cordwainer, and he was buried the day after his death (September 1592) in the New Churchyard near Bedlam, the cost of his funeral being 6s. 4d.

On his deathbod Greene wrote a most melancholy tract called A Grouts-worth of Wat, bought rotth a Million of Repentannes, in which he deplores his fate more feelingly than Nish (page 330), earnestly warns his comrades, and gives a mel incholy picture of Elizabethan literary Bohe-The plot of the story (not strictly minnism autobiographical, one must hope) is of in usurer with two sons The first, bred a scholar at the university, denounces usury with such high mighti ness in the presence of his fither's friends that the old money lender then and there cuts off his firstborn with the third of a shilling, bidding him buy a great's worth of wit, and at his death leaves all his wealth to the younger son, a vain fool. Koberto forms the unholy scheme of conspiring with a courtesan to plunder his brother Lucanio, the courtesan does reduce Lucamo to beggary, but Roberto is befooled, has to live by his wits, and by and by is 'famozed' as an 'arch plaimakingpoet'

His companie were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pillerie, perjurie, forgerie or any villanie. Of these lice knew the easts to cog at Cards, coosin at Dice by these he learned the legerdemaines of nips, foysters, connicatchers, crosbyters, lifts, high Lavvers, and all the rabble of that uncleane generation of vipers and pithily could be paint out their whole coarses of craft. So cunning he was in all critis, as nothing rested in him almost but crattine se. How often the Gentlewoman his wife laboured vaniely to recall him, a kinent able to note but as one given over to all lewdies, he communicated her sorrowful lines among he looke trul that jested at her booteles e laments.

For now when the number of deceites caused Roberts bee hatefull almost to all men his immeasurable drinking had made him the perfect Image of the drops e, as I the lotthsome scoarge of Lust tyrannized in his loves living in extreame poverty and having nothing to pay but chalke which now his Host accepted not for earthin this micerble man lay comfort's self-languishing having but one groat lett (the just proportion of his fathers but one groat lett (the just proportion of his fathers Imagesce), which lasking on he creed. One in it too late, too late to buy write with thee and therefore will I see it I can sell to catclesse youth what I me, I get the forgot to buy.

Here (Gentlemen) breale I off Robertos speech, a hose life in most parts agreeing with mine, found one elfe punishment as I have doone. Heereafter suppose me the said he will, and I will goe on with that hee fromised. Greene will send you now his groutsworth of it, that never showed a mitesworth in his life, and though no man now be by to doe me good, yet ere I die I will by my repentance indevor to doe all men good.

He adds ten moral rules for the guidance of his friends—to set God before their eyes, to oppress no man, to build no house to a neighbours hurt, and then renews his appeal to these, in which he refers specifically to Marlowe (as atheist), to young Juvenal (Lodge, as is usually assumed, though Mr Bullen and Mr Sidney Lee think Nash has a better claim to the distinction), and to a third (presumably Peele) The 'brother' of atheism (doubtless for brocher or broacher) was formerly assumed to be Kett, burnt for heresy at Norwich But as Kett was no atheist but a devout and mystical Unitarian, probably Machiavelli himself is meant. Greene then makes his famous assault on Shakespeare

To those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their reits in making Plaies, R. G. wisheth a better exercise and wisdome to prevent his extremities.

If wofull experience may moove you (Gentlemen) to beware, or unheard of wretchednes intreate you to take heed, I doubt not but you will looke backe with sorrow on your time past, and endevour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee wil I first begin), thou famous gracer of Tragedians, that Grane, who hath said with thee like the foole in his heart, There is no God, should now give glone unto his greatnesse for penitrating is his power, his hand hes heavie upon me, he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt he is a God that can punish chimies Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machivilian pollicie that thou hast studied? O punish follie! What are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankinde For if Sie olo, sie jubio, hold in those that are able to command and if it be lawfull Fas & negas to doe anything that is beneficiall, onely Tyrants should possesse the earth, and they striving to exceeds in tyranny, should each to other bee a slaughter man, till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should ende. The I rother of this Diabolicall Atheisme is dead, and in his life had never the felicitie he aimed at but as he began in craft, lived in feare and ended in despaire. Quain inscrutalities sunt Des judicial This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Caine this be trujer of him that gave his life for him inherited the portion of fidas this Apostata perished as ill as fulian and wilt thou, my friend, be his Disciple? Looke unto me, b him perswaded to that libertic, and thou shalt unde it in infernall bon lage. I know ethe least of my dements ment this miserable death, but wittill striving in unst knowne truth, exceedeth al the terrors of my could Deter not (with me) till this last point of extiennitie, for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I joyne young Jiea all, that byting Satyris, that lastlie with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweete boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words inveigh against vaine men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so wel thou hast a libertie to reproove all, and none more, for one being spoken to, all are offended, none being blamed no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage, tread on a worme and it will turne then blame not schollers vexed with sharpe lines, if they reprove thy too much libertie of reproofe

And thou no lesse deserving then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driven (as my selfe) to extreame shifts, a little have I to say to thee and were it not an idolatrous oth, I would sweare by sweet S George, thou art unworthie better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay Base minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have beene beholding is it not like that you, to whome they all have beene beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse is the best of you and being an absolute Johannes factitum, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake scene in a countrie. O that I might intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses & let those Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer, and the kindest of them all will never proove a kinde nurse yet whilst you may, seeke your better Maisters, for it is pittie men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram Gentlemen but let their owne works serve to witnesse against their owne wickednesse, if they persever to mainteine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leave them to the mercue of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them for the rest, it skils not though they make a jeast at them

But now returne I agune to you three, knowing my miserie is to you no news and let me heartily intreate you to bee warned by my harmes Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemers house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto Flie lust, as the deathsman of the soulc, and defile not the Temple of the holy ghost Abhorre those Epicures, whose loose life hath made religion lothsome to your cares and when they sooth you with tearines of Mastership, remember Robert Greene, whome they have so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort Re member, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted Tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to muntaine these with wind pust wrath may be extin guisht, which drunkennes put out, which negligence let fall for mans time of itselfe is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wher with to sustaine it,

there is no substance left for life to feede on. Trust not then (I beseech yeu) to such veake states for they are as changeable in minde as in many attires my hand is tired, and I am forst to leave where I would begin, for a whole booke cannot contains these wrongs, which I am forst to knit up in some few lines of words

Desirous that, on should live, though himselfe be dying, Robert Greene

The punning allusion to Shakespeare is palpable, the expressions 'tiger's heart,' &c., are a parody on the line in Henry VI, Part Third

O Tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide. The Winter's Tale is believed to be one of Shakespeare's late dramas, not written till long after Greene's death, consequently, if this be correct, the unhappy man could not be meaning to denounce the plagiarism of the plot from his tale of Pandosto Some forgotten play of Greene and his friend may have been alluded to, perhaps the old dramas on which Shakespeare constructed his Henry 17, for in one of these also the line 'O tiger's heart,' &c., Shakespeare was certainly indebted to occurs Marlowe. The Groats worth of Wit was published after Greene's death by a brother-dramatist, Henry Chettle, who, in the preface to a subsequent work, his Kind Hartes Dreame (1593), apologised indirectly for the allusion to Shakespeare, and does justice to Shakespearc's character as man and actor and play wright 'I am as sory,' he says, 'as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill than he is exelent in the qualitie he professes, besides divers of worship have reported his up rightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that aprooves his art.' Another posthumously published tract, The Repentance of Robert Greene, Master of Artes, is probably authentic though it was doubtless 'edited,' and some have denied its genuineness altogether

Greene's plays are important to students of the drama, the pamphlets are full of interest of various kinds, but his literary rank depends mainly on the grace and tenderness of the poetry scattered through his romances

Content.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content, The quiet mind is richer than a browne, Sweet are the nights in carclesse slumber spent, The poor estate scorns Fortune's angrie from ne Such sweet content, such mindes, such sleep, such blis Beggers injoy, when princes oft do mis.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest, The cottage that affoords no pride nor care, The meane that 'grees with countrie musick best, The sweet consort of mirth and musicks fare, Obscured life sets downe a type of blis, A minde content both crowne and kingdonie is (From The Firen Il to Folly)

Sephestias Song to her Child.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee, When thou art olde, ther's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wagge, pretic boy, Tather's sorrow, father's joy, When thy father first did see Such a boy by him and mee, He was glad, I was woe, Fortune changed made him so, When he left his prettie boy, Last his sorowe, first his joy

The wanton smiled, father went, Mother cried, babie lept, More he crowed, more we cried, Nature could not sorowe hide He must goe, he must kisse Child and mother, babic blisse. For he left his pretty boy, Father's sorowe, father's joy Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee, When thou art olde, ther's grief inough for thee (From Menaphon)

The Shepherd and his Wife

It was neere a thicky shade

That broad leaves of beech had made, Joyning all their tops so me That scarce Phœbus in could pric Where sate the swaine and his wife Sporting in that pleasing life That Coridon commendeth so, All other lives to over go He and she did sit and keepe Flocks of kids and fouldes of sheepe He upon his pipe did play, She tun'd voice unto his lay, And for you might her huswife knowe, Voice did sing and fingers sew, He was young, his coat was greene, With welts of white, seam'd, betweene, Turned over with a flappe That breast and bosom in did wrappe. Skirts side and plighted free, pleated Seemely hanging to his knee A whittle with a silver chape, Cloak was russet and the cape Served for a bonnet oft Io shrowd him from the wet aloft. A leather semp of colour red, With a button on the head, A bottle full of country whigge By the shepherd's side did ligge And in a little bush hard by There the shepheard's dog did lye, Who while his master 'gan to sleepe, Well could watch both kiddes and sheepe, The shepheard was a frolicke swaine, For though his parell was but plaine, Yet doone the Authors soothly say His colour was both fresh and gay, And in their writtes plain discusse, Tairer was not Tityrus, Nor Menalcas, whom they call The alderleefest swaine of all dearest of all 'Secming him was his wife, Both in line and in life, Fair she was as faire might be, Like the ro es on the tree,

Buxsame, blithe, and young, I weene, Beaution, like a Summer's queen For her cheeks were ruddy hued As if lilies were imbrued With drops of bloud, to make the white Please the eye with more delight, Love did lye within her eyes In ambush for some wanton prize A leefer lasse than this had beenc Corydon had never seen Nor was Phillis that faire May Half so gawdy or so gay She wore a chaplet on her head, Her cassocke was of scarlet red, Long and large, as streight as bent, Her middle was both small and gent A necke as white as Whales bone, Compast with a lace of stone, Fine she was, and faire she was, Brighter than the brightest glasse, Such a shepheard's wife as she Was not more in Thessaly

The above description, from *The Mourning Garment*, is followed by the continuation

Philador, seeing this couple sitting thus lovingly, noted the concord of country amity, and began to conjecture with himself what a sweet kind of life those men use, who were by their birth too low for dignity, and by their fortunes too simple for envy, well, he thought to fall in prattle with them, had not the shepherd taken his pipe in hand, and begun to play, and his wife to sing out, this roundely,

The Shepheard's Wife's Song

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty,thing, As sweet unto a shepheard as a king And sweeter too

For king, have cares that waite upon a crowne, And cares can make the sweetest love to frowne Ah then, ah then,

If countric loves such sweet desires do gaine, What Irdy would not love a shepheard swaine?

His flocks are foulded, he comes home at night, As merry as a king in his delight,

rry as a king in his delight,

And merrier too

For kings bethinke them what the State require, Where shepheards carelesse carroll by the fire Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do grine, What lady would not love a shepheard swaine?

He knowth first, then sits as blyth to eate His creame and curds as doth the king his meate, And blyther too

For lings have often feares when they do sup, Where shepheards dread no poyson in their cup

Ah then, ah then
If country lo es such sweet desires do game,
What lady would not love a shepheard swaine?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound As doth the king upon his hed of downe,

More sounder too For ever cau e kings full oft their sleepe to spill, Where veary sliepherds lie and snort their fill Ah then, ah then, If country loves such sweet desires do gaine, What lady would not love a shepheard swaine?

Thus with his wife he spends the yeare as blyth, As doth the king at every tide or sithe, And blyther too

For kings have warres and broyles to take in hand, When shepheards laugh and love upon the land Ah then, ah then,

If countrie loves such sweet desires do grine, What lady would not love a shepheard swaine?

On the title-page of the later editions of *Pandosto* we find the fine 'love passion,' of which this is the first part, as given by Dyce

Ah were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
I hen were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to mult even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet [there is] not such
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd bower,
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gathered though she grew on thorn

Greene's plays and poems were edited by Alexander Dyce (2 vols. 1831, new ed with Peele in 1 vol 1861) his complete works, with a Life translated from the Russian of Storojenko are included in the Huth Library (15 vols. 1881-80) of Dr A. B Grosart, who also edited a selection from his works, Green Pistures (1894). There is an edition by Mr Churton Collins (2 vols. 1900). Prof A. W Ward reprinted Frier Bicon and Frier Bing 19 in his Old English Drima (1892). We have a (German) Life by Bern hardi (1874) and also a German dissertation on Greene and the Selimins by Hugo Gilbert (kiel, 1899).

Thomas Nash (1567-1601), a keen and copious satirist, was a native of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, and was of St John's College, Cambridge. He travelled in France and Italy, picked up a livelihood we know not how, and died in distress and debt, after a 'life spent in fantasticall satirisme in whose veines heretofore I misspent my spirit and prodi gally conspired against good houres' He became known by his savage denuncration of Puritans, the Marprelate pamphleteers, and in especial of Gabriel Harvey-work begun in the Anatomic of Absurdities (1589), continued in several pamphlets by 'Pasquill of England, Cavaliero,' and renewed from time to time till 1596, in Have with you to Saffron-Walden Pierce Pennilesse his Supplica tion to the Devill (1592) assails the tricks by which men secure wealth - It is an odd olla podrida (not without blasphemy) in which opportunity is found to denounce upstarts and politicians, niggards, prodigils, learned vanity, the pride of merchants' wives, of Spaniards, Italians, Frenchmen, Danes There is an invective against the enemies of poetry, and praise of the poets and authors—of 'immortal Sidney," Silver tongued Smith," Merry Sir Thomas Moore'-a defence of plays, and various more or less relevant 'wittie stories'. The versification of Nash is usually hard and monotonous, though sometimes his inspiration is happy. His masque or comedy of Summers Last Will and Testament (1600, Will Summers being a jester of Henry VIII) is partly in prose, partly in blank verse, but there are some songs in the true Elizabethan manner. Thence comes the line

Time from the brow doth wipe out every stain, and thence too the song beginning with this oftenquoted verse

Spring, the sweete spring, is the yeres pleasant King, Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes daunce in a ring, Cold doeth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing Cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we, to witta woo

In Pierce Pennilesse, Nash (often spelt Nashe) draws a harrowing picture of the despair of a poor scholar, in verses such as these

Ah, worthlesse wit! to traine me to this woe
Deceitfull artes that nourish discontent!
Ill thrive the follie that bewitcht me so!
Vaine thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent,
And yet my wants perswade me to proceede,
Since none take pitte of a scholler's neede

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth, And ban the aire wherein I breathe a wretch, Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,

And I am quite undone through promise breach, Oh frends! no frends that then ungently frowne When changing fortune casts us headlong downe

The Astrologicall Prognostication by Adam Fouleweather seems to have been levelled partly against Harvey's two brothers, who were interested in astrology, but makes game of astrology and astrological prognostications in general for their oracular but unmeaning truisms by iteration of such forecasts as that in consequence of an eclipse of the sun 'olde women that can live no longer shall dye for age, and yong men that have usurers to their father shall this yeer have great cause to laugh, for the Devill hath made a decree that after they are once in hell they shall never rise again to trouble their executors' The eclipse also 'foresheweth that manye shall goe soberer into tavernes than they shall come out, and he which drinkes hard and lyes cold shall never dye of the sweat!' On an eclipse of the moon it is to be greatly feared that 'the Danes shall this yeere be greatly given to drinke! Since great floudes are like to ensue through this hiemall distemperature, that diverse men shall be drowned on drie hilles, and fish if they could not swimme were utterly like to perish! and eeles are like to be deare if there are none taken, and plentie of poutes to bee had in all places, especiallie in those coastes and countries where weomen have not their owne willes' 'Sho makers shall prove so proud that they shall refuse the name of souters, and the tailer and the louse are like to fall at martial variance' 'Diverse persons for want of wine or strong drinke shall go to bedde sober against their willes' 'Sea-faring men shall have ill-lucke if either their shippes hit against rockes or sticke in the sandes? But it should be added that Nash's ingenious series of jokes is in idea and method a mere pastiche, with extensions and variations, of Rabelais's Certain, True, and Infallible Pantagruelian Prognostication for the Year that's to Come and Ever and Aye

Nash was an author by profession—careless, jovial, and dissipated—alternating between riotous excess and abject misery, but he was generally in want. In his *Pierce Pennilesse* he thus paints his situation in 1592

Having spent manie yeres in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money, having tyred my youth with follie, and surfeited my minde with vanitie, I began at length to look backe to repentaunce, and addresse my endeavors to prosperitie. But all in vaine I sate up late and rose early, contended with the colde and conversed with scarcitie, for all my labours turned to losse, my vulgar muse was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I myself (in prime of my best wit) laid open to povertie

Men of art must seek almes of cormorants, and those that deserve best, to be kept under by dunces, who count it a policie to keep them bare, because they should follow their books the better

Yet, though he has a sufficiently high opinion of his worth, he is apparently willing to let himself out to one of these wealthy dunces

Gentles, it is not your lay chronigraphers, that write of nothing but Mayors and sheriefs, and the Deare Yeere and the Great Frost, that can endowe your names with never-dated glory, for they want the wings of choice words to flie to heaven, which wee have, they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from mere reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident Poetry is the hunny of all flowers, the quintessence of all scyences, the marrowe of witte, and the very phrase of angels how much better is it, then, to have an elegant lawyer to plead ones cause than a stutting townsman, who loseth himselfe in his tale, and dooth nothing but make legs, so much it is better for a nobleman or gentleman to have his honour's story related and his deedes emblazoned by a poet than a cittizen.

For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to myselfe, yet have I worne a gowne in the university, but this I dare presume, that if any Mæcenas binde mee to him by his bounty, or extend some sound liberalitie to mee worth the speaking of, I will doe him as much honour as any poet of my beardlesse yeares shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can doe. but that I attribute so much to my thankfull mind above others, which, I am perswaded, would enable me to work miracles. On the contrary side, if I be evill in treated, or sent away with a flea in mine eare, let him looke that I will rayle on him soundly, not for an houre or a day whiles the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate pollished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages of his beggerly parsimony and ignorant liberalitie and let him not (whatsoever he be) treasure the weight of my words by this book, where I write quicquid in buccam venurel, as fast as my hand can trot, but I have tearmes (if I be vext) laid in steepe in aqua fortis and

gunpoy der, that shall rattle through the skyes, and make an earthquake in a pesant's cares

His surcastic temper and his bitter tongue made him quarrel with his friends and patrons, as well as with Puritins and opponents. He was a man of much culture, shows the influence of Aretino and Rabelais, and had a true enthusiasm for real poetic merit, as seen by what he says of Surrey, Spenser, He completed Marlowe's Dido Queen and Sidney of Carthage, and saw it through the press Christes Lares over ferusalim (1593) seemed to imply repentance for his own shortcomings as well as those of his neighbours The Terror of the Night, or a Discourse of Apparitions, is a hack piece of no importance But The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton (1594), is a great departure in realistic fiction, and is regarded as having 'maugurated the novel of England' In 1597 he was imprisoned for the too free satire of affairs of State in a play, never published, called The Isle of Dogs (1597), and was confined for some months

M Jusscrand holds that Jack Wilton is the first notable English pictresque story, well worthy to be named as having anticipated Defoe. Jack Wilton, who had as page cozened many creditors at court, has followed Henry VIII's army to the Low Countries, and before Turney and Turwin (Tournay and Terouenne) leads a gay and dissolute life, se isoned with playful or malicious practical jokes M Jusscrand thinks Shakespeare may have been moved by Jack Wilton to compound in Falstaff characteristics of the hare-brained page and the untidy, boastful, dishonest, chicken livered campfollower described in the following passage

There was a Lord in the campe, let him be a Lord of misrule, if you wil, for he kept a plaine alchouse without welt or gard of anie Ivibush, and solde syder and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came (at that veric name of syder, I can but sigh, there is so much of it in renish wine now a dayes) Wel, Tendit ad sydera rirt is, there great vertue belongs (I can tell you) to a cup of syder, and verte good men have solde it, and at sea it is lqui calestis, but thats neither hecre nor there, if it had no other patrone but this peere of quart pots to authorize it, it were sufficient This great Lord, this worthing Lord, this noble Lord, thought no scorne (Lord have mercy upon us) to have his great velvet breeches larded with the droppings of this daintie liquor, a vet he was an olde servitor, a cavelier of an ancient house, as it might appeare by the armes of his ancestric, drawen very rimiably in chalke, on the in side' of his tent doore

He and no other was the man I cho e out to damne with a levid monyle se device for comming to him on a date, is he was counting his barrels, & setting the price in chalke on the head of everic one of them, I did my dutte veric devoutly, and tolde his alse honor. I had matters of one secrecie to impure unto him, if it pleased him to grant me private audience. With me, young Wilton, quoth he? marie and shalt. Bring us a pin of syder of a fresh tap into the three cups here, wash the pot. So into a back roome he lead mee, where after hee had spit on his finger, and piel t off two or three

moats of his olde moth eaten velvet cap, and spunged and wrong all the rumatike drivell from his ill favoured Goates bearde, he budde me declare my minde, and there upon he dranke to me on the same. I up with a long circumstance, alias a cunning shift of the seven teens, & discourst unto him what entire affection I had borne him time out of mind, partly for the high descent and linage from whence he sprung, & partly for the tender care and provident respect he had of poore soldiers, that whereas the vastitie of that place (which afforded them no indifferent supplie of drinke or of victuals) might humble them to some extremity, and so weaken their hands, he youchsafed in his own person to be a victualer to the campe (a rare example of magnificence & honorable curtesie) and diligently provided, that without farre travel, every man might for his money have syder and cheese his bellyfull, nor flid he sell his cheese by the way onely, or his syder by the great, but abast him selfe with his own hands, to take a shoomakers knife (a homely instrument for such a high personage to touch) and cut it out equally like a true justiciarie, in little penny worthes, that it woulde doo a man good for to looke upon So likewise of his syder, the pore man might have his moderate draught of it (as there is a moderation in all things) as well for his doit or his dandiprit, as the rich man for his halfe souse or his denier. Not so much, quoth I, but this tapsters linnen apron, which you weare before you, to protect your apparell from the imperfections of the spigot, most amply bewrais your lowly minde. I speake it with teares, too fewe such humble spirited noble men have we, that will draw drinke in linen aprons. Why you are everie childs felow, any man that comes under the name of a souldier and a good fellowe, you will sitte and beare companie to the last pot, yea, and you take in as good part the homely phrase of mine host, Heeres to you, as if one saluted you by all the titles of your baronie considerations, I saie, which the world suffers to slippe by in the channell of carelesnes, have moved me in ardent zeale of your welfare to forewarne you of some dangers that have beset you & your barrels. name of dangers hee start up, and bounst with his fist on the boord so hard, that his Tapster overhearing him, cried. Anone anone sir, by and by, and came and made a low leg and askt him what he lickt Hee was readie to have striken his Tapster for Interrupting him in attention of this his so much desired relation, but for feare of displeasing me he moderated his furie, and onely sending him for the other fresh pint, wild him looke to the barre, and come when he is cald with a devilles Well, at his earnest importunitic, after I had moistned my lips, to make my lie runne glib to his jour neies end, forward I went as followeth It chrunced me the other night, amongst other pages, to attend where the king with his Lords and many chiefe leaders sate in council, there amongst sundrie serious matters that were debated, and intelligences from the enemy given up, it was privily informed (no villains to these privic in formers) that you, even you that I now speak to, had (O would I had no tongue to tell the rest, by this drink it gricues me so I am not able to repeate it) my dronken Lord redie to hang himself for the end of the ful point, and over my necke he throws himselfe vene lubberly, and intreated me as I was a proper young Gentleman, and ever looft for pleasure at his hands, soone to rid him out of this hell of suspense, & resolve

him of the rest, then fell hee on his knees, wrong his handes, and I thinke, on my conscience, wept out all the syder that he had dronke in a weeke before, to move me to have pitic on him, he rose and put his rustic ring on my finger, gave me his greasie purse with that single money that was in it, promised to make mee his heire, & a thousand more favours, if I would expire the miserie of his unspeakable tormenting uncertaintie. I being by nature inclined to Mercie (for indeed I knew two or three good wenches of that name) bad him harden his eares, & not make his eyes abortive before their time, and he should have the inside of my brest turnd outward, heare such a tale as would tempt the utmost strength of life to attend it, and not die in the middest of it Why (quoth I) my selfe, that am but a poore childish welwiller of yours, with the verie thought, that a man of your desert and state, by a number of pesants and varlets should be so miuriously abused in hugger mugger, have [immoderately and lavishly wept] The wheele under our Citie bridge carries not so much water over the city, as my braine hath welled forth gushing streames My eies have bin dronk, outragiously dronke, with giving but ordinary entercourse through their sea circled Islands to my distilling dreamment

It is buzzed in the kings head that you are a secret friend to the enemy, & under pretence of getting a license to furnish the campe with syder and such like provant [provender], you have furnish the enemy, and in emptic barrells sent letters of discoverie, and come innumerable.

I might well have left here, for by this time his white liver had mixt it selfe with the white of his cie, & both were turned upwardes, as if they had offered themselves a fayre white for death to shoote at. The troth was, I was verie loth mine hoste and I should parte to heaven with dry lips, wherefore the best meanes that I could imagine to wake him out of his traunce, was to crie loude in his care, Hough host, whats to pay, will no man looke to the reckning heere? and in plaine veritie, it tooke expected effect, for with the noise he started and bustled, like a man that had beene scared with fyre out of his sleepe, and ranne hastily to his Tapster, and all to be laboured him about the eares, for letting gentlemen call so long and not looke into them.

Oh, quoth he, I am bought and solde for doing my Country such good service as I have done. They are afraid of mee, because my good deedes have brought me into such estimation with the communalty, I see, I see it is not for the lambe to live with the wolfe.

Answere me, quoth he, my wise young Wilton, is it true that I am thus underhand, dead, and buried by these bad tongues?

Nay, quoth I, you shall pardon me, for I have spoken too much alreadic, no definitive sentence of death shall march out of my wel meaning lips, they have but lately suckt milke, and shall they so sodainly change theyr food and seeke after bloud?

Oh but, quoth he, a mans friend is his friend. Fill the other pint Tapster. What sayd the king, did hee believe it when hee heard it? I pray thee say, I sweare to thee by my nobility, none in the worlde shall ever be made privie, that I received anic light of this matter from thee.

That tirme affiance, quoth I, had I in you before, or else I would never have gone so farre over the shooes, to plucke you out of the mire—Not to make many wordes (since you will needs know) the king saies flatly, you

are a miser & a snudge, and he never hopt better of you. Nay then (quoth he) questionlesse some planet that loves not syder hath conspired against me. Moreover, which is worse, the king hath vowed to give Furum one hot breakfast, onely with the bungs that hee will plucke out of your barrells. I cannot state at this time to reporte each circumstance that passed, but the only counsell that my long cherished kinde inclination can possibly contrive, is now in your olde daies to be liberall, such victuals or provisions as you have, presently distribute it frankly amongst poore souldiers, I would let them burst their bellies with syder, and bathe in it, before I would runne into my Princes ill opinion for a whole sea The hunter pursuing the beaver for his stones, her bites them off, and leaves them behinde for him to gather up, whereby he lives quiet. If greedic hunters and hungry tel tales pursue you, it is for a little pelfe which you have, cast it behind you, neglect it, let them have it, lest it breed a further inconvenience. Credit my advice you shall finde it propheticall, and thus I have discharged the parte of a poore friend With some few like phrases of ceremonie, Your honors suppliant, & so forth, and Farewel my good youth, I thanke thee and will remember thee, we parted

But the next date I thinke we had a dole of syder, syder in boules, in scuppets, in helmets, & to conclude, if a man would have fild his bootes full, there her might have had it, provant thrust it selfe into poore souldiers pockets whether they would or no We made five peals of shot into the towne together, of nothing but spiggots and faussets of discarded emptie barrels evene underfoote soildiour had a distenanted tunne, as Diegene had his tub to sleepe in, I my selfe got as many con fiscated Tapsters aprons as made me 1 Tent, as bigge as any ordinarie commanders in the field. But in conclusion, my welbeloved Baron of double beere got him humbly on his marybones to the king, and complained hee was olde and striken in yeres, and had here an heire to cast at a dogge, wherefore if it might please his majesty to take his lands into his hands, and allowe him some reasonable pension to live on, hee shoulde bee mervailous wel pleased as for the warres, he was wearie of them, and yet as long as highnes shoulde venture his owne person, hee would not flinch a foot, but make his withered bodie a buckler, to beare off anie blow that should be advanced agaynst him

The king mervailing at this strange alteration of his great marchant of syder (for so hee woulde often plea santly tearme him), with a little further talke bolted out the whole complotment. Then was I pittifully whipt for my holy day lie, although they made themselves merrie with it many a faire winters evening after

The page finds his way to France, where there is war with the Switzers, to Munster, where Jack of Leyden and the Anabaptists are annihilated, and to Italy, where he moves in an atmosphere of poison, arson, intrigue, assassination, torture, execution by roasting and breaking on the wheel, and all manner of crimes of violence, and leads a quite unedifying life. In search of a runaway mistress, he runs into a Jew's shop, by whom he is arrested, and—in accordance with Roman law, we are told—is sold to another Jew, a doctor, to be anatomised at leisure, and the destined victim of this Burke and-Harc adventure describes at length

his sensations in the anticipation of a death from which he is rescued by the cunning of an amorous Rom in Ind. of the papal court The story is very loosely put together, and is not wholly a picaresque The episode of the Earl of Surrey and the fair Geraldine is sheer cuphuistic romance (see page 159) there are passages where this odd defender of the Church of England reviles Calvinists and Scots in the style of the anti Puritan pamphlets And there is an enthusiastic panegyric of Aretino, who is thus apostrophised 'Aretino, as long as the world lives thou shalt live - Fully, Virgil, Ovid, Sencea were never such ornaments to Italy as thou hast beene! Throughout, the victims of crime utter at the crisis of their fate elaborate, overstruned, incredible, and unrealistic speeches

The story, so interesting in the history of English literature, was in its time so little of a success that Nash never tried this kind of fiction again last important piece was I enten Stuffe (1599), in praise of red herrings and of Yarmouth, where he had been well received Hc died in 1601

See Mckerrow's edition of the Complete Works of Thomas Virsite in 4 vols (Lulien 1904-5) also Grosart's edition in the Huth Library (6 vols. 1083-85) Collier's introduction to Pierce Lennilesse (Shake peare Soc 1842) Gosse's introduction to The Unfor made Iriceller (1892) Justerand Ine English Novel in the Time of Snakesperre (trans. 1890), and D Israeli's Cilmities of luthors

Gabriel Harvey (1545?-1630) was the son of a ropemaker at Saffron Walden-a fact dwelt on in a variety of offensive ways by Greene and Nash in a long and bitter controversy between them and He studied at Cambridge, became a fellow of Pembroke Hall, and subsequently held various posts at Trinity Hall, his election to the Mastership being set aside by a royal mandate From his undergraduate days a distinguished student, he became a fanatical and pedantic classicist, and sought to conform even English verse to Latin inctre, he boasts himself to be the inventor of English hexameters. Spenser's intimate friend-addressed in The Shepherd's Calendar as 'Hobbinol'—he persunded the author of the Taerie Oneone for a time to forbear rhyme in his poetry He was van, arrogant, cross grained, and censo rious, and a large part of his life was occupied with his controversics, especially that named above Greene resented Harvey's criticisms, Harvey re plied, and after Greene's miserable death published to the world all the unpleasant gossip he could and, and this brought Greene's friend Nash into the feud, in which Nash's power of invective ultimately silenced Harvey, who spent his last years in his native town. He printed a number of Latin orations and truitises on rhotono, letters, &c, and his English works, including the letters to ind from Spenser, Harvey's own (poor) sonnets, and his numerous pamphlets, fill three volumes (edited by Dr Grosart in 1884-85)

Martin Marprelate was the nom de guerre of a series of Puritan pamphleteers who bitterly atticked with trenchant historical argument and I

savage personal lampoons Episcopacy, the rites and doctrines disapproved by Puritans, and the official and non official defenders of the Church. Some of the replies were serious, but some of the self constituted defenders of the Church out Martined Martin in Billingsgitte, buffooners, and From 1572 there had been keen conscurrility troversy between the two parties in the Church, of whom Cartwright and Whitgift were the most conspicuous early champions, and Hooker's Eccli siastical Polity was the chief reply on the part of the Church But the form the controversy took in the Marprelate pamphlets-numbering between twenty and thirty-must have vesed and revolted all pious and reverent minds in every party authorship of the several pamphlets, usually anonymous or pseudonymous, remains more or less de-The chief authors on the Puritan side were apparently John Udıll (see page 155), who died in prison. Henry Barrow, a barrister (eve cuted), John Penry, a Welsh clergyman (executed), and Job Throckmorton, a well to do country gentle man, in whose house many of the tracts were printed, even if he did not himself write part of them Perhaps the most notable publication on this side was that called Hay [Have ye] any work for Cooper? named from a London street cry serious Admonition on behalf of the Church issued in his own name by Cooper (Bishop then of Lincoln, afterwards of Winchester) in 1589 should hardly be accounted one of the series, though it fell in the very midst of the controversy, at its height in 1588, 1589, and 1590 Amongst volunteers on the Episcopal side were Lyly and Nash, and the style of their handiwork may be seen from the extract

at page 316 from Lyly's Pap with a Hatchett Richard Stanyhurst (1547-1618), one of Holinshed's collaborators, was by Gabriel Harvey praised as his own aptest scholar, in virtue of his rendering (1582) of the first four books of the Encid into English hexameters, on Harvey's pedantic principles. But few save Harvey's set thought Stanyhurst an improvement on Phaer (see page 265) Nash and other contemporary critics had too ample reason for ridiculing and parodying this preposterous achievement, which is not merely awkward, uncouth, and lumbering, but prosaic, and here and there grotesquely mept, and adorned with many monstrous word forms invented for the occasion He also translated some of the Psalms into classical metres, with equal Yet Stanyhurst, who was born in unsuccess Dublin and educated at Oxford, was a really learned man, who wrote much on Irish history, produced a profound Latin commentary on Porphyry, the Neoplatonic mystic, and left some Latin dictional works He was a devout Catholic, and in 1580 settled on the Continent holy orders and died a priest at Brussels

A short specimen of Stanyhurst's Virgil his Eners (the beginning of Book ii) will justify his

most uncomplimentary critics

With tentive listning eache wight was setled in harckning

Thus father Æneas chronicled from loftic bed hautie You bid me, O Princesse, to scarrisse a sestered old soare How that the Trojans wear prest by Grecian armie Whose fatal miserie my sight hath witnesed heavie In which sharp bickring my self, as partie, remained What ruter of Dolopans weare so cruel harted in harckning, What curst Myrmidones, what karne of canchred Ulysses, What void of al weeping could eare so mortal an hazard? And now with moisture the night from welkin is hastning And stars too slumber dooe stur mens natural humours. How be it (Princely Regent) if that thy affection earnest Thy mind enflameth too learne our fatal aventures, Thee toyls of Trojans, and last infortunat affray Though my queazy stomack that bloodie recital abhorreth, And tears with trilling shall baine my phisnomie deepely Yet thine hoat affected desire shall gain the rehersal

The Greekish captains with wars and destinie mated, Fetching from Pallas soom wise celestial engin, Fram'd a steede of timber, steaming like mounten in hudgnesse

A vow for passadge they fainde and brute so reported In this hudge ambry they ram'd a number of hardie Tough knights, thick farcing thee ribs with clustered armour

Though at first sight it may seem impossible it will be found that a little violence in misplacing accents makes the lines scan as hideous hexameters. And if readers have difficulty in following the Figlish, the easiest interpretation will be got by looking up the original Latin! But it may be hinted that ruler is Dutch ruler (Ger, reiter, ritter) a horse soldier, karne is kerne, an (Irish) foot soldier baine, the French baigner bathe enginess ingening con trivance, steaming is apparently an odd misprint for seeming brule is bruit, rumour and that the doubling of the ein time for the and of the o in too for to, &c, is to mark quantity.

Captain Baruabe Rich (C.1540-c 1620), soldier and romance writer, was of good Essex stock, served in the Low Country wars, and from 1573 spent most of his life in Ireland, latterly in In his romances he was a government post. inspired by Lyly's Luphues, but one of them, The Straunge and Wonderfull Adventures of Don Simonides, a Gentilman Spaniard, has claims to rank as the earliest of modern romances (see From another Shakespeare above, page 238) undoubtedly took the plot of Twelfth Night He wrote also largely on the distressful condition of his adopted country, denounced the rebellious spirit of the Irish, popery, tobacco smoking, and feminine His verses are very poor and the extravagance trinslations from Herodotus ascribed to him is by another hand -Reginald Scot (c. 1538-99), a Kentish man who studied at Oxford, deserves remembrance for his bold impeachment of the witchcraft superstition in his Discoverie of Witcheraft (1584)

the play of *Promos and Cassandra*, on which Shidespeare founded his *Measure for Measure* He rioted a while at court, served in the Low Countries, engaged in Sir Humphrev Gilbert's unsuccessful expedition to Newfoundland (1578-79), and fought at the battle of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney got his death-wound (1586) He contended for a kind of play intermediate between

the monotonous classical Senegan type and the absurd kind beloved of the vulgar, full of extravagances and impossibilities, see his criticism of the early Elizabethan dramatists above at page 240 His *Promos and Cassandra* was a translation, with pieces of poetry interspersed, of one of the *Heea tommuths* of the Italian, Giraldo Cinthio

Another minor dramatist of this period is Thomas Hughes, who had the chief share in *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (1588) He was a Cheshire man, who passed from Cambridge to Gray's Inn

Anthony Munday (1553-1633), the son of a London draper, was a pamphleteer, translator, chivalry romancer, playwright, balladmaker, and poet, as also actor, stationer, and spy on the English Catholics at Rome In the latter capacity he went abroad in 1578, in 1579, on his return, he was reproving sin in the Mirrour of Mutabilitie, partly in rhyme, partly in blank verse. He was concerned in eighteen plays, of which only four are extant Francis Meres, in 1598, calls him the 'best plotter' among the writers for the stage, but he showed little originality, and his style is rather poor, both in prose and verse. John a Kent (1595) is based on an old humorous ballad best of his extant plays, The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington, afterward called Robin Hood of Verrie Sherwolde (1598), was reproduced, with additions by Chettle, in 1599. It was reprinted (modernised) both by Dodsley and by Collier Robin thus addresses Much, the clown, and Marian

Wind once more, jolly huntsmen, all your horns, Whose shrill sound, with the echoing woods' assist, Shall ring a sad knell for the fearful deer, Before our feathered shafts, death s winged darts, Bring sudden summons for their fatal ends. Give me thy hand now God's curse on me light, If I forsake not grief in grief's despite Much, make a cry, and yeomen, stand ye round I charge ye, never more let woful sound Be heard among ye, but whatever fall, Laugh grief to scorn, and so make sorrow small Marian, thou seest, though courtly pleasures want, Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant For the soul ravishing delicious sound Of instrumental music, we have found The winged quiristers, with divers notes, Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats, On every branch that compasseth our bower, Without command contenting us each hour For arras hangings and rich tapestry, We have sweet nature's best embroidery For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont st to look. Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook At court a flower or two did deck thy head, Now with whole garlands it is circled. For what in wealth we want, we have in flower, And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

In the Dictionary of Vitional Bio riphy Munday i credited with the translation of nine romances (Pillatino of England Inviduo le Giule, Co.) the writing of seven pascants, and the production of twenty four miscellaneous pieces—some of them edifying but tedious, as The Pefence of Prierite and The Pine of Prieries.

Henry Chattle (1565-1607) was a pamphleteer and dramatist who edited Greene's Groats-worth of 11't (1592, see above at page 327), wrote thirteen plays of considerable merit (one of which, Hoffmann, was reprinted in 1851), and was partauthor (1th Dekker, Ben Jonson, Day, Webster, and others) of thirty five others, including Robin Heal, Patient Grissill, The Blind Beggar of Beth tal Green, and Jane Shore Patient Grissill, apparently by Chettle, Dekker, and Haughton, is bised on an English prose version of Boccaccio's story, and on a ballad founded on that, but there are marked alterations and great additions for drimitic effect. Many of the characters are Welsh, and speak the broken English we know from some of Shakespeare's plays. Besides the ordcal to which Grissill is subjected, there is a subordinate experiment (unsuccessful) by Sir Owen to subduc the spirit of Gwenthian. It has been argued (as by Hubsch in his edition of the play in the Erlanger Butrage, w, 1893) that both plots, as well as the phrase, 'To tame a shrew,' which occurs four times in this piece, may have influenced Shakespeare in his Taming of the Shrew, though, on the other hand, Shakespeare may have been first in the field—the dates of both plays are doubtful, and the too plentiful Welsh English jargon in Patient Grissill, as well as single phrases like 'pribles and prables,' would, if we knew Grissill to be the earlier play, almost prove that it had helped to mould the talk of Sir Hugh Evans in Inc Merry II eves of Il indsor

The marquis lover thus describes the perfections of Grissill, the poor basketmaker's daughter

See where my Grissill and her father is,
Me thinkes her beautic, shining through those weedes,
Seemes hill a bright starre in the sullen night
How lovely povertie dwels on her backe!
Did but the proud world note her as I doc,
She would east off rich robes, forswere rich state,
To clothe them in such poore abiliments

And later he complacently records the result of his experiments thus

I tried my Grissills patience v hen twas greene, Like a young osier, and I moulded it I ike waxe to all impressions. Married men That long to tame their v ives must curbe them in, Lefore they need a bridle, then they'll proove All Grissills, full of patience, full of love

His picaresque novel, Pierce Plannes Seaven Veres Prentiship (1595), came but a year after Nash's Jack Wilton

Philip Henslowe (d. 1616) it appears that between 1591 and 1597 upwards of a hundred different plays were performed by four of the ten or eleven heatrical companies which then existed. Henslove, successively a dyer, money lender, pawn broker (who idvanced money and dresses to the players), and owner of house property, had much to do with the building and management of theatres. Chapman, Drayton, Dekler, and other

well known dramatists had works of theirs produced under his management, but not Shakespeare, who was mainly connected with other management Most of the plays named by him are lost, but several good dramas of this golden age have descended to us, the authors of which are unknown or only guessed at. Several there were, without authority, attributed to Shakespeare, a few possess ment chough to have by serious critics been considered first sketches by Shake Most of them were republished in spcare. Dodsley's Old Plays Among the most notable are The Merry Devil of Edmonton, The London Prodigal, The Yorkshire Tragedy, Lord Cromwell, The Birth of Merlin, The Widow of Watling-Street, Mucedorus, Locrine, Arden of Teversham, The Misfortunes of Arthur, Edward III, The Two Noble Kinsmen, &c The latter two have scenes in which versification and dialogue are wonderfully Shakespearian in the Noble Kinsmen Mr Lee thinks there are frequent and unmistakable signs of Shakespearian work comedies the Nerry Devil of Edmonton is the best (edited by Warnke and Proescholdt, Halle, 1884, and by Walker for Dent, 1897) thought it was 'assuredly not unworthy of Shake speare' (though the 'Merry Devil,' a magician called Fabell, has no real share in the plot), and Charles Lamb thought it 'written to make the reader happy' The Birth of Merlin is probably an old play worked up by Rowley, possibly with help from Middleton, the Misfortunes of Arthur seems to be mainly by Thomas Hughes (page 333)

trien of Feversham (printed 1592), the most important of a scries of what Mi Bullen calls murder plays, is founded on the story, told at length by Holinshed, of a murder which took place in Alice, the unfaithful wife of Arden, a Kentish gentleman, joined with her paramour Mosbie and two assassins in murdering her hus Alice was a step daughter of Sir Edward North, father of the translator, Mosbie, a tailor by trade, was a servant of Lord North In 1770 a local Faversham editor of the plays argued strongly that it was Shal espeare's Treck translated it into German as a genuine production of Shakespeare Mr Swinburne inclines to the belief that it may have been the work of Shakespeare's youth, and Mr Bullen (who edited Arden in 1887) thinks Shakespeare may have revised and improved an older version into this shape (adding single lines and longer passages in the extract given below), though there is no evidence that he did Symonds, who values the piece almost as highly as does Mr Swanburne, thought it safer meanwhile to be content to rank it amongst anonymous works We subjoin one touching scene between Alice and her paramour-a scene of mutual recrimination, guilt, and tenderness

Mostre How no v, Alice? What, sad and passionat? Make me particler of thy pensivenes byte divided burnes with lesser force.

That Kiot's child must needs be Beggary Ire these the virtues that his youth did promise? Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels, Taking his bed with surfaits, ill beseeming The ancient honour of his house and name? And this not all, but that which kills me most-When he recounts his losses and falle fortunes, The weakness of his state so much dejected, Not as a man repentant, but half mad His fortunes cannot answer his expense, He sits and sullenly locks up his arms, Forgetting Heaven, looks downward, which makes him Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth, Not penitent for those his sins are past, But vexed his money cannot make them last. A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow!

On Arten f Ferentim and the 1 r's are Trageay, see the compter on 'Donesic Tragedy in Mr J. A. Symonds's Stake stetres Pricess rs (1874) and Mr L. H. Bullen's introduction to his edition of Irden (1887). The first is given from the old text the latter from the modernised version edited by Collier with the punctuation altered.

William Warner, born apparently in Yorkshire about 1558, studied at Oxford and became an attorney of the Common Pleas, but from 1585 was known as an author, and died in 1609. He published a series of prose tales called Pan his Syring in 1585, he translated from Plautus, and in 1586 came before the public with his famous Albion's England, a kind of rhyming history with interludes and disquisitions, but the history is not exactly history, and the poetry very seldom what it nevertheless seems to have been taken for, though here and there are pithy lines and phrases and episodes well thought out The work, written in long couplets of fourteen syllable lines, is managed with some devicerity, but on the whole is shambling, tedious, ind monotonous Yet, though prohibited at first—on the ground of the indelicacy of certain passages, it is said—it was wonderfully well received, quite surprisingly so, since by the time it appeared Sir Philip Sidney's work was done ethough not published), the I derte Queene was being written, and Shakespeare was at work in Meres, one of the most often quoted of contemporary critics, expressly says Spenser and Warner 'be our chief heroical makers,' and tells us the best wits of Oxford and Cambridge call Warner our 'English Homer,' and compare him with Euripides! Nash felt confident that Warner had 'in no whit disparaged' English Before 1612 there had been six editions of Album's England, every new issue having additions bringing the work down to date, or introducing foreign matters, so that, whereas the first edition had but four books, the sixth had sixteen dedication explains the name of the work and its 'This our whole Hand, anciently called br 1'41 te, but more anciently Albion, presently containing two Kingdomes, England and Scotland, is cause (right Honourable) that to distinguish the former, whose onely occurrents I abridge from our Historic, I entitle this my book Albion's]

England' It begins, nevertheless, with the division of the world after the Flood, takes in some classical mythology, and so reaches the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth and Brute (whence the spelling Brutaine), the grandson of Æncas and founder of the British monarchy Arbitrary and elliptical selections from actual history appear from the fifth book on, with curious episodes Thus Curan, a Dansk prince, falls in love with Argentile, a princess of Northumberland, dispos sessed by a cruel uncle, turns 'kitchin drudge' that he may woo her, but is rejected, loses sight of her when she flees from court, and, becoming a shepherd, makes love to her (successfully) under the impression that he is making suit to a 'countrie The story, given as part of the history of Northumbria, occupies five out of the twenty pages devoted to the whole history of the Hep tarchy and of the Anglo-Saxon kings of England. It seems impossible to believe that Warner is not here giving a rechauffe of some version of the old English poem Havelok the Dane (sec page 44) The cruel uncle, the Danish prince who becomes a kitchen drudge, and other elements - even the parallel between Argentile and Goldburgh, though Curan rather suggests Horn—seem to put out of court Mr Sidney Lce's belief that the coincidence is accidental. This episode has been specially priised and reprinted or imitated William Webster pla giarised it in 1617, it was used for the plot of a play attributed to John Webster and Rowley, and for another by William Mason, it was made into a ballad, and it was included by Percy in his Reliques, as was also the episode of 'the Patient Countess' In Warner's account of the reign of Henry VII, the unfortunate daughter of the Earl of Huntly who was married to Perkin Warbeck is permitted to tell, to the length of six pages, the sad tale how a Scottish knight became distraught through his wife's disloyalty, and to record the distriught conversation of the poor man Hercon follow the loves, jerlousies, and feuds of the Owl, the Cuckoo, the Swallow, and the Bat, with arguments between them and adventures that to them bcfcll This again is so foreign to Warner's native turn of mind that it seems he was working up relics of some old allegorical poem of the Owl and Nightingah type. There is a good deal about the King of Spain and the Pope, the Inquisition, and the Civil Wars in France, the adventures of Sir John Mandeville fill a long series of chapters, and the first part of the work winds up with a disqui sition against atheists, and a summary of physics, ethics, and natural theology The Continuance of 1606 wandered away from England to the Picts and Scots, Macbeth and Fleance, and to the history of Wales, but returns to contemporary English history in the Gunpowder Plot Occasional 'merric jestes' are of unconventional broadness sometimes introduces a story in the words of a northerner, and wields the Yorkshire dialect with good effect. The story of the execution of Mary

[ryme,

Queen of Scots (in the first part) has interest as being practically a contemporary account. Thomas Campbell called this extraordinary pot pourn 'an enormous ballad.' Of its critics Charles Lamb is the most generous, he read Albion 'with great pleasure, largely for the skill shown in overcoming the difficulties of alliteration and versification.'

The following is from Curan's love suit

The Plowmans labour hath no end and he a Churle [unto Loue The Craftsman hath more worke in hand than fitted Then chuse a Shepheard with the Sun he doth his Plocke vnfold, And all the day on Hill or plaine he merric chat can And with the Sun doth folds againe then jogging home

betime, He turnes a Crab, or tunes a round, or fings fome merrie Nor lacks he gleeful tales, whilft round the nut brown

bolc doth trot And itteth finging care away, till he to bed be got There fleeps he foundly all the night, forgetting Morrow Nor fears he blafting of his come nor vttering of his Or stormes by seas, or stirres of land, or cracke of crudite Nor spending frunklier then his Flocke shall still defra; Well not I, footh they fay that fay more quiet nights [doth graze and dates The shepheard fleeps and wakes then he whose Cattel he

The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots

Beleeue me, Lasse, a king is but a man, and so am I

Content is worth a Monarchie, and mischiefes hit the hie

This nature frended Lady (had the bin as wife as wittie, Who by the Maffacres in France had learnt to leave of Made there too apt for bloody acts, the Pope for it to To tale her death, too much deserued, her selse did meekely frame She bids commend her to her fonne, and will him to Ill practifes and policies, for thence her forowes grew True Romish, Scottish, and true French, tell all my Friend, I die. [replie, When Welium (vnto whom the fpake) did, weeping, thus The wofulft Meffage, Madame, this that cuer me befell, When of my Queene and Mistresse death I shall the tidings tell, She, kifling him, fayes, Pray for me, and bids him fo

farewell Then of a debt was due from her she did the payment And that her feruants might emoy those legacies she pauc, And to attend her at her death some of her owne to have All which the Earles commissioned did yeeld vito, and so She to the black-clad Scaffold, there to take her death, did go. [or twift,

Now Wirs Stewards Troubles shall have ending once, She faid, and not to mone for her did give to Hers adule, and whilit the Writ in reading was no more regarded it, Then if it had fecured or concerned her no whit.

Beades at her Girdle hung, at end of them a Medall, and An Im is Der bout her necke, a crost Christ in her hand They prayed her to fet a part those popish Toves, an I pray

In futh to Christ, in only whom her whole faluation lay,

And, offring then to pray with her, that Offer she withflood,

Alleaging that our prayers can doc Catholique no good So doth the Popes false Calendar of faints of sense bereauc Our Traytors, who dye Papists that therein it them receauc

Was never yet Religion heard fo peftilent as this, Their murdring vs, for Lawfull, of their Creed a portion is So had they schooled her, and that her bloodic Mischiels

Were mentorious, which the Pope would honor fo at last That even then, the Gospels Light illuminate her heart Was prayd of Ours, whilst she with hers prayd, as pleasde her, a part

Then to her wofull feruants did the passe a kinde a dew And kiffing of her Crucitix, vnto the block her drew, And fearcles, as if glad to dye, did dye to Papifme trew Which, and her other Errors (who in much did euer erre), Vnto the Judge of Mercie and of Juffice we referre If eucr fuch Confpirator, of it impenitent, If ever foule Pope schooled so that sea to Heaven sent, If euer one ill hu d did dye a Papist God wards bent, Then happic the But so or not, it happic is for vs That of fo dangerous a I oc we are dehuer'd thus.

Robert Southwell, Jesuit martyr and poet, was born at Horsham St Faith's, near Norwich, about 1561, his father's family being still represented by Lord Southwell, while his maternal grandmother was a Shelley of the house whence the poet spring. He was educated at Doury, at Paris, at Tournay, and at Rome, being received into the Society of Jesus as one of the 'children' in 1578, and took the yours of a scholastic in 1580. He distinguished himself so highly in philosophy and theology as to be appointed prefect of the English He was ordained priest in 1584, and two years later, arriving in England with Garnet, was sheltered by Lord Vaux, and became chaplain to the Countess of Arundel, whose husband was an imprisoned Catholic. The savage laws of 1584 declared it treason for any native born subject of the queen who had been orduned a Roman Catholic priest since her accession to reside in England forty days, the penalty being death and disembowelment. For six years he ministered secretly but zealously to the scattered adherents of his creed, meanwhile he wrote his Consolation for Catholics and most of his poems. In 1592 he was betrayed, and imprisoned at Westminster and in the Tower After three years' captivity, and after having been agonisingly tortured no less than thirteen times without betraying any of his fellow labourers, he was put on trial, the inevitable sentence followed, and on 22nd February 1595 he suffered bravely at Tyburn, frankly declaring himself, as he had done throughout, 'a priest of the Catholic and Roman Church, and of the Society of Jesus' His longest poem is St Peter's Conplaint, his most famous, Inc birn ng Babe, a singular piece of spiritualised fancy, of which Ben Jonson said to Drummond of Hawthornden, that if he had written that piece, he would have been content to burn many of his

own poems' St Peter's Complaint, Maonia, and a third volume of verse all appeared after South well's death, and were repeatedly reprinted, but spite of Ben Jonson's praise fell into ilmost complete oblivion Waldron, a Catholic actor, reprinted a few of Southwell's poems, Walter edited the poems in 1816, and furnbull in 1856, but the most complete edition is Grosart's Opinion is divided is to his merits. Mr Sewell, the harshest of his critics, said St Peter's Complaint was a 'drawl' of thirty pages of 'maudin repentance in which the distinctions between the north and north east sides of a sentimentality are worthy of Duns Scotus' But Archbishop Trench and Dr George Macdonald have given him high praise, though everybody must admit that many of his conceits are extravagant, his hunt after alliteration and antithesis strained. His wording is often odd and it times grotesque-'Day full of dumps' sounds far from solemn. But many of his images are striking, and many of his lines terse and impressive, while, in spite of oversentimentality, the devotional feeling is sincere and the utterance genuinely poetic. His prose papers, some six in number, are of less interest As a poet he ex pressly designed to show that virtue and piety were as suitable subjects for poetry as worldly ambitions and sensual joys. He was at pains to write, in contrast to Dyer's 'Fancy' dealing with the torments of love, a more edifying Dyer's Phancy turned to a Sinner's Complainte

The Image of Death

Before my face the picture hangs, That daily should put me in mind Of those cold names and bitter pangs That shortly I am like to find . But yet, alas ! full little I Do thinke hereon that I must die I often looke upon a face Most vgly, grisly, bare, and thinne, I often view the hollow place Where eyes and nose had sometime oin, I see the bones acrosse that he, Yet little think that I must die I read the labell underneath, That telleth me whereto I must, I see the sentence eake that saith, 'Remember, man, that thou art dust ' But vet, alas ' but seldome I Do- thinke indeede that I must die Continually at my bed's head A hearse doth hang, which doth me tel That I ere morning may be dead, Though now I feele my selfe ful well. But yet, alas! for all this, I Hane little minde that I must die The gowne which I do vee to weare,

The knie wherewith I cut inv mea e,

And eke that old and ancient chair,

Which is my onely variall seat

All these do tel me I must die.

And yet my life amend not I

My ancestors are turnd to clay, And many of my mates are gone, My yongers daily drop away, And can I thinke to 'scape alone? No, no, I know that I must die, And yet my life amend not l If none can 'scape Death's dreadfull dart, If rich and poore his becke obey, If strong, if wise, if all do smart, Then I to 'scape shall have no way Then grant me grace, O God! that I My life may mend, sith I must die.

The Burning Babe.

As I in hoary Winter's night Stood shiveringe in the snowe, Surpris'd I was with sodayne heat, Which made my hart to glow, And liftinge upp a fear-full eye To vewe what fire was nere, A prety Babe all burninge bright, Did in the ayre appeare. Who, scorched with excessive heate, Such floodes of teares did shedd, As though His floodes should quench His flames, Which with His teares were fedd 'Alas ' quoth He, 'but newly borne, In fierv heates I frie, I et none approch to warm their hartes. Or feele my fire, but I, My faultles brest the fornace is, The fuell, woundinge thornes, Love is the fire, and sighes the smoke, The ashes, shames and scornes, The fuell Justice Injeth on, And Mercy blowes the coalcs, The metall in this fornace wrought \re men s defiled soules, For which, as nowe on fire I am, To worke them to their good, So will I melt into a bath, To washe them in my bloode.' With this He vanisht out of sight, And swiftly shroncke awaye, And straight I called unto mynde That it was Christmas daye

Tymes goe by Turnes

The lopped tree in tyme may grow againe, Most naked plants renewe both frute and floure The soriest wight may finde release of payne, The dryest soile sucke in some moystning shourd Tymes go by turnes, and chaunces change by course, From foule to fayre, from better happ to worse. The sea of Fortune doth not ever flor, She drawes her favours to the lowest ebb, Her tide hath equall tymes to come and goe, Her loome doth weave the fine and coarsest webb, No joy so great but runneth to an ende,

No happ so harde but may in fine amende Not allwaves fall of leaf, nor ever springe, No endlesse night, yet not eternall daye The saddest birdes a season finde to singe, The roughest storme a calme may soone alaye Thus with succeding turnes God tempereth all, That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall

A chaunce may wynne that by mischance was lost,

The nett that houldes no greate, takes little fishe,
In so ne thinges all, in all thinges none are croste,

Fewe all they neede, but none have all they wishe.

I minigled joyes here to no man befall,
Who least, hath some, who most, hath never all

The following is a stanza on Sleepe from St Peter's Complaint

Shape, Death's alive, oblimon of teares, Silence of passion, baline of angry sore, Suspence of lones, securitie of feares,

Wrath's lentine, heart's ease, storme's calmest shore, Sense's and soulc's reprival from all cumbers, Benumning sense of ill with quiet slumbers.

Another poem, Life is but Losse, begins thus
By force I hue, in will I wish to dye,
In playnte I passe the length of lingring dayes,
I ree would my soule from mortall body five
And tredd the track of death's desyred wates,
I ffe is but losse where death is deemed gaine,
And loathed pleasures breed displeasinge payne

The best edition of Southwell's poems is that by (rosart in the 'bul'er Worthies Library (1872).

Samuel Daniel, son of a music master, was born in 1562 near Faunton, in Somerset, and seems to have been educated under the patronage of the Pembroke fimily. In 1579 he was entered 1 commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he devoted himself to poetry and history, at the end of three years he quitted the university without taking a degree. Before 1590 he visited Italy, and soon after became tutor at Wilton to William Herbert (later Shakespeare's friend), son of the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Philip Sidney's sister Later he was tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter of the Eurl of Cumberland After the death of Spenser, Daniel became 'voluntary laure ite' to the court, but was superseded by Ben Jonson the reign of James he was appointed to 'allow' or act as censor of new plays, for a time had charge of a company of young players at Bristol, ind in 1607 was preferred to be gentleman extraordinity and groom of the queen's chamber He lived in a garden house in Old Street, St Luke's, where, according to Fuller he would 'lie hid for some months together, the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses, and then would appear in public to converse with his friends." Dimich is said to have enjoyed the friendship of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Chapman icter was irreproachable, and his society appears to have been much courted. Towards the close of his life he retired to a farm he rented at Beeking ton, in Somerset, where he died 14th October 1619.

The works of Daniel include sonnets, epistles, misques, and drain is, but his principal production is a History of the Civil Hars tetrocan York and Invaster, a poem in eight books, published in 1604. Musophilis, containing a General Deforce of Learning, is an elaborate and thoughtful work by Diniel, In. Difence of Rhy e (1602).

against Campion, is admirable prose. His tragedy of Chapatra (1593), dedicated to his patroness, Lidy Pembroke, was modelled on Sencer, and is not one of his most successful efforts, nor was his second tragedy, Philotas, on the story in Plutarch's Life of Alexander the Great, which provoked suspicion it court that Daniel was satirising the tyranny of princes. Both plays are Schecan rather than Elizabethan, and are influenced by French The Queen's Arcadia and Hymen's models Iriumph are 'pistoril tragi comedies' Daniel was extolled by his contemporaries, as Spenser, Lodge, Carew, Drummond of Hawthornden, although Ben Jonson described him is 'a good but no poct,' and Drayton quotes honest man the opinion of some wise men that he was 'too much historian in verse,' besides saying for him self that 'his manner better fitted prose' modern critics, Coleridge I imb, and Hazlitt unite in praising him. As a sonneteer Daniel is altogether admirable, some of the 'Deha' series rank near the best examples of this form in English Daniel is an elegant if hot a great poet. His writings are pervaded by tenderness and dignity, by thoughtfulness and purity of taste remarkable indeed, but licking vital energy of movement and memorableness of expression. His tragedies and masques fail in dramatic interest Southey called D micl 'the tenderest of the tender poets'

'The well languaged Daniel' (it was William Browne who gave the epithet, now a vox signata) is strangely modern in style, Coloridge said 'The style and linguise are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day-Wordsworth, for example-would use, it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakespeare' For this reason it is the more desirable that we should adhere throughout to his own spelling also (though the merely typographical archaisms of long is v for u and i for parc disregarded) The whole epistle from which our first extract is made Wordsworth pronounced very beautiful. Daniel's thoughtful equable verse flows on unintermittingly, and with a wealth of sound and dignified reflection, and never offends, but it becomes tedious and uninteresting from its sameness and the absence of salient points--the Civil II ais is especially fatiguing to read. Yet in a letter to Lamb, Coleridge notes that Daniel chught and recommunicated the spirit of the prent Countess of Pembroke the glory of the north, he formed her mind, and her mind inspirited him Gravely sober on all ordinary affors, and not easily excited by any, yet there is one on which his blood boils-whenever he speaks of English valour exerted against a foreign enemy?

From the Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.

He that of such a height hath built his runde. And reared the unciling of his thoughts, a strong, As neither feare nor hope can shake the traine. Of his resolved powers—nor all the win fe

Of vanity or mance pierce to virong

His citled peace, or to disturbe the same

What a fair reate hath he, from whence he may

The boundlesse virates and wildes of man survey.

And vith how free an eve doth he looke downe Upon these lover regions of turmovle. Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat. On itesh and bloud where honour, pow'r, renowne, Are only pay afflictions, golden toyle, Where greatnesse stands upon as feeble feet. As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme. To little minds who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes upon the mightiest Monarch's warres. But only as on stately robberies, Where evermore the fortune that prevails. Must be the right of the ill succeeding marres. The fairest and the best fac't enterprize. Great pirat Poinpey lesser pirats qualles. Justice, he sees, as if seduced, still. Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appeare as manifolde As are the passions of uncertaine man, Who puts it in all colours, all attires, To serve his ends, and make his courses holde. He sees that, let Deceit worke what it can, Plot and contrive base waves to high desires, That the all guiding Providence doth yet All disappoint and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder cracks
Of Tyrants threats, or with the surly brov
Of power, that proudly sits on others crimes,
Charg'd with more crying sinnes than those he checks.
The tornes of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the pie ent for the comming times,
Appall not him, that hath no side at all,
But of himselfe, and knows the vorst can fall

The next extract was specially praised by Coleridge, who, speaking of the first of the quoted standars, said 'What is there in description superior even in Shalespeare? Only that Shakespeare vould have gi en one of his glows to the first line, and flattered the mountain-top with his sovran eye, instead of this poor 'A mervailous advantage of his yeares'?

The Death of Talbot-from Book Sixth of the Civil Wars.'

Whil'st Talbut (whose fresh ardor having got A nervailous advantage of his yeares)
Carries his unfelt age as if forgot,
Whirling about where any need appeares
His hand, his eve, his wits all present, wrought
I'll e function of the glorious Part he beares
No y urging here, now cheering there, he flyes,
Unlockes the thickest troups, where most force lyes.

In midst of v rath of wounds, of blood, and death, There is he mest, where as he may do best and if one the closest ranks he severeth.

Drives been the stoutest powres, that fore and prest there makes his second his way—there laboreth Therefree, alle hand that never ceast, seeming unto he mortall wounds o yeall, Till Death became best maister of the Field.

Then like a sturdy Oke, that having long Against the warres of hercest windes made head When (with some forc't tempestuous rage, more strong). His down borne top comes over-maistered, All the neere bordering Trees hee stood among Crusht with his waightie fall, he ruined So lay his spoyles, all round about him slaine, T'adorne his death, that could not die in vaine.

On th'other part, his most all daring sonne (Although the inexperience of his yeares Made him lesse skil'd in what was to be done, And yet did carrie him beyond all feares) Into the maine Battahon, thrusting on Neere to the king, amidst the chiefest Pecres, With thousand wounds became at length opprest, As if he scorn'd to die but with the best

Who thus both, having gained a glorious end, Soone ended that great day, that set so red As all the purple Plaines that wide extend, A sad tempestuous season witnessed So much adoe had toyling Fraunce to rend From us the right so long inherited And so hard went we from what we possest, As with it went the blood we loved best

Which blood, not lost, but fast lay'd up with heed In everlasting fame, is there held deere, To seale the memorie of this dayes deede, Th'eternall evidence of what we were To which our Fathers, wee, and who succeed, Doe owe a sigh, for that it toucht us neere Nor must we sinne so much as to neglect The holy thought of such a deare respect

On Early Love-from 'Hymen's Triumph.' Ah. I remember well (and how can I But ever more remember well) when first Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was The flame we felt, v hen as we sate and sighed And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd Not what we ayled, yet something we did ayle, And yet were well, and yet we were not well, And what was our disease we could not tell Then would we kisse, then sigh, then looke and thus In that first garden of our simplenesse We spent our child hood. But when yeeres began To reape the fruite of knowledge ah, how then Would she with graver looks, with sweet, stern brow, Check my presumption and my forwardnes Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show What she would have me, yet not have me know

Sonnet to Delia

I must not grieve my love, whose cies would rede Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile, Flowers have time before they come to seede, And she is yong, and now must sport the while And sport, sweet Maide, in season of these yeares, And learne to gather flowers before they wither, And where the sweetest blossomes first appeares, Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither, Lighten foorth similes to cleere the clouded aire, And calme the tempest which my sighs doo raise Pitty and smiles doe best become the fair, Pitty and smiles must onely yeeld thee praise Make me to say, when all my profes are gone, Happy the heart that sighed for such a one

Sonnet to Delia.

Care charmer Sleepe, sonne of the sable Night, Brother to Deuth, in silent darknes borne, Relieve my languish, and restore the light, With darke forgetting of my care, returne. And let the day be time enough to mourne The shipwracke of my ill adventured youth, Let waking eyes suffice to waile the r scorne, Without the torments of the night's untruth Cease, dreames, the images of day desires, To model forth the passions of to morrow, Never let rising Sunne approve you liers To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine, And never wake to feele the dayes disdaine.

Ulisses and the Syren.

Syren Come, worthy Greeke, Ulisses come,
Possesse these shores with me,
The windes and Seas are troublesome,
And heere we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toile
That travaile in the deepe,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe.

Ultsses Tair Nimph, if fame or honor were
To be atteynd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toyles as these
But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Syren Ulisses, oh, be not deceiv'd
With that unreall name
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others fame
Begotten onely to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil!

Ulisses Delicious Nimph, suppose there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manlines would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport
For toyle doth give a better touche
To make us feele our joy,
And case finds tediousnesse as much
As labour yeelds annoy

Syrin Then pleasure likewise seems the shore, Whereto tends all your toyle, Which you forgo to make it more, And perish oft the while. Who may disporte them diversly, Finde never tedious day,

And ease may have varietie, As well as action may

Ulustes But natures of the noblest frame
These toyles and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease
And with the thoughts of actions past
Are recreated still
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill

Syren That doth opinion onely cause,
That's out of custome bred,
Which makes us many other lawes
Than ever nature did
No widdowes with for our delights,
Our sportes are without bloud,
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good

Ulisses Dut yet the state of things require These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire Seem borne to turne them best
To purge the inischiefes that increase And all good order mar
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war

Syren Well, well, Ulisse, then I see I shall not have thee heare, And therefore I will come to thee, And take my fortunes there I must be wonne that cannot win, Yet lost were I not wonne For beauty hath created bin, T' undoo or be undonne.

See Dr Grosart's edition of Daniel's works in the Huth Library (5 vols. 1885-87), and H. C. Beeching's Selections from the Poetry of S. Daniel and M. Drayton (1899).

Michael Drayton, born in 1563 at Hartshill, near Atherstone in Warwickshire, at the age of ten was made page to a person of qualitypossibly Sir Henry Goodere, to whom he says he owed the most of his education There is nothing to prove whether he went to a univer-His first work, The Harmonie of the Sity Church (1591), was a metrical translation of parts of the Scriptures, but gave offence to the authorities and was destroyed. In 1593 Drayton published a collection of his pastorals or 'eglogs', in 1594, a collection of sonnets or 'quatorzains' (which helped to fix the specific English form of the sonnet), and in 1596, the first form of what, much altered, appeared as The Barons' Wars, originally in a seven line stanza, finally in 'ottava rima.' It has fine passages, but is not everywhere England's Heroicall Epistles (1597), interesting on the model of Ovid's Heroides, is polished but unequal On the accession of James I in 1603, Drayton acted as esquire to Sir Walter Aston at his investiture as Knight of the Bath. The poet expected patronage from the new sovereign, but was disappointed. The Poems Lyric and Heroic (1606) contain the famous martial lyric, The Ballad of Agincourt He published the first part of his most elaborate work, the Polyolbion, in 1612, and the second in 1622, the whole forming a poetical 'chorographicall' description of England, in thirty songs or books The Polyolbion, unlike any other work in English poetry, is full of topographical and antiquarian details, allusions to remarkable events and persons, local sports and customs, yet the inevitable prolivity and monotony of such a scheme is atoned for by the

beauty of Drayton's descriptions, the skill of his treatment the brightness of his fancy, and the delightfulness of his melody, as well as by the multifulness of his information—information in general so accurate that the poem is quoted as in authority by Wood and Hearne.

In 1619 Driyton collected all his poems (but Polyolbion) that he winted preserved, and in 1627 published a new volume containing the whimsical and delightful Aymphidia, The Quest of Cynthia, and The Battaile of Igincourt (distinct from the Ballad) In conjunction with Chettle, Dekker, Munday, Webster, and others he had a share in many plays, notably Sir John Oldeastle. His last work, The Muses Elizium (1630), deals with Noah's dood, the birth of Moses, David and Goliuth, and the great sonnet, 'Since there's no help,' first



MICHAEL DKAYTON
From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

published in the 1619 folio, was pronounced by Rossetti as 'almost the best in the language, if not quite' On his death in 1631, Drayton was buried in Westminster Abbey

From 'Polyolbion'

Morning in War-cickshire-a Stag hunt

My native country then, which so brave spirits hast bred, If there be vertue yet remaining in thy carth, Or any good of thine then breathd'st into my birth, Accept it as thine owne whilst now I sing of thee Of all thy later brood th unworthiest though I bec

Muse, first of Arden tell, whose foot steps yet are found In her rough wood lands more than any other ground That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride, Her one hand touching Trent, the other Severn's side

When Phobbus hits his head out of the winters wave, No concr doth the earth her floweric bosonie brave, At such time as the Veere brings on the pleasant Spring. But Hunts up to the morne the feathered sylvans sing And in the lower Grove, as on the rising Knoll, Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole, Those quiristers are pearcht, with many a speckled breast. Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous Night Bespangled had with pearle, to please the morning's sight . On which the mirthful Quires, with their clere open Unto the joyful Morne so straine their warbling notes. That Hills and Valleys ring, and even the echoing Ayre Seems all composed of sounds about them every where. The Throstle, with shall sharps, as purposely he sung T' awake the listless Sunne, or chyding, that so long He was in comming forth, that should the thickets thrill. The Woosell neere at hand, that hath a golden bill, As Nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see That from all other Birds his tunes should different bee. For, with their vocall sounds, they sing to pleasant May, Upon his dulcet pype the Merle doth onely play When in the lower Brake, the Nightingtle hard by, In such lamenting straines the joyful howres doth ply As though the other birds shee to her tunes would draw And but that nature, by her all constraining law, Each bird to her owne kind this season doth invite. They else, alone to heare that Charmer of the Night, The more to use their cars their vovces sure would

That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare, As man to set in Parts at first had learned of her

spare.

To Philomell the next, the Linnet we prefer,
And by that warbling bird the Wood larke place we then,
The Red sparrow, the Nope, the Redbreast, and the
Wren

The Yellow pate, which though shee hurt the blooming Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pype than she And of these chaunting fowles, the Goldfinch not behind, That both so many sorts descending from her kind The Tydie for her notes as delicate as they, The laughing Hecco, then the counterfeiting Jay The softer with the shrill-some hid among the leaves, Some in the taller trees, some in the lower grewesthus sing away the Morne, until the mounting Sunne Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath runne, And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps To kisse the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleep-And near to these our Thicks the wild and frightful Heards, Not hearing other noyse but this of chattering Birds Feed furly on the Launds, both sorts of seasoned Decre Here walk the stately Red, the freekled I allow there The Bucks and lusty Stags, amongst the rascalls strewed, As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude

Of all the beasts which we for our veneriall name,
The Hart among the rest, the Hunters noblest game
Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er report
Or by description touch t' express that wondrous sport
(Yet might have well besceined the ancients' nobler songs)
To our old Arden heere most fifly it belongs
Act shall shee not invoke the mises to her ayde,
But thee, Diana bright, a goddesse and a mayd,
In many a huge growne Wood and many a shady Grove,
Which oft hast borne thy Bowe, great huntresse, used to

At many a cruell beast, and with thy darts to pierce The lion, panther, ounce the bear, and tiger fierce, And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty Forrests queen,

With thy disheveld nymphs attyred in youthful greene, About the Launds hast scowred, and wastes both farre and neere,

Brave huntress, but no beast shall prove thy quarries heere

Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty Red,
The Stag for goodly shape, and statelinesse of head
Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom when with his
hounds

The laboring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds, Where harbor'd is the Hart, there often from his feed. The dogs of him doe find, or thorough skilfull heed, The Huntsman by his slot, or breaking earth, perceaves, Or entring of the thicke by preising of the greaves. Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the Hart doth hear.

The of en bellowing hounds to vent his secret lair,
He rouzing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth
drive,

As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.

And through the combrous thicks as fearefully he makes,
He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,
That sprinkling their moyst pearle doe seems for him to
weepe.

When after goes the Cry, with yellings lowd and deepe, That all the forrest rings and every neighbouring place. And there is not a bound but falleth to the chase. Rechating with his horne, which then the hunter cheeres, Whilst's ill the lustic Stag his high palmed head upbeares, His body she ving state, with unbent I nees upright, Fxpressing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight, But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives, That hee his speed must trust, his usuall walke he leaves, And o'er the Champaine flies, which when the assembly find.

Lach followes, as his horse were footed with the wind But beeing then imbost, the noble stately Decre, When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arere) Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing sovle,

That serving not, then proves if he his secut can foyle And makes amongst the heards and flocks of shag wool'd sheep,

Them frighting from the guard of those who had their keepe

But when as all his shifts his safety still denies, Put quite out of his walke, the wayes and fallowes tries, Whom when the Plowman meets, his teame he letteth stand.

T' assaile him with his goad—so with his hooke in hand, The Shepheard him pursues, and to his dog doth halow When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen follow.

Until the noble Deere, through toil bereaved of strength, His long and sinewy legs then fayling him at length, The Villages attempts, enraged, not giving way to anything hee meets now at his sad decay. The cruell ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near, This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but feare, Some banke or quick set finds, to which his hanch oppos'd,

He turnes upon his foes, that soone have him inclos'd. The churlish throated hounds then holding him at bay, And as their cruell fangs on his harsh skin they lay,

With his sharp poynted head he dealeth deadly wounds. The Hunter, comming in to help his wearied hounds, He desperatly assayles, untill opprest by force, He who the Mourner is to his owne dying corse, Upon the ruthlesse earth his precious teares let fall.

(From the Thirteenth Song.)

The woose'l is the ouzel the tythe, a golden-crested wren or a titinouse uch, the bullfinch hiero is a name for a woodpecker that assumes some thurty forms as various as hickwall, tekle, yuckel, hee-han, and heigh ho greave is an old form of grove, embers or infloss said of a hunted animal, is to take shelter in a thicket rechaling is a particular measure on the horn.

Coleridge notes as admirable a passage on the cutting down of the old English forests

Our trees so hacked above the ground, That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crowned,

Their trunks, like aged folks, now bare and naked stand, As for receige to Heaven each held a withered hand

Ballad of Agincourt

I aire stood the wind for France, When we our Sayles advance, Nor now to prove our chance Longer will tarry, But putting to the Mayne At Kaux, the mouth of Seine, With all his martial trayne, Landed King Harry

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy howre,
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stop'd his way,
Where the I rench gen rall lay
With all his power

Which in his hight of pride king Henry to deride, His ransome to provide To the King sending Which he neglects the while, As from a Nation vile, Yet with an angry smile, Their fall portending

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed
Yet have we well begun,
Battels so bravely wonne
Have ever to the sunne
By I ame beene raysed.

And for myselfe (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'r mourne for Me,
Nor more esteeme me
Victor I will remaine,
Or on this earth he slaine,
Never shall shee sustaine
Losse to redeeme me

Yew

Po tiers and Cressy tell, When mo t their pride did s vell, Under our su ords they fell . No less our skill is. Than then our grandstre great, Claymir, the regall seate, Ly many a warlike feate, Lop'd the French bllies.

The Duke of Yorke so dread, The enger valuard led, With the maine Henry sped. Amongst his hench men Lycister had the rere. A braver man not there, O Lord, ho v hot they were On the false French men!

They now to fight are gone, Armour on armour shone, Drumme now to drumme did groan, To heare was wonder. That with cryes they make, The very earth did shake, I rumpet to trumpet spake, Hunder to thunder

Well it think and became, O noble Lipingham, Which did the signall ayme lo our hid forces . When from a medow by, Like a storme suddenly, The Lu_lish archery Stuck the French horses.

With Spinish Ligh so strong, Arrowes a cloth yard long, That like to scrpents stung, Piercing the weather, None from his fellow starts, But playing manly parts, And like true English hearts, Stuck close together

When downe their bowes they threw, And forth their bilbowes drew, And on the French they flew, Not one was tardie, Armes were from shoulders sent, Scalpes to the teeth were rent,

Do in the French pe sants went, Our men were hardie

This hil our noble King, His broad sword brandishing, Do on the I reach host did ding, 1s to or whelme it, An I many a deepe yound lent His nimes with bload besprent, And many a cruell dent Bruised his helmet

Gloster, that duke so good, Next of the royall blood, For famous Lingland stood, With his brave brother, Clarence in steel so bright Though but a mader knight, Let in that furious halit Scarce such another

Warwick in bloud did wade. Oxford the for invade. And cruell slaughter made. Still as they ran up . Suffolk his axe did ply, Beaumont and Willoughby Bare them right dou, httly, Ferrers and Fanhope

Upon Saint Crispin's day Fought was this noble fray, Which fame did not delay, To Lugland to carry, O, when shall Lnglishmen With such acts fill a pen-Or England breede againe Such a King Harry 1

From the Virginian Voyage' You brave heroique minds. Worthy your countries name, That honour still pursue, Go, and subdue, Whilst loyt'ring hinds Lurke here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long, Quickly aboord bestow you, And with a merry gale Swell your stretch'd sail, With vowes as strong As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steere, West and by south forth keepe, Kocks lee shores, nor sholes, When Eolus scowles. You need not feare, So absolute the deepe.

And cheerfully at sea, Success you still intice, To get the pearle and gold, And ours to hold, Virginia, Earth's only paradise

When as the luscious small Of that delicious land, Above the seas that flowes, The cleare wind throwes, Your hearts to swell Approching the deare strand,

In kenning of the shore (Thanks to God first given), O you the happy st men, Be frolique then, Let cannons roare, Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions for Such heroe bring yee forth, As those from whom we came, And plant our name Under that starre Not knowne unto our North

The canzonet, ' To his Coy Love,' that begins

I pray thee, leave lo e me no more,
Call home the hart you gave me,
I but in vaine that Saint adore
That can but will not save me.
These poore halfe kisses kill me quite,
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight
For pleasure to be sterved—

contains the ingenious conceit

O Tantalus! thy paines ne'er tell, By mee thou art prevented, Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell, But thus in Heaven tormented!

and ends

Come nice thing, let thy heart alone, I cannot live without thee

Most famous of Drayton's short poems is the Valediction.

Since ther's no helpe, come let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done, You get no more of Me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I my selfe can free
Shake hands for ever, Cancell all our Vowes,
And when we meet at any time againe,
Be it not seen in either of our browes
That we one jot of former Love reteyne
Now at the last gaspe of Loves latest Breath,
When, his Pulse fayling, Passion speechlesse lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death,
And Innocence is closing up his Eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over.

The following (modernised in spelling) describes the setting out of Mab, Queen of the Fairies, to visit Pigwiggin, 'a fairy knight'

From Death to Life thou might'st him yet recover

From the 'Nymphidia,

Her chariot ready straight is made, Each thing therein is fitting laid, That she by nothing might be stay'd, For nought must be her letting, Four nimble gnats the horses were, Their harnesses of gossamere, Fly Cranion, her charioteer, Upon the coach box getting

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning,
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterflie,
I trow 'twas simple trimming

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nones,
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle down they shod it,
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it

She mounts her chanot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear, Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were To Mab their sovereign dear, Her special maids of honour, Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin, Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin, It and Nit, and Wap and Win, The train that wait upon her

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them

There is a memoir by Payne Collier in his volume of poems by Drayton for the Roxburghe Club (1856) in 1876 the Rev R. Hooper edited the Polyobon A. H. Bullen published Selections from the poems in 1893 the Rev C. Beeching Selections from Daniel vail Drayton in 1899 and since 1885 the Spenser Society has issued the Polyobon in 3 vols. folio and also four quarto volumes of his poems

Josua Sylvester (1563-1618), translator of Du Bartas, was the son of a Kentish clothier, was put to trade against his will, wrote numberless poems and dedications, was groom of the chamber to, Prince Henry, and in 1613 became secretary to the English merchants at Middelburg in Holland, where he died He is now only remembered in a shadowy way as the translator of the Divine Weeks and Works of the French poet Du Bartas translation — or rather paraphrase — was highly popular, and earned for him among his contemporaries the epithet of 'silver-tongued Sylvester' Drayton, Drummond, Bishop Hall, Izaak Walton, and others praise the work, and Milton has been credited with copying some of its expressions Charles Dunster even said (in 1800) that Sylvester's Du Bartas contains the prima stamina of Paradise Lost, but this is much too unqualified a statement, though no doubt Milton read Sylvester's poem in his youth, and may have got suggestions therein. Dryden in youth preferred Sylvester to Spenser, but by and-by came to look on his yerse as 'abominable fustian'

Satan's Temptation of Eve

As a false Lover that thick snares hath laid T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid, When she (though little) listing ear affords To his sweet, courting, deep affected words, Feels some asswaging of his freezing flame, And sooths himselfe with hope to gain his game, And, rapt with joy, upon this point persists, That parleying Citic never long resists

Ev'n so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit All guilefull Call to allure us to his net Perceiving E e his flattering gloze digest, His prosecutes, and, jocund, doth not rest Till he have try'd foot, hand, and head, and all, Upon the breach of his new battered will.

No, fair (quoth he) believe not that the care God hathe. Mankinde from spoyling death to spare, Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition) This purest, fairest, rarest Fruit's fruition I double fear, an envice and a hate. His jealous licart for ever cruciate Sith the suspected vertue of this Tree Shall soon disperse the cloud of Idiocy Which dims your eyes, and further makes you seem (Excelling us) even equall Gods to him O World's rare clory ' reach thy happy hand, Reach, reach, I say why dost thou stop or stand? Begin thy Blisse, and do not fear the threat Of an uncertain God head onely great Through self a v'd zeal Put on the glistring Pall Of immortality doc not fore stall (As envious Stepdame) thy posterity The soverain honour of Di 111111

The compound epithets of Sylvester are some times happy and picturesque. Campbell cited with high commendation these lines on morning

Arise betimes, while th' Opal colour'd Morn, In gol len pomp doth May day, 's door adorn

On the other hand, some of his images are in ludicrously bad taste. Dryden says when he was a boy he was rapt into cestasy—afterwards repented of—yath this notable passage (from the 'First Day of the H. Weeke')

But, when the Winter's keener breath began To crystallize the Baltire Ocean Fo glace the Lakes, and bridle up the I louds, And perriving with wool the balde pate Woods

Two happier specimens may be added

The Sun

All hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred and excelling, Sorro v and Care, Darknes, and Dread repelling Thou World's great Taper, Wicked men's just Terror, Mother of Fruth, true Beautie's only Mirror God's eldest daughter O' how thou art full Of grace and goodnes' O' how beautifull'

Plurality of Worlds.

I I he r believe that the Arch Architect, With all these I ires the Heav'nly Arches deckt Onely for Shew, and with these glistring shields. I' amaze poor Shepheards watching in the fields. I he r believe that the least Flowr that prints Our Garden borders or the Common bank, And the least's one that in her warming Lap Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap, Hath some peculiar vertue of its own, And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none

Of the parallels between Sylvester and Milton that have been pointed out, we quote two Milton in his version of Psalm exxxvi has

The rule, was so he dy' in twin Of the Try his in main. Now, Sylvester had in his Du Bartas given His dreadful voice to save his ancient sheep Did eleate the bottom of the Erythrean deep, and in Bethulia's Rescue

Where th' Erythraan ruddy billows four Wilton, again, in the same psalm wrote But full soon this did devour The tawny king with all his power.

cchoing Sylvester's-

But contrary the Red Sea did devour The barbarous tyrant with his mighty power

This certainly does seem to argue Milton's familiarity with Sylvester's works and the fact that Sylvester's words had impressed themselves on Milton's memory But the parallels, of whichthese are perhaps as observable as any, mainly affect mere incidental expression. And, unlike the one legged William Lauder (1680 ?-1771), who tried by parallels real and garbled to prove Milton a deliberate copier of other men's ideas and phrases and lines, Dunster expressly says 'Nothing can be further from my intention than to insinuate that Milton was a plagiarist or servile imitator, but I conceive that, having read these sacred poems of very high ment, at the immediate age when his own mind was beginning to teem with poetry, he retained numberless thoughts, passages, and ev pressions therein so deeply in his mind that they hung inherently in his imagination, and became as it were naturalised there'

Sylvester's translation of Du Baitas began to appear in 1592, but was not completed till 1611. Some of his original pieces have quaint titles such as were then affected by many authors for example. Lachrymae Lachryman or the Spirit of Teares distilled for the outymely Devik of the incomparable I rince P in tretus (Henry son of King Junes I) 1612. Tobac o Batteria and the I ifes Shattered about their Eves that idlely Idolae so have and burbarous a lead or it less aire or love so leathsome I antie by a Volley of Holy Sho tunidered from Volunt Helicon (1615). Dunster's book was called Consider 1 was on Millon's Farly Reading (1800.) Grossit reprinted Sylvester's works (2 vols. 400. 'Chertsey Worthies serie) in 1330.

Christopher Warlowe was by far the greatest of Shakespeare's precursors in the dram i-a fiery spirit, who gave character and energy to the stage (see above at page 241), and was the first English writer who had perfect command of sonorous and varied blank verse. Born at Canterbury, and baptised on the 26th of February 1564, he was the son of a shoemaker, but through the ud of a local patron he was admitted into the King's School of his native town. Thence he proceeded in 1581 to Benet or Corpus College, Cambridge, where he graduated BA in 1583, and MA in 1587. How he occupied himself after taking his buchelor's degree is not known, he may have served as a soldier in the Low Countries Tamburlaine the Great was successfully brought out on the stage in 1587, was printed in 1590, and long continued a favourite. Shakespeare makes ancient Pistol quote jestingly the a vkward line

Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia !

But amidst the rant and fustian of *Tamburlaine* there are passages of great beauty and grandeur, and the versification justifies Ben Jonson's compliment to 'Marlowe's mighty line' Marlowe 'and his hero had in them something of the audacity, the overreaching ambition and self-confidence, of the Renaissance, illustrated in the lofty lines (leading up, however, to an anti-climax ')

Our souls whose faculties can comprehend The wondrous architecture of the world And measure every wandering planet's course, Still climbing after knowledge infinite And always moving as the restless spheres, Will us to wear ourselves and never rest Until we reach the ripest fruit of all—That perfect bliss and sole felicity, The sweet fruition of an earthly crown

It was Marlowe who revolutionised the diction of the popular drama, adopting in place of rhymed couplets the blank verse heretofore associated with classical dramas of the Senecan type. And of blank verse, till now conventional and monotonous, he fashioned a new and powerful instrument of dramatic expression, not merely by shifting the accent freely, but by substituting trochees, ductyls, tribrachs, and spondees for the inevitable iambi of his predecessors, yet Nash and Greene both affected to think slightingly of blank verse as managed by him The following specimen of Marlowe's sonorous exaggeration is a description of Tamburlaine, who, at first spoken of at the royal court as a 'sturdy Scythian thief' and 'a paltry Scythian with his Turtarian rout,' is to be easily taken captive, but looms larger and larger on the historic canvas

Of stature tall and straightly fashioned, Like his desire lift upwards and divine lifted So large of limbs his joints so strongly knit, Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear Old Atlas' burthen. 'Twixt his manly pitch A pearl more worth than all the world is placed Wherein by curious sovereignty of art Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight, Whose fiery circles bear encompassed A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres, That guides his steps and actions to the throne Where Honour sits invested royally Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion, Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms, His lofty brows in folds do figure death, And in their smoothness amity and life About them hangs a knot of amber hair, Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was, On which the breath of heaven delights to play, Making it dance with wanton majesty His arms and fingers, long and sinewy, Betokening valour and excess of strength, In every part proportioned like the man Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine,

Tamburlaine at the close of the first part thus addresses his queen

Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate, And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,

And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdued
As Juno, when the giants were suppressed,
That darted mountains at her brother Jove
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories,
Or, as Latona's daughters, bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind

His second play, The Tragical History of Dr Faustus (1604, 2nd ed 1616), based on the familiar folk-tale, exhibits a far wider range of dramatic power than his first The hero studies necro mancy, and makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer, on condition of having a familiar spirit at his command and unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years, during which period Faustus visits different countries, 'calls up spirits from the vasty deep,' and revels in luxury and splendour At length the time expires, the bond becomes due, and evil spirits enter, amidst thunder and lightning, to claim his forfeit life. From this plot Marlowe constructed a powerful though irregular Passages of terrific grandeur and thrilling agony are intermixed with low humour and preternatural machinery, sometimes grotesque or The play is, indeed, rather a series of detached scenes than a complete drama, and some of the scenes (especially the comic parts in the second edition) are obviously not Marlowe's The ambition of Faustus is a sensual, not a lofty ambition A feeling of curiosity and wonder is excited by his necromancy and his compact with Lucifer, but we do not fairly sympathise with him till all his disguises are stripped off and his meretricious splendour is succeeded by horror and Then when he stands on the brink of everlasting ruin, waiting for the fatal moment, imploring yet distrusting repentance, a scene of entrancing interest, fervid passion, and overwhelming pathos carries captive the sternest heart and proclaims the triumph of the tragic poet. Bullen holds that the greater part of the matter added in the 1616 edition (that used by Charles Lamb, for example) is certainly not Marlowe's workmanship, and that only an insane critic would maintain that the comic scenes even of the 1604 edition are from his pen Marlowe knew he had not the gift of humour, and probably, Mr Bullen thinks, never attempted to write a comic scene We follow the text of 1604 as given by Bullen The first extract is a part of Faustus's soliloguy and conversation with Valdes and Cornelius 'German Valdes' is doubtless a slip or misprint for Juan de Valdes (1500–44), a Spanish heretic, often confused with his twin-brother Alfonso, whó died at Vienna Latin secretary to Charles V Juan's 'Dialogue between Mercury and Charon' roused the Inquisition, so that he had to flee to Italy, he was an influential mystic, probably anti-Trinitarian, not a magician Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1535), a great German occult philosopher, had also the repute of being a magician

Witten

Faura How am I glutted with concert of this ! Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please, head e me of all ambiguitie., Perform what despera c enterprise I will? I'll ha e them ily to India for gold, Kanac, the ocean for orient pearl. And earth all corners of the new found world Lor pleasant fruits and princely delicates, I ll have them read me strange philosophy And tell the secrets of all foreign kings, I'll have them wall all Germany with brass, And male swaft Rhine circle fair Wertenberg I'll have them fill the public schools with silk. Where with the students shall be bravely clad I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring And chase the Prince of Parma from our land, And reign sole king of all the provinces, Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge 1 I'll make my servile spirits to invent

Futer VALDES and CORNELIUS

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius, And make me blest with your sage conference Valde, sweet Valdes and Cornclus. know that your words have won me at the last To practise imagic and concealed arts Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy That will receive no object, for my head But ruminate on necromantic skill. Philosophy is odious and obscure, Both law and physic are for petty wits, Divinity is basest of the three, Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile 'Tis magic, magic that hath ravished me. Then gentle friends, aid me in this attempt, And I that have with concise syllogisms Gra elled the pastors of the German church. And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg Swarm to my problems as the infernal spirits On sweet Musaus- when he came to hell, Will be as cunning as Agrippa was, Whose shadow made all Europe honour him. (From Scene ?)

1 At the sege of Antwerp by Purma in 1535 a fire ship laden with explosive blow up the bridge of Musicus in Hades (Eneid, Bows).

Faustus's questions to Mephistophilis and the answer of the evil genius flash lurid light

It at And what are you that live with I unifer?

MeA Unhappy spirits that fell with Lunifer,

Con pixed against our God with Lunifer,

And are for ever damned with I unifer

I ust Where are you dumned?

Mr4) In Fell

I as if How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Mor. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it. This s' t thou that I who saw the face of God, A diract the eternal joys of Heaven, Ani not tormented with ten thou and hells, In Leas, depried of everlisting bliss?

(From Scene iii)

The conversation of the Master with his scholars in the last (sixteenth) scene—there is no division into acco—when I austes a time has come, is much allorter and better in the 1604 edition.

Fa ist \h. gentlemen!

1st Scholar What ails Faustus?

Fa at Ah, my sweet chamber fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now I die eternally Look, comes he not, comes he not?

1st Sch Oh my dear Paustus, what imports this fear?
2nd Scholar Is all our pleasure turned to inclancholy?
3rd Scholar He is not well with being over solitary
2nd Sch If it be so, we will have physicians, and

Taustus shall be cured

1st Sch "Tis but a surfeit, sir, fear nothing

Faust A surfeit of deadly sin that both damned both body and soul

2nd Sch Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven, remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust But Faustus's offences can never be pardoued the scrpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. I hough my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had ne'er seen Werten berg, never read book ' and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, Heaven itself, Heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in Hell for ever, Hell, ah Hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in Hell for ever?

2nd Sch 1ct, Faustus, call on God

Faust On God, whom l'austus hath abjured! on God, whom I austus hath blasphemed! Ah my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears. Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue. I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!

Scholars Who, Faustus?

Faust Lucifer and Mephistophilis Ah gentlemen, I gave them my soul for cunning!

Scholars God forbid 1

Faust God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired the time is come, and he will fetch me.

1st Sch Why did not Faustus tell of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust Oft have I thought to have done so, but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God, to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity, and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away' lest you perish with me

2nd Sch Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust Ialk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart 3rd Sch God will strengthen me, I will stay with I austus

1st Sch Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and there pray for him

Faust Ay, pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2nd Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee

Faust Gentlemen farewell, if I live till morning, I'll visit vou if not-Faustus is gone to hell

Scholars Faustus, farewell

[Exeunt Scholars - The clock strik s cleven

Had they been valued at indifferent rate. I had at home, and in mine "rosy, and other shits that came from Laypt last, A much as would have bought his beasts and him, And we have kept enough to live upon So that no he, but I may curse the day, Thy fatal birth day forforn Barabas, And henceforth wish for an eternal night, that clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh, And hade these extreme sorrows from mine eyes For only I have toiled to inherit here He morths of vanity and loss of time. And painful nights have been appointed me and fee Good Barabas be patient hir Ay, I pray, leave me in my patience Were ne'er possessed of wealth are plea ed with want But Live him liberty at least to mourn, That in a field amidst his enemies Doth see his soldiers slain himself disarmed, And knows no means of his recovery Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance, It is in the trouble of my spirit I speak, Great injuries are not so soon forgot 1st few Come, let us leave him, in his ireful mood Our words will but increase his ecstasy

His house has been strughtway turned into a numery, and he sends his daughter Abigail, osten sibly to become a novice, really to steal back some sold and jewels he had hid beneath a movable plank. While waiting outside he thus soliloquises

Thus, like the sad presaging riven, that tolls The sick man's passport in her hollow beak, And in the shadow of the silent night Doth shake contagion from her sable wings . Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas With fatal curses to vards these Christians The uncertain pleasures of swift footed time Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair, And of my former riches rests no more But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar, That has no further comfort for his main O thou, that with a ners pillar led st The sons of Israel through the dismal shades Light Abraham's off-pring, and direct the hand Of Abigail this night, or let the day Furn to eternal darkness after this ' No alrep can fisten on my watchful ever Ner quiet enter invidistempered thoughts fill I have answer of my Abigul.

And when Abig il throws down the bags from the sindow he hugs them, and in v ords almost anticipating Shakespeare's 'My daughter' O'my ducats' O'my daughter'' grasps

O sirl ' O goll ' O beauty ' O my bliss '

Fasted II is, is a play, greatly superior to the too mimed with it though it has not the majestic polar; of Inisius and the first two acts of the few of Matte, it is a noble drama, with ablydrawn characters and splendid scenes. Another tripedy, I ists Dominio i, was published long after Marlowe's death, with his name is author on the tile play. Collier showed that this play, is printed, was a much later production, and was probably

written by Dekker and others, but it contains passages and characters characteristic of Marlowe's style, and he may have written the original outline The old play of Faming of a Shrew, printed in 1594 (a precursor of Shakespeare's), contains numerous passages manifestly borrowed from Marlowe's acknowledged works, and hence it has been quite unreasonably argued that he was its author. Great uncertainty lings over many of the old dramas, from the common practice of managers of theatres employing different authors, at subsequent periods, to furnish additional matter for established plays Even Faustus was dressed up in this manner. In 1507-four years after Marlowe's death-Dekker was paid 20s for making additions to this tragedy. and in other five years. Birde and Rowley were paid £4 for further additions to it. Another source of uncertainty as to the paternity of old plays was the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day and affixed it to their publications Marlowe joined with Nash in writing Dido, Queen of Carthage, a tragedy of small value, though it contains some and there is little doubt that he true poetry had a hand in the three parts of Shikespeare's Henry II, probably also in Titus Anaronicus His translation of the Eligies of Ovid was burnt as licentious by order of the Archbishop of Cin terbury, yet it was often reprinted in defiance of the ecclesiastical interdict

His influence on Shakespeare is marked, especially in the early plays (see the article on Shakespeare) Marlowc never tried comedy—fortunately, for he seems to have had no humour He had no conception of true love or of a noble woman's character. And the sweetness, light, sympathy, and morality (not in a precisian but yet very indefeasible sense) of his great successor, Shakespeare, were foreign to Marlowe's usual mood.

Marlowe lived a wild life, and came to an early and unhappy end, at twenty nine he was stabbed in in affriy in a tavern at Deptford on the 1st of June 1593 Marlowe had raised his poniard against his antagonist-according to Meres and Anthony Wood, 'a baudy serving man, a rival of his lewd love'-when the other seized him by the wrist and turned the dagger, so that it entered Marlowe's own head, 'in such sort that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be brought, he shortly after died of his wound! His freethinking ways were notorious Greene, writing the Groatsworth of 11 it in the preceding autumn, charged him with utter atheism (see above at page 326) Whether his unbelief was dogmatic atheism or not, it was sufficiently pronounced to attract the notice of the authorities, who were taking proceedings against him and others it the time of his death, and had issued a warrant for his arrest. The last words of Greene's address to him are ominous Defer not with me till this last point of extremitic, for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt

be visited' A noble compliment was paid to the genius of this unfortunate poet by his fellow-dramatist, Michael Drayton

Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs, Had in him those brave translunary things. That the first poets had his raptures were. All air and fire, which made his verses clear, For that fine madness still he did retain, Which rightly should possess a poet's brain

Mr Sidney Lee thinks Marlowe was probably associated with Shakespeare in bringing the second and third parts of *Henry VI* into final shape, and that he may have had a share in writing the anonymous *Edward III* (see below at Shakespeare) Originality, first attribute of genius, belongs in an eminent degree to the ill fated Marlowe Mr Swinburne thinks there is greater discrimination of character, and figures more lifelike, in Marlowe's *Edward II* than in Shakespeare's *Richard II* Gaveston, reading a letter, is thus introduced

Gav 'My father is deceased! Come, Gaveston, And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend ' Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight ' What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston Than live and be the favourite of a king! Sweet prince, I come, these, these thy amorous lines Might have enforced me to have swum from France, And, like Leander, gasped upon the sand, So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms. The sight of London to my exiled eyes Is as Elysium to a new come soul, Not that I love the city, or the men, But that it harbours him I hold so dear -The king, upon whose bosom let me lie, And with the world be still at enmity What need the arctic people love starlight, To whom the sun shines both by day and night? Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers! My knee shall bow to none but to the king As for the multitude, that are but sparks, Raked up in embers of their poverty,-Tanti, I'll fawn first on the wind That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away But how now, what are these?

In Charles Lamb's judgment, the death scene of Edward II, at Berkeley Castle, when the king is left alone with Lightborn, the murderer, 'moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern,' and may indeed challenge comparison with Shakespeare's death of Richard II

Edward Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Lightborn Fo comfort you, and bring you joyful news Edv Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks! Villain, I know thou com st to murder me.

Light To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most pitcous state.

Edw Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's 1 is, Or as Matrevis', 1 hewn from the Caucasus, Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale. This dungeon where they keep me is a sink Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light O villains!

Edw And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood This ten days' space, and lest that I should sleep, One plays continually upon a druin They give me bread and water, being a king, So that, for want of sleep and sustenance, My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed, And whether I have limbs or no, I know not O would my blood drop out from every vein, As doth this water from my tattered robes! Fell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus, When for her sake I ran at tilt in France, And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont

Light O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while

Edw These looks of thine can harbour nought but death

I see my traged, written in thy brows
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God
Light What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Light What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's

Edw Forgive my thought, for having such a thought
One jewel have I left, receive thou this
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul
Know that I am a king Oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief Where is my crown?
Gone, gone, and do I still remain alive?

Light You're overwatched, my lord, he down and rest

Edw But that grief keeps me waken, I should sleep, For not these ten days have these eyelids closed Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear Open again O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light If thou mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord

Edw No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me, Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay

Light He sleeps

£dw O let me not die, yet stay, O stay a while Light How now, my lord?

Edw Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep, I never wake,
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come?
Light To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come.

Ldw I am too weak and feeble to resist Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul

1 Gurney and Matrevis were Edward a keepers.

The following scene, in which the nobles remon strate with Edward II, has also something of the Shakespearian manner

Edward How now? What noise is this? Who have we here? Is't you?

Fine "Interior Nay, stay my lord I come to bring ou news

Mine diele a taken p isoner by the Scots.

Ll . Then reason him

La atr 'Tvo in jour wars you should ransom him.

I Mer And you stall ransom him, or else-

Kitt What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

La Quiet your cli, you shall have the broad seal

To gather for him throughout the realm.

Line Your minion, Gaveston, both tought you this.

1 17. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are rot so pe or but vould they sell their land,

Two i'd less men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these

I a v Shall I still be haunted thus?

1 Mer Nay, no v you're here alone, I'll speak my mind

Lit. And o will I, and then, my lord, furewell

I Mor. The idle triumphs, masques, laseivious shows, And predigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak The murmuring commons, over tretched, break

Lane Lool for rebellion lool to be deposed. The purisons are beaten out of France, And, lame and poor, he groaning at the gates. The vild On vl., with swarms of Irish kernes, I ives uncontrolled within the English pale. Unto the walls of York the Scots make road, And uniest ted draw away rich spoils.

Y Mor The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas, While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged

Lane What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Y Hor Who loves thee but a sort of ilutterers?

I am Thy gentle queen, so'e sister to Valois, Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y Wor Thy court is naked, being bereft of those That male a king seem plorious to the world—
I mean the Leers, whom thou shouldst dearly love
I it els are eart against thee in the street,
Ballads and injunes made of thy overthrow

Lar. The northern borderers seeing their houses burned,

Their wives and children slain, run up and down Cur ing the name of thee and Gaveston

Y Mr When wert thou in the field with bannerspread, I at or ce? and then thy soldiers marched like players. With garish roles, not armour, and thyself. Be laufed with gold, rode laughing at the rest, Nolding and shaking of thy spangled crest,. Where yo nen's favours hung like labels down.

I me And therefore came it that the fleering Scots To England's ligh disgrace have made this pig "Muls of Linghind, ore may be a mean I or your 'ning your are lost at hannows bo train, there are entanomial to the King of England.

So soil to I me from Scellan P
With a restrict C

The concluding ditty is that quoted by Fabyan as Laving been sung by the Scots after Bannock burn (see above at page 171).

Detrehed lines and passages in Edward II pursues much poetical beauty or imaginative poetic four, in ansver to Leicester, the king siva

Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long aso had eased my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds
But when the imperial libra's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air

Young Mortimer's device for the royal pageant was

A lofty cedar tree fair flourishing, On whose top branches kingly eagles perch, And by the bark a canker creeps me up, And gets into the highest bough of all

For the story Marlowe follows not so much Fabyan as the chronicles of Stow, Holinshed, and Baker

Marlowe's unfinished poem of Hero and Leander, founded on the classic story of the sixth century Museus, was first published in 1598 Marlowe completed the first and second Sestiads of his paraphrase, and they were reprinted with a completion (four sestiads) by Chapman in 1600 A few lines will show his command of the heroic couplet

It his not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fite.
When two are stripped, long ere the race begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win
And one especially do we affect.
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows—let it suffice.
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both delikerate, the love is slight.
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

The last memorable line was quoted from the 'Dead Shepherd' by Shakespeare in As You Like It 'Blood is the god of war's rich livery,' 'Above our life we love an absent friend,' 'More childish valorous than worldly wise,' are pregnant single lines, 'Things past recovery are hardly cured with exclaimations' has a modern ring

Of the following pieces which first appeared in the Passionale Pilgi in (see page 257), the first is in England's Helicon given as by Marlowe, and the second by 'Ignoto' But in one copy the initials of Sir Walter Raleigh are attached, and we have the explicit statement of Izaak Walton that the pieces were really by Marlowe and Raleigh respectively—an attribution now generally accepted Posterity also agrees with Walton that Mirlove's poem is 'choicely good'

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

Come live with me and be my love And we will all the pleasures prove That hills and valles, dales and fields, Woods or steepy mountain yields

And we will sit upon the rocks, Seeing the shepherd, fee I their flocks, Ly hallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals And I will make thee beds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posses, A cap of flowers and a kirtle Laibroidered all with leaves of myrtle,

A gown made of the finest wooll, Which from our pretty lambs we pull, Fair lined slippers for the cold With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and my buds, With cord clasps and amber studs And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing, For thy delight, each May morning If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me, and be my love

The Nymph's Reply

(By Sir Walter Raleigh.)

If all the world and love were voung, And truth in every shepher I's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with the., and be thy love

But Time drives flocks from field to fold, When rivers rage and rocks grow cold, And Philomel becometh dumb, The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wan on fields Fo wayward winter reckoning yields, A honey tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's spring, but sorrows fall

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses, Thy cup, thy kirtle, and thy posses, Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten, In folly ripe, in reason rotten

Thy belt of straw and my buds, Thy coral clasps and amber stude, All these in me no means can move To come to thee, and be thy love

But could youth last, and love still breed, Had joys no date, nor age no need, Then those delights my mind might move To live with thee, and be thy love

See the editions of Matlore by Dyce (1850 and 1858) Cunning ham (1972), and Bullen (3 vols. 1828) Boas in the Faring litty for 1849 and his edition of Kyd (1900) and J. H. Ingram's Chr. 1849 the J. Ir' w ind his Isrona et (1901). Matlower best playa are included in the 'Mermand series (ed. Havelock Elli, 1861). Dr. F. initia was elaborately edited by Professor L. W. Ward, and Fambur utr. by J. Wagner (Heilb. 1885). See also Mr. Swin butters, e. 234, Symonds's Sanderperrest Products in and Mi. Churton Collan's Funya in I Studies (1895).

Richard Carew (1555-1620), of Antony House in East Cornwill, was bred at Christ Church, Oxford, but spent most of his life as in ictive and cultured country gentleman on his own estate. He was the first to essay in English rendering of Fisso, but of his translation—Godfrey of Lullergue or the Recoverie of Hierasalem—only five cantos appeared (1594). Carew kept much closer to his one in it thin I urfix did, was often correct where

Fairfix blundered, and was sometimes (though seldom) is rhythmical. The apostrophe in the first book will serve for comparison with Fairfix's version (given below at page 445).

O Muse! thou that thy head not compase of With fading bayes which Helicon doth heare, But bove in skyes, amids the Quyers blest, Dost golden crowne of starres immortal werre, Celestiall flames breath thou into my brest, I nlighten thou my song, and pardon where I fainings weave with truth, and verse with art Of pleasings deckt, wherein thou hast no part

His entertaining Survey of Corn vall (1602) describes the minners and customs of the people, and gives a pretty full account, with specimens, of the Cornish language, then still spoken. He does not omit the 'common byword—By Irc, Pol, and Pen, you shall know the Cornishmen,' and then goes on to record a sad fact.

But the principall love and knowledge of this language lived in Doctor Kennall the civilian, and with him lyeth buryed for the English speach doth still encrocke upon it, and hath driven the same into the uttermost skirts of the shire. Most of the inhabitants can no word of Cornish, but very few are ignorant of the English and yet some so affect their owne as to a stranger they will not speake it for if meeting them by chance you enquire the way or any such matter, your answere shal be, Meea natidoa cowaasavaneek, 'I can speake no Saxonage. The English which they speake is good and pure as receiving it from the best hands of their owne gentry and the easterne marchants but they disgrace it in part with a broad and rude accent, and eclipsing (somewhat like the Somersetshire men) specially in pronouncing names.

His Epistle concerning the I xiellencies of the English Fongue (1605) is slight but interesting. He argues that in the four main points-significance, easiness, copiousness, and sweetness-'English is comparable if not preferable to any other in use at this day? The ground language 'appertameth to the old Saxon, and our having borrowed from the Dutch, the Britaine, the Roman, the Dane, the French, the Italian, the Spaniard,' so far from 'making Littletons hotch potch of our tongue or a Babelish confusion' is imply warranted by the results, especially by the copiousness secured (Littleton's Tenures, reproduced in 'Cole upon Littleton,' was long the standard authority on the branch of English Inw called Hotchpot) conclusion is

Moreover, the Copiousnesse of our Language appeareth in the diversitie of our Dialects for we have Court and we have Countrie English, we have Northerne and Southerne, grosse and ordinarie, which differ each from the other not onely in the Terminations, but also in many words, termes and phrases, and expresse the same thinges in divers sorts, yet all right English alike. Neither can any Tongue, as I am personded, deliner a Matter with more Variety than ours, both plainly, and by Proverband Metaphors for example, when we would be rid of one, we use to say, be 3 mg, trudge, pake. Bee faring

ten, i ay, Saf, and by Circumlocution, Rather y or Ro. I tran your Critish e, Lets see your or ke, Co e as insert on I on the foreign and you are called, sent for, intreased, is a "I", de ired incided, Sfare in your place, In tree is your place, In tree is your elect the dore, The as re is often for yie, I are sential, ho acting out, No body hours your stare, which is allowed by any other Language, and you shall find that Sir I hilp Sidney, M. Puttenham, M. Standharst and divers more have made use how farre we are within compasse of a fore imagined possibilitie in that lichallic.

I come now to the last and sweetert point, of the sweetnesse of our longue, which shall appeare the more planely if we match it with our Neighboures. The Italian is pleasante, but without Sincus as a still ilecting Water, the I rench delicate, but even nice as a Woman, scarce daring to open her Lippes, for feare of marring her Countenance the Spanish Majestical, but fulsome, running too much on the o and terrible like the Devill in a Play the Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready at every word to picke a quarrel Now e in borrowing from them, give the Strength of Con onants to the Italian the full Sound of Words to the I rench, the Varietie of Terminations to the Spanish. and the mollitying of more Vowels to the Dutch and so, lile Lee, gather the Honey of their good Properties, and leave the Dregs to themselves. And thus when sub tantialnesse combineth with delightfullnesse, fullnesse with inchesse, seculinesse with portlinesse, and current nes c with staidnesse, how can the Language which con isteth of all these sound other than most full of

I ainc, the long wordes that we borrow being inter nungied with the short of our owne store, make up a perfect Harmonic, by culling from out which Mixture (with judgment) you may frame your Speech according to the Matter sou must worke on, majesticall, pleasant, delicate or manly, more or lease, in what sort you please. Adde hercunto, that whatsoever Grace any other Lan guage carrieth in Ver e or Prose, in Tropes or Metaphors, in I ccho's and Asio ninations, they may all be lively and exactly represented in ours. Will you have Piato's Vence? read Sir Thomas Smith, the Ionale ! Sir Thomas Moure, Ci cro's? Ascham Larro? Chaucer Demos thems! Sir John Checke, who hath comprised all the Figures of Rhetoricke Will you read I in it? tale the Little of Surry, Cat ulus? Shakspeare, and Darlowes Fragment Oct? Daniel Lucan? Spencer Martial? Sir John Davies, and others. Will you have all in all for Prose and Verse? take the Miracle of our Age, Sir Philip Sidney

And thus, if mine owne Eics bee not blinded by Affection, I have made yours to see, that the most renowned of all other Nations have laid up as in a Treasure and entrusted the diels released Breamos with the rurest fevels of the Lips Perfections. I hether you respect the Understanding for Significancie, or the Menorise for Eastream, or the Concert for Plentifullineae, or the Late for Pleasantnesse, wherein if enough be d live of, to add more than enough were superfluous, if to b let, I leave it to be supplied by better stored Capacities, if ought among I submit the same to the Discipline of everte able and importal Censurer.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554-1628), born at Beauchamp Court, Warwickshire, from Shrewsbury passed to Jesus College, Cambridge, with his school friend Philip Sidney visited Heidelberg (1577), sat in parliament and held various offices under Elizabeth and James I, in 1603 was made a Knight of the Bath, and in 1620 Lord Brooke. He was stabbed by an old servant who had found he was not mentioned in his master's will, the man, struck with remorse, then slew himself Greville's tomb may still be seen in St Mary's Church at Warwick, with the em phatic epitaph written by himself 'Fulke Grevill. servant to Queene Elizabeth, conceller to King James, frend to Sir Philip Sidney' He was a thoughtful, sententious author both in prose and verse, though nearly all his productions were unpublished till after his death. Among them were a Life of Sidney, verse treatises on such subjects as learning, fame, war, monarchy, and religion, two tragedies, and Calica (109 sonnets) lyxiv, 'Farewell sweet boy, complaine not of my truth,' was reconstructed by Coleridge in his 'Farewell to Love' The whole works of Lord Brooke have been collected and edited by Dr A B Grosart (4 vols 1870), who has also published The Triend of Sir Philip Sidney (1895) stanzas from the Treatise on Monarchy describing the prehistoric age will show the dignified style of Fulke Greville's verse

There was a time before the times of Story
When Nature raign'd instead of Laws or Arts,
And mortal gods, with men made up the glory
Of one Republick by united hearts
Earth was the common seat, their conversation
In saving love, and our's in adoration

For in those golden days, with Nature's chains Both King and People seem'd conjoyn'd in one, Both nurst alike, with mutual feeding veins, Transcendency of either side unknown, Princes with men using no other arts But by good dealing to obtain good hearts

Power then maintaind it self even by those arts By which it grew as Justice, Labor, Love, keserved sweetness did it self impart Even unto slaves, yet kept it self above, And by a meck descending to the least, Enviless sway'd and govern'd all the rest.

Order there equal was, Time courts ordain'd To hear to judge, to execute, and make Few and good rules, for all griefs that complain'd Such care did princes of their people take Before this art of Power allay'd the Fruth So glorious of Man's greatness is the youth

What wonder was it then if those thrones found Thanks as exorbitant as v as their ment? Wit to give highest tributes, being bound And wound up by a princely ruling spirit. To worship them for their gods after death. Who in their life exceeded humane faith?

William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, the greatest poet and drunatist not merely of the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras, but of any age or country, was born nearly six years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth. His life extended over fifty-two years, and when he died James I had occupied the throne of England for Of his elder literary contempo thirteen years. raries, Sir Walter Raleigh was his senior by tucke years, John Lyly and Richard Hooker each by ten years, Robert Greene by four, Francis Bacon by three, and Christopher Mirlowe, his tutor in tragedy, by only two months Of his younger contemporaries, Ben Jonson was his junior by nine years, John Fletcher by cleven Massinger by ninetecn, and Francis Beaumont by twenty Milton, who, from both chronological and critical points of vici, was next Shakespeare the greatest English poet, was born when Shakespeare was fort,-four years old, and was only contemporary with him for the first eight years of life

I The obscurity with which Shikespeare's biography has been long credited is greatly exaggerated 1 The mere biographical information accessible is far more definite and more abundant than that concorning any other dramatist of the day Shakespeares father, John Shakespeare, was a dealer in agricultural produce at Stratford on-Avon, a prosperous country town in the heart of England John Shakespeare was himself son of a small farmer residing in the neighbouring village of Snitterfield. The family was of good yeoman stock. Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, was also drughter of a local farmer who enjoyed somewhat greater wealth and social standing than the poet's father and his kindred. William Shakespeare, the cldest child that survived infancy, was baptised in the parish church of Stratford on-Avon on 26th April 1564

The poet was educated with a younger brother, Gilbert, at the public grammar-school of Stritfordan institution re established by Edward VI on a meditival foundation. The course of study was mainly confined to the Laun classics, and Shakespeare proved his familiarity with the Latin school books in use at Elizabethan grammar-schools by quoting many phrases from them in his earliest play, Love's Labour's Lost Until Shal espeare was thirteen years old his father's fortunes prospered Within that period John Shakespeare took a promment part in the municipal affairs of Stratford. After holding many inferior offices, he was elected an alderman in 1565, and in 1568 he became bailiff or mayor But about 1577 his business declined,

and he was involved for many years afterwards in a series of pecuniary difficulties. As a consequence his eldest son was removed from school at the early age of thirteen or thereabouts, and was brought into the paternal business to buy and sell agricultural produce. But he was not destined to render his family much assistance in that capacity In 1582, when eighteen years old, he increased his father's anxieties by marrying wife Anne was daughter of Richard Hathaway, a farmer residing in the adjoining hamlet of Shottery She was no less than eight years her lover's senior There is good reason to believe that Shakespeare was a reluctant party to the marriage, to which he was driven by the lady's friends in order to protect her reputation The ceremony took place in November 1582, and a daughter, Susanna, was born in the following May A year later twins were born, a son and daughter, named respectively Hamnet and Judith. Shakespeare had no more children, and it is probable that in 1585 he left his family at Stratford to seek a livelihood elsewhere, and for some twelve years saw little or nothing of his wife and children

A credible tradition assigns the immediate cause of Shakespeare's abandonment of his country home to a poaching adventure in Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote, which is situated within five miles of Stratford It is related that he was caught there in the act of stealing deer and rabbits, and was ordered to be whipped and imprisoned by the owner, Sir Thomas Lucy Shakespeare is reported to have penned bitter verses (which have not survived) on his prosecutor, and Lucy's threat of further punishment is said to have finally driven Shakespeare from Stratford He subsequently avenged himself on Sir Thomas Lucy by caricaturing him as Justice Shallow in the Second Part of Henry IV and The Warry Wives of Winasor

There is a further tradition that Shakespeare on leaving Stratford served as schoolmaster in an adjacent village. But there is little doubt that at an early date in 1586, when twenty-two years old, he travelled on foot to London, passing through Oxford on the way. It was with the capital city of the country that the flower of his literary life was to be identified. London was chiefly his home during the twenty-three years that elapsed between 1586 and 1609, between the twenty-third and forty-sixth years of his age.

Probably only one resident in London was already known to him on his arrival—Richard Field, who some seven years before had left Stratford to be bound apprentice to the London printer Vautrollier Field subsequently printed for Shakespeare the earliest work that he sent to press. On his settlement in the metropolis Shakespeare sought a living at the theatre. It is said that at first he tended visitors' horses outside a playhouse. In a very short time he was employed inside the playhouse, probably as call-boy, but opportunity of trying his skill as an actor was given him, and he stood

¹ The outline of Shakespeare's career here supplied is based by the present writer on his Life of William Sunkerfears, first published in 1898, to which the reader is referred for an exhaustive account of the facts, together with the original sources of information. The illustrated library edition of the work published in 1899 contains the latest corrections and a few additions. A cheaper popular edition, somewhat abbreviated for the use of students and general readers, appeared in 1,00.

the test sufficiently well to gain speeds admission to one of the chief acting companies of the day The acting company to which Shakespeare was admitted may with safety be identified with that under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the Larl of Leicester, on Leicesters death in 1588 the patronage of the company, which implied a nicrely nominal relationship, passed in succession to Lord Strange, afterwards Earl of Derby (d 1594), to Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberluin (d 1596), to Lord Hunsdon's son, also Lord Chamberlain, and finally, on Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603, to the new king, James I Shakespeare's company, which at the time he joined it was known is Lord Leicester's players, afterwards bore the successive titles of Lord Strange's company (1588-92), the Lord Cham berlun's company (1592-96, Lord Hunsdon's company (1596-97), again the Lord Chamberlain's company (1597-1603), and finally of the King's company from the accession of James I in 1603. When he joined the company it was doubtless performing at The Theatre, the earliest play house built in England, it was erected in Shoreditch in 1576 by James Burbage, father of the great actor, Richard Burbage. While the compiny was under Lord Strange's patronage it found new quarters in the Rosc, a theatre built in 1592 on the Bankside, Southwark. This was the earliest scene of Shakespeare's conspicuous successes alike as actor and dramatist. During 1594 Shakespeare frequented for a short time the stage of mother new theatre at Newington Butts, ind between 1595 and 1599 the stages of the oldest playhouses in the kingdom—the Curtain and The Theatre in Shoreditch In 1599 yet another new thertre was built on the Bankside, Southwark. this was the famous Globe Theatre, an octagonal With that theatre Shakewooden structure speare's professional career was almost exclusively identified for the rest of his life, and in its profits he acquired an important share. At the close of 1609, when his theatrical career was nearing its end, Shakespeare's company occupied a second stage in addition to that of the Globe-the stage of the Blackfriars Theatre

Acting companies in Shakespeare's day soldom remained in London during the summer or early autumn. They toured in the provinces, and it is reasonable to suppose that Shakespeare visited many English towns in his capacity of a travelling actor. There is small foundation for the conjecture that he extended his journeys to Scotland, and practically none for the view that he visited the Continent, although several companies of Finglish actors are known to have performed at foreign courts.

Little information survives of the exact roles which Shakespeare undertook. Few extant documents refer directly to performances by him. But it Christmas 1594, it is important to note, he joined William Kemp, the chief comedian of the day,

and Richard Burbage, the greatest tragic actor, in 'two several coincides or interludes' which were played on St Stephen's Day and on Innocents' Day (December 27 and 28) at Greenwich Palace before the queen Shakespeare's appearance at court for the first time on this occasion in 1594 sufficiently indicates his growing fame in the worlds alike of fashion and the theatre Subsequently his name heads the list of original performers in Ben Jonson's Every Van in his Humour (1598), and he was one of the original performers in Jonson's Sejanus (1603) dramatist's early biographer, Nicholas Rowe, recorded the performance by Shikespeare of 'the Ghost in his own Hamlet, and John Davies of Hereford noted that 'he played some kingly parts in sport.' One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, presumably Gilbert, recalled at a long subsequent date his brother's performance of Adam in As You In the 1623 folio edition of Shakespearc's 'Works,' his own name headed the prefatory list of 'the principall actors in these playes'

II But it is not his histrionic activity that lends real interest to Shakespeare's name or history, it is his unmatchable achievement in dramatic His earliest experience as a dramatic writer was gained in the way of revising plays by other writers who had sold their works to the minnager of his company. Much that thus came from his pen in his early days has possibly remained concealed in plays attributed to other In a few cases, however, his labours as authors revisor were publicly acknowledged or have been detected by critics, they have usually proved to be so thorough that the revised compositions are entitled to rank among original efforts difficult to fix precisely the date at which his dramatic writing, whether as reviser or independent author, began It is probable that the whole of it was done between 1591 and 1611 that time he apparently produced on the average two new or adapted plays each year

The exact order in which Shakespeare's Plays were written cannot be given with any cert unty Only sixteen of the thirty-seven plays commonly assigned to him were published in his lifetime, and the date of publication rarely indicates the date of composition a piece was often published many years after it was written. But the subject matter and metre both afford rough clues to the period in the dramatist's lifetime to which the play may be referred. Although Shakespeare's songs and poems prove him a master of lyric verse of varied metres, all but a small fragment of his dramatic work is in blank verse, and Shikespeare's blank verse underwent much change in construction in the course of his career his earlier years he strictly adhered to formal rules of pruse and stress, the lines are clearly marked off from one another by an inevitable rest after the fifth accented syllable. same time rhyming couplets are frequent

tastic conceits and puns or plays upon words constantly recur In Shakespeare's matured work few of these features find a place. The poet ignores the artificial restrictions imposed by the He varies the pauses of his laws of prosody blank-verse lines indefinitely, in order that they may respond to every call of human feeling Unemphatic syllables often end the lines, and The flexibility or render stress there impossible pliancy is increased by the introduction of extrametrical syllables at the end of lines or occasionally in the middle. In later plays rhyme almost entirely disappears

The following passages illustrate the main differences in the character of Shakespeare's early and late blank-verse. The first extract is from Love's Labour's Lost (Act II. sc. 1. ll 9-19)

Boyd Be now as produgal of all dear grace, As Nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And produgally gave them all to you.

Princess Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye, Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues I am less proud to hear you tell my worth Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

The next extract is from one of the very latest plays, The lempest (Act v sc 1. ll 153-171)

Prospero I perceive, these lords At this encounter do so much admire, That they devour their reason, and scarce think Their eyes do offices of truth, their words Are natural breath but, howsoe'er you have Been justled from your senses, know for certain That I am Prospero, and that very duke Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed, To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this, For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast, nor Befitting this first meeting Welcome, sir, This cell's my court here have I few attendants, And subjects none abroad pray you, look in. My dukedom since you have given me again, I will requite you with as good a thing, At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye, As much as me my dukedom

At the same time it is noticeable that nearly a third of Shakespeare's dramatic work is in proce, which, commonly lucid and pointed and free from diffusences or ornament, shows no radical change in character at any period of his career. A study of Shakespeare's prose does not materially help the student in determining the chronology of the plays. The only fact about his use of prose that is of much importance in this connection is that prose figures to a larger extent in the work of middle life than in that of his early or late years. It is not always easy to determine the principles

which governed Shakespeare's employment of prose in place of metre, but in the writings of his middle life he almost invariably placed it in the mouths of the humorous or 'low-comedy' characters (e.g. Falstaff), of the spokesmen of mobs, of clowns, fools, and of ladies when they are speaking confidentially to one another, letters and quoted documents are usually in prose. How admirably terse and direct could be Shakespeare's epistolary style may be judged from Macbeth's letter to his wife (Macbeth, Act I sc v l. 1)

They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king who all hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor,' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell

As in his treatment of metre, so in his choice and handling of subject-matter, differences are discern ible in Shakespeare's plays which clearly suggest the gradual but steady development of dramatic power and temper, and separate with some defi niteness early from late work. The comedles of Shakespeare's younger days often trench upon the domains of farce, those of his middle and later life approach the domain of tragedy Tragedy in his hands markedly grew, as his years advanced, in subtlety and intensity His tragic themes became more and more compley and betrayed deeper and deeper knowledge of the workings of human passion In one respect only was Shakespeare's method unchangeable From first to last it wis his habit to borrow his plots, though he freely altered and adapted them to suit his growing sense of artistic fitness The range of literature which he studied in his search for tales whereon to build his dramas was extraordinarily wide He con sulted not merely chronicles of English history (Ralph Holinshed's, for example), on which he based his English historical plays, but he was widely read in the romances of Italy (mainly in French or English translations), in the biogra phies of Plutarch, and in the plays and romances of English contemporaries His Roman plays of Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, and Corrolanus closely follow the narratives of the Greek biographer A romance by his contemporary, Thomas Lodge, suggested the fable of As You Like It Novels by Bandello are the ultimate sources of the stories of Romeo and Juliet, Much Ado about Nothing, and Twelfth Night All's Well that Ends Well and Cymbeline largely rest on foundations laid by Boccaccio, the tales of Othello and Measure for Measure are traceable to Giraldi Cinthio Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques,

a collection of French versions of the Italian romances of Bandello, was often in Shakespeare's hands. But although Shalespeare's borrowings were large and open handed, his debt was greater in appearance than reality. His power of assimilation was exceptionally strong, and the books that he read can only be likened to base ore on which he brought to bear the magic of his genius, with the result that he transmuted it into gold.

Loca's Labour's Lost, to which may be assigned priority in point of time of all Shakespeare's dr im itie productions, mily, from internal cyidence, be illotted to 1501. It contains 1028 five measure rhyming lines out of a total of 2789, and puns The names of the chief arc ver numerous characters are drawn from the leaders in the civil war in Irance, which was in progress between 1509 and 1594, and many matters that were then occupying the minds of those who moved in fashionable and political circles are touched upon picci is conceived in an airy vein of good-humoured satire, but genuine poetic feeling breaks forth in the speeches of the hero, Biron (cf. Act IV sc. iii 11. 289-365) The play was revised in 1597, probibly for a performance at court, and was first published in the following year Shakespeare's name there first appeared on a title-page as that of author of a play

The Two Gertlemen of Verona, a comedy of love and friendship, belongs to the same period. The story resembles one in the Spanish pastoral romance of Diana, by George de Montemayor There is much fascinating poetry in the serious portions of the play, but the note is often lyric rather than dramatic—a sure sign of youthful composition. There is a lyrical irrelevancy, for example, in much of Julia's ingentious plea in favour of letting her love for Proteus have full play (Act II se vii Il 24-38)

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns. The current that with gentle murmur glides, Thou know'st, being stopp d, impatiently doth rage, But when his fair course is not hindered, He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones, Or ing a gentle 1 is to every sedge. He overtaketh in his pillgrimage, And so by many winding nooks he strays, With willing sport, to the wild ocean then let me go, and hinder not my course. I il he as patient as a gentle stream, And male a pastime of each weary step, fill the list step have brought me to my love, An I there I'll rest, as after much turmoil A b'e sed soul doth in Elysium.

The Pro Gentlemen was first published in the first tolio edition of the vorks in 1023.

Shikespeare's next play, The Comedy of Trrois, doo in a published in 1623, was for the most part a hoisterous farce, resembling in subject-matter the Meracum of Plantus. But the impressive de outment that a see, if in which the shrewish a fee Adrian's confesses her sine against her hus-

band, and is solumnly rebuked by the Abbess, is in the finest spirit of sober and restrained comedy. The speech of the Abbess is especially noteworthy (Act V sc. 1 ll. 68-86)

Albert The venom clamours of a realous woman Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy ruling And thereof comes it that his head is light Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings Unquiet meals make ill digestions, Thereof the raging fire of fever bred, And what's a fever but a fit of madness? Thou say st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue But moody [moping] and dull melancholy, Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, And at her heels a huge infectious troop Of pale distemperatures and focs to life? In food, in sport, and life preserving rest To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

It was after the production of these plays, which show great but not unparalleled ability, that Shake speare produced his first tragedy, Romeo and Juliet The work gave conclusive evidence of a poetic and dramatic instinct of unprecedented quality trigic poem on the theme of love it has no rival in any literature. It was based upon a tragic romance of Italian origin, which was already popular in English versions (see pages 262, 263) The date of composition may, perhaps, be gathered from the Nurse's speech, "Tis since the earthquake now eleven years' No earthquake had been experienced in England in the sixtcenth century after 1580, and a few parallelisms with Daniel's Complainte of Rosamond, published in 1501, seem to point to its completion in that year An anonymous and surreptitious quarto edition was published in 1597 and an authentic quarto appeared in 1599. The speech of Romeo at the tomb of Julict before he drinks the poison illustrates the intensity of Shakespeare's dramatic feeling and insight at this early stage in his career (Act V sc iii ll 91-120)

O my love! my wife! Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty Thou art not conquer d, beauty's ensign yet Is crimson in thy lips and in thy checks, And death's pale flag is not advanced there Lybalt, hest thou there in thy bloody sheet? O, what more favour can I do to thee Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain To sunder his that was thing enemy? Forgisc me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fur? shall I believe That unsubstantial death is amorous, And that the lean abhorred monster keeps Thee here in dark to be his paramour? For fear of that, I still will stay with thee, And never from this palace of dim night Depart again here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chambermaids, O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars.

From this world wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss.

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy sea sick weary bark.

Here's to my love! [Drinks] O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I dies.

With characteristic versatility Shakespeare soon turned his attention to a very different species of dramatic v ork-the dramatisation of episodes in The first efforts in this kind English history with which his name can be associated—the three parts of Henry VI -were versions of other men's works which he had revised. They mainly treat of the civil wars in progress during the reign of the politically weak and superstitious king, On March 3, 1592, Henry VI, the Henry VI piece subsequently known as The First Part of Henry VI., was acted at the Rose Theatre by Lord Strange's company of actors A second piece in continuation of the theme quickly followed, and a third, treating of the concluding incidents of Henry VI's reign, was played in the early The first of the three plays, which autumn was originally published in the collected edition of Shakespeare's works, shows sparse marks of Shakespeare's workmanship It was probably a hasty revision by Marlowe and Shakespeare of a crude and clumsy piece of independent origin Shakespearc's genuine thought and expression arc visible in such a brilliant passage as (I Henry VI, Act 1 sc 11. 11 133-5)

> Glory is like a circle in the water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself Lill by broad spreading it disperse to nought

But very few scenes bear the impress of his style, the rest, including the barbarous handling of the story of Joan of Arc, are from a far inferior pen. The second and third parts of Henry VI, which were first connected with Shakespeare's name on their publication in the First Folio, had been printed previously under other titles, and in forms very different from that which they subsequently assumed in the First Folio The second part of Shakesperre's Henry VI was first published in 1594 with the title The first part of the contention b trust the two famous houses of Yorke and Lineas'er, and the third part was printed in 1595 as Ine true tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke There seems little doubt that The first part of the contention and The True Tragedie were by Marlowe aided by Shakespeare, but were not themselves original compositions, being liberally constructed out of older pieces now lost The second and third parts of Henry 11, as they figure in the First Folio, were doubtless the outcome of a further revision of the Contention

and True Tragedie, for which Shakespeare may be held to have been mainly responsible. One of the most notable amplifications of the True Tragedie is the touching soliloquy, while the battle of Towton is raging, of Henry VI, who there pathetically contrasts the happiness of a shepherd's life with that of a king (3 Henry VI, Act II see, v II 21-54)

O God ' methinks it were a happy life, To be no better than a homely swam, To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carse out dials quaintly, point by point, Thereby to see the initutes how they run, How many make the hour full complete, How many hours bring about the day, How many days will finish up the year, How many years a mortal man may live. When this is known, then to divide the times So many hours must I tend my flock, So many hours must I take my rest. So many hours must I contemplate, So many hours must I sport myself, So many days m, ewes have been with young, So many weeks cre the poor fools will ean, So many years ere I shall shear the fleece So minutes, hours, days, months, and years, Pass d over to the end they were created, Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. Ah, what a life were this ' how sweet ' how lovely ! Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade To shepherds looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroider d canopy To king, that fear their subjects' treachery? O, yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth. And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds, His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade, All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, Is far beyond a prince's delicates, His viands sparkling in a golden cup. His body couched in a curious bed. When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him

Shakespeare's final revision of the trilogy of plays dealing with the reign of Henry VI met with a triumphant reception on the stage. older dramatists grew jealous, and in the autumn of 1592 one of them, Robert Greene, denounced the younger dramatist in A Groats worth of Wit as 'an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a players hide supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes factotum is, in his own con ceit, the only Shake scene in a countrie.' The italicised words parody a line in 3 Henry VI (Act 1 sc. iv L 137), 'Oh Tigers heart wrapped in The publisher of Greene's illa woman's hide' natured attack on Shakespeare, Henry Chettle, it the end of the year apologised to the young vriter for the rancour of Greenes pen in the prefice to a tract called Kird Hartes Dreame. Chettle frankly acknowledged Shakespeare's civility of demeanour, excellence in his quality of actor, uprightness of dealing, and facetious grace in writing'

Shakespeare pursued the path which he first essayed in the plays of Henry VI in the two tragedies that succeeded them—Richard III and Richard III and Richard III for Richard III Shakespeare plainly shows a conscious resolve to follow in Marlowe's footsteps. The tragedy takes up the history near the point at which the third part of Henry VI left it. The hero's hypoerisy is pictured with much from The study of victous ambition is rarely relieved by poetic passages, but a peculiarly Shakespearean outburst of poetic sentiment characterises the description by Tyrrel of the murder of the princes in the lower 'Act IV so in 11 4-22)

Dishton and Forrest, whom I did suborn To do this ruthless piece of butchers Although they were flesh d villams, bloody dogs, Melting with tenderness and kind compassion Wept like two children in their deaths, sad stories, Lo, thus, quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes' 'Thus thu,' quoth Forrest 'girdling one another Within their innocent alabaster arms Their lips were four red to es on a stalk, Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other A bool of prayers on their pillow lay Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind But O! the devil -there the villain stopp'd, Whilst Dighton thus told on "We smothered The most replenished sweet work of nature That from the prime creation c'er she framed Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse, They could not speak, and so I left them both, To bring this tidings to the bloody king

Richard II seems to have followed Richard III is ithout delay, and here again the influence of Marlowe is strongly marked. Marlowe's Educard II clearly inspired Richard II. The sober note of patriotism and of reverence for the best traditions of the country, which was characteristic of all Shakespeare's historical plays, was sounded with exceptional effect in John of Gaunt's dying speech (Act II see all 31-68)

Methinks I am a prophet new in pired And thus expuring do foretell of him His rash fierce bluze of riot cannot last, Lor violent fires soon burn out themselves Small showers last long but sudden storms are short, He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes, With easer feeding food doth choke the feeder Light vinity, in-attate cormorant, Consuming means, soon preys upon itself This royal throne of kings, this scepter d isle, Time earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi paradisc This fertre's built by Nature for herself Against infection and the hand of war, This I zopy breed of men, this little world, This precious is one set in the silver sen, Which serves it in the office of a wall Or is a most defense a to a host Against if e easy of less happ or lands

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, This nurse, this teening womb of royal kings, Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth, Renowned for their deeds as far from home, For Christian Lervice and true chivalry, As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son, This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land, Dear for her reputation through the world, Is now leased out-I die pronouncing it-Like to a tenement or pelting farm Lugland, bound in with the triumphant sea, Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shane, With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds That England, that was wont to conquer others, Hath made a shameful conquest of itself Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life, How happy then were my ensuing death '

Both Richard III and Richard II were published anonymously in 1597. Between February 1593 and the end of the year the London theatres were closed owing to the plague, but Shake speare's pen was busily employed, and 1594 probably proved more prolific than any other year of his life. Fo it may be assigned the greater part of three plays—Titus Andronicus, The Merchant of Venice, and King John

Titus Andronicus, a sanguinary and revolting picture of the decadence of imperial Rome, was probably only in part Shakespeare's work was suggested by a piece called Ittus and Vespasian, which was acted by Lord Stringe's men in 1592, and is now only extant in a German version published in 1620 Titus Andronicus was acted by the Earl of Sussey's men on January 23, 1593-4, as a 'new' piece It was subsequently performed by Shakespeare's company Internal evidence suggests that Kyd wrote much of But there are many powerful passages for which Shakespeare alone could have been re-The heart rending speech in which the hero laments the ruin that overtakes his children contains such lines as these (Act III sc. 1 ll 93-97)

For now I stand as one upon a rock, Environ'd with a wilderness of sea Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave, Expecting ever when some envious surge Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Then, turning to his tongueless daughter, he adds (161d, ll 111-113)

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew Upon a gather'd hij almost wither'd

In The Merchant of Lenice Shakespeare showed to splendid advantage his power of investing ancient legends with genuinely dramatic point and poetry. See Giovanni's Il Pecorone, a four-teenth-century collection of Italian novels, supplied him with the main plot of the pound of flesh.

Stephen Gosson, in his Schoole of Abuse (1579), mentions a lost play called The Jew, in which apparently the tales of the pound of flesh and the casl ets were combined. Robert Wilson's extent play of the Three Ladies of London roughly inticipated some of Shakespeare's scenes between the Jewish creditor Shylock and his debtor Antonio Shakespeare's Jew is a far subtler study of Jewish character than Marlowe achieved in his few of Malta, and the delicate comedy which relieves the serious interest attaching to Shylock's fate lay wholly out of Marlowe's reach Shakespeare, in the Merchant of Vinice, betrayed the last definible traces of his discipleship to Marlowe. Marlowe's few of Malta was the forerunner of Shylock, although the topic was doubtless immediately suggested to Shakespeare by the popular excitement iroused in London by the recent execution of the queen's Jewish physici in, Roderigo Lopez. Passages notable for high poetic feeling and for eloquent ratiocination abound in the Herchant of Venice Shylock's clum to be treated as a man, Portin's plea for mercy, Lorenzo's speech on the power of music, and Bassanio's exposure of the deceitfulness of appearances illustrate the play's wealth of thought and beauty of language. One of the most beautiful passages is the speech in which Portia accepts the suit of her lover Bassanio (Act III sc. ii 11 149-175)

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, Such as I am though for myself alone I would not be ambitious in my wish To wish myself much better, yet, for you I would be trobled twenty times myself, A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times More rich , That only to stand high in your account, I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends, Exceed account, but the full sum of me Is sum of something, which, to term in gross Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised, Happy in this, she is not yet so old But she may learn, happier than this, She is not bred so dull but she can learn, Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit Commits itself to yours to be directed, As from her lord, her governor, her king Myself and what is mine to you and yours Is now converted but now I was the lord Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, Queen o er myself, and even now, but now, This house, these servants, and this same myself Are yours, my lord I give them with this ring, Which when you part from, lose, or give away, Let it presage the min of your love, And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

The *Merchant of Lence* may have been first produced under the name of the *Venesyon Comeds*, on August 25, 1594. It was revised later, and was not published until 1600, when two editions appeared, each printed from a different stage copy

Lurning once again to English history, Shake speare, also in 1594, adapted his drama of King John from a worthless play called The Troublesome Raigne of King John (1591) old piece was fraudulently reissued in 1611 as 'written by W Sh,' and in 1622 as by 'W Shike speare.' The three chief characters in Shakespeare's King John-the mean and cruel king, the desperately wronged and passionate Constance, and the soldierly humorist Fulconbridge-are in all essentials Shakespeare's own invention Arthur boyish emotion is portrayed with a freshness and truthfulness that are scarcely known clscwhere in dramitic literature As in other of Shakespeare's historical plays, the general citect of the tragic history of King John is to instil a reasonable and honourable patriotism, to which the Bastard's concluding lines give very cloquent expression (Act v sc vii 1 112-end)

This I rigland never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them—Nought shall make us rue
If Lugland to itself do rest but true.

III At the same epoch in his career (1591-4) as saw those remarkable efforts in the drama, Shakespeare also wrote and published two Narrative Poems, both of which paraphrased with inclodious fluency Ovidian themes of somewhat laservious tendency. In May 1593 Richard Field, Shake speare's fellow-townsman, published the first poem, I caus and Adons. The character of the verse may be illustrated by Venus's lament over the body of the dead Adons (Il 1075-1080)

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim
But true sweet beauty lived and died with him

No name appeared on the title page, but there was a fully-signed dedication addressed to a brilliant voung nobleman, Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton. A year later Shake-speare's poem of Luciece appeared, and it too was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. A more serious note is often sounded here than in the earlier poem, and there are many reflections on human affairs which embody convictions cherished by Shakespeare through life, for example (Il 1240-1246)

For men have marble, women waxen, mind, And therefore are they formed as marble will, The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds. Is formed in them by force, by fraud, or skill. Then call them not the authors of their ill. No more than wax shall be accounted exil. Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Fiese two volumes constituted Shakespeare's first appeal to the reading public, and they were welcomed with unqualified enthusiasm. Spenser and other contemporary men of letters panegyrised the genus which the poems betrayed. The general reader showed himself no less appreciative. No fewer than seven editions of Venus appeared between 1594 and 1602, and an eighth followed in 1607. Lucrece ichieved a fifth edition in the veir of Shal espeare's death

In other directions Shall espeare was strengthening his position and reputation. He was gaining personal esteem in influential quarters outside the circles of actors and men of letters Lid of Southampton, as the dedicatory addresses before his narrative poems show, had become his acknowledged patron. His 'civil demeanour' recommended him to the habitues of the court, and his summons to act before Queen Elizabeth at Christmas 1594 indicated the courtiers' personal Thenceforth his plays were interest in him frequently performed before the queen by himself and his fellow ictors it her palaces of Whitehall, Richmond, and Greenwich, and his recognition is the greatest poet and dramatist of the day stendily grev

The bulk of Shakespeare's sounces were, doubtless, written in 1594, soon after he had sought and won the patronage of the Earl of At that date the sonnet enjoyed Southampton a popularity among poets in England that has never been equalled. Shakespeare characteristically tried his hand on the popular poetic instrument when its vogue was at its height. metrical form of his sonnets is that peculiar to the Inglish sonneteers (three decasyllabic quatrains, each rhyming ilternately, and a concluding rhyming couplet). In literary value the estant collection is notably unequal, but the best examples reach leacls of lyric melody and meditative energy that ire not matched elsewhere in poetry Among the finest of 5h il espeare's sonnets are these

111

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sight the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time s waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
I or precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
If on can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to voe tell o'er.
The sad account of fore bemouned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,

XXXIII

I all man, a glonous morning have I seen.

Flatter the mountain tops with covereign eye,

Fig. 11 a with 50 fen face the meado vs green,

Gilding pale streams vith heavenly alchemy,

All loses are retored and sorrous end.

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride.

With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

Liven so my sun one early morn did shine.

With all triumphant splendour on my brow,
But, out, alack he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud both mask'd him from me now
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth.

Sins of the world may strin when heaven's sun staineth,

111.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you,
On Helen's check all art of beauty set,
And you in Greeian tires are painted new
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

CZVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove
O, no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height betaken
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

On the other hand, some of Shakespeare's sonnets sink almost into mainty beneath the burden of quibbles and conceits. Take, for example

LVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,

How to divide the conquest of thy sight,

Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,

My heart mine eye the freedom of that right

My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,

A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,

But the defendant doth that plea deny,

And says in him thy fair appearance lies

To 'cide this title is impanneled

A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,

And by their verdict is determined

The clear eye's mosety and the dear heart's part As thus, mine eye's due is thine outward part, And my heart's right thine inward love of heart

There is no evidence that the order in which the sonnets vere first printed followed the order in which they were written. The same train of thought is at times pursued continuously through two or more sonnets, and thus the collection resembles a series of independent poems, some in a varying number of fourteen-line stanzas. But, beyond the fact that the vein throughout is more or less amorous, there is no close logical continuity in the arrangement of the whole. The majority of the sonnets, numbered 1 to cxxvi, are addressed to a young man, and most of the remaining twenty-six poems are addressed to a woman, but both groups include meditative soliloquies in the sonnet-form which are addressed to no person at all.

The sonnets of Shakespeare's contemporaries were for the most part literary exercises, reflecting the influence of French and Italian sonneteers Genuine emotion or the virter's personal expenence very rarely inspired them At a first glance a far larger proportion of Shakespeare's sonnets give the reader the illusion of personal confessions than those of any contemporary, but when allowance has been made for the current conventions of Elizabethan sonneteering, as well as for Shakespeare's unapproached affluence in dramatic instinct and invention-which enabled him to identify himself with every phase of human emotion-the autobiographic element in his sonnets, although it may not be dismissed altogether, is seen to shrink to comparatively slender proportions He borrows very many contemporary sonneteers' words and thoughts, although he so fused them with his fancy as often to transfigure them A personal note may have escaped him in the sonnets in which he gives voice to a sense of melancholy and self remorse, but his dramatic instinct never slept, and there is no positive proof that he is doing more, even in those sonnets, than to produce dramatically the illusion of a personal confession For example, in the numerous sonnets in which Shakespeare boasted that his verse was so certain of immortality that it was capable of immortalising the person to whom it was addressed, he gave voice to no involuntary evaluation of his own spirit or spontaneous ebullition of his own feeling was merely handling a theme that Ronsard and Desportes, emulating Pindar, Horace, Ovid, and other classical poets, had lately made a commonplace of the poetry of Europe, and a formal topic among all English sonneteers The imitative element is hardly less conspicuous in most of the sonnets that Shakespeare distinctly addresses to a woman

Only in one group, composed of six sonnets scattered through the collection, is there traceable a strand of wholly original sentiment, boldly projecting from the web into which it is wrought. This series of six sonnets deals with a love adventure of no normal type. Sonnet cally opens with the lines

Two loves I have of comfort and despair, Which like two spirits do suggest [i.e. prompt] me still The better angel is a man right fair, The worser spirit a woman colour d ill. The woman, the sonneteer continues, has corrupted the man and drawn him from his side other sonnets treat the same theme addressed to the man (l, xli, and lii) the poet mildly reproaches his youthful friend for having sought and won favours of a woman whom he himself loved 'dearly,' but the trespass is forgiven on account of the friend's youth and beauty the two remaining sonnets (cxxxiii. and cxxxii) the poet addresses the woman, and rebukes her for having enslaved not himself but 'his next self'his friend It is conceivable that these six sonnets rest on a genuine experience of the poet, although a half jesting reference to the amorous adventure, which would deprive it of very serious import, was possibly made to it at the time by a literary comrade A poem that was licensed for publication on September 3, 1594, was published immediately under the title of IVillobie his Avisa, or the True Picture of a Modest Maid and of a Chaste and Constant Wife There, a character, described as 'the old player W S,' doubtless Shakespeare himself, mocks a rejected lover because, he evplains at length, he has just recovered his own equanimity after much suffering from feminine caprice

But if few of Shakespeare's sonnets can safely be regarded as autobiographical revelations of sentiment, many of them offer evidence of the relations in which he stood to a patron, and of the position that he sought to fill in the circle of that patron's literary clients There is no difficulty in detecting the lineaments of the Earl of Southampton in those of the man who is distinctively greeted in the sonnets as the poet's sole patron. That the Earl of Southampton was Shakespeare's only patron is not merely suggested by the terms in which the poet dedicated to him each of his two narrative poems, Venus and Adoms and Lucrece, but by the tradition handed down by Sir William D'Avenant that the earl treated Shakespeare with exceptional munificence, and once gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to' Twenty sonnets are couched in the phraseology habitual at the time to authors when penning dedications of their works to patrons Three of these (xxvi, wxii, and wxvi) merely translate into the language of poetry the expressions of devotion which had already done duty in the prose dedicatory epistle to the Earl of Southampton that prefaces Lucrece That epistle to Southampton runs

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a super fluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater, meanwhile, as it is, it is bound to

your lord hip, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happine x-Your lordship's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sonnet (xv) is a gorgeous rendering of these sentences

I old of my love to whom in vassalage
The ment hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To vitness duty, not to show my wit
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine

May male ecm bare, in wanting words to show it, But that I hope some good concert of thine

In the soul's thought, all not ed, will bestow it, fill batsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fur aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter d loving,

Fo show me worthy of thy sweet respect
Then may I date to local how I do love thee,
I'll then not show my head where thou mayst prove me

In several sonnets, the poet confesses to a sense of jealousy of one or more rival poets who, by dint of 'richly compiled 'comments' of his patron's 'pruse,' threaten to divert to themselves his patron's fivours. The rival poets with their *precious praise by all the muses filed' (laxxi 4) must be sought among the writers who eulogised Southampton and are known to have shared his Such writers were very numerous but the poet whom Shakespeare depicts as his chief rival is with much probability identified with the young poet and scholar Barnabe Barnes, a poetic panegorist of Southampton and a prolific sonneteer. whose promise, widely acknowledged at the time that Shakespeare was writing his sonnets, was not destined for conspicuous fulfilment in the future

Besides the twenty 'dedicatory' sonnets, which specifically address a young man as the poet's pitron, many avow wholly disinterested 'love,' in the Elizabethan sense of friendship, for a handsome youth of wealth and rank There is good ground for the conclusion that the sonnets of disinterested friendship also have South impton for their subject The sincerity of the poet's sentiment is often open to doubt in these poems, but they seem inspired by a genuine intimacy subsisting between Shakepeare and a young Macenas Extravagant comphment-'gross printing' Shakespeare calls itwas more conspicuous in the intercourse of patron and client during the last years of Elizabeth's reign than in any other epoch. There is nothing in the vocabulary of affection which Shakespeare employed in his sonnets of 'love' or friendship to conflict with the theory that they were inscribed to his literar, patron Southampton, with whom he was it the moment on the terms of close intimacy that normally subsisted between the literary clients and their patrons. Every compliment, in fict, paid by Shakespeare to the youth applies to South impton. In real life, beauty, birth, wealth, and wit sat crowned! in the earl, whom poets ucl used the handsomest of Elizabethan courtiers, is plainly as in the hero of the poet's verse

Southampton has left in his correspondence ample proofs of his literary learning and cultured taste. and, like the hero of the sonnets, was 'as fair in knowledge as in hue' The opening sequence of seventeen sonnets, in which a youth of rank and wealth is admonished to marry and beget a son so that his fur house' may not fall into decay, cin only have been addressed to a young peer like Southampton, who was as yet unmarried, had vast possessions, and was the sole male representative of his family. To no other peer of the day are the poet's words so exactly applicable. Striking evidence of the identity of the youth of the sonnets of 'friendship' with Southampton is found in the like ness of feature and complexion which characterises the poet's description of the youth's 'fair' outward appearance and the extant pictures of Southampton as a young man which are now at Welbeck ternal evidence thus agrees with internal evidence in identifying the lauded patron of the sonnets with the Earl of Southampton, and they suggest that Shakespeare when his fame was in the making stood to the earl in much the same relation as Ariosto to the Duke Alfonso d'Este, or Ronsard to Margaret, Duchess of Savoy

Shakespeare's sonnets were first circulated in manuscript A line from one of them—

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds-

was quoted in the play of Edward III, which was probably written before 1595. Meres, writing in 1598, enthusiastically commends Shakespeare's sugred sonnets among his private friends,' ind mentions them in close conjunction with his two narrative poems. William Jaggard piratically inserted in 1599 two of the most mature of the series (Nos cannot and caliv) in his Passionate Pilgrim. In 1609 Shakespeare's sonnets were surreptitiously published by a publisher of small reputation, Thomas Thorpe

Thorpe dedicated the volume to 'Mr W H' in

these terms

TO THE ONLIE, BPGETTER OF
THESE INVING SONNETS
MR W H ALL HAPPINESSE,
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED
BY
OUR EVER LIVING FOFF
WISHETH
THE, WELL WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SET TING
FOLLIH

ТТ

The dedication, although, according to Thorpe's habitual style of writing, bombastic in expression and wilfully intricate in the arrangement of the words, follows a common dedicatory formula in numerous books of the day the dedicator 'wisheth' his patron 'all happiness and eternitic'. In this in stance 'the well-vision, adventurer in setting forth'

-i.e. the publisher, Thomas Thorpe-'wisheth,' in the conventional language of contemporary dedications, 'all happinesse and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet'-ie such eternity as Shakespeare in the text of his sonnets foretold for his own verse-'to Mr W H the onlie begetter of these ensuing sonnets'-i.e. to the man who had, by his sole efforts, gotten or procured ('beget' in Elizabethan English was frequently used in the sense of 'get' or 'procure') a copy of the manuscript of Shakespeare's sonnets, and had thereby given Thorpe his opportunity of printing and publishing them In 1600 Thorpe had under similar circum stances dedicated a hitherto unpublished work by Marlowe-The First Book of Lucan-to Edward Blount, a friend in the trade. 'Mr W H.,' whom Thorpe made the patron of the original edition of Shakespeare's sonnets in 1609, was probably William Hall, a publisher's assistant, who for some years occupied himself in procuring unprinted manuscripts for disposal among stationers in the position of Thorpe.

The common practice of publishers of the day of the type of Thorpe in choosing uninfluential patrons for the publication of manuscripts that fell surreptitiously into their hands renders impossible the popular identification of 'Mr W H' with the influential young man to whom many of the sonnets were anonymously addressed by By an irresponsible guess, which Shakespeare is vitiated by an obvious error, the initials of Thorpe's patron have been identified with those of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke. The Earl of Pembroke succeeded to his title in 1601, and it was contrary to law and custom for a dependent in the position of a publisher to employ any other than the formal designation in addressing a noble patron The letters 'W H,' moreover, at no time in the Earl of Pembroke's life represented the initials of his name. From his birth until his succession to his father's title he was known solely as Lord Herbert. No evidence exists to show that Shakespeare was in personal relations with the Earl of Pembroke at any period. After Shakespeare's death the First Folio (1623) was dedicated to Pembroke and his brother, the Earl of Montgomery, by Shakespeare's friends and theatrical colleagues. It was the fashion of the moment for authors and publishers to dedicate to these patrons jointly publications of importance. Pembroke, too, was in 1623 Lord Chamberlain and ex officio controller of the stage. The words and tone in which Shakespeare's posthumous editors addressed the brothers plainly show that the poet was in his lifetime solely known to the brother earls-was solely the object of their favourin his capacity of popular dramatist and of 'servant' of the king-ie. of member of the king's company of players

IV Shakespeare's endeavours to maintain his position in the favour of a wealthy patron, to which his sonnets bear testimony, never interrupted

the literary labours to which the best years of his life were consecrated. His industry never drooped To the winter season of 1595 probably belonged A Midsummer Night's Dream, which may vell have been written to celebrate a marriage in the circles of the court. Hints for the plot and characters have been traced to many sources, but the final scheme of the beautiful and delicate fairy comedy is of Shakespeare's freshest invention. Titania's directions when bidding the fairies attend on the 'translated' Bottom are instinct with the finest conceivable play of fancy (Act III sc. 1 ll 150–160)

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman, Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes, I eed him with apricocks and dewberries, With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries, The honey bags steal from the humble bees, And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fiery glow worm's eyes, To have my love to bed and to arise, And pluck the wings from painted butterflies, To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

All's Well that Ends Well belongs to the same period. Its plot is a sombre and somewhat offensive story traceable to Boccaccio Shake speare's treatment of it is mainly remarkable for his development of the character of the heroine, Helena, who, despite the immodesty of her actions, ranks with the greatest of Shakespeare's female creations. Her secret attachment for the worth less Bertram, whose rank places him beyond her reach, is touchingly expressed in her soliloquy (Act I sc. 1 ll. 76-92)

My imagination Carries no favour in't but Bertram s. I am undone there is no living none, If Bertram be away Twere all one That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it, he is so above me In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere The ambition in my love thus plagues itself The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour, to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, a In our heart's table, heart too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour But now he s gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his reliques.

The Taning of the Shrew, which is mainly of farcical character, was based on an old farcical comedy, The Taning of a Shrew, first published in 1594. The underplot of Bianca and her lovers was probably due to a coadjutor. In Shakespeare's Induction, of which the drunken tinker Christopher Sly is the hero, Shakespeare introduces many literal references to Stratford and his native county Similar references figure in the Second Part of Henry IV and in The Merry Wives of Windsor,

which followed the Invarg of the Strew at no tong interval. Such allusions are probably attributable to Stakespeares resumption of relations with his native place as the time of the composition.

In 1377, turning agam to English history, he produced the two parts of Herry IV Although in the Lies Part the character of Hotspur is drawn with great vividness, and in both parts Prince Hal is depicted with unflagging spirit, the two pieces or a the enthusiastic affection in which they have been held since their first production on the stage to Shake pearl's creation of the deathless character of Filstiff In Falstaff, Shake-peare's purely comic pover culminated. Every syllable of his utterances should be studied Probably his rich ness of temperament may be gauged, as well as anywhere, by the shrewdly comic speech which he mockingly addresses to Prince Hal in his assumed character of the king, Prince Hal's father (Act II se iv II 387-418) His assumption of the kingly role justly evolves from Mistress Quickly the characteristic compliment 'O Jesu' he doth it as like one of those harlotry players as ever I see'

Fal Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied though the camonule, the more it is trodden on the factor it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the Looner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point, why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and cat black berries? a question not to Shall the son of England prove a thick and be asked take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to man, in our land by the name of pitch this pitch. as ancient writers do report, doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in pas sion, not in words only, but in vocs also and yet there is a virtuous man v hom I have often noted in thy com pany, but I I now not his name

Prince What manner of man, an it like your majesty 'Isl' A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, and, as I thinh, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inch may to three score and now I remember me, his name is I alstair if that man should be leadly given, he do eiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then he tree may be I nown by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, i' en, peremi toril, I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstair him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me rise, thou naughty variet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Henry IV was followed by The Merry Wrees of B indisor, which, according to early traditions, was disigned to eatisf, Queen Elizabeth's curiosity to learn how halstaff would bear himself when in love. The result was a far ical comedy reflecting the b'uff temper of contemporary middle class society.

It the same time, the spirited character of Prince Hil was specially congenial to Shakespeare, and after devoting one play to Palstaff, he devoted another to the later career of the prince who succeeded to the throne as Henry V speare's chronicle-play of Henry V was produced in 1509, probably at the newly-built Globe Theatre It abounds in patriotic sentiment. Most of the speeches of the hero are familiar in anthologies The soliloguy of the king on the emptiness of the ceremonial homage that is paid to royalty, the orations in which he condemns the conspirators Cambridge, Grey, and Scroop, or reproves his cousin Westmoreland for regretting the smallness of the English force on the eve of Agincourt, are masterly specimens of spirited cloquence choruses before the acts, too-notably the first-are splendidly phrased, and there is abundant variety in the comic clement, although it lacks the great presence of Falstaff When Pistol announces to his companions

I or Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore,

the disreputable Bardolph remarks, with a wonderful touch of pathos, 'Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell' The hostess opens her description of the hero's last hours thus (Act II se iii 19)

Nay, sure, he's not in hell he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child, a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.

Henry V completed the series of Shakespeare's Histories, which may be likened to detached books of an English Iliad They form collectively a kind of national epic. The late play of Henry VIII, which is only partially by Shakespeare, must be considered apart.

Some reflections of the public affirs in which Shakespeare had personal interest appear in Henry V In the chorus before the last act of the play Shakespeare makes friendly illusion to the expected return from Ircland of the Earl of Essex, the close friend of his patron, the Earl of Southampton. Subsequently, in 1601, Essex and Southampton were leaders in a rebellion against the queen's authority in London, with the result that Essex was executed and Southampton received a sentence of imprisonment for life. Shake-peare thus lost a generous patron, but by the end of the sixteenth century his career was in the full tide of its triumphant progress. In literary and theatrical society his influence was then supreme. He was in a position to befriend younger men of kenius like Ben Jonson, and was a prominent figure in the meetings of Jonson and his literary associates at the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street In 1593 Francis Meres, a learned graduate of

Cambridge, writing of contemporary literature in his Palladis Tamia, culogised Shakespeare as the greatest man of letters of the day 'The Muses would speak Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they could speak English.' Unprincipled publishers placed Shakespeare's name on the title-pages of books by other pens in order to attract purchasers Between 1595 and 1608 six plays in which he had no hand-Locrine, Thomas Lord Cromwell, The Puritan, Oldcastle, The London Prodigal, and The Yorkshire Tragedy-came forth with Shakespeare's name or initials on the title-pages. The pirate publisher, William Jaggard, produced in 1599 a poetic anthology, entitled The Passionate Pilgrim, 'by W Shakespeare,' although only five out of the twenty pieces were from the poet's pen Obscure mystical verses, on the Phanix and the Turtle, which may be genuine work of Shakespeare's, were printed above his full signature in 1601, with poems by other writers of note, in Robert Chester's Love's Marty

Meanwhile Shakespeare had resumed relations with Stratford. He was doubtless there on August 11, 1596, when his only son Hamnet was buried in the parish church. Thenceforth he devoted much of his energies to endeavours to restore the fame and fortune of his family in his native place, and though he continued to spend the greater part of many subsequent years in London, he thenceforth paid more than one visit annually His father's debts had grown in his to Stratford long absence, and his wife had also borrowed money for her support. But his return finally relieved his kindred of all pecuniary anxiety. By his advice his father, at the end of 1596, applied to the College of Heralds in London for a grant of arms The negotiations were protracted through three years, but in 1599 the authorities acceded to the request of the poet and his father, assigning to the family a 'gold shield with a bend sable bearing a golden spear, with a crest of a falcon with wings displayed (silver), supporting a spear (gold)' The motto ran, 'Non sanz droict' These arms were thenceforth used by the poet and his children. By way of corroborating his position, he purchased on May 4, 1597, the largest house in Stratford, called New Place.

In 1598 three letters, written by Shakespeare's fellow-townsmen, and still extant at Stratford, give evidence of his local reputation as a man of wealth and influence. One letter, dated October 25, 1598, is an appeal addressed to Shakespeare by Richard Quiney for a loan of £30 financial prosperity which is indicated in the correspondence is readily traceable to Shakespeare's professional earnings, although his wealthy patron, Southampton, is said to have supplemented them in his early years by generous gifts 1599 he wrote nineteen plays, besides revising dramatic work by other pens After 1599 he wrote Such extensive literary work eighteen plays probably brought him on the werage at least I

£35 a year, equivalent to some £300 in modern currency But Shakespeare was also an actor, and actors' salaries were high, from that source Shakespeare must, according to the current rates of remuneration, have derived an average income of £130, exceeding £1000 in modern currency sequently a third source of income was added. When, in the winter of 1598, the Globe Theatre was built, the proprietors presented Shakespéare with a substantial share in the profits, which were always large and always increasing Towards the close of his life he was also allotted a share in the receipts of the Blackfriars Theatre, but it was from the Globe that he, as part-owner, actor, and dra matist, clearly derived, when at the zenith of his career, an ample and substantial income later years of his life he could not have earned less than £600 a year It was reported at the time that 'he spent at the rate of £1000' Part of his professional revenues he invested in real property at Stratford In 1602 he purchased for £320 one hundred and seven acres of arable land near the town, as well as a cottage and garden adjoining New Place In 1610 he acquired twenty acres of pasture. Meanwhile, in 1605, he bought for £440 an unexpired term of a lease of a moiety of the Stratford tithes This negotiation involved him in some legal embarrassments, but, as is common among men of wealth, Shakespeare stood rigorously by his rights in all his business relations, and often appeared as plaintiff in the local courts

The calls of business never, however, impeded Shakespeare's literary activity Despite the somewhat complicated financial transactions in which he was engaged at the time at Stratford, it was in 1599 that he composed his three most finished and most characteristic comedies, Much Ado about Nothing, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night In each there are almost as much serious episode and earnest reflection as humorous jest, badinage, and comic dialogue. The sad central story of Hero and Claudio in Much Ado is of Italian origin, but the brilliant comedy of Benedick and Beatrice and the quaint humour of the watchman Dogberry and Verges are wholly original As You Like It, a pastoral comedy with exceptionally varied dramatis personæ, was adapted from Lodge's romance of Rosalind The smaller characters are as well worthy of study as the The lips of the shepherdess Phebea very subordinate character-for example, echo with rare fidelity the accents of the perennial village coquette, her reminiscence of her interview with Ganymede is as finely pointed, as any speech in the play (Act III sc. v ll 108-138)

Phebe Think not I love him, though I ask for him, 'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well, But what care I for words? yet words do well When he that speaks them pleases those that hear It is a pretty youth not very pretty But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him He'll make a proper man the best thing in him

Is his complexion, and faster than his tongue Did make offence his eve did heal it up He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall His leg is but o so, and yet 'tis well There va a pretty redness in his lip, A little riper and more lusty red Than that mix'd in his cheek, twas just the difference Betweet the constant red, and mingled damask There to some women, Silvius, had they mark d him In parcels as I did, would have gone near To fall in love with him but for my part, I love him not nor hate him not, and yet I have more cause to hate him than to love him For what had he to do to chide at me? He said mine eyes were black and my hair black, And, now I am remember d, scorn d at me I marvel why I answerd not again But that's all one, omittance is no quittance I il write to him a very taunting letter, And thou shalt bear it wilt thou, Silvius? Sir ius Phebe, with all my heart Phile I ll write it straight, The matter's in my head and in my heart I will be bitter with him and passing short. Go with me, Silvius

I velfth Night, like Wuch Ado, is indebted to an It dian story. Though probably written about 1600, the carliest reference to it was made by Henry Manningham, a barrister of the Middle I cmple, who described a performance of the piece at the hall of his Inn on February 2, 1602 leading themes of Viola's passion for the Duke Orsino, and the Duke's passion for Olivia, belong to scrious romance, and a pathetic note infects the humorous characterisation of Malvolio, whose vinity dimost issues in a tragic denouement, but Sir Loby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Maria are conceived wholly in the comic vein. In Fwelfth Vight, as in Much Ado and As You Like It, Shikespeare's lyric genius showed itself in perfection. The songs with which the three plays are interspersed include the verses (Fwelth Night, \ct 11 sc. m 1 38)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, tay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low
Trip no further, pretty sweeting
Journeys end in lovers meeting
I very with man's son doth know

What is love? tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What is to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

In 1601 Shikespeare made a new departure by drimitising an incident in Roman history—the death of Julius Casar—which he read in North's noble translation of *Plutaren's Itzes*. The play of Julius Casar is a penetrating study of political life and character. The dramatis fersone are bilineed and contrasted with minutest care.

Hardly a better example of the Shakespearean power of making a speaker reveal, as it were, unconsciously and unpremeditatedly his true quality could be quoted than the speech in which Casar hints to Antonius his suspicious fear of Cassius, and thereby betrays his own degeneracy (Act 1 sc ii ll 192-214)

Casar Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights
I ond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much—such men are dangerous,
Intonius—Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous,

He is a noble Roman, and well given Casar Would he were fatter! but I fear him not Yet if my name were liable to fear. I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare Cassius He reads much, He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men he loves no plays, As thou dost, Antony, he hears no music Seldom he similes, and smiles in such a sort As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit That could be moved to smile at any thing Such men as he be never at heart's ease Whiles they behold a greater than themselves And therefore are they very dangerous I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd Ihan what I fear, for always I am Cesar Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, And tell me truly what thou think'st of him

Soon after the production of Julius Casar, Shakespeare's theatrical prospects, like those of others engaged in theatrical enterprise in London, were for a time somewhat seriously imperilled. In 1600 the Puritans of the city of London, who were always hostile to the theatres, sought to induce the Privy Council to forbid the continuance of more than two playhouses in Middlesex and Surrey, but though the Council issued a prohibition in accordance with the Puritan citizens' wish, it was suffered to remain inoperative. More threatening was the sudden popularity which companies of boy actors in London suddenly acquired in the sight of playgoers in the winter of 1600. In the following year Shakespeare described in his new play of Hands how the boys' performances absorbed the favour of the playgoers of London, and how the theatres which were in the hands of the men actors were for the time described. Shakespeare's perverse tempered friend, Ben Jonson, further complicated the situation by throwing in his lot with the boys, for whom he wrote plays that were rapturously received by the public. But the vogue of the boys, with which Shakespeare was naturally out of sympathy, declined as rapidly as it had risen. Its fall may partly be attributed to the triumphant success with which Shike speare's great tragedy of Hamlet was first produced by the men players in 1602. An old play on the same subject is lost, but from it Slinkespeare probably derived useful hints. The story belongs to Danish history, and had been adapted by Bandello, whose version was accessible to Shake

speare in the French rendering by Belleforest. The piece, which is mainly a psychological study, is the longest of Shakespeare's plays, but the intensity of interest with which Shakespeare invested the subtle character of the hero rendered the tragedy the most popular of all his productions

In numerous familiar soliloquies Hamlet reveals the course of the struggle proceeding within his brain between his irresistible tendency to intro spective meditation and his consciousness of the pressing need for action, which the working of his mind deprived him of the power of taking. The internal conflict is nowhere so forcibly depicted as when the young prince meets a detachment of the army of Fortinbras, and a captain tells him that they are on their way to fight the Poles (Act IV sc. iv. ll. 18–19),

To gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name

The callous admission of so unsubstantial an incitement to action stirs in Hamlet this torturing reflection on his own habit of inaction (Act IV sc. iv ll 32-66)

How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge! What is a man, If his chief good and market of his time Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more Sure, he that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and god like reason To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be Bestial oblivion, or some craven cruple Of thinking too precisely on the event,-A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom And ever three parts coward,-I do not know Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do,' Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means To do 't Lamples gross as earth exhort me Witness this army, of such mass and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince, Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd Mal is mouths at the invisible event, Exposing what is mortal and unsure To all that fortune, death, and danger dare, Even for an egg shell | Kightly to be great -Is not to stir without great argument, But preatly to find quarrel in a straw When honour's at the stake How stand I then, That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, Excitements of my reason and my blood, And let all sleep, while to my shame I see The inurment death of twenty thousand men, That for a fantasy and trick of fame Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause, Which is not tomb enough and continent To hale the slun? O, from this time forth, My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Troil is and Crissida, although published for the first time in 1609, belongs to the same period as Hamlet. It is based on a media val story of the Trojan war, and is little influenced by the classical spirit. The heroine, Cress da, contrary to literary

tradition, is represented by Shrkespe irc as a heartless coquette. The speeches of the Greek generals abound in pithily expressed philosophy of universal application. Especially notable are the eloquent meditations of Ulysses. Nowhere else has the doctrine of the inevitableness of rank in the physical, political, and social worlds, or the need of a due observance of it, been set forth with greater nobility of language than in the speech which Ulysses addresses to his colleagues in the Grecian camp before Agamemnon's tent (Act I see in 11 75-137)

Ulysses Trov, yet upon his basis, had been down

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master, But for these instances The specialty of rule hath been neglected And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions. When that the general is not like the hive To whom the foragers shall all repur, What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded, The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre, Observe degree, priority and place Insisture, course, proportion, season, form, Office and custom, in all line of order And therefore is the glorious planet Sol In noble eminence enthroned and sphered Amidst the other, whose inedicinable eye Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, And posts like the commandment of a king, Sans check to good and bad but when the planets In evil mixture to disorder wander, What plagues and what portents, what mutiny, What raging of the sea, shaking of earth, Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors, Divert and crack, rend and deracinate The unity and married calm of states Quite from their fixture! (), when degree is shaked, Which is the ladder to all high designs, The enterprise is sick! How could communities, Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities, Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, The primogenitive and due of birth, Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, But by degree, stand in authentic place? Take but degree away, untune that string, And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets In mere oppugnancy—the bounded waters Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores, And make a sop of all this solid globe Strength should be lord of unbecility, And the rude son should strike his fither dead Force should be right, or rather, right and wron, Between whose endless jar justice relides, Should lose their names, and so should justice too Then every thing includes itself in power, Power into will, will into appetite, And appetite, an universal wolf, So doubly seconded with will and po ver, Must make perforce an universal prey, And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon, This chacs, when degree is suffocate, Pollows the choking And this neglection of degree it is

That he a price goes backward, with a purpose It both to climb. The general's disdain'd By him one step below, he by the next, I hat next by him beneath so every step, Leampled by the first pace that is sick. Of his superior grows to an envious fever. Of pale and bloodless emulation, and 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length, I roy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Hirdly less penetrating are the same speaker's reflections on the tendency of human nature to value what is new to the neglect of the good that is old, when he reminds Achilles that his early fame cannot resist the advance of Ajav's newerborn reputation (Act III se in ll 145-153)

Time hath, my ford, a wallet at his back. Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, A great sized monster of ingratitudes. Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd As fast as they are made, forgot as soon. As done perseverance dear my lord, keeps honour bright to have done, is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail. In monumental mockers.

VI On March 24, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died Mithough she had proved an appreciative patron of Shakespeare, her successor, James I, showed him and his associates far more pronounced favour Very soon after his accession James bestowed on the company of actors to which Shakespeare be longed the title of the King's Servants, and gave them the rank of grooms of the royal chamber Thenceforth Shakespeare and his colleagues took part in all great court festivities, while Shakespeare's plays were repeatedly performed in the royal presence

During the first six years of the new reign Shakespeare was engaged on his greatest achieve ments in tragedy Othello seems to have been the first new piece by Shakespeare that was acted before Jimes, and it was quickly followed by Weasure for Measure The stories of both come originally from an Italian collection of romances, the Hecatominutae of Cinthio Cinthio's story of Measure for Measure was accessible in both French and English, but Othello is not known to have been translated out of the Italian before Shakespeare treated it. With masterly genius Shakespeare reconstructed leading episodes in both romances Othello displayed his fully matured powers to splendid advantage. An unfaltering equilibrium is maintained in the treatment of plot and character thise. Almost every sentence in Othellos dying speech has become proverbial (let v so n ll 341-359)

Soft you, a word or two before you go
I have done the state some service, and they know't
No more of that I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall it ese unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuite,
Nor a down aught in malice—then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well,
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme, of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe, of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum—Set you down this,
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took him by the throat, the circuincised dog,
And smote him, thus—[Stabs himself

Measure for Measure, which deals mainly with the virtue of chastity, contains one of the finest scenes (between Angelo and Isabella, Act II sc. II 143 seq) and one of the greatest speeches (Claudio on the fear of death, Act III sc I II 119-133) in the range of Shakespearean drima. Claudio's speech, very human if very cowardly,

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where To lie in cold obstruction and to rot, This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside In thrilling region of thick ribbed ice, To be imprison'd in the viewless winds, And blown with restless violence round about The pendent world, or to be worse than worst Of those that lawless and incertain thought Imagine howling—'its too horrible! The weariest and most louthed worldly life That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment Can by on nature is a paradise. To what we fear of death

Macbeth is on the same lofty level of tragic art as Othello The subject, drawn from Scottish history, especially appealed to King James and his It is the shortest of all Shakespearc's tragedies, and the most rapid in action sure and very subtle is the revelation of character offered by Shakespeare's portraits of Macbeth and his wife In the hero there is a peculiar mingling of covetous ambition and reckless physical courage, with a highly developed imagi native faculty which lends his utterance in the cutastrophe of his career a weird splendour of phrase at the same time that it invests it with strange aloofness of facling. He receives the crushing news of the death of his wife, on whose strength of will and practical temperament his action in former scasons of crisis wholly depended, thus (Act v Sc v 11 15-28)

Macleth Wherefore was that cry?

Septon The queen, my lord, is dead

Marceth She should have died hereafter,

There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time

And all our yesterday, have lighted fools

The way to dusty death Out, out, brief candle 'Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing

King Lear, the most heart rending of all Shakespeare's tragedies, was acted at court on December 26, 1606. It was based on a legend of British history, but Shakespeare so re created the story that all the pity and terror of which tragedy is capable reached their climax in his treatment of it. There is awful beauty in the speeches of the demented king in the concluding scenes. The words which lead up to his recognition of his daughter Cordelia are unsurpassable in their pathos (Act IV sc vii ll 59-70).

Pray do not mock me
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less,
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not perfect in my mind
Methinks I should know you and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordclia.

Timon of Athens, although the hero was cast in the mould of Lear, falls far short of its three pre-Shakespeare was not responsible for decessors the whole. Nearly all Acts in and v came from The coadjutor may possibly have an inferior pen been George Wilkins, who may safely be credited with aiding Shakespeare in the romantic play of Pericles at the same date (1607-1608) Only Acts iii and v and part of Act iv of Pericles can confidently be assigned to the great dramatist, but these scenes form a self-contained whole, and are characterised by a matured felicity of expres-Witness the simple lament of Marina, the desolate heroine, while scattering flowers on her nurse's grave (Act IV sc. 1 ll 13-20)

No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers—the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and manifolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last—Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Of like calibre are the words of Pericles when his daughter Marinn, whom he thinks to be dead, presents herself to him (Act V sc 1 ll 106-112)

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been my queen's square brows,
Her stature to an inch, as wand like straight,
As silver voic'd, her eyes as jewel like
And cas'd as richly, in pace another Juno,

Who startes the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, The more she gives them speech.

Perides was published in 1608 On the same day that license for its publication was obtained, a more impressive piece of literature, Antony and Cleopatra, was announced to be also ready for the press, although its publication was delayed for fifteen years. For the plot of Antony and Cleopatra Shakespeare had recourse again to North's translation of Plutarch. To the theme he brought all his vitalising power, and the tragedy marks the zenith of his achievement. The irresistible spell that it everts on readers justifies the application to it of the familiar words in which Enobarbus describes the heroine (Act 11 sc ii ll 239-242)

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety—other women cloy The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry Where most she satisfies

Antony and Cleopatra was most worthily followed at no long interval by Cortolanus, which also owes its birth to Shakespeare's study of North's translation of Plutarch Despite the austere temper of the play, the dramatic interest is in Cortolanus sustained as unflaggingly as in Othello

Coriolanus was Shakespeare's last excursion into the true realms of tragedy The three latest plays that came from his unaided pen, Cymbeline, Winter's Tale, and The Tempest, belong to a category of their own, apart alike from comedy and Though many of the episodes are poigtragedy nantly pathetic, all end happily, and their tone is throughout placid and tranquil, in marked contrast with the tempestuous temper of the great series of plays immediately preceding them of the concluding trinity, Cymbeline, is especially notable for the fascination of the heroine, Imogen, the crown and flower of Shakespeare's female The story is freely adapted from Holmshed's Chronicle of British History, interwoven with a story from Boccaccio. The play contains the splendid dirge, 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun,' which clothes the most solemn sentiment in a lyric garb of exceptional verbal and metrical simplicity (Act IV sc 11 ll 259-282)

Gu.derius Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages,

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must,

As chimney sweepers, come to dust

Arviragus Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust,

Gui Fear no more the lightning flash,

Iri Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone,

Gui Fear not slander, consure rash,

Arv Thou hast finish'd joy and moan

E. All lovers voing, all lovers must Consign to thee, and come to dust

Gu No exerciser harm thee!

Ir Nor no witcherait charm thee!

Gr Ghost unlaid forbear thec!

1r Nothing ill come near thee!

Li'i Quiet consummation have, And renowned Le thy grave!

The Winter's Tale was witnessed at the Globe Theatre on May 15, 1611, by a play goer, Dr Simon Forman, who placed the fact on record, but the picc vas doubtless produced in the preceding winter. The story was drawn from a popular romance of Pandosto by Shakespeare's early foe, Robert Greene, but Shakespeare introduced many The thievish peddler, Autolycus, is his own invention, and into his roguish mouth are placed some of the most spirited of Shakespeare's lyrics (ct. Act. IV sc. ii ll. 1-12) At the same time the pastoral incident throughout the Winter's Tule is the freshest of all Shakespeare's presentations of country life witness Perdita's beautiful speeches at the sheep shearing feast (Act IV sc m 1 70 seq), which include lines (118-128) like these

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty, agolets dim, But so exter than the lids of Juno's eyes Or Cytherea's breath, pale primroses. That die unmarried, ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady Most incident to maids bold oxlips and The croy numperral, lilies of all lands, The flower de luce being one. O, these I lack, To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend, to strew him o'er and o'er!

The Ten pest, probably virten in 1611, was suggested by the ships reck off the hitherto un known Bermuda Islands in the summer of 1609 of a fleet bound for the Indics The islands were currently reported by the surviving mariners to be the home of mysterious sounds and devils It is clear that Shakespeare studied many recent pamphlets which reported the wreck of the fleet, but at the same time he incorporated in the Tamp st the result of study of other books of traid in the New World. Nowhere did Shakespeare give rein to his imagination with more imposing effect than in the Fempest. The tone is marked at all points by great solemnity of thought, and endeavours have been made to represent it as a conscious effort in metaphysics ruther than a work of poetic fancy. There is little ground to justify a metaphysical interpretation Shikopaire wis merel, developing with the inetter ad per ousne a of middle life some dramatic themes and characters with which he had already dealt less perfectly in earlier ventures of the a hoel of Marin cot Percies and of Perdita et the il ters Title Ariel belongs to the world of

Puck in A Midsumn or V gat's Dream, although the later delineation is in the severer colours that were habitual to Shakespe ire's maturity Caliban is an imaginary portrait, conceived with matchless vigour and vividness, of the aboriginal savage of the New World, of whom Shakespeare had read in travellers' tales or heard from their lips Prospero, the guiding providence of the romance, has been fancifully identified with Shakespeare himself, who probably bade farewell in the Tempest to the enchanted work of his life. There is no just ground for the identification. The conditions of the story and of Prospero's character fully account for his magnanimous renunciation of his magical ficulty as soon as by its exercise he had restored his shattered fortunes Prospero's words of renunciation run (Act v sc. 1 ll. 33-57)

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him When he comes back, you demi puppets that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid-Weal masters though ye be-I have bedimm'd The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault Set roaming war to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt, the strong based promontory Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up The pine and cedar graves at my command Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth By my so potent art But this rough magic I here abjure, and, when I have required Some heavenly music-which even now I do-To work mine end upon their senses, that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book

VII Although Shakespeare abandoned dramatic composition in 1611, or thereabouts, he left with the manager of his company unfinished drafts of more than one play, which at a later date other dramatists were commissioned to complete. Shakespeare's place at the head of the acting drimatists of the day wis taken by John Fletcher, and it was he, with occasional aid from another distinguished writer, Philip Massinger, who put the finishing touches to Shal espeare's uncom pleted work. One of the plays which is known to have been due to this copartnership is lost vas called Cardento, and was based on a story in Cervanics' novel of Don Quirote, the first part of which was originally published in an English translation in 1612 Two other pieces, The Two Noole Kinsmen and Henry VIII, in which the hands of both Fletcher and Shikespeire are triccable still survi c The Two Noble Kinsmen, then first printed in 1634, was stated to be the joint production of 'the memorable worthies of

their time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakespeare, gentlemen.³ The main plot is based on Chaucer's Kinght's Tale, and in the scenes developing that story Shakespeare's hand is plainly visible. The opening song, sung by Athenian nymphs who are strewing flovers at the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta, has the true Shakespearean ring (Fwo Noble Kinsmen, Act I sc. 1—Beaumont and Fletcher)

Roses their sharp spines being gone, Not royal in their sincils alone, But in their huc, Maiden pinks, of odour faint, Daisies smell less, yet most quaint, And sweet thyme true,

Primrose, first born child of Ver,
Merry spring time's harbinger,
With her bells dim
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Mangolds on death beds blowing,
Lark heels trim

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [Strewing flowers
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring pie
May on our bride house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Henry VIII was in course of performance at the Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613, when the firing of some cannon on the stage set the play-The house was burned down, house in flames and was rebuilt next year Henry VIII is a loosely constructed drama, and resembles a historical masque. It was first printed in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's works of 1623 as Shakespeare's sole production there are at least thirteen scenes which on metrical grounds are to be assigned to the pen of Fletcher, possibly with occasional aid from Wolsey's magnificent farewell to Massinger Cromwell (Act III sc II ll 412-459), though in metre and language it often recalls the work of Fletcher, is of a greatness far excelling anything positively known to proceed from Fletcher's pen

Wolsey Go, get thee from me, Cromwell, I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master—seek the king,
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art—he will advance thee,
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too—good Cromwell,
Neglect him not, make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety

Cromwell

O my lord

Must I, then, leave you? must I need forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord

The king shall have my service, but my prayers

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me, Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman

Let's dry our eyes and thus far hear me, Cromwell, And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee, Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory, And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in, A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. Mark but my fall and that that rum'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition By that sin fell the angels, how can man then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by it? Love thyself last cherish those hearts that hate thee, Corruption wins not more than honesty Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues Be just, and fear not Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr' Serve the king, And prithee, lead me in There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny, tis the kings my robe, And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell! Had I but served my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies. Crom Good sir, have patience So I have. Farewell The hopes of court ' my hopes in heaven do dwell.

This may safely be assigned to Shakespeare, although in it Shakespeare seems to have given proof of his versatility by echoing in a glorified key the habitual strain of Fletcher

With Henry VIII Shakespeare's work was After his retirement from active connection with the theatre his plays were still performed at court and on the public stages, but the last five years of his life were mainly passed at Stratford In 1613 he paid a short visit to London in order to make what proved his last investment in real estate. He purchased a house in the neighbourhood of the Blackfriars Theatre for £140, of which he left £60 on mortgage. The decd of conveyance bears the date March 10th, and is now in the Guildhall Library A second deed dated next day and relating to the mortgage is now in the British Museum Both documents bear Shakespeare's signature The Blackfriars house was leased immediately to a resident in the neighbourhood In July 1614 John Combe, 2 wealthy inhabitant of Stratford, died and left Shakespeare £5 At the end of the year Shakespeare was

1,--,

All lovers young, all lovers must Bot Cons in to thee, and come to dust.

No evereiser harm thee! G.IINor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gu Gho t unlaid forbear thee!

Nothing ill come near thee! B & Quiet consummation have, And renowned be thy grave!

The il inter's Tale was witnessed at the Globe Theatre on May 15, 1611, by a playgoer, Dr Simon Forman, who placed the fact on record, but the piece was doubtless produced in the preceding The story was drawn from a popular romance of Pandosto by Shakespeire's early foe, Robert Greene, but Shakespeare introduced many The thickish peddler, Autolycus, is his changes own invention, and into his roguish mouth are placed some of the most spirited of Shakespeare's lyrics (cf Act IV sc II ll 1-12) At the same time the pastoral incident throughout the Winter's Tale is the freshest of all Shakespeare's presen tations of country life, witness Perdita's beautiful speeches at the sheep shearing feast (Act IV se in 1 70 seq), which include lines (118-128) like these

Drffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty, violets dim, But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes Or Cytherea's breath, pale primroses, That die unmarried, ere they can behold Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady Most incident to maids, bold oxlips and The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds, The flower de luce being one! O, these I lack, To male you gurlands of, and my sweet friend, To strew him o'er and o'er!

The Tempest, probably written in 1611, was suggested by the shipwreck off the hitherto unknown Bermuda Islands in the summer of 1609 of tilect bound for the Indies. The islands were currently reported by the surviving mariners to be the home of mysterious sounds and devils It is clear that Shakespeare studied many recent pamphlets which reported the wreck of the fleet, but at the same time he incorporated in the It upest the result of study of other books of trivel in the New World Nowhere did Shikespeare give rein to his imagination with more imposing effect than in the Tempest. The tone is mirked it ill points by great solemnity of thought, ind endeavours have been made to represent it as a conscious cutort in metaphysics rather than a work of poetic fancy. There is little ground to just fy a metaphysical interpretation Shakespeare was merely developing with the increased senousic s of middle life some driniatic themes and characters with which he had already do ilt iess pertectly in earlier ventures. of the aboot of Mains of Percles and of Perdita of the Hinters Take Artel belongs to the world of]

Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream, although the later delineation is in the severer colours that were habitual to Shakespeare's maturity Caliban is an imaginary portrait, conceived with matchless vigour and vividness, of the aboriginal savage of the New World, of whom Shakespeare had read in travellers' Prospero, the guidtales or heard from their lips ing providence of the romance, has been funcifully identified with Shakespeare himself, who probably bade farewell in the Tempest to the enchanted work of his life. There is no just ground for the identification The conditions of the story and of Prospero's character fully account for his magnani mous renunciation of his magical faculty as soon as by its exercise he had restored his shattered fortunes Prospero's words of renunciation run (Act V sc 1 ll. 33-57)

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the cbbing Neptune, and do fly him When he comes back, you demi puppets that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice To hear the solemn cursew, by whose aid-Weak masters though ye be-I have bedimm'd The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twist the green sea and the azured vault Set roaring war to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt, the strong based promontory Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up The pine and cedar graves at my command Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth By my so potent art But this rough magic I here abjure, and, when I have required Some heavenly music -which even now I do-To work mine end upon their senses, that This airy charm is for, I ll break my staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book

VII Although Shakespeare abandoned dramatic composition in 1611, or thereabouts, he left with the manager of his company unfinished drafts of more than one play, which at a later date other dramatists were commissioned to complete Shakespeare's place at the head of the acting dramatists of the day was taken by John Fletcher, and it was he, with occasional aid from another distinguished writer, Philip Massinger, who put the finishing touches to Shakespeare's uncompleted work. One of the plays which is known to have been due to this copartnership is lost. It was called Cardenio, and was based on a story in Cervanies' novel of Don Quirote, the first pirt of which was originally published in an English trinslation in 1612 Two other pieces, The Two Noble Kinsmen and Henry VIII, in which the hands of both Fletcher and Shallespeare are traccable still survive The Two Noble Kinsmen, s hen first printed in 1634, was stated to be the joint production of 'the memorable worthies of

their time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakespeare, gentlemen.' The main plot is based on Chaucer's Knight's Tale, and in the scenes developing that story Shakespeare's hand is plainly visible. The opening song, sung by Athenian nymphs who are strewing flowers at the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta, has the true Shakespearean ring (Two Noble Kinsmen, Act 1 sc. 1—Beaumont and Fletcher)

Roses their sharp spines being gone,
And royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue,
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true,

Primrose, first born child of Ver Merry spring time's harbinger, With her bells dim Oxlips in their cradles growing, Mango'ds on death beds blowing, Lark heels trim

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [Strewing flowers
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring pie
May on our bride house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly !

Henry VIII was in course of performance at the Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613, when the firing of some cannon on the stage set the play-The house was burned down, house in flames and was rebuilt next year Henry VIII is a loosely constructed drama, and resembles a historical masque It was first printed in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's works of 1523 as Shakespeare's sole production. there are at least thirteen scenes which on metrical grounds are to be assigned to the pen of Fletcher, possibly with occasional aid from Wolsey's magnificent farewell to Cromwell (Act III sc. 11 ll 412-459), though in metre and language it often recalls the work of Fletcher, is of a greatness far excelling anything positively known to proceed from Fletcher's pen

IVolse; Go, get thee from me, Cromwell, I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master—seek the king,
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art—he will advance thee,
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I! now his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too—good Cromwell,
Neglect him not, make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety

Cromwell

O my lord!

Must I, then, leave you? must I need forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromy ell leaves his lord

The king shall have my service, but my prayers

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

IVol Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries, but thou hast forc d me, Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman Let's dry our eyes and thus far hear me, Cromwell, And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee, Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory, And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in, A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. Mark but my fall and that that rum'd me Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition By that sin fell the angels, how can man then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by it? Love thyself last cherish those hearts that hate thee, Corruption wins not more than honesty Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues Be just, and fear not Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king, And prithee, lead me in There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny, tis the king's my robe, And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell Cromwell! Had I but served my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

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involved in a quarrel between the corporation of Stratford and the son of his friend Combe, who made an attempt to enclose the common field, which belonged to the corporation. The municipal authorities made vain efforts to enlist Shakespeare appears to have supported the rapacious landlord. The corporation was successful in the struggle.

Shakespeare's health was failing at the beginning of 1616, and on 25th January he caused Francis Collins, a solicitor of Warwick, to draft his will, but the document was for the time left unsigned cording to a local tradition, a month or two later he entertained at his house two literary friends, Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson. They had, it was reported, 'a merry meeting,' but 'itt seems drink too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted.' Whether this record be correct or not, there is little doubt that his illness recurred in Murch, and that, after revising the will which had been drafted in January, he then duly completed its execution. He died on Luesday, April 23, 1616, at the 15c of fifty two. He was buried, two days later, inside Stratford Church, near the northern wall of the chancel. Over the poet's grave were inscribed the lines

> Good friend, for Jesus sake forbeare To dig the dust enclosed heare, Bleste be the man that spares these stones, And curst be he that moves my bone.

Before 1623 a monument by a London sculptor of Dutch birth, Gerard Johnson was affixed to the wall overlooking the grave. It includes a half-length figure of the dramatist, whose hands are disposed as if in the act of writing. The inscription runs as follows.

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem, Terra tegit, populus maret, Olympus habet.

Stay passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Kend, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument. Shalespeare with whome
Quick nature dide, whose name doth deek ys tombe
For more then cold, sith all yt he hath writt
Leaves hving art but page to serve his witt.

Obit ino doi 1616 Actatis 53 Die 23 Ap

Shakespeare was survived by his wife and two diaghters. The widow died on August 6, 1623, at the 13e of sixty seven, and was buried near the poet two days later. Both his daughters mirried. The voinger, Judith, had become the wife of a neighbours son, Thomas Quiney, two months before the poe's death (Pebruary 10, 1616). She was the mother of three sons, all of whom died young Surviving husband, sons, and sister, she died it Stratford on February 9, 1662, in her seventy seventh year. The elder diaghter, be sanna, had married, in 1608, John Hill, a physician at Stratford. She was buried in Stratford Church, July 11, 1649, aged fifty-six. The

inscription on her tombstone attests that she was endowed, in the opinion of her neighbours, with something of her father's wit and wisdom Mrs Hall's only child, Elizabeth, was the last surviving descendant of the poet. She married twice, her first husband being Thomas Nash of Stratford (1593-1647), her second husband was Sir John Barnard (or Bernard) of Abington, Northamptonshire. Lady Barnard died childless at her husband's house at Abington, and was buried in the church there on February 17, 1670.

Shakespeare's will was proved by John Hall, his

son in law, and joint executor with his daughter, Mrs Hall, in London on 22nd June following his It has been stated, on the strength of the religious evordium to the will, that Shakespearc died a Roman Catholic, but, in point of fact, the exordium was the conventional formula, and proves nothing respecting the testator's personal belief Shakespeare's elder daughter, Susanna Hall, was made by the will mistress of New Place and practically of all the poet's property. To his wife, whose name did not appear in the original draft, Shakespeare left in the final druft only his second best bed and its furniture. There is some probability in the theory that his relations with her were not of a very cordial nature, but the slender bequest in the will cannot reasonably be taken as indicating a desire on the part of the poet to publish his indifference or dislike. It is likely that her age and ignorance of affairs unfitted her in the poct's eyes for the control of property, and she was accordingly committed to the care of his elder daughter. To his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, afterwards Lady Barnard, the poet bequeathed his plate, with the exception of a silver and gilt bowl, which went to his younger daughter Judith The latter also received, with a tenement in Chapel Lane (in remainder to the elder daughter), £300 Among other legatees, each of the dram itist's fellow-actors, Heming, Burbage, and Condell, received a sum of 26s 8d wherewith to buy

VIII Of the thirty-seven plays of which Shake speare was the author, only sixteen were published (in quarto) before his death. No less than twenty-one remained in manuscript, but two of these, the second and third parts of Henry 11, had been issued in imperfect drafts, under the titles respectively of the Contention and the True Tragedy. Othello was the first of the unpublished plays to be issued after the poet's death, it appeared in 1622.

memorial rings

In 1623 the first attempt was made to issue a complete edition of Shakespeare's plays. The two actor friends of the dramatist, John Henning and Henry Condell, were mainly responsible for the venture, but the expenses were defraved by a small syndicate of printers and publishers. Of these, the chief were the printers William Jagard and his son Isaac. Their partners were the book-

sellers William Aspley, John Smethwick, and Edward Blount. Edward Blount and Isaac Jaggard obtained on November 8, 1623, a license for the publication of sixteen of the twenty plays by Shakespeare that were not previously in print. The volume known as the First Folio seems to have been accessible to the public in the course of the same month. It included thirty-six plays, Pericles, though already in print, was omitted On the titlepage was engraved the crude portrait by Martin Droeshout, which Ben Jonson, in lines printed on the fly-leaf, declared to hit the poet to the life. Commendatory verses included a splendid eulogy by Ben Jonson and poems by Hugh Holland, Leonard Digges, and I M --perhaps Jasper Mayne The dedication was signed by Heming and Condell, and was addressed to the brothers, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Chamberlain, and Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery In a succeeding address 'to the great variety of readers' the same writers declare that their object in undertaking the publication was solely 'to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare' The work is carelessly printed, and abounds in typographical errors text, which in the case of twenty one of the plays is not accessible elsewhere, was drawn from more or less edited playhouse copies, and it is doubtful if in any instance the exact form in which a play came from Shakespeare's pen was presented in the volume. In the case of the fifteen plays that had previously appeared in quarto the folio text discloses numerous differences The editors declared that the folio text was alone authentic, but this claim cannot be accepted without quali-The imperfect quarto versions of the Merry Wives of Windsor and Henry V are replaced in the folio by satisfactory texts, but the quarto texts of Love's Labour's Lost, A Midsummer Night's Dream, and Richard II are superior to those of the folio Most of the great plays of which the sole version is preserved in the folio are defaced by corrupt passages. Such, notably, are Coriolanus, All's Well that Ends Well, and Nevertheless, the First Folio remains Macbeth intrinsically the most valuable volume in English literature, perfect copies, which are rarely met with, fetch very high prices both in this country and America. The highest price paid at a public sale for a perfect copy is £1700, that sum was paid in London at Christie's salerooms, on July 11, 1899, by Mr B B Macgeorge of Glasgow

The folio was reprinted in 1632, and a third edition appeared in 1663 without serious change, but the third issue reappeared in the following year with an appendix of seven plays 'never before printed in folio'. The new pieces included *Pericles*, which had been published separately in quarto in Shakespeare's lifetime, and six other plays by other hands, which had also been published separately in Shakespeare's lifetime, and had been unjustifiably

attributed to his pen by unscrupulous publishers, although it was obvious he had no hand in them The names of the spurious plays were The London Prodigal, The History of Thomas Lord Cromwell, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, The Puritan IVidow, A Yorkshire Tragedy, and The Tragedy of Locrine A fourth edition of the folio appeared in 1685 with the spurious appendix

The editors of the First Folio anticipated the final and universal verdict of the character of Shakespeare's achievements when they wrote, 'These plays have had their trial already and stood out all appeals' The laws of the classical drama, which Shakespeare's plays defied, still commanded respect in Shakespeare's day, but even lovers of the ancient ways acknowledged that the force of his genius had revealed new methods of dramatic art hitherto unsurpassed and unsus-Ben Jonson, a champion of classical theories of art, in commendatory verses prefixed to the First Folio, claimed that Shakespeare had put to shame the poets of Greece and Rome Through the three centuries that have elapsed since the great dramatist reached the maturity of his powers, his reputation has steadily grown in volume 'In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were seasons of ebb or stagnation in the spread of his fame. After the Restoration public taste in England veered towards the French and classical dramatic models, and clumsy efforts were made adapt Shakespeare's plays to the current vein of sentiment. Dryden, D'Avenant, Shadwell, Nathan Tate, and others boldly travestied Shakespeare's text in revised versions of his plays the eclipse of Shakespeare's vogue was partial and temporary, and the Restoration adaptations quickly sank into oblivion On the continent of Europe a resolute endeavour was made in the eighteenth century to prove Shakespeare unworthy of the honour that was paid him by his fellow country-Voltaire, the great French writer, who long dominated the taste of Europe, made desperate efforts to prove Shakespeare a barbarian, and his work a mass of indecency and incoherence, which was only occasionally illumined by the true spirit of poetry But Voltaire's conclusions were powerfully disputed by the German critic Lessing, and when in course of time Shakespeare's work's appeared in competent translations in the various languages of Europe, Voltaire's views ceased to influence European opinion

Throughout the nineteenth century Shakespeare's fame has steadily marched onwards as in triumphal progress, not only among his own countrymen, but among intelligent men and women of other countries. In Germany, Shakespeare's work is studied as closely and as enthusiastically as in England or America, and in France, Italy, and Russia reverence for it and him is increasing year by year On the English stage the name of every actor and actress since Betterton, the great actor of the period of the Restoration, has been iden-

tified with Shakespearenn parts, and for the last elality years e er, ictor or actress of ambition in German, I rance, or Italy has been well content to base his or her claim to reputation on the his trionic interpretation of Shakespearean roles may consequently be asserted that in every quarter of the globe to which civilised life has penetrated Shakespeare's power is now recognised It is universally illowed that in knowledge of human character, in wealth of humour, in depth of passion, in fertility of fancy, in command of all the force and felicity of linguage, and in soundness of jud_ment, he has no rivil in the literature of any nation or epoch. His unassailable supremacy ul imitely springs from the versatile working of his insight and intellect by virtue of which his pen limited with uncrying precision almost every gradation of thought and emotion that inimates the living stage of the world benius enabled him to give being in his pages to ill the shapes of humanity that present themselves on the highway of life. So mighty a ficulty thus sets at naught the common limitations of nationality and is acclaimed by the whole civilised world

SHALFSPLA IS TO ITHAIT - According to Aubrey's account, Stake plate was a handsome well shaped man and it is to be repretted that no wholly cathfactory portrait of him exists. The rade y warred but on the monument in Stratford Church and the expectpla a engraving on the title page of the First Folio were hone t endeavour to depict the poet a features, but are not remark ac'e as works of art. Both moreover, were produced after the ports death. Numerous paintings have from time to time during the eighteenth and nin-teenth centuries been claimed by owners or critics to be contemporary portraits of Shakespeare but in no case has the claim been fully sustained. There is a likelihood however. the the ricture now in the Stratford-on Avon Memorial Gallery. and anown as the 'Flower portrait or the 'Droeshout painting, may be the original painting on which Droeshout based his engray ir in the First Police Of considerable interest too i the Chandos pottrut in the National Portrait Gallery London (named after a f rmer owne, the Duke of Chando) the picture was painted in the fir t laif of the seventeenth century and wa at one time in the p ecision of Sir William D Venant. The tradition that i wa from the brush of Studespeares friend and fellow actor Picharl Purhage cannot be corroborated, it was doubtless In ted fir an admirer of the dramatist some years after his cent's from orea hat functful verbal descriptions of his personal app rance.

PIELLI CTURE -In the eighteenth century Shake peare was a ned critically for the hi time and numerous efforts were made by a lana succession of editors to free the text from the incoherences who hadragared the folio version. The earliest of the critical editors of Snak spears was Nicholas Kowe, whose edition of peared in 1709. The root Pape brought ou an ed tion in 1725 and this was followed in 1733 by the were of least Theolaid who proved himself a matterly extended to Sir Chonair Hanner's cutton was published 11 1-44 India Wathinton revised Popes edition in 1747 Dr. Job was elit in appeared in 170r and that of Edward Capell, the to m nations of all student of the text and contemporary Lierature in 1 11. The lained although somewhat freakish, George cavens areatly in proved Dr Jol noors work in a recisive in 1773 water was oft a regularied. In 17,0 Edmund Maker completed an edd on of high archaelogical value. In 1903 appeared the first various to turn in seen y are volumes, this was prepared by Isaac Re I from a countle by G rge S cereme. The record variation, red nily a regre to fithe ins is the ed in 1813 and the third and be t we sted to James Bo well the joinger the we of Dr Joinson's twarp or was faliables in text, it was largely lased on material must by Main's Ofeditions produced in the nine centh century,

the mast valuable are tho e prepared by Alexander Dyce in 1857, by Neciaus Delius, 1854-61, by Howard Staunton, 1865-70 and by the Cambridge editors. William George Clark and Dr. Milis Wright, 16,-66. The notes to the Cambridge edition deal, however solely with teatual variations. More recent complete annotated editions are Tie Temple Societies are edited by Mr. Israel Collance (40 vols. 1 mo. 1894-90) and The Everst y Shirkespe tre, edited by Professor C. H. Herford, with good introductions (10 vols. 8vo. 1860).

Elaborate materials for a biography were collected by James Orchard Halliwell Phillipps in his Outeries of the Life of Shak sfevre (7th ed. 1837). We F. G. Fleay in his Shikespeare Mount (1836), in his Life of Sinkespeare (1880), in his History of the Stage (1830), and in his Biographical Chronile of the English Drama (1891), added for the first time much useful information respecting the history of the contemporary stage and Shakespeare's relations with fellow dramatists. The latest general life of Shake peare and account of his works is by the writer of the present article (1816) illusted 1893. Students ed. 1893. And see Elion's William Sinkespeare, his Finally and Frients (1904).

For nonces of Stratford R. B Wheler's History and Antique ties (18.6) John R. Wise's Sinkesp are, his Birt'iplice and its Neig ibourhood (1861) the present writer's Stratford on Aron to the Death of Shakespeare (1850), and Mrs C. C. Stopes & Shakesp are & War-tickshire Contemporaries (1897) may be consulted. Wise appends to his volume a tentative 'Glossary of Words still used in Warwickshire to be found in Shakespeare. Nathan Diakes Shikespeare and lis Times (1317) and G W Thornbury's Stakesp ares England (1856) collect much material respecting Shakespeare's social environment. Francis Douce's Illustrations of Shalespeare (1807, new el 1839) Shakespeares Library (ed I P Collier and W C Hallitt, 1873), Shakespeare's Plutarch (ed Sheit 1875) and Shakespeares Holinsha I (ed. W G Boswell Stone, 18(6) are of service in tracing the sources of Shakespeare's plots. Alexander Schmidt's Sinkespeare Lexicon (1874) and Dr E. 1 Ablott's Shakespeare in Grammar (1869, new ed 193) are valuable aids to a study of the text. Useful concordances to the Plays have been prepared by Mrs Cowden Clarke (1845) to the Poems by Mrs H H Furness (Philadelphia, 1875), and to Plays and Poems in one volume, with references to numbered lines, by John Bartlett (London and New York, 1395). The publications of the (Old) Shakespeare Society (1841-53), of the New Shakspere Society (1874-03) and of the Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft of Weimar (1865-1501) comprise many papers of value in the aesthetic, textual, historical, and biographical study of Shake speare. The most important critical studies by Englishmen are Colendge's Notes and Lectures (collected by T. Ashe, 1883), Dowden's Shalstere, his Mind and Art (1875) Mr A C Swin burnes A Study of Shakespeine (1879). Reference may also be made with advantage to Thomas Spencer Layness Snake speare Studies (12)3) to Dr Ward's chapters on Shakespeare in his Eiglish Drimatic Literature (new ed 1898) to Richard G Moulton's Suavespeire as & Drimitic Artist (1885), and to Mr F S Boas's Sailespeire in l lus Predecessors (1895). The estays on Shakespeare's heromes, respectively by Mrs Jameson in 1832 and Lady Martin in 1885 are pleasant reading. Among numerous German criticisms of Shakespeare, most interesting are the fragmentary notices in Go-the's It elbelin Meister and It aurheit und Dichtung, Heine's Studies of Shikespeare's Heroines (Eng trins. 1895), and Kreysing's Shalesfeare Fragen (Leipzig, 1871) Ulricis Snakespeares Drimatic Irt and Gervinus's Commen taries both of which are well known in Inglish translations, are of comparatively smaller value. If illium Sutkespeare, an attractive if some what functial treatise by the Danish writer Dr Ceorg I randes, was published man English translation (1868 2 vols.). Among recent French critics of Shake peare the most memorable are Guizet's Stike feare et an Tonfs (1852), a shapody by the poet Victor Hugo (1864) and Mired Mencres & Smilesfeure, ses Chores et ses Cri ques (1.60) which is a saner appreciation. The latest and onof the Lest works on Shakespeare in Italian is Sigmor Federico Garlanda's Gu, helms Suilespine il Poeti e i Uomo (Rome 1900) Extensive bibli graphies of Slakespeares works and Shakespeanuna are given in Lownders Ishriry Min al (ed Bohn), in Franz Thunin & Shanespeursana (1864 and 1871), in the Frey .- feeler I retanness (g h ed., Alifully classified by Mr H R. Teilder) in the Dictionary of National Biography (b) the present writer) and in the British Museum Citalogue (the Snake pearean entries in which, comprising 3630 titles, were separately pulsar ed in 1997).

George Chapman, the translator of Homer, was born near Hitchin about 1559, is supposed to have studied at Oxford and at Cambridge, and died Wood describes him as 'a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet.' He enjoyed the royal patronage of King James and Prince Henry, and the friendship of Spenser, Jonson, and Shakespeare According to Oldys, he 'preserved in his conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper? Chapman wrote carly and copiously for the stage. His first play, The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, was produced in 1596 All Fools, a good comedy, probably belongs to 1599 In 1598 he completed Marlowe's Hero and Leander, but not with Marlove's music. After some experiments on parts of the Iliad, the great and complete translation was produced in 1611 in fourteen-syllable rhyming Chapman's equivalents for the com couplets pound Homeric epithets, the far shooting Phabus, the ever living gods, the many-headed hill, silverfooted Thetis, the tripli-feathered helm, highwalled Thebes, the strong winged lance, &c., were happily chosen vigour, old world majesty, and passion are not awanting, and though Popc's version put Chapman's out of fashion, though some of Chapman's merits are quite unhomeric, Charles Lamb, Coloridge, and Keats restored the older translation to favour, and spite of obscurities, conceits, harshnesses, and serious slips in Greek, the translation still ranks as a great achievement. The Odyssey (1616) followed in ten syllable couplets (1616) The conclusion of Book xix of the Iliad runs thus in Chapman

The host set forth, and pour d his steel waves far out of the fleet. [sket And as from air the frosty north wind blows a cold thick That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes incessantly descending So thick helms, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, never ending,

Flo 'd from the navy's hollow womb their splendours gave heaven's eye [the sky His beams again, earth laugh'd to see her face so like Arms shin'd so hot, and she such clouds made with the dust she east, [so fast She thunder d, feet of men and horse importun'd her In midst of all, divine Achilles his fair person arm'd, His teeth gnash'd as he stood, his eyes, so full of fire,

they warm'd,
Unsuffer d grief and anger at the Trojans so combin'd.
His grewes first us d, his goodly curets on his bosom shin'd,
[the moon

His sword, his shield that east a brightness from it like An l as from sea sailors discern a harmful fire, let run By herd men's fau'ts, till all their stall flies up in wrastling flune, [none came

Which being on hills is seen far off, but being alone, To give it quench, at shore no neighbours, and at sea their friend,

Driven off with tempests, such a fire from his bright shield extends His ominous radiance, and in hea en impress d his fervent blaze. [place]
His crested helmet, grave and high, had reat triumphan. On his curl d head, and like a star it cast a sparry ray,
About which a bright thiel 'ned bush of golden har did play, [arm'd, he tried]
Which Vulcan forg'd him for his plume. Thus complete How fit they were, and if his motion could with each abide. Their brave instruction and so far they were from hind'ring it,

That to it they were nimble wings, and made so light his spirit, [to air

That from the earth the princely captain the took up Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his father's spear, [alone

Huge, weighty, firm, that not a Greek but he himself Knew how to shake, it gree upon the mountain Pelion, From whose height Chiron hew'd it for his sire, and fatal'twas [Pelias

To great soul'd men-of Peleus and Pelion, surnamed Then from the stable their bright horse Automedon withdraws,

And Aleymus put poitrils on, and east upon their jaws
Their bridles, hurling back the reins, and hung them
on the seat [doth get

The fair scourge then Automedon take, up, and up
Fo guide the horse the right's seat last Achille, took
behind, [he wen had shin'd]

Who look'd so arm d as if the sun there fall n from And terribly thus charg'd his steeds. Nanthus and Bahus, Seed of the harpy, in the charge ye undertake of us, Discharge it not, as when Patroclus ye left dead in field. But when with blood, for this day's fast observed in the new terrible.

But when with blood, for this day's fast observed, revenge shall yield

Our heart satiety, bring us off Thus, since Achilles spale

As if his aw'd steeds understood, 'twas Juno's will to make

Vocal the palate of the one, who shaking his fair head, (Which in his mane, let fall to earth, he almost buried,)
Thus Nanthus spake Ablest Achilles, now (at least)
our care

Shall bring thee off, but not far hence the fatal minutes are Of thy grave run. Nor shall we be then to be reproved, But mightiest fate, and the great God. Nor was thy

best belov d

Spoil d so of times by our slow pace, or courage's empaire,
The best of gods, Latona's son, that wears the golden hair,
Gave him his death's wound, though the grace he give to

We, like the spirit of the vest, that all spirits can command [must 00.

For powr of wing, could run him off but thou thyself So fate ordains, God and a man must give thee overthrow

This said, the Furies stopp'd his voice Achille, far in rige, [press, c. Thus are a start that results to

Thus answer'd him It fits no thee thus proudly to My overthrow, I know myself it is my fate to fall. Thus far from Phthia, yet that fate shall fail to vent

her gall [horrid deeds].
Till imne vent thousands. There words us'd, he fell to
Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one
hoof'd steeds

Caret or cure's, an old form of curraits aparety many soluted, faites, harness for the breast, empaire, diminutions.

But however spirited and stately as a translator, Chapman pro ed rather an undrimatic drinicist. He continued to supply the theatre with tracelies and comedies up to 1620, or later, yet of the dozen that have descended to us, not one possesses real vivifying dramatic power. In didactic observation and description he is sometimes happy, and hence he has been prused for possessing 'more thinking' than many of his contemporaries tendency to an epic method of narrative is frequently apparent and injurious to effect. But in many single passages he shows great poetic power and beauty, surpassing in this respect, in Professor Ward's judgment, all the Elizabethans but Shakespeare. Lastward Hoe was written in conjunction with Jonson and Marston, but is mainly Chapman's, iccording to Ward, who pronounces it 'one of the liveliest and healthiest, as it is one of the best constructed comedies of the age.' As to the imprisonment of the authors for their political allusions, see below in the article on Jonson. The Gentleman

Usher contains at least one fine scene (Act iv) Its sequel, Monstear d'Olive, 15, Professor Ward thinks, 'one of our most diverting Eliza bethan comedies? Bussy d Imbois and Ine Rivenge of Bussy d' Imbois give i striking picture of the intrigues at the court of Henry III of France, and illus trate Chapman's love of similes and meta phors, is well as the

power and beauty of his versification, occasionally bombast is mixed with true poetry, though not so as to justify Dryden's denuncrations. The Conspirate and the Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron are undramatic, but contain some fine things. In a sonnet prefixed to the comedy of All Fools (1605), Chapman says that he was 'marked with age for aims of greater weight.'

Other plays are May Day (1611), The Widows Fears (1612), and Casar and Pompey (1631) posthumous tragedies, Alphonsus and Revenge for flonour, bear his name with doubtful right. former, on the candidature of Richard of Cornwall for the imperial throne, is appallingly bloody in its incidents, and exhibits greater horrors than Kyd's worst passages. A peculiarity is, that the dialogue is freely interspersed with German words and lines, printed in German black letter, but so monstrously misspelt is at times to be barely intelligible. Ball, a comedy, and The Tragedie of Chabot were the joint work of Chapman and Shirley The best or Chapman's drama is works, Lastraard Hoe and Ca rol, were written in collaboration with others Among Chapman's non-dramatic works are Enthyn ne Rage is, Petraren's Seren Penitentiall Psalmes, In Diang Peem of Musaus, and The Georgicks of Hesiod The first act of All Fools contains some of Chapman's most characteristic work, it opens thus with a conversation between the three friends, Rinaldo, Fortunio, and Valerio

Rinaldo Can one self cause, in subjects so alike As you two are, produce effect so unlike? One like the Turtle all in mournful strains, Wailing his fortunes, th' other like the Lark Mounting the sky in shrill and cheerful notes, Chanting his joys aspired—and both for love? In one, love raiseth by his violent heat Moist vapours from the heart into the eyes, I rom whence they drown his breast in daily showers In th' other, his divided power infuseth Only a temperate and most kindly warmth, That gives life to those fruits of wit and virtue, Which the unkind hind of an uncivil father Had almost nipp'd in the delightsome blossom

Fortunio O. brother. love rewards our SERVICES With a most partial and injurious hand. If you consider well our different fortunes Valerio loves, and tovs the dame he loves. I love, and never can enjoy the sight Of her I love, so far from conquering In my desires' assault, that I can come To lay no battery to the fort I seek, All passages to it so

strongly kept,



GEORGE CHAPMAN
From a Print (Wm Pass feet) in the British Museum.

By strait guard of her father Rin I dare swear, If just desert in love measured reward, Your fortune should exceed Valerio's far, For I am witness (being your bedfellow) Both to the daily and the nightly service You do unto the deity of love, In vows, sighs, tears, and solitary watches. He never serves him with such sacrifice, Yet hath his bow and shafts at his command Love's service is much like our humorous lords. Where minions carry more than servitors, The bold and carcless servant still obtains, The modest and respective nothing grins, You never see your love unless in dreams, He-Hymen puts in whole pos ession What different stars reign'd when your loves were born, He forced to wear the willow, you the hom? But, brother, are you not ashamed to make Yourself a slave to the base lord of love, Begot of fancy, and of beauty born? And what is beauty? a mere quintessence, Whose life is not in being but in seeming , And therefore is not to all eyes the same, But lil e a cozening picture, which one way Shous like a crow, another like a swan,

And upon what ground is this beauty drawn?

Upon a woman, a most brittle creature,
And would to God (for my part) that were all.

For But tell me, brother, did you never love? Am You know I did, and was beloved again, And that of such a dame as all men deem'd Honour'd, and made me happy in her favours Exceeding fair she was not, and yet fair In that she never studied to be fairer Than Nature made her, beauty cost her nothing, Her virtues were so rare, they would have made An Ethiop beautiful at least so thought By such as stood aloof, and did observe her With credulous eyes, but what they were indeed I'll spare to blaze, because I loved her once, Only I found her such, as for her sake, I vow eternal wars against their whole sex, Inconstant shuttlecocks, loving fools and jesters, Men rich in dirt, and titles sooner won With the most vile than the most virtuous Found true to none if one amongst whole hundreds Chance to be chaste, she is so proud withal, Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste life Is oftentimes approved a worthier wife Undressed, sluttish, nasty to their husbands, Spunged up, adorned, and painted to their lovers All day in ceaseless uproar with their households If all the night their husbands have not pleased them, Like hounds, most kind, being beaten and abused Like wolves, most cruel, being kindliest used.

For Fie, thou profanest the deity of their sex Rin Brother, I read that Egypt heretofore Had Temples of the richest frame on earth, Much like this goodly edifice of women With alabaster pillars were those Femples Upheld and beautified, and so are women, Most curiously glazed, and so are women, Cunningly painted too, and so are women, In outside wondrous heavenly, so are women, But when a stranger view'd those fanes within, Instead of gods and goddesses, he should find A painted fowl, a fury, or a serpent, And such celestial inner parts have women

Valerio Rinaldo, the poor fox that lost his tail, Per uaded others also to lose theirs Thyself, for one perhaps that for desert Or some defect in thy attempts refused thee, Revilest the whole sex, beauty, love, and all I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun, Causing a spring of virtues where he shines, And as without the sun, the world's great eye, All colour, beauties, both of Art and Nature, Are given in vain to men, so without love All beauties bred in women are in vain. All virtues born in men he buried, For love informs them as the sun doth colours, And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams Against the carth, begets all fruits and flowers, So love fair shining in the inward man, Brings forth in him the honourable fruits Of valour, vit, virtue, and haughty thoughts, Brave resolution, and divine discourse Oh, 'tis the Paradise, the heaven of earth And dulst thou know the comfort of two hearts, In one delicious harmony united, As to joy one joy, and think both one tho ight, Lave both one life, and therein double life

To see their souls met at an interview
In their bright eyes, at parley in their lips,
Their language, kisses—and to observe the rest,
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies
Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blasphemy
Oh' who can comprehend how sweet love tastes
But he that hath been present at his feasts?

Am Are you in that vein too, Valerio? Twere litter you should be about your charge, How plough and cart goes forward, I have known your joys were all employ'd in husbandry, Your study was how many loads of hay Y meadow of so many acres yielded, How many oven such a close would fat And is your rural service now converted From Pan to Cupid? and from beasts to women? Oh, if your futher knew this, what a lecture Of bitter castigation he would read you!

I al My fither? why, my father? does he think To rob me of myself? I hope I know I am a gentleman, though his covictous humour And education hath transform d me baily, And made me overseer of his pastures, I'll be invself in spite of husbandry [Enter Grafics And see, bright heaven, here comes my husbandry Here shall my cittle graze, here Nectar drink, Here will I hedge and ditch here hide my treasure O poor Fortunio, how wouldst thou triumph, If thou enjoy'd'st this happiness with my sister!

For I were in heaven if once 'twere come to that

For I were in heaven if once 'twere come to that Am And methinks its my heaven that I am past it

'Young men think old men are fools but old men know young men are fools' is well put 'Death and his brother sleep,' so often and so variously linked in contrast by the poets, are by Chapman thus conjoined

Since sleep and death are called the twins of nature

We are reminded of Bunyan by

He that to nought aspires doth nothing need Who breaks no law is subject to no king

A homely simile is

Shoes ever overthrow that are too large, And hugest cannon burst with overcharge

There are many ways of putting what Chapman words so 'An Englishman, being flattered, is a lamb, threatened, a hon' 'Man is a name of honour for a king' is a pithy single line or sentence, so are 'He that is one man's slave is free from none,' 'Flatterers look like friends as wolves like dogs,' 'Danger the spur of great minds,' 'A death for love's no death, but martyrdom' What Keats felt when he 'heard Chapman spead out loud and bold' we know from Keats's most famous sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer'

A complete edition of Chapman's works was published in three volumes in 1873-75, with an essay by Mr Swinbarne, also repeately published (1873), the volume of the plays was edited by aft R. H. Shepherd. Inother three-volume edition of the play (1771) retained the old spell no, including the preposterous Cerman of Mythons in Dr. Carl Elre chited Mythons in 1267. He per a the standard edition of the Homer (5 vols. 1837).

Trancis Bacon.

Lord Bacon is the name by which contemporaries and succeeding generations have agreed to speak of the aggressive intellectual reformer, the preat English writer, the servile statesman, the corrupt Chancellor, who by effquette and the rules of the peers, e should rather be spoken of as Lord Verulam or Viscount St Albans, in his Apoputlegms he spoke of himself as 'the Lord Bicon,' as well ast the Lord St Albans' Born at Yorl House in the Strand on the 22nd of January 1501, Francis Lacon was the younger son by his second marriage of Sir Nicholis Bacon, Lordkeeper of the Great Seal, his mother, Ann, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was a lady of strong will ind great accomplishments, and a zerlous Cilvinist In childhood he displayed such vivicity of intellect ind sedateness of be haviour that Queen Llizabeth used to call him her young Lord Keeper, and at the age of tuche he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he carly became disgusted with the Aristotelian philosophy, which still held unquestioned sway in the great English schools of learning. This dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle, as Licon himself declared to his secretary, Dr Kawley, he fell into, 'not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way, being a philosophy only strong for disputations and contentions, but burren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man? After spending two years at Cambridge, he began the study of law at Gray's Inn (1576), but that same year he went to France for about three years with Sir Amy is Paulet, the English ambassador observations on foreign affairs were afterwards published in a work entitled Of the State of Europe By the sudden death of his fither in 1579, he vas compelled to return hastily to England and engage in some profession After in vain soliciting his uncle, Lord Burghley, to procure for him such a provision from Government as might allow him to devote his time to literature and philosophy, he raturned to the study of the law, was called to the Bir in 1582, and became a bencher of his inn in 1566. While engaged in practice as a barrister le del not forget philosophy, early in life he sketched ms vast (but never completed) work, In Instauration of the Sciences He became member of Purhament for Melcombe Regis in 1584, for Trunton in 1586, and for Middlesex in In 1504 he sought to attract the queen's attention by addressing to her a paper of advice in which, with a boldness unique in a barrister of three ind twenty, he argued for more tolerance in the treatment of recusants, and in 1589 he i rote a pamphtet on the controversies in the Analic in Church, in which he pleaded for clas ! ticit, in matters of doctrine and discipline. in orator he is highly extelled by Ben Jonson

In one of his speeches he distinguished himself by tal ing the popular side in a question respecting some large subsidies demanded by the court, and gave great offence to Her Majesty To Lord Burghley and his son, Robert Cecil, Bacon con tinued to pay court in hope of advancement, till at length, finding himself disappointed in that quarter, he attached himself to Burghley's rival, Essex, who, with all the ardour of a generous friendship, endeavoured in vain to procure for him in 1593 the office first of Attorncy and then of Solicitor General, and in 1596 that of Master of Essex in some degree soothed Bacon's the Rolls disappointment by presenting him with an estate at Iwickenham, which he afterwards sold for Bacon recommended his patron to resort to petty flattery of the queen, misunderstanding his frank character, and advised him to undertake the suppression of Tyrone's rebellion (1598) When Essex was brought to trial after his return from Ircland in disgrace in 1599, the friend whom he had so greatly obliged was associated at his own request (in a subordinate capacity) with the prosecuting counsel, in the hope, as he said, of aiding his patron, but Essex was dismissed from all his offices When Essex broke into open rebellion in 1601, Bacon voluntarily endeavoured to secure his conviction on the capital charge of treason He complied, moreover, after the earl's execution, with the queen's request that he should write A Declaration of the Practices and Triasons attempted and committed by Robert, Earl of Esser, which was printed by authority, and in another paper he defended his own conduct on the ground that the claims of the State must override those of friendship. In Elizabeth's last years Bacon tried to mediate between Crown and Parliament, and himself advised tolerance in Ireland.

After the accession of James the fortunes of Bacon began to improve. He made extravagant professions of loyalty, planned schemes for the union of England and Scotland, and proved that the difficulties between king and commons could easily be arranged He was knighted July 1603, and in subsequent years obtrined successively the offices of King's Counsel, Solicitor-General (1607), and Attorney-General In the execution of his duties he did not scruple to lend himself to the most arbitrary measures of the court, and in 1615 he even assisted in an attempt to extort a confession of treason, under torture, from an old clergyman of the name of Peacham Torture was applied, not at Bacon's suggestion, but with his assent, and he examined the prisoner while on the rack, without result. Peacham was then tried in King's Bench, Bacon undertaking to confer with each judge so as to secure a conviction—Coke resisted Bacon's advice, and in consequence Bacon helped to get Colle dismissed.

Although his income had now been greatly en larged by the emoluments of office and a marriage

with the daughter of a wealthy alderman, his extravagance and that of his servants, which he seems to have been too good-natured to check, continued to keep him in difficulties. He cringed to the king and his favourite, Buckingham, and at length, on the 7th of January 1618, he attained the summit of his ambition, by being created Lord High Chancellor of England, and in July he was raised to the peerage as Baron Verulama title which gave place in January 1621 to that of Viscount St Albans As Chancellor it cannot be disputed that, both in his political and judicial capacities, he grossly deserted his duty only did he suffer Buckingham to interfere with his decisions as a judge, but, by accepting numerous presents or bribes from suitors, he gave occasion, in 1621, to a parliamentary inquiry, which ended in his condemnation and disgrace. It has been argued that he did not allow the presents he received to influence his decisions, or but rarely But he fully confessed to the twenty three articles of corruption which were laid to his charge, and when waited on by a committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire whether the confession was subscribed by himself, he answered, 'It is my act, my hand, my heart I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed' It was decided that he be fined £40,000, imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and banished from Parliament and court. He was soon released and pardoned, but not allowed to return to court, and retired to Gorhambury, near St Albans He had now ample lessure to attend to his philosophical and literary pursuits, even while he was engaged in business these had not been neglected. In 1597 he published Meditationes Sacræ, a Table of the Colours of Good and Evil, and ten Essays In 1612 he reprinted the Essays, increased to thirty-eight, and finally, in 1625, he again issued them, 'newly written,' and now fifty eight in number These, as he himself says, 'come home to men's business and bosoms, and, like the late new halfpence, the pieces are small and the silver is good.' The Essays immediately acquired a popularity and credit they have maintained till now Dugald Stewart says the work was 'one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the mexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties' The Essays, by which Bacon is best known as an author, may fairly be regarded as his most original work. In 1605 he published Of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human, which, afterwards published in a Latin expansion

with the title De Augmentis Scientiarum, constitutes the first part of his great (but unfinished) Instauratio Scientiai um, meant to be a review and encyclopædia of all knowledge. The second part, entitled tovum Organum, was that on which his high reputation as a philosopher was mainly grounded, and on the composition of which he bestowed most labour. It was written in Latin, and appeared in 1620. In the first part of the Advancement of Learning, after considering the excellence of knowledge and the means of disseminating it, together with what had already been done for its advancement, he divides learning into the three branches of history, poetry, and philosophy, having reference to 'the three parts of man's understanding'-memory, imagination, and reason The first aphonsm of the Novum Organum furnishes a key to the author's leading doctrines 'Vlan, being the servant and interpreter of nature, can do and understand so much, and so much only, as he has observed in fact or in thought of the course of nature.' His new method-novum organum-of employing the understanding in adding to human knowledge is expounded in this work, and more or less fully in all his philosophical treatises first abandons the deductive logic of Aristotle and the schoolmen, in which preconceived theories were constructed without reference to actual fact, and were syllogistically arranged to lead to elaborate conclusions never tested by observation Bacon relied on inductive and experiment methods - on the accumulation and systematic analysis of isolated facts to be obtained by observation and experiment. From this assemblage of facts alone were any conclusions to be drawn. The induction was to rest not on a simple enumeration of phenomena, a method familiar to predecessors of Bacon, but on their careful selection and arrangement, with necessary rejections and elimina-'Phantoms of the human mind'-'idols' (eidola) of the tribe, the cave, the market place, and the theatre, as Bacon called them-inherited by man, or produced by his environment, were exposed and swept aside. Nothing was to obscure the 'dry light of reason.' Bacon took all knowledge for his province, and his inductive system was to armve at the causes not only of natural but of all moral and political effects. While developing his new scientific method Bacon made some shrewd scientific observations-he described heat as a mode of motion, and light as requiring time for transmission, but in many things he was even behind the scientific knowledge of his time His system was never finished He never reached his examination of metaphysics-of final causeswhich was to succeed his treatment of physics

Some other parts of the *Instauratio* were drafted or nearly completed. The *Sylva Sylvarum* is devoted to the facts and phenomena of natural science, including suggestions and original observations made by Bacon himself. Other discussions concern the winds, life and death, the dense and the rare.

Next in popularity to the Essays was the treatise Of the 11 isaom of the Ancients (in Latin, 1609, trans 1610), wherein Bacon attempts, generally with more ingenuity than success, to discover secret meanings in the mythological fables of antiquity. The New Atlantis, described below, was also one of the most popular of the works. The History of King Henry VII is held by spedding to have been the first to give any true picture of the king or of his reign, and to

have given really "iluable guidance to all who have since treated the period. He trins lated some of the Psalms intoverse, drew up a confession of faith anidst his wort troubles, and composed three privers, one of which Addison praised for its un exampled clevi tion of thought. There were also a number of minor treatises and un finished works, in cluding Havins of the Law and other profession il treatises, and i collection of A pophthegms, incodotes and witticisms incient and modern, many of them little above the level of jou Miller

Fig. 1 From the Picture by Paul van Somer in the National Portrait Gallery

After retiring from public life, Bacon, though enjoying in annual income of £2500, continued to live in so ostentatious a style that at his death in 1626 his debts amounted to upwards of £22,000 The devotion to science appears to have been the immediate cause of his death. Trivelling in his carringe when there was snow on the ground, he bes in to consider whether flesh might not be preserved by snow as well as by salt. In order to make the experiment he alighted at a cottage near Highgate, bought a hen, and stuffed it with This so chilled him that he was unable to return home, but went to the Earl of Arundel's house in the neighbourhood, where his illness was so much increased by the dampness of a bed into which he was put that he died in a few days 9th April 1626 He was buried in St Michael's Church it St Albans. In a letter to the earl, the list !

which he wrote, after comparing himself to the elder Pliny, who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of Mount Vesuvius,' he does not forget to mention his own experiment, which, says he, 'succeeded excellently'

The overstatement by his admirers of Bacon's claims to universal and unparalleled admiration as the greatest of modern philosophers does him ultimately an injustice, and his contributions to science and scientific progress have been too

jealously' and grudgingly criticised. Pope's epigram, 'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,' is too complimentary to his wisdom and too hard on his character, Macaulay's praise and blame, glorification and vituperation, are ill balanced in the same way It is absurd to regard him as the in ventor of experi mental science, or as having devised a perfect method Where he actually expounds scientific facts he makes gross blunders, he was not even abreast of the science of his own day, he never mentions Harvey's circulation of the blood, and he persistently ru-

jected the Copernican system He was not, in philosophy proper, a scientific thinker at all. His scientific importance depends on his insistence on the facts that man is the servant and interpreter of nature, that truth is not derived from authority, and that knowledge is the fruit of experience. The inductive method was practised before his time, but he was the first to show its vast importance and to recognise its scientific justification, the impetus his methods gave to future scientific investigation is indisputable turned the tide in favour of experimental research, and though he is not, is used to be said, the father of English philosophy too, the precursor of Locke and Hume, his empiricism gave a tone to English philosophical speculation. His owi character is strangely complex. He had an unparalleled behef in himself, which warranted him

in ignoring the ordinary laws of morality H_L was conscious of possessing intellectual power sufficient to revolutionise the relations of man and nature, and he was slow to recognise any moral obstacle that came in the way of his attaining the wealth and position needed for realising his vast intel-He found himself drawn to lectual ambition politics in order to obtain power, but he always regarded himself as a stranger in the political sphere he failed as a manager of men, and he made shipwreck of his life. But with calm confidence he wrote in his will, 'For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches and to foreign nations and the next ages' His eminence in the sphere of practical philosophy, as a master of pregnant thoughts clothed in splendid, nervous, dignified, and for his time singularly concise and trenchant English, is recognised by everybody

The five following extracts are from the Famoria

Of Death

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of death as the wages of sin and passage to another world is holy and religious, but the fear of it as a tribute due unto nature is weak. Yet in religious medi tations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the fnars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved, when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, Pompa mortis magis terret quani mors ifsa. Groans. and convulsions, and a discoloured face and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like shew death terrible. It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man ha h so many at tendants about him, that can win the combat of him Revenue triumphs over death, love slights it honour aspireth to it, grief flyeth to it, fear pre occupateth it nty, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity, which is the tenderest of affections, provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds, nice ness and satisty could quandu cadem fecers more relle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sal etiam fastidiosus fotest. A man would die, though he were neither valuant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make, for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Inaustus C war died in a compliment. Livia, conjugit in dri nera r cice, et Titeria in dissimulation, as Tacitus suth of الت ٢ han fari literiam ires et cereue, non dissinu i un, deserci int. Vespasian in a jest 13 futo, Deur fig. Galba with a sentence. Ferr, in ex resit fopuli Romani, holding forth his neck. Septimus Severus in dispatch. Adate, si quid milit rastat agendum, and the like. Certainly the Stores bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better saith he [Juvenal], qui finem ritie extremum inter munera conit natura. It is as natural to die, as to be born, and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other. He that dass in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt, and therefore a mind fixt and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death but above all believe it, the sweetest canticle is Aunc dimittis, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations | Depth hath this also , that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy -extinctus amabitur idem

Of Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring, for ornament, is in discourse, and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business, for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels and the plots and mar shalling of affairs come best from those that are learned To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament is affectation, to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar, they perfect nature and are perfected by expe mence-for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crasty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books allo may be read by deputy and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are, like common distilled waters flashy things. keading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not

Of Beauty

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set, and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate feature, and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect, neither is it almost seen, that ver beautiful per ons are otherwise of great virtue, as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labour to produce excellency, and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit, and sindy rather behaviour than virtue. But this lo'ds not always for luguious examples that this lo'ds not always for luguious examples to the pastanus. Infinite Bell of France, Edward IV of Inghard, Ale mades of Athens, Lunael, the sephy of Persia, were all high and

great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express, no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not so ne strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler, whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions the other, by taling the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, ould please nobod, but the painter that made them Not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was but he must do it by a kind of felicity (25 a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and no by rule, A man shall see taces, that, if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good and let altogether do well If it be true that the principal part of b auty is in decent motion certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more a nuble, fall return autumnus pulcher, for no youth can be comely but by pardon and considering the youth 13 to mal c up the comelines Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot list, and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance, but yet certainly again, if it light well, it mal eth virtues shine, and vices blush.

Of Deformity

Deformed persons are commonly even with nature, for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part, as the Scripture saith, 'void of natural affection,' and so they have their revenge of nature. Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she sentureth in the other Ubs pacat in uni, perichtatur in alters but because there is in man an election touching the frame of his mind, and a nece sity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue, therefore it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is more deceivable, but as a cause which seldom fuleth of the effect. Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, both also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn, therefore, all deformed persons are extreme hold, first, as in their own defence, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit it 'irreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, o which and observe the weakness of others, that they may have omewhat to repay. Again, in their superiors, it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think the may at pleasure despise, and it laveth their competion and emulators asleep as never believing they hould be in possibility of advancement till they we them in possission. So that upon the matter, in a great sat, determits is an advantage to rising in "localt times, and at this present in some countries, were cont to put great trust in ennucles, because they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and office us fower by one, but not their trust towards them ha 't rituer been as to good spials and good shisperers, that you may traces and officers and much like is the raion of deformed persons. Still the ground is, they vill, item, be of spirit, seek to free themsel es ma seem, had much be either by intue or make, and therefore let it not be marvelled if sometimes they prove excellent persons, as was Agesilaus, Zanger the son of Solyman, Esop, Gasca, president of Peru, and Socrates may go likewise amongst them, with others.

Of Adversity

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New. which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour Yet even in the Old Testa ment, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse like airs as carols, and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflic tions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle works and embroidenes, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and inclancholy work upon a lightsome ground judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed, for prospenty doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue

Weighty words are scattered through all the essays, and many phrases or sentences have become proverbial. It is the essay 'Of Marriage and Single Life' that begins, 'He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.' That 'Of Parents and Children' has 'Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter, they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death' That 'Of Revenge' gives a famous 'Revenge is a wild kind of justice, definition which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. Tor as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office, 'Of Gardens' he says 'God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palities are but gross handy-works and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection' 'Of Building' we have the pregnant remark 'Houses are builty to live in, and not to look on therefore let use be preferred before uniformity except where both may be had Leave the goodly fabrics of houses for beauty only to the enchanted pilaces of the poets, who build them with small cost? And another essay commences 'Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom, for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth and to do it. Therefore it is the wealer sort of politicians who are the greatest dissemblers' From the same rich source are 'A crowd is not company, and faces are but a

gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love,' 'Lookers on many times see more than the gamesters' He seems to have coined new proverbs as easily as he quoted old ones—'The remedy worse than the disease,' &c.—and wittily moulded anew the wisdom of the ancients. Thus he takes the Scriptural proverb about riches making themselves wings, and adds a new thought. 'Riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.' The idea 'Knowledge is power,' which Bacon repeatedly expresses, is to be found, it should be noted, in the Meditationes Sacræ of his mediæval namesake, Roger Bacon.

Bacon left the following fragment for the beginning of a History of Henry VIII, in continuation of his Henry VII—all that was ever written of it

After the decease of that wise and fortunate king, Henry the seventh, who died in the height of his prosperity, there followed, as useth to do, when the sun setteth so exceeding clear, one of the fairest mornings of a kingdom that hath been known in this land, or any where else A young king about eighteen years of age, for stature, strength, making, and beauty, one of the goodlest persons of his time. And though he were given to pleasure, yet he was likewise desirous of glory, so that there was a passage open in his mind by glory, for virtue Neither was he unadorned with learning, though therein he came short of his brother Arthur He had never any the least pique, difference, or jealousy with the king his father, which might give any occasion of altering court or council upon the change, but all things passed in a still. He was the first heir of the white and red rose, so that there was no discontented party now left in the kingdom, but all men's hearts turned towards him and not only their hearts, but their eyes also, for he was the only son of the kingdom He had no brother, which though it be a comfortable thing for kings to have, yet it draweth the subjects' eyes a little aside yet being a married man in those young years, it promised hope of speedy issue to succeed in the crown Neither was there any queen mother, who might share any way in the government, or class with his coun sellors for authority, while the king intended his pleasure. No such thing as any great and mighty subject, who might any way eclipse or overshade the imperial power And for the people and state in general, they were in such lowness of obedience, as subjects were like to yield, who had lived almost four and twenty years under so politic a king as his father, being also one who came partly in by the sword, and had so high a courage in all points of regality, and was ever victorious in rebellions and seditions of the people. The crown extremely rich, and full of treasure, and the kingdom like to be so in a short time. For there was no war, no dearth, no stop of trade or commerce, it was only the crown which had sucked too hard, and now being full, and upon the head of a young king, was like to draw less. Lastly, he was inheritor of his father's reputation, which was great throughout the world. He had strait alliance with the two neighbour states, in ancient enemy in former times, and an ancient friend, Scotland and Burgundy He had peace and amity with France, under the assur ance, not only of treaty and league, but of necessity and mability in the French to do him hurt, in respect that the French king's designs were wholly bent upon Italy so that it may be truly said, there had scarcely been seen or known in many ages such a rare con currence of signs and promises of a happy and flour ishing reign to ensue, as were now met in this young king, called after his father's name, Henry the eighth

The New Atlantis records the discovery of a magnificent island in the northern-Pacific, v hose eminently Christian, courteous, chaste, and cultured inhabitants protect themselves against the evil communications of a corrupt world by deliberately isolating themselves in their self-sufficing father-Strangers are discouraged from landing save under special circumstances, and, needing nothing from abroad, the islanders carry on no traffic with foreign parts, though they send out carefully disguised, specially selected commissioners to report on all that is noteworthy in the way of science or learning, invention or discover; amongst The 'New Atlantis' is so called in the outsiders contrast with the other or great Atlantis, which is identified with the American continent, and the romance has points in common with More's Utopia (referred to by an islander, not altogether approvingly, as 'a book of one of your men, of a feigned commonwealth), Voltaire's Candide, Johnson's Rasselas, and still more oddly with The Book of Mormon, for there is word of the prehistoric civilised races who preceded the North American Indians, and the favoured islanders-possibly descended from Nachoran, 'another son' of Abraham-receive a direct and immediate gift of the sacred Scriptures in book form, as also of the miraculous power to read them without difficulty The New Atlantis is, as a romance, painfully didactic, but is in other respects curiously interesting, though it has only here and there the charm of Bacon's best style, and is obviously but a fragment of an undeveloped The voyage is thus described scheme

We sailed from Peru, where we had continued by the space of one whole year, for China and Japan, by the South Sea, taking with us victuals for twelve months, and had good winds from the east, though soft and weak, for five months' space and more. But then the wind came about, and settled in the west for many days, so as we could make little or no way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back. But then, again, there arose strong and great winds from the south, with a point east, which carried us up, for all that we could do, to wards the north by which time our victuals failed us, though we had made good spare of them. So that, finding ourselves in the midst of the greatest wilderness of waters in the world, without victual, we gave ourselves for lost men, and prepared for death. Yet we did lift up our hearts and voices to God above, who sheweth his wonders in the deep, beseeching him of his mercy, that as in the beginning he discovered the face of the

day, all brought forth dry land, so he would now discover land to us, that we might not perish. And it came to pass, that the next day, about evening, we saw within a lenning before us, to vards the north, as it were thick close, which did put us in some hope of land, knowing how that part of the South Sea was utterly unknorn, and might have islands or continents, that Intherto were not come to light. Wherefore we bent our course thather, where we saw the appearance of land all that night, and in the dawning of the next day, we might plainly discern that it was a land, flat to our sigh, and full of boscage, which made it shew the more And after an hour and a half's sailing we entered into a good haven, being the port of a fair city, not areat indeed, but well built, and that gave a pleasant view from the sea and we thinking every minute long till we were on land, came close to the shore, and offered to land. But straightways we saw divers of the people with hastons in their hands as it were, forbidding us to land, yet without any ones or ficroeness, but only as warning us off by signs that they made. Whereupon, being not a little discomforted we were advising with During which time there ourselves what we should do made forth to us a small boat with about eight persons in it, whereof one of them had in his hand a tipstaff of a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with blue, who came abourd our ship, without any show of distrust at all. and when he saw one of our number present himself omewhat afore the rest, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment, somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing tables, but otherwise oft and flexible, and delivered it to our foremost man. In which scroll were written in ancient Hebrew, and in ancient Greek, and in good Latin of the school, and in Spanish these words 'Land ye not, none of you, and provide to be gone from this coast within sixteen days, except you have further time given you meanwhile if you want fresh water, or victual, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repair, write down your wants, and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy '

Ultimately the voyagers were most kindly received in 'the Stringers' House,' hospitably entertuned at the public expense, and their sick doctored, on condition only of their keeping within the bounds prescribed to them When they naturally wished to know how their hosts had received Christianity, they were told a marvellous tale how 'about twenty years after the ascension of our Saviour,' out of a pillar of fire a cedar wood irk came sailing shorewirds in presence of all the inhabitants of the city of Renfusa, containing a letter from the apostle Bartholomen and a complete copy on parchment of the Old and New Testaments-including, Bacon notes, those 'books of the New Testiment which were not at that time written,' though, he evidently thought most of the books were extant in 1D 53 or there Then or later they also became possessed of the otherwise wholly lost encyclopedic work which Solomon 'wrote of all plants from the cedar of Libanus to the moss that growtth out of the and they were miraculously empowered to read these sacred books as if they had been wn 'en in their o'in language.

The following remarkable communication by the governor of the Strangers' House distinctly trenches on the province of The Book of Mormon and of Solomon Spaulding's romance

'You shall understand, that which perhaps you will scarce think credible, that about three thousand years ago, or somewhat more, the navigation of the world, especially for remote voyages, was greater than at this Do not think with yourselves, that I know not how much it is increased with you within these six score years I know it well, and yet I say greater then than now whether it was, that the example of the ark, that saved the remnant of men from the universal deluge, gave men confidence to adventure upon the waters, or what it was, but such is the truth. The Phænicians, and especially the Tyrians, had great fleets. So had the Carthaginians their colony, which is yet farther west loward the east, the shipping of Egypt, and of Palestine, was likewise great. China also, and the great Atlantis, that you call America, which have now but junks and canoes, abounded then in tall ships. This island, as appeareth by faithful registers of those times, had then fifteen hundred strong ships, of great content. Of all this there is with you sparing memory, or none, but we have large knowledge thereof

'At that time this land was known and frequented by the ships and vessels of all the nations before named And, as it cometh to pass, they had many times men of other countries, that were no sailors, that came with them, as Persians, Chaldeans, Arabians, so as almost all nations of might and fame resorted hither, of whom we have some stirps and little tribes with us at this day And for our own ships, they went sundry voyages, as well to your Straits, which you call the pillars of Her cules, as to other parts in the Atlantic and Mediterraneau Seas, as to Peguin, which is the same with Cambaline, and Quinzy upon the Oriental Seas, as far as to the borders of the Last Partary [There is some confusion here for which neither Marco Polo nor Sebastian Munster is responsible. Pegu has no connection with Cambaluc or Cambalu, i.e. Peking, nor that with Quinzy, Quinsay, Kinsai, or Khing sai, i.e. Hang chow foo And neither Peking nor Hang-chow is on the oriental sea.]

"At the same time, and an age after, or more, the in habitants of the great Atlantis did flourish For though the narration and description which is made by a great man with you, that the descendants of Neptune planted there, and of the magnificent temple, palace, city and hill, and the manifold streams of goodly navigable rivers, which, as so many chains, environed the same site and temple, and the several degrees of ascent, whereby men did climb up to the same, as if it had been a scala cali, be all poetical and fabulous yet so much is true, that the said country of Atlantis, as well that of Peru, then called Coya, as that of Mexico, then named Tyrambel, were mighty and proud kingdoms in arms, shipping, and riches so mighty, as at one time, or at least within the space of ten years, they both made two great expeditions, they of Tyrambel, through the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Sea, and they of Coya, through the South Sea upon this our island and for the former of these, which was into Europe, the same author amongst you, as at seemeth, had some relation from the Egyptian priest whom he citeth. For assuredly, such a thing there was, but whether it were the ancient Athenians that had the glory of the repulse and resistance of those

forces, I can say nothing, but certain it is, there never came back either ship, or man, from that voyage. Neither had the other voyage of those of Coya upon us had better fortune, if they had not met with enemies of For the king of this island, by name greater clemency Altabin, a wise man, and a great warrior, knowing well both his own strength, and that of his enemies, handled the matter so, as he cut off their land forces from their ships, and entoiled both their navy and their camp with a greater power than theirs, both by sea and land, and compelled them to render themselves without striking stroke and after they were at his mercy, contenting himself only with their oath, that they should no more bear arms against him, dismissed them all in safety But the divine revenge overtook not long after those proud enterprises. For within less than the space of one hundred years, the great Atlantis was utterly lost and destroyed, not by a great earthquake, as your man saith, for that whole tract is little subject to earthquakes, but by a particular deluge or inundation those countries having, at this day, far greater rivers and far higher mountains, to pour down waters, than any part of the old world. But it is true that the same inundation was not deep, not past forty foot, in most places, from the ground so that although it destroyed man and beast generally, yet some few wild inhabitants of the wood escaped. Birds also were saved, by flying to the high buildings in many places higher than the depth of the water, yet that inundation, though it were shallow, had a long continuance, whereby they of the vale, that were not drowned, perished for want of food, and other things necessary. So as marvel you not at the thin population of America, nor at the rudeness and ignorance of the people, for you must account your inhabitants of America as a young people, younger a thousand years, at the least, than the rest of the world, for that there was so much time between the universal flood and their particular inundation. For the poor remnant of human seed, which remained in their mountains, peopled the country again slowly, by little and little and being simple and savage people, not like Noah and his sons, which was the chief family of the earth, they were not able to leave letters, arts, and civility to their posterity, and having likewise in their mountainous habitations been used, in respect of the extreme cold of those regions, to clothe themselves with the skins of tigers, bears, and great hairy goats, that they have in those parts when after they came down into the valley, and found the intolerable heats which are there, and knew no means of lighter apparel, they were forced to begin the custom of going naked, which continueth at this day '

The most characteristic institution of the island is 'Solomon's House, or the College of the Six Days' Works, and Bacon's chief interest in the whole affair was in the description of this 'model of a college for the interpreting of nature and the producing of great and marvellous works for the benefit of men.' Amongst the 'riches of Solomon's House,' the first to be named are low-level and high-level observatories and experimental stations. The 'low region' is in caves or shafts sunk six hundred fathoms, some of them under great hills and mountains. The high-level ones are thus described

"We have high towers, the highest about half a mile in height, and some of them likewise set upon high mountains, so that the vantage of the hill with the tower, is in the highest of them three miles at least And these places we call the upper region - accounting the air between the high places and the low, as a middle region. We use these towers, according to their several heights and situations, for insolation, refrigeration, con servation, and for the view of divers meteors, as winds, rain, snow, hail, and some of the fiery meteors also. And upon them, in some places, are dwellings of hermits, whom we visit sometimes, and instruct what to observe"

Solomon's House gave no hesitating approval to systematic vivisection

'We have also parks and inclosures of all sorts of beasts and birds, which we use not only for view or rare ness, but likewise for dissections and trials, that thereby we may take light what may be wrought upon the body of man. Wherein we find many strange effects, as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished, and taken forth, resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance, and the like. We try also all poisons and other medicines upon them, as well of chirurgery as physic. By art likewise, we make them greater or taller than their kind is, and contrari wise dwarf them, and stay their growth we make them more fruitful and bearing than their kind is, and contrariwise barren, and not generative.'

How far Bacon was from the truth as it is in modern science may be seen from other departments of the college, which abet spontaneous generation 'We have also means to make divers plants rise by mixtures of earths without seeds, and likewise to make divers new plants differing from the vulgar, and to make one tree or plant turn into another. We make a number of kinds of serpents, worms, flies, fishes of putrefaction, whereof some are advanced in effect to be perfect creatures like beasts or birds, and have seves and do propagate.' The New Atlantis ends abruptly, after describing at some length several of the various departments of the college.

Bacon's adhesion to various anti-scientific maxims is also conspicuous in his Sylva Sylva-rum or Natural History, where there is a chapter 'Of the insecta bred of putrefaction,' for example Here too he prescribes experiments for the 'version and transmutation of air into water,' and others for the making of gold from silver or copper (quicksilver is useless for the purpose) 'The world hath been much abused by the opinion of making gold the work itself I judge to be possible, but the means hitherto propounded to effect it are in the practice full of error and imposture, and in the theory full of unsound imagination'

Confidence in the importance of his work is expressed in the following characteristic sentences (quoted from the translation of the *Novum Organum* prepared for Stebbing's edition)

I have made a beginning of the work—a beginning, as I hope, not unimportant—the fortune of the human race will give the issue,—such an issue, it inay be, as in the

present condition of things and men's minds cannot easily be conceived or imagined. For the matter in hand is no mere felicity of speculation, but the real business and fortures of the human race, and all power of operation. For man is but the servant and interpreter of nature, what he does and what he knows is only what he has observed of nature's order in fact or in thought, beyond this he knows nothing and can do nothing. For the chain of causes cannot by any force be loosed or broken, nor can nature be commanded except by being obeyed. And so those twin objects, human Knowledge and human Power, do really meet in one, and it is from ignorance of causes that operation fails.

And all depends on keeping the eye steadily fixed upon the facts of nature and so receiving their images simply as they are. For God forbid that we should give out a dream of our own imagination for a pattern of the world, rather may be graciously grant to us to write an apocalypse or true vision of the footsteps of the Creator imprinted on his creatures.

Bacon's verses have a somewhat exceptional interest in view of the Bacon Shakespeare propaganda. Two poems have often been printed as his on very doubtful authority. That beginning—

The man of his upright
Whose guiltless heart is free
I rom all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity,

is now known to be Campion's. The other, in cluded at first in Palgrave's Golden Treasury, is a translation or paraphrase of a Greek epigram of uncertain authorship. The paraphrase was ascribed to Bacon as early as 1629, three vears after his death, and was accepted by Spedding as his. It is suggestive and metrical, and well voithy of a 'metaphysical poet,' but is hardly a triumphant poetical achievement, as may be seen from the first verse.

The world's a bubble and the life of man
Less than a span,
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb
Curst from the cradle and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But hims the water or but writes in dust.

But Bacon certainly executed a metrical Translation of Certain Psalms, seven in number, for he published them in his own name (1624), with a grateful dedication to his friend George Herbert They are the only verses we can confidently say were written by the Lord Chancellor, and they give no very high idea of vihat he could do when he assumed his singing robes. The First Psalm is versified in this fashion

Who never gave to wicked reed
A yielding and attentive ear,
Who never sinners' paths did tread,
Vor sat him down in scorner's chair,
Lat maketh it his whole delight
On law of God to meditate,
And therein spendeth day and night
That man is in a Lappy state.

The Hundred and Forty-ninth is even less worthy of the author of such majestic prose, and as poetry is clearly below the ordinary level of Sternhold and Hopkins. The first verse runs

O sing a new song to our God above,
Avoid prophane ones, 'tis for holy quire
Let Israel sing songs of holy love
To him that made them, with their hearts on fire
Let Sion's sons lift up their voice and sing
Carols and anthems to their heav'nly king

Attempts have sometimes been made to extend portentously Bacon's literary bequest to posterity From Delia Bacon's time (1857) to the present day the voice of the paradoxist has from time to time been heard proclaiming to an incredulous world the faith that Bacon is the author or joint author of some or most or all of Shakespeare's plays. Because Shakespeare was not a really great actor and was regardless of his fame, because he did not publish his own plays, because the player was illiterate while the plays were learned because the plays must have been written by the greatest man of that or all time, because Bacon was great enough to have written them, because of coincidences between Bacon's thought and the playwright's, because of cryptograms worked into the texture of the plays (Donnelly) because the more im portant of the plays fit exactly into gaps left by Bacon in the system of his prose works (Bormann)-for these and other reguons we are asked to believe this eccentric theory Delia Bacon wrote the Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespears Unfolded in 1857 Wyman published in 1884 (at Chicago) a Bibliography of the Shakespeare Bacon Controversy, containing two hundred and fifty five entries (seventy three for the Bacon view) Donnelly's Great Cryptogram (1388) tned to prove that Bacon's cryptogram was found throughout Shakespeare. The same argument may of course be extended—and has been extended—to claim what is best in Marlowe, Burton and even Montaigne for Bacon 1-surely with the effect of a reductio ad absurdum. C. Stopes issued a pamphlet on the Shakespeare Bacon Question in 1888, and another in 1989. Two notable German contributions were J Schipper Zur Krielk der Shakespeare Bacon Frage (against, Vienna, 1839) and Edwin Bormann, Das Shakespeare Geheimniss (1894 trans The Shake speare Secret 1896). The first Life of Bacon was by his 'learned chaplain, William Rawley (c. 1588-1667) it appeared in 1657 and went into a second edition in 1661. The standard edition of Bacon's works is that of Spedding, Ellis, and Heath (14 vols. 1857-74) seven volumes of which are occupied by the apologetic Life and Letters by Mr Spedding See also Macaulay's brilliant attack, the article in the Dictionary of National Biography by Dr S R. Gardiner and Dr Fowler Dean Church's monograph in the 'Men of Letters' series (1884) and the short Life by Dr Abbott (1885), with the Life and Philosophy by Professor Nichol (1890), and for the philosophy, Kuno Fischer's monograph (trans 1857) and Fowler's edition of the vovum Organum (1878).

Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626), successively bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, and a privy councillor, had the singular good fortune to enjoy the favour of three sovereigns, and his death was mourned by the youthful muse of Born at Barking, and bred at Merchant Faylors' and Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, he was at thirty four Master of the Hall and probendary of St Paul's, and was reputed next to Ussher the most learned divine of the day. In patristic learning he stood alone. By his defence of James against Bellarmine-James having written an apology for the new onth of allegrance—he secured the special favour of the ling. He attended the Hampton Court Conference, and went with the king to Scotland in 1617 to try to persuade the Scots that cpiscopacy was better than presbytery. Andrewes was a strong High Churchman, and, like his protegé and friend Laud, attached importance to a high ritual the Puritan Pronne describes with

open disgust the 'Popish furniture' of his private chapels both at Ely and at Winchester sonally he was, unlike Laud, tolerant towards those who thought differently, and was revered for his devoutness by many strict Puritans He was master of fifteen languages, was of sufficient depth in philosophy to be consulted by Bacon, and was almost equally noted for his charity, his munificence, and his wit. Dr Neale, Bishop of Durham, and Andrewes were standing behind the king's chair at dinner, when James suddenly turned to them and said, 'My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in Parliament?' Neale replied, 'God forbid, sir, but you should, you are the breath of our nostrils' The king then addressed Andrewes 'Well, my lord, and what say you?' 'Sir,' replied Andrewes, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases' The king answered, 'No puts off, my lord, answer me presently' 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it.' He was accounted the greatest preacher of his time, 'the star of preachers,' 'an angel in the pulpit,' but to a taste moulded on the later and more flowing style of Jeremy Taylor and Tillotson, the power and impressiveness of his sermons and their wealth of matter and illustration are obscured by the abruptness of the transitions, the tags of Latin and Greek, and the extraordinary verbal conceits or puns-' If it be not Immanu el it will be Immanu hell, ' 'Immanu el and Immanu all' The following extract is a fair specimen

Of Angels and Men.

Of the parties compared, angels and men, these two we must first compare, that we may the more clearely see the greatnesse of the grace and benefit, this day vouch safed us. No long processe will need to lay before you how farre inferiour our nature is to that of the angels it is a comparison without comparison It is too apparant, if we be laid together or weighed together we shall be found minus habentes, farre too light. They are in expresse termes said (both in the Old and in the New Testament) to excell us in power and as in power, so in all the rest. This one thing may suffice to shew the oddes that our nature, that we, when we are at our very highest perfection, it is even thus expressed that we come neare, or are therein like to, or as an angell Perfect beautie, in Saint Stephen they saw his face, as the face of an angell. Perfect wisdome in David my lord the king is wise, as an angel of God eloquence in Saint Paul though I spake with the tongues of men, nay of angels. All our excellence, our highest and most perfect estate, is but to be as they therefore, they above us farre

But to come nearer What are angels? Surely they are spirits, glorious spirits, heavenly spirits, immortal spirits. For their nature or substance, spirits, for their quality or property, glorious, for their place or abode, heavenly, for their durance or continuance, immortall.

And what is the seed of Abraham, but as Abraham himselfe is? And what is Abraham? Let him answer himselfe I am dust and ashes. What is the seed of Abraham? Let one answer in the persons of all the

rest, dicens putredint, &c, saying to rottennesse, thou art my mother, and to the wormes, yee are my brethren

- I They are spirits, now what are we, what is the seed of Abraham? Flesh. And what is the very harvest of this seed of flesh? What but corruption, and rottenness, and worms. There is the substance of our bodies.
- 2. They glorious spirits, we vile bodies (beare with it, it is the Holy Ghost's owne terme, Who shall change our vile bodies) And not only base and vile, but filthy and uncleane ex immundo conceptum senune, conceived of unclean seed there is the metall. And the mould is no better, the wombe wherein we were conceived, vile, base, filthy, and uncleane. There is our qualitie.
- 3 They heavenly spirits, angels of heaven that is, their place of abode is in heaven above, ours is here below in the dust, inter pulices, et culices, times, araneas, et vermes, our place is here among fleas and flies, moths, and spiders, and crawling wormes. There is our place of dwelling
- 4. They are immortal spirits, that is their durance. Our time is proclaimed in the prophet. Flesh, all flesh is grasse, and the glory of it as the floure of the field (from April to June). The sithe commeth, may, the wind but bloweth, and we are gone, withering sooner than the grasse, which is short may, fading sooner than the floure of the grasse, which is much shorter may, saith Job, rubbed in peeces more easily than any moth.

This we are to them if you lay us together, and if you weigh us upon the ballance, we are altogether lighter than vanity itself there is our weight. And if you value us, man is but a thing of nought there is our worth. Hocest omnis homo, this is Abraham, and this is Abraham's seed and who would stand to compare these with angels? Verily, there is no comparison, they are, in comparably, farre better than the best of us.

Now then this is the rule of reason, the guide of all choice, evermore to take the better and leave the worse Thus would man doe, hac est lex hominis Here then commeth the matter of admiration notwith standing these things stand thus, betweene the angels and Abraham's seed (they, spirits, glorious, heavenly, immortall,) yet tooke He not them, yet, in no wise, tooke He them, but the seed of Abraham. The seed of Abraham, with their bodies, vile bodies, earthly bodies of clay, bodies of mortalitie, corruption, and death these Hee tooke, these Hee tooke for all that Angels, and not men, so, in reason, it should be men, and not angels, so it is and, that granted to us, that denied to them Granted to us, so base, that denied them, so glorious. Denied, and strongly denied, Oυ ουδέπω, not, not in any wise, not at any hand, to them They, every way, in every thing else, above, and before us, in this, beneath and behinde us And we (unworthy, wretched men that we are,) above and before the angels, the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and all the principalities, and thrones, in this dignitie. This being beyond the rules and reach of all reason, is surely matter of astonishment Toûto, &c (saith Saint Chrysostome,) this, it easteth me into an extasie, and maketh me to imagine, of our nature, some great matter, I cannot well expresse what. Thus it is it is the Lord, let Him doe what seemeth good in His owne eyes.

In his lifetime Andrewes published nothing but the Latin con troversial works in defence of the ling's views. In 1628 ninety-six sermons were published from his MSS by King Charles's command, Laud being one of the editors. Even more memorable were the Manual of Private Devotions Vanual of Directions for the Sick, and Prayer for the Holy Communion translated by Drake

(1/15) from Indreases Greek and Latin original. The Devotions is the 10 st fairous though meant by Andrewes whelp for his own two. The in t part of it is in Greek, the second in Latin and in while or in part has been repeatedly translated (as by Stanhope and Horse in the eighteenth century, and since by Neale, Cardinal Newman, Verables, and Whyte), and has been found of great profit by all schools of Christians. Cardinal Newmans translation of the first part appeared in the Tracts for the Times. See the Lives of Ardrewes by A. T. Russell (1864) and R. L. Ottley (1864) and Dr. Alexander Whyte's edition of the Devot out (1900).

John Davis (1550?-1605), of Sandridge, near Dirtmouth, always spelt his name Davys, and must not be confounded with another navigator, later and less interesting, John Davis of Lime house (d 1622) Davys of Sandridge was one of the most distinguished among the intrepid navigators of Queen Elizabeth's reign whose adventures are given by Hakluyt In 1585 and the two following years he made three voyages to the Arctic Seas in search of a north-west passage to China, and on his third voyage, in a bark of twenty tons, discovered the strait to which his name (in the spelling Davis) has ever since been applied In 1595 he himself published a small and now exceedingly rare volume, entitled The Worldis Hydrographical Discription, 'wherein,' as we are told in the title page, 'is proved not onely by aucthoritie of writers, but also by Lite experience of travellers, and reasons of substantiall probabilitie, that the worlde in all his zones, clymats, and places, is habitable and in habited, and the seas likewise universally navigable. vithout any naturall anoyance to hinder the same, whereby appeares that from England there is a short and speedie passage into the South Seas to China, Molucca, Phillipina, and India, by northerly navigation, to the renowne, honour, and benefit of her majestics state and communalty' In corro boration of these positions he gives a short narrative of his voyages, which, notwithstanding their unsuccess, seem to him to show that America is in island, and that a north-west passage chists Davis next made two ill fated voyages to the South Sers, and as pilot of a Dutch vessel bound to the East Indies. In his last voyage as pilot of an English ship of 240 tons he was killed in a desperate encounter with Japanese pirates Besides his chief work, he wrote a very successful treatise on navigation, The Seaman's Secrets were edited in 1878 for the Hakluyt Society by Captain A. H. Markhain

In Search of the North-west Passage

In my first voyage not experienced of the nature of those climates, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certaine relation in what altitude that passage was to be searched, I shaped a Northerly course, and so sought the same towards the South, and in that my Northerly course. I fell upon the shore which in ancient time via called Groenland, five hundred leagues distant from the Durseys, West north west Northerly, the lar I being very high and full of mightie mountaine all covered with enowe, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seen, and the shore two leagues off into the sea so full of vec at that no shipping cold by any meanes come

neure the same. The lothsome vewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yee was such that it bred strange concutes among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sensible or vegitable creatures, whereupon I called the same Desolation, so coasting this shore towardes the South in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to trend towardes the west. I still followed the leading therof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtic leagues it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtic leagues sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yee and found many greene and pleasant Isles bordering upon the shore, but the mountaines of the maine were still covered with great quantities of snowe. I brought my shippe among those Isks, and there mored to refreshe our selves in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about. The people of the countrey having espeed our shippes came downe unto us in their Canoas, holding up their right hand to the Sunne and crying Yliaout, would strike their breasts, we doing the like, the people came aboard our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tract able conditions, by whome, as signes would permit, we understoode that towardes the North and West there was a great sea, and using the people with kindenese in giving them nayles and knives which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yee, supposing our selves to be past al daunger, we shaped our course West northwest, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie sixe degrees, wee fell with an other shore, and there founds an other passage of 20 leagues broad directly West into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped straight. We entered into the same thirtie or fortie leagues, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten, then, considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the fine of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to returne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search And so retourning in a sharpe fret of Westerly windes, the 29 of September we arrived at Dartmouth quainting master Secretary with the rest of the honorable and worshipfull adventurers of all our proceedings, I was appointed againe the seconde yeere to search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for

In this second attempt the marchants of Exeter and other places of the West became adventurers in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for sive moneths, and having direction to search these straights until we found the same to fall into an other sea upon the West side of this part of America, we should again returne, for then it was not to be doubted but shipping with trade might safely bee convered to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and arriving unto the south part of the coast of Desolation, coasted the same upon his west shore to the latitude of sixetic sixe degrees, and there ancored among the Isles bordering upon the same, where were refreshed our selves. The people of this place came likewise unto us, by whom I understood through their signes that towardes the North the sea was large.

At this place the chiefe ship whereupon I trusted, called the Mermayd of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceed shee there forsook me. Then considering how I had given my faith and most constant promise to my worshipfull

good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest adventurer in that action, and tooke such care for the perfourmance theerof that he hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any five others whatsoever out of his owne purse, when some of the companie have been slacke in giving in their adventure. And also knowing that I should loose the favour of M. Secretary Walsingham if I should shrink from his direction, in one small barke of 30 Tunnes whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther com fort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and arriving at these straights followed the same eightie leagues, until I came among many Islands, where the water did ebbe and flowe sixe fadome up right, and where there had bene great trade of people to make traine. But by such thinges as there we found wee knew that they were not Christians of Europe that had used that trade, in fine, by searching with our boat we found small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning agayne recovered the sea and coasted the shore towards the South, and in so doing (for it was to late to search towardes the North) wee found another great inlet neere fortie leagues broad where the water entered in with violent swiftnesse. This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt the North partes of America are all Islands by ought that I could perceive therein but because I was alone in a small barke of thirtie tunnes and the yeere spent, I entred not into the same, for it was now the seventh of September, but coasting the shore towardes the South wee saw an incredible number of birds. Having divers fishermen aboord our barke they all concluded that there was a great skull of fish being unprovided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle made a hooke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lines, before the bait was changed we tooke more than fortie great Cods, the fishe swimming so aboundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to bee reported, of which with a small portion of salt that we had wee preserved some thirtie couple or thereabouts, and so returned for England. And having reported to M Secretarie Walsingham the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded me to present unto the most honourable Lorde high Treasurour of England some part of that fish which when his Lordship saw and hearde at large the relation of this second attempt, I received favourable countenance from his honour, advising mee to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship conceived a very good opinion. The next yere, although divers of the adventurers fell from the action, as all the Westerne Marchants and most of those in London, yet some of the adventurers both honourable and worshipfull con tinued their willing favour and charge, so that by this meanes the next yere two shippes were appointed for the fishing and one pinnesse for the discoverie.

Departing from Dartmouth, through Gods mercifull favour I arrived at the place of fishing and there according to my direction I left the two ships to follow that busines, taking their faithful promise not to depart untill my returne unto them, which shoulde be in the fine of August, and so in the barke I proceeded for the discoverie but after my departure in sixteene dayes the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, without regard of their promise. My selfe, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded for the discoverie and followed my course in the free and open sea betweene North and North west, to the

latitude of 67 degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east, then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would proove but a gulfe. Notwithstanding, desirous to knowe the full certainty, I proceeded, and in 68 degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the westerne shore, thus I continued to the latitude of 73 degrees in a great sea, free from yee, coasting the westerne shore of Desolation. The people came continually rowing out unto me in their Canoes, twenty, forty, and one hundred at a time, and would give me fishes dryed, Salmon, Salmon peale, Cod, Caplin, Lumpe, Stonebase, and such like, besides divers kindes of birds, as Partrige, Fesant, Guls, Sea birds, and other kindes of flesh. I still laboured by signes to knowe from them what they knew of any sea towards the North, they still made signes of a great sea as we understood them, then I departed from that coast, thinking to discover the North parts of America. And after I had sayled towards the west 40 leagues I fel upon a great banke of yee, the winde being North and blew much, I was constrained to coast the same toward the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yee towards the North, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blew, and of an unsearcheable So coasting towards the South I came to the place where I left the ships to fish, but found them not Then being forsaken and left in this distresse, referring my selfe to the mercifull providence of God, I shaped my course for England, and unhoped for of any, God alone releeving me, I arrived at Dartmouth By this last discoverie it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment toward the North, but by reason of the Spanish fleete and unfortunate time of M Secretaries death, the voyage was omitted and never sithins attempted

Dursey Island and rocks are off the south west coast of Ireland Yliaont, according to Davis sown Eskimo vocabulary is 'I meane no harm, train-oil, skull of fish, school, the capelin is a small fish like a smelt the lumpe is the lump fish, the storebase the black bass the partridges and pheasants were presumably ptarmigan.

Sir John Harington, or HARKINGTON (1561-1612), translator of Ariosto, and son of the John Harington already noticed (page 264), was a courtier of Elizabeth, and godson of the queen He was born at Kelston, near Bath, from Eton passed in 1578 to Christ's College, Cambridge, and in 1599 served in Ireland under Essex, by whom, much to the queen's displeasure, he was knighted on the field. His Short View of the State of Ireland (first published in 1880) is modern in tone and much kindlier to the Irish people than was He wrote a collection of epigrams, some Rabelaisian pamphlets, and a Brief View of the Church, in which he reprobates the marriage of bishops His Ariosto (1591), in the measure of the original, is a paraphrase rather than a transla tion, and is easy rather than admirable. Some of his epigrams are pointed and some of them coarse The first book of the Orlando Furioso (i.e. Roland Distraught) thus opens

Of Dames, of Knights, of armes, of loves delight, Of courtesies, of high attempts I speake, Then when the Moores transported all their might On Africke seas, the force of France to break Insited by the youthfull heate and spight
Of Agramant their King that vow'd to wreake
The death of King Trayano (lately slaine)
Upon the Romane Emperour Charlemaine

I will no lesse Orlandos acts declare,
(A tale in prose ne verse yet sung or said,)
Who fell bestraught with love, a hap most rare,
Fo one that erst was counted wise and stayd
If my sweet Saint that causeth my like care,
My slender muse afford some gracious ayd,
I male no doubt but I shall have the skill.
As much as I have promist to fulfill

And this is how, in the last stanza of the poem (in forty six books), Rogero kills ficrce Rodomount

And litting his victorious hand on hie,
In that Turks face he stabd his dagger twise
Up to the hilts, and quickly made him die,
And rid himselfe of trouble in a trice
Downe to the lake, where damned ghosts do he,
Sunke his disdainfull soule, now cold as ise,
Blaspheming as it went, and cursing lowd,
That was on earth so lofte and so proud

Of Treason.

Transon doth never prosper what 's the reason? For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.

Of Fortune

I ortune, men say, doth give too much to many, But yet she never gave enough to any

Against Writers that Carp at other Men's Books.
The Readers and the Hearers like my books,
But yet come Writers cannot them digest,
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my Guests should praise it, not the Cooks.

Of a Precise Taylor

A Taylor, thought a man of upright dealing, True but for lying, honest but for stealing Did fall one day extreamly sick by chance, And on the sudden was in wondrous trance. The Fiends of hell mustring in fearful manner, Of sundry coloured sill es displayed a banner Which he had stolne, and wisht, as they did tell, That he might find it all one day in hell. The man, affrighted with this apparation, Upon recovery grew a great Precisian He bought a Bible of the best translation, And in his life he showed great reformation, He walked mannerly, he talked meckly, He heard three lectures and two sermons weekely, He vowed to shunne all companies unruly, And in his speech he used no oath but Truly, And zealously to keepe the Sabboth's rest, H s meat for that day on the ev'n was drest, And least the custome which he had to steale Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeale, He gives his journyman a speciall charge, That if the stuffe allowed fell out too large, Val that to filch his fingers were inclined, He il en should put the Banner in his minde. This done (I scint can tell the rest for laughter) A Captaine of a ship came three daies after, And brought three varies of velvet and three quarters, To make Venetians downe below the garters.

He that precisely knew what was enuffe,
Soon shipt away three quarters of the stuffe,
His man, espying it, said in derision
'Remember, master, how you saw the vision!'
'Peace, knave!' quoth he, 'I did not see one ragge
Of such a coloured silke in all the flagge.'

The Nuga Antiqua, from his papers, published in 1769 by a descendant, are far from being mere They are an olla podrida containing things of very various interest and importancemany letters of Sir John Cheke, letters and poems by the elder Harington, letters, verses, and translations by Queen Elizabeth, and poems by many Among Sir John Harington's own contributions is a detailed record of his experiences and observations during the marchings, fightings, and parleyings of Essex's forces in Ireland, a long account of Queen Elizabeth's last illness, and an amazing description of a pageant at the court of James I, which turned out a series of lamentable fiascos because of the shamefully drunken condition of the royal guest, King Christian of Denmark, of the court ladies and gentlemen, and of the players, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Peace There is also a delightfully incredible story of the preternatural sagacity of a seventeenth century dog in a letter from its proud master to Prince Henry This besides a series of lives of exemplary bishops of the Church of England from the same industrious pen

The following extract from Harington's account of an interview with Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, during a 'cessation' in the fighting (when he had professed penitence and promised to renounce the title of O'Neill) shows the redoubtable arch rebel and leader of the wild Irishry in an unusual light and quite an attractive character

But staying at Dundalk till the 15th of this month, and no news certain of the earl's coming, I went to see the Newry, and from thence to Darlingford by the narrow water, and was hindred by waters that I could not come back to Sir William Warren before his first meeting with the Earl Tyrone, which was on the 17th day, [at] what time how far they proceeded I know not, but it appeard that the earl was left in good dysposition, because he kept his hour so well the next morning and as I found after, Sir William had told him of me, and given such a report of me above my desert, that next day when I came the earl used far greater respect to me than I expected, and began debasing his own manner of hard life, comparing him self to wolves that fill their bellies sometime and fast as long for it, then excused himself to me that he could no better call to mind myself, and some of my friends that had done him some courtesy in England, and been oft in his company at my Lord of Ormond's, saying these troubles had made him forget almost all his friends

After this he fell to private communication with Sir William, to the effecting of the matters begun the day before, to which I thought it not fit to intrude myself, but took occasion the while to entertain his two sons, by posing them in their learning and their tutors, which

were one Fryar Nangle, a Franciscan, and a younger scholer whose name I know not, and finding the two children of good towardly spirit, their age between thirteen and fifteen, in English cloths like a nobleman's sons, with velvet gerkins and gold lace, of a good chearful aspect, freckle faced, not tall of stature, but strong, and well set, both of them [learning] the English tongue, I gave them (not without the advice of Sir William Warren) my English translation of 'Ariosto,' which I got at Dublin, which their teachers took very thankfully, and soon after shewed it the earl, who call'd to see it openly and would needs hear some part of it read. I turn'd (as it had been by chance) to the beginning of the 45th canto—

Looke, how much higher Fortune doth erect
The clyming wight, on her unstable wheele,
So much the nigher may a man expect
To see his head where late he saw his heele
On t'other side, the more man is oppressed,
And utterly ov'rthrowne by Fortune's lowre,
The sooner comes his state to be redressed,
When wheele shal turne and bring the happy houre—

and some other passages of the book, which he seemed to like so well, that he solemnly swore his boys should read all the book over to him.

Then they fell to communication again, and calling me to him, the earl said that I should witness and tell my Lord Lieutenant, how against all his confederates' wills, Sir William had drawn him to a longer cessation, which he would never have agreed to, but in confidence of my lord's honourable dealing with him, for, saith he, 'now is my harvest time, now have my men their six weeks pay afore hand, that they have nothing to do but fight, and if I omit this opportunity, and you shall pre pare to invade me the mean time, I may be condemned for a fool.'

Also one pretty thing I noted, that the paper being drawn for him to sign, and his signing it with O'Neal, Sir William (though with very great difficulty) made him to new write it, and subscribe, Hugh Tyrone. Then we broke our fasts with him, and at his meat he was very merry, and it was my hap to thwart one of his priests in an argument, to which he gave reasonable good ear and some approbation. He drank to my lord's health, and bade me tell him he loved him, and acknowledged this cessation had been very honourably kept. He made likewise a solemn protestation that he was not ambitious, but sought only safety of his life and freedom of his conscience, without which he would not live, though the Queen would give him Ireland.

The epigram on carping writers is in the same metre as Raleigh's poem on Sidney (page 308) and rhymes as in the In Ventorian metre used by Lord Herbert of Cherbury. There is a Life of Harington by Sir Clements Markham in the Roxburghe Club edition (1880) of Harington's tract on James's right to succeed Elizabeth.

Sir Henry Wotton—famed less as a poet than as a diplomatist and man of the world in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I—was born at the ancestral seat, Boughton Place, Maidstone, 30th March 1568—After receiving his education at Winchester and New and Queen's Colleges, Oxford, where he became the intimate of Donne, he spent the years 1588–95 on the Continent—Bavaria, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, and France—and made the acquaintance of Beza and Casaubon. He

then attached himself to the service of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, but on his friend's fall from favour withdrew to France and Italy Having gained the friendship of King James of Scotland, when sent by the Duke of Florence to warn him of a plot to poison him, he was employed by James, on his ascending the English throne, as ambassador to Venice. A versatile and lively mind qualified Sir Henry in an eminent degree for this situation, of the duties of which we have his own idea in his well known definition of an ambassador as 'an honest man sent to he abroad for the good of his country' This was originally written in Latin in a friend's album in Germany (though one would think it must have been conceived in English, the pun being essentially English), the publication of it by the scurrilous controversialist Scioppius lost him the Ling's favour for a time. But he was employed as ambassador at Venice in 1604-19 and 1621-24. A mission to Vienna (1620) was with the hopeless attempt of making the policy of James I seem dignified in respect of the deadly struggle begun between his son-in law, the Elector Palatine, elected King of Bohemia, and the emperor James I 's cheap efforts at mediation were scouted by the emperor At Venice, Wotton was the friend of scholars like Paolo Sarpi, a connoisseur in all matters of art, a collector of pictures, a bountiful, public spirited, popular, and hospitable ambassador A sudden change of court favour lost him the Venetian embassy, his salary was in arrears, he was deep in debt, and without income or appointment, when by the mediation of Prince Charles he was made Provost of Eton (1624), having just before published The Elements of Architecture To qualify himself fully he took deacon's orders, and it was not without regretful longings for the great world he had left that he settled down to his duties at Eton, where he died in December 1639, in the seventy-second year of his While resident abroad, he embodied the result of his inquiries into political affairs in a work called The State of Christendom, or a most Exact and Curious Discovery of many Secret Passages and Hidden Mysteries of the Times This, however, was not printed till eighteen years after his death, like his Life of Buckingham and his 'parallel' between Essex and Buckingham - His writings were published in 1651, under the title of Reliquia Wottomanæ, prefaced by Izaak Walton's exquisite biography in miniature. Dr Hannah says none of his pieces has been traced to an earlier date than 1602, but about 1586, he wrote a lost tragedy, Tancredo He was a scholar and patron of men of letters, and his enthusiastic commendation of Milton's Comus-a copy of which the poet had sent to him - stands to his credit. Sir Henry was an easy, amiable man, an angler, and an 'undervaluer of money,' as Walton, who used to fish and converse with him, says Two of his poems are specially well known to lovers of seventeenthcentury verse

The Character of a Happy Life (c. 1614).

How happy is be born and taught.

That serveth not another's will,

Whose armour is his honest thought,

And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are, Whose soul is still prepar'd for death, Unit'd unto the World by care Of publick fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise, Nor vice hath ever understood, How deep-st wounds are given by praise, Nor rules of State, but rules of good

Who hath his life from rumours freed Whose conscience is his strong retreat, Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruine make Oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace then gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a Religious Book or Friend.

This man is freed from servile hands Of hope to rise or fear to fall Lord of himself, though not of Lands, And, having nothing, yet hath all

On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia (c. 1620).

You meaner Beauties of the Night,
That poorly satisfie our Eyes
More by your number than your light,
You Common people of the Skies,
What are you when the Sun shall rise?

You curious Chanters of the Wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your Voices understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall ruse?

You Violets that first appear
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the Rose is blown?

So, when my Mistriss shall be seen In Form and Beauty of her mind, By Vertue first, then Choice, a Queen Fell me if she were not designed Th' Eclipse and Glory of her kind?

The last quoted poem has been not unjustly described as an imperishable lyric. Other poems often cited are 'On a bank as I sate a fishing,' 'I'cars at the Grave of Sir Albertus Morton,' and the couplet on the death of the latter's wife.

He first deceas'd, she for a little tri'd to live without him liked it not, and di'd

His prose is perhaps hardly worthy of his varied powers, he beg in many things, and finished too few, being fire dious. But almost all his prosenthough it is unequal in style, and some laborrously corded passages contain little better than

commonplace-is enlivened by happy strokes of wit and real humour, quaint conceits (sometimes passing into artificiality), apt allusions, and the wisdom of a man of the world Amongst his prose pieces are a Survey of Education (unfinished), a tedious panegyric of Charles I, 'characters,' and aphorisms on education Characteristic was his advice to Milton, when he went to Italy, to 'keep his thoughts close, and his countenance loose,' and his recommendation to a young diplomatist 'that to be in sufety himself and serviceable to his country' he should always speak the truth, 'and by this means, your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account. and 'twill also put your Adversaries (who will still hunt counter) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.' Other famous sayings of his are that at Hastings 'the English would not run away and the Normans' could not . 'All that went for good and bad in Caesar was clearly his own, 'Great deservers do grow intolerable presumers,' and that 'hanging was the worst use a man could be put to'

Besides the Life by Walton prefixed to the Reliq uze Wottomanze, there is 'a biographical sketch by A. W Ward (new ed. 1900). Dyce edited his poenis in 1843, and Hannah in 1845, 1264, and 1875

Sir John Davies (1569-1626), lawyer, statesman, and poet, of good Wiltshire family, studied at Queen's College, Oxford Between 1594 and 1596, while a student of the Middle Temple, he published Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing, in a Dialogue between Penelope and one of her Wooers. in which he represents Penclope as declining to dance with Antinous, whereon Antinous lectures her upon the antiquity and universality of that elegant evercise, whose ments are described in verses partaking of the flexibility and grace of the This 'sudden rash half capreol of his subject wit,' as he called it, is in a seven-line stanza, obviously imitating Spenser, and is a harmonious poem in the conccit that natural phenomena have rhythmical motions and may be said to dance. The following is a fairly representative passage

And now behold your tender nurse, the Ayre,
And common neighbour, that aye runns around,
How many pictures and impressions faire
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your sences dauncing do propound,
For what are breath, speech, ecchoes, musicke, winds,
But dauncings of the ayre in sundry kinds?

I or when you breath, the ayre in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure trew,
And when you speake, so well she dauncing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand formes she doth herselfe endew
For all the words that from our hips repaire,
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the ayre.

Hence is her pratting daughter, Eccho, borne,

That daunces to all voyces she can heare

There is no sound so harsh that shee doth scorne,

Nor any time wherein shee will forheare

The agric pavement with her feet to weare

And yet her hearing sence is nothing quick, For after time she endeth every trick.

And thou, sweet Mus cke, dauncing's onely life,

The care's sole happinesse, the ayre's best speach,
Loads'one of fello vship, charming rod of strite,

The soft mind's Paradice, the sicke mind's leach,
With thine own tong thou trees and stones canst teach,

That when the aire doth dance her finest measure,

Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet
pleasure.

Lastly, where keepe the Winds their revelry,

Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hayes,
But in the ayre's traducint gallery?

Where shee herselfe is turned a hundreth wayes,
While with those maskers wantonly she playes

Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace

As two at once encomber not the place.

Fo 'dance the hay' is to dance in a ring Anticipations of thoughts in more than one modern author have been found in the verses on the tides that closely follow

For loc, the Sea that fleets about the Land,
And like a girdle clips her solide waist,
Musicke and measure both doth understand
For his great chrystall eye is alwayes east
Up to the Moone, and on her fixed fast
And as she daunceth in her pallid spheere
So daunceth he about the center hecre

Sometimes his proud greene waves in order set,
One after other flow into the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebbe away in order as before,
And to make knowne his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three forkt mace,
And with his armes the timorous earth embrace

The poem on dancing is said to have been written in fifteen days It was published in 1596, and the same year he showed a temper other than poetical by breaking his stick over the head of a fellow-Templar who had provoked him by mistimed raillery-oddly enough the same wit to whom he had dedicated his Orchestra Davies was promptly disburred, and was not readmitted till after imple apologies in 1601. His next venture was a new departure for the gay but chastened wit -his famous Aosce Teipsion, or Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, which, first published in 1599, presed through four other editions in the author's lifetime. Davies accompanied the commissioners who brought to James VI of Scotland the official announcement of Queen Elizabeth's death (not the unofficial Sir Robert Carey on his headlong ride), and James at once took the author of Aosce Teipsair anto high fi our. It was at this time that Bacon wrote to Davies the letter begging him to use his interest with the ling in favour of conceiled poets-whatever the term may have meant-of which the Bacon-Shakespeare faction make so much. James made Davies Solicitor General and Attorney General for Ireland, and knighted him, having been Speaker of the Irish Parliament, and i

shown great zeal in the plantation of Ulster, he returned to English law practice, sat for Newcastle in the House of Commons, and was King's Surgeant and nearly appointed Chief-Justice at his death.

Davies, especially in Nosce Feipsum, represents, life Donne, a complete revolt against the lovelyrics and pastorals of the earlier Elizabethans, but has most in common with the didactic poet Fulke Greville, Sidney's friend, who had more of the stuff of poetry within him than Davies. None Terpsium deals with subjects of profound interest in a philosophical rather than a poetical temper, many of the best passiges are cloquent, the plan is compact, and the argument logical. Campbell said 'In the happier parts of his poem we come to logical truths so well illustrated by ingenious similes, that we know not whether to call the thoughts more poetically or philosophically just. The judgment and fancy are reconciled, and the imagery of the poem seems to start more vividly from the surrounding shades of abstraction' The versification of the poem (long quatrains) was afterwards copied by D'Avenant and Dryden, and used by Gray in the Elegy Hallam said there was hardly a linguid verse, but there are few passages that have as much claim to be called poetry as these reasons for the soul's immortality

All moving things to other things doc move Of the same kind, which shows their nature such, So earth falls downe, and fire doth mount above, Till both their proper elements doc touch

And as the moysture which the thirstic earth Suckes from the sea to till her empty veins, From out her wombe at last doth take a birth, And runs a nymph along the grassic plames,

Long doth shee stay, as loth to leave the land, From whose soft side she first did issue make, Shee tastes all places turnes to every hand, Her flowry bankes unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streames doth lead and carry As that her course doth male no finall stay, Till she herselfe unto the sea doth marry, Within whose water bosome first she lay

E'en so the soule, which in this earthly mold. The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse, Because at first she doth the earth behold, And onely this materiall world she viewes.

At first her mother-earth she holdeth deare, And doth embrace the world and worldly thin, 3, She flies close by the ground, and hovers here, And mounts not up with her celestiall wings

Yet under heaven she cannot light on ought. That with her heaven! nature doth agree, She cannot rest, she cannot fix ler thought, the cannot in this world contented because the same transfer in the

For who did ever je, in honour, v calih, Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find? Who ever ceased to with when he had hearth, Or having wisdon a was not vext in an d?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall, Which seems sweet flowers, with Is tre fresh as d 3-9,

She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all, But, pleasd with none, doth rise and soare away

So, when the soulc finds here no true content, And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take, She doth returne from whence she first was sent, And flies to him that first her wings did make

Davies also wrote a series of Hymns is Astrea in acrostics to the glory of Ellis i Betha Regi (a, and some of his shorter poems were printed in Davison's Riftsofy and other collections. He wrote in prose on law subjects and the state of Ireland and edited in the vortain French still current a collection of Cues et matters in Ley resist as and adjudges in let Courts del Roy en cest Realme [Le, Ireland]. His wife Lady Eleanor Davies also a poetess, turned prophetess on the strength of the anagram on her name Reveal O Daniel, and was not cired by the counter anagram of the witty Dean of Arches, Never so mul a ladie! Sir John's works were printed by Grosart in the 'Fuller Worthes (3 vols. 1869-76) the complete poems in the 'Old English Poets (2 vols. 1876)

John Davies of Hereford (1565?-1618), poet, was of Welsh descent, and is sometimes spoken of as the Welsh poet. He became famous as a writing master, and practised this profession in Oxford and London But he found time to write a vast number (too great!) of poems, longer and shorter, on sacred, philosophical, and other themes, eclogues, elegies, and eulogies, for the most part in a very tedious manner. Mirum in Modum discusses in verse God's glory and the soul's shape, Murgeosmus deals with psychology Some of his sonnets are good, and there was a noted poem on The Picture of an Happy Man, full of antitheses of the nature of solemn puns, and beginning thus

How blest is he though ever crost that can all Crosses Blessings make, That findes himself ere he be lost, and lose that found for Vertues sake.

Yer blest is he in life and death, that feares not Death nor loves this Life, That sets his Will his will beneath, and hath continuall feace in strife

and ends

This Man is great with little state,

Lord of the World epitomiz'd,

Who with staid Front outfaces Fate,
and being emptie is suffic'd,

Or is suffic'd with little, sith at least

He makes his Conscience a continual Feast

His poems fill two large quarto volumes of Dr Alexander B. Grosart's 'Chertsey Worthes Library (1973).

Sir Robert Circy, or Cara, first Earl of Monmouth (c 1560–1639), wrote one of the earliest autobiographics in the language fighth son of Lord Hunsdon, he served upon several embassies, fought by land and sea, was a warden of the Border marches, was knighted by Essex in 1591, and become Baron of Leppington in 1622, Earl of Monmouth in 1626. His interesting Memoirs s are adited by the Earl of Cork and Orrers in 1759, and by Scott in 1808. In 1589 Carey walked for a wiger from London to Berwick (342 miles) in ti clic days, and won £2000, in March 1603 he rode from near London to Edinburgh in about aixt hours, to bring the news of Queen Elizabeth's death to James VI, in direct defiance of the orders of the Government, who were preparing to despatch a dignified and formal commission, which arrived two days after Carey (see page 395)

A Scottish Raider

There was a favourite of Sir Robert Car's, a great thief, called Geordic Bourne. This gallant, with some of his associates, would in a bravery come and take goods in the East March I had that night some of the garrison abroad. They met with this Geordie and his fellows, driving of cattle before them. The garrison set upon them, and with a shot killed Geordie Bourne's uncle, and he himself, bravely resisting, till he was sore hurt in the head, was taken. After he was taken, his pride was such as he asked who it was that durst arow that night's work? But when he heard it was the garrison, he was then more quiet. But so powerful and awful was this Sir Robert Car and his favourites, as there was not a gentleman in all the East March that durst offend them. Presently after he was taken, I had most of the gentlemen of the March come to me, and told me that now I had the ball at my foot, and might bring Sir Robert Car to what condition I pleased, for that this man's life was so near and dear unto him, as I should have all that my heart could desire for the good and quiet of the country and myself, if upon any condition I would give him his life I heard them and their reasons, notwithstanding, I called a jury the next morning, and he was found guilty of March treason Then they feared that I would cause him to be executed that afternoon, which made them come flocking to me, humbly intreating me that I would spare his life till the next day and if Sir Robert Car came not himself to me, and made me not such proffers as I could not but accept, that then I should do with him what I pleased And further, they told me plainly that if I should execute him before I had heard from Sir Robert Car, they must be forced to quit their houses and fly the country, for his fury would be such against me and the March I commanded, as he would use all his power and strength to the utter destruction of the East March They were so earnest with me that I gave them my word he should not die that day There was post upon post sent to Sir Robert Car, and some of them rode to him themselves to advertise him in what danger Geordie Bourne was how he was condemned, and should have been executed that afternoon, but by their humble suit I gave them my word that he should not die that day, and therefore besought him that he would send to me with all the speed he could, to let me know that he would be the next day with me, to offer me good conditions for the safety of his life. When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveries, and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me in their liveries, and we three, as the Warden's men, came to the Provost Marshal's, where Bourne was, and were let into his chamber sat down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend, and that we were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life voluntarily of himself said, that he had lived long enough to do so many villanies as he had done, and withal told us that he had lain with above forty men's wives, what in England, what in Scotland, and that

he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murdering them that he had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort of his soul. We promised him to let our master know his desire, who, we knew, would presently grant it. We took our leaves of him, and presently I took order that Mr Selby, a very worthy honest preacher, should go to him, and not stir from him till his execution the next morning for after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should save his life, and so took order that at the gates opening the next morning he should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed.

The Sir Robert Car of Carey's story was Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, warden-depute of the Middle Marches in 1594 who played a conspicuous part in the stirring history of the time. He was himself put in ward as a raider by Lord Hunsdon had to dwith more slaughters than one was more than once denounced a rebel and had to fiee his country but in 1600 was created Lord Roxburghe, and in 1616 Earl of Roxburghe.

The Dying of Queen Elizabeth.

I took my journey about the end of the year 1602 When I came to court, I found the Queen ill disposed, and she kept her inner lodging, yet she, hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her, I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety, and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well,' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days, and inher discourse, she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in this plight, for in all my lifetime before, I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many tears and sighs, manifesting her innocence, that she never gave consent to the death of that Queen.

I used the best words I could, to persuade her from this melancholy humour, but I found by her it was too deep rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command, that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning The next day, all things being in a readiness, we long expected her coming After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms came out, and bade make ready for the private closet, she would not go to the great There we stayed long for her coming, but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy chamber hard by the closet door, and there she heard service. From that day forwards, she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her, either to take any sustenance, or go to bed. The Queen grew worse and worse, because she would be so, none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed. My Lord Admiral was sent for, (who, by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented himself some fortnight from court,) what by fair means, what by force, he got her to bed. There was no hope of her recovery, because she refused all remedies

On Wednesday, the 23d of March, she grew speech

That afternoon, by signs, she called for her council, and by putting her hand to her head, when the king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her About six at night she made signs for Archbishop Whitgift and her chaplains to come to her, at which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees full of tears to see that heavy sight Her Majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith, and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes, and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to, and though she had been long a great Queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of After this he began to pray, and all that were by After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her, and The Queen made a sign meant to rise and leave her with her hand. My sister Scroop knowing her meaning, told the bishop the Queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half hour after, and then thought to leave her The second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer. He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit, as the Queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat, and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but her women that attended her

This that I heard with my ears, and did see with my eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth, upon the faith of a Christian, because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady

Francis Meres (1565-1647) is often quoted as an authority on the literary history of this period in virtue of his Palladis Tanna He was sprung of good old Lincolnshire stock, studied at Cambridge, became M.A. of both universities, and from 1602 was rector of Wing, in Rutland He published one or two religious works, but is only remembered for the Palladis Tamia, which is not so much a book, or, as he calls it, 'a comparative discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets,' as a meagre catalogue raisonné, in which English authors from Chaucer's day to his own time are in a sentence or short paragraph characterised and linked with some Greek, classical Latin, or modern Latin poet to whom Meres thought they presented an analogy Some of the remarks are sensible, some really pregnant, many jejune and pointless to a degree, occasionally there is only a mere scrap of biographical fact. Sir Philip Sidney is 'our rarest poet,' and the Arcadia 'his immortal poem' Than Spenser's Faerie Queene 'he knows not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written' The next may be quoted in full

As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey tongued Shakespeare Witness

h.s I enus und Adonis, his Lucrice, his sugared sonnets among his private friends, etc.

As Plantu, and Seneca are accounted the best forcornedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare
among the English is the most excellent in both kinds
of the stage. For comedy, witness his Gentlemen of
Verona his Errors, his Love's Labour's Lost, his
Love's Labour's Won [All's Well that Ends Well],
his Midsurimer Nigh's Driam, and his Merchint of
Venue. For tragedy his Richard II, Richard III,
Many IV, King John, Trus Androneus, and his
Romeo and Juliet. As Epius Stolo [so in Meres really
the grammarian Achies Stilo, who flourished about 100
it...] said that the muses would speak with Plantus's
tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the
muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase
if they were to speak English

But the paragraph immediately preceding says that Warner, in Albion's England, 'hath most admirably penned the history of his own country,' that Meres had heard the best wits of both universities style him the English Homer, and Meres adds that (this is Meres's own judgment), 'as Euripides is the most sententious among the Greek poets, so is Warner among our English poets'! The conclusion of the literary survey is

As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain rival of his, so Christopher Marlow was stabbed to death by a baudy serving man, a rival of his in his lewd love.

Then follows a still more meagre list of English punters and English musicians, named as before with their classical prototypes. Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, and John de Creetes in England, 'very funous for their painting,' correspond to Apelles, Zeuvis, and Parrhasius in Greece!

Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury, was published in 1598, being the second volume of a series of which the first (1597) was called Politeuphina, Wit's Commonwealth (apophtheyms, &c) Two other little volumes completed the series, otherwise unimportant. Tamia is a Greek word for 'treasury'

Gervise Markham (1568?-1637) has been reputed 'the first English hackney writer,' and was believed to have imported the first Arab horse into I ngland. His industry as author, translator, and compiler was enormous, and his work was, some of it, distinctly meritorious, is well as advantageous to the kingdom. He served in the Low Country wars and in Ireland before, about 1593, he settled down to miscellineous writing. In 1595 he published his poem (174 eight line stanzis) on the battle of the Revenze, some of its phrises reappear in Tennyson's (more condensed) story He versified the Song of Solomon, and wrote poems describing the feelings of St John and Mary Magdalene at the loss of their Lord, and he wrote a lengthy conunuation of Sir Philip Sidney's Ircadia He also translated from the Italian, and had a share in two drumas But his principal work was in prosemuch of it very pedestrum prose, though elsewhere quant and not unhout ments of its own. The Descourse of Horsemansnippe (1593) was the first of eight or nine separate publications (though constantly repeating themselves, according to his fashion) on horses and farriery The Young Sportsman's Instructor is one of many books on archery, fowling, angling, cock fighting, and hawking and Country Contentments (1611) passed bunting through a dozen editions, its second part, The English Huswife, being also separately reissued The English Husbandman (3 parts, 1613-15) and Cheap and Good Husbandry (1611, 13th ed. 1676) are two out of many books on farming and improving land. Then there was also a series of books on soldiering and military exercises with this record, he left works which yet remain in Country Contentments thus discourses 'Of Angling, the Vertue, Use and Antiquity'

Since Pleasure is a Rapture, or power in this last Age stoln into the hearts of men, and there lodged up with such careful guard and attendance, that nothing is more Supreum, or ruleth with greater strength in their affections, and since all are now become the Sons of Pleasure, and every good is measured by the delight it produceth what work unto men can be more thankful then a discourse of that pleasure which is most comely, most honest, and giveth the most liberty to Divine Meditation? and that without all question is the Art of Angling, which having ever been most hurtlesly necessary, hath been the sport or Recreation of Gods Saints, of most holy lathers, and of many Worth, and Reverend Divines, both dead and at this time breathing

For the use thereof (in its own true and unabused nature) carrieth in it neither covetousness, deceit, nor anger, the three main spirits which ever (in some ill measure) rule in all other pastimes, neither are alone predominant without the attendance of their several hand maids, as Theft, Blasphemy, or Bloodshed, for in Dice play, Cards, Bowls, or any other sport, where money is the goal to which mens minds are directed, what can mans avaried there be accounted other then a familiar Robbery, each seeking by deceit to couzen and spoyl others of the blisse of meanes which God hath bestowed to support them and their families?

But in this Art of Angling there is no such evil, no such sinful violence, for the greatest thing it coveteth is for much labour a little I ish, hardly so much as will sufnce Nature in a reasonable stomach for the Angler must intice, not command his reward, and that which is worthy millions to his contentment, another may buy for a great in the Market. His deceit worketh not upon men, but upon those Creatures whom it is lawful to beguile for our honest Recreations or needful use, and for all rage and fury it must be so great a stranger to this civil pastime, that if it come but within view or speculation thereof, it is no more to be esteemed a picasure For every proper good thereof in the very instant faileth, shewing unto all men that will undergo any delight therein, that it was first invented, taught, and shall for ever be maintained by Patience only And yet I may not say, only Patience, for her other three Sisters have lil cuise a commanding in this exercise, for Justice directeth and appointeth out those places where men may with liberty use their sport, and neither do injury to their Neighbours, nor incur the censure of in Temperance layeth down the measure of the

action, and moderateth desire in such good proportion that no Excess is found in the over flow of their affections. Lastly, Fortitude enableth the Mind to undergo the travail and exchange of Weathers with a healthful ease, and not to despair with a little expense of time, but to persevere with a constant imagination in the end to obtain pleasure and satisfaction

Now for the Antiquity thereof (for all pleasures, like Gentry, are held to be most excellent, which is most ancient) it is by some Writers said to be found out by Deucation and Pyrrha his Wife after the general Flood Others write, It was the invention of Saturn, after the Peace concluded betwixt him and his Brother Titan And others, That it came from Belus the Son of Nimrod who first invented all holy and vertuous Recreations. And all these though they savour of fiction, yet they differ not from truth, for it is most certain, that both Deucalior, Saturn, and Belus are taken for figures of Noah and his family, and the invention of the Art of Angling is truly said to come from the sons of Seth, of which Noah was most principal. Thus you see it is good, as having no coherence with evil worthy of use, in as much as it is mixt with a delightful profit and most antient, as being the Recreation of the first Patriarchs, Wherefore now I will proceed to the Art it self, and the means to attain it.

Now for your Lines, you shall understand that they are to be made of the strongest, longest, and best grown Horse haire that can be got, not that which groweth on his Main, nor upon the upper part or setting on of his tayl, but that which groweth from the middle and inmost part of his dock, and so extendeth it self down to the ground, being the biggest and strongest hairs about the Horse neither are these hairs to be gathered from poor, lean and diseased Jades of little price or value, but from the fattest, soundest, and proudest Horse you can find, for the best Horse hath ever the best hair, neither would your hairs be gathered from Nags, Mares, or Geldings, but from ston'd Horses only, of which the black hair is the worst, the white or gray best, and other colours indifferent. Those Lines which you make for small fish, as Gudgeon, Whiting or Menew, would be composed of three hairs those which you make for Pearch or Trout would be of five hairs, and those for the Chub or Barbel would be of seven. To those of three hairs, you shall add one thread of silk, To those of five, two threads of silk, and to those of seven, three threads of silk. You shall twist your hairs neither too hard nor too slack, but even so as they may twind and couch close one within another, and no more, without either snarling or gaping one from another, the end you shall fasten together with a fishers knot, which is your ordinary fast knots, foulded four times about, both under and above, for this will not loose in the water, but being drawn close together, will continue, when all other knots will fail, for a hair being smooth and stiff, will yield and go back, if it be not artificially drawn together Your ordinary line would be between three and four fadom in length, yet for as much as there are diversities in the length of rods, in the depth of waters, and in the places of standing to angle in, it shall be good to have lines of divers lengths, and to take those which shall be littest for your purpose.

See the articles by Sir Clements Markham in the Dictionary of Vational Biography, Arber's reprint (1871) of the Revenge poem, and Grosart's edition (1871) of the poems on St John and Mary Magdalene's lamentations. Thomas Stoler (1571–1604), a Londoner, studied at Christ Church, became notable as a poet, and wrote a long poem in seven line decasyllabic stanzas on the Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinall (1599), Malone thought that this work might, as well as Cavendish's Life, have helped to mould the conception and wording of the drama of Henry VIII But even without that it is inevitable that the drama, which obviously follows Cavendish's words at times, should also present reflections in some measure parallel to such as these from Storer

Perchance the tenor of thy mourning verse
May leade some pilgrim to my toomblesse grave,
Where neither marble monument nor hearse
The passenger's attentive view may crave,
Which honors now the meanest persons have,
But well is me where e'er my ashes lie,
If one teare drop from some religious eie

Seek'st thou for fame? hee's best that least is knowne.
Or prince's favours? that's no common grant.
Serv'st thou for wealth? a courtier knows his owne
Or for degree? preferment waxeth scant
Want'st thou to live? no hell to courtiers want.
O rather yet embrace thy private lot
With honest fame and riches purely got.

Looke how the God of Wisedom marbled stands
Bestowing laurel wreaths of dignitie
In Delphos Isle, at whose unpartiall hands
Hang antique scrolles of gentle herauldrie,
And at his fecte ensignes and trophies lie
Such was my state, whom every man did follow
As living statue of the great Apollo

If once we fall, we fall Colossus like,
We fall at once like pillars of the sunne,
They that betweene our stride their sailes did strike,
Making us sea markes where their shippe did runne,
Even they that had by us their treasure wonne,
Rise as we may by moderate degrees,
If once we stoope, they'll bring us on our knees

Richard Bainfield (1574-1627) studied at Oxford, and while he was yet a young man settled on his estate in Staffordshire. His works are three small volumes of poetry, The Affectionate Shep herd (1594), Cynthia, with Certain Sonnets, and the Legend of Cassandra (1595), and a collection, The Encomion of Lady Pecunia, &c. (1598) large measure of the melodiousness and sonority so strangely common to the Elizabethans, but he is best known from the two pieces believed to be his, printed as by Shakespeare, in the miscellany called The Passionate Pilgrim (see page 257) These pieces-both from his last volume-are the ode, 'As it fell upon a day,' and the sonnet, 'If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,' and Professor Saintsbury still hints that 'As it fell' is much above Barnfield's usual level and really very like Grosart (1876) and Arber (1882) in Shakespeare their editions of Barnfield denounce Collier's view that it is really two odes and is by Shakespeare

As it fell upon a day. In the merne month of May. Sitting in a plea ant shade. Which a grove of myrtles made, Beastes did leape, and birds did sing. Trees did grow, and plants did spring, Everything did banish mone, Sa e the Nightin, ale alone She, poor bird, as all forlorne, Lean'd her breast up till a thorne. And there sung the doleful'st ditty, That to heare it was great pitty 'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry, 'Teru, teru,' by and by, That, to hear her so complaine, Scarce I could from teares refraine. For her griefes so lively showne Made me thinke upon mine owne Ah! (thought I) thou mourn st in vaine, None takes pitty on thy paine Senselesse trees, they cannot heare thee Ruthlesse beares, they will not cheer thee. King Pandion, hee is dead, All thy friends are lapt in lead. All thy fellow birds doc singe, Carclesse of thy sorrowing !

Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled, Thou and I were both beguiled. Everie one that flatters thee Is no friend in miserie. Words are easi., like the winde. Faithfull friends are hard to finde Evene man will bee thy friend Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend, But if store of crownes be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigall, Bountifull they will him call, And with such like flattering, 'Pitty but hee were a king' If he be addict to vice. Quickly him they will intice, If to women hee be bent, They have at commaundement. But if fortune once doe frowne. Then farewell his great renowne? They that fawn'd on him before Use his company no more Hee that is thy friend indeed, Hee will helpe thee in thy neede, If thou sorrowe, her will weepe, If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe Thus of everie gnese in heart He vith thee doth beare a part These are certaine signes to knowle Faithfull friend from flatt'ring foe.

Sonnet to R. L.

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agrice As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother), Then must the love be great twixt thee and mee, Because thou lov'st the one and I the other Dowland to thee is deare, whose heavenly touch Upon the lute do h ravish humaine sense. Spenser to mee, whose deepe conceit is such as paising all conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lov'st to heare the sweete melodious sound That Pho.bus lute, the Queene of Musique, makes And I in deepe delight am chiefly drownd Whenas himselfe to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets faigne,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remaine.

It should be noted that the reference in the ode to Pandion father of Philomela and Procne, brings in a very unmistakable echo of Spenser For in the Shefherd's Calendar Cuddy lamented

And great Augustus long agoe is dead, And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead That matter made for poets on to play

Thomas Campion (c. 1575-1620), physician, musician, and poet, was born at Witham, in Essex, studied at Cambridge and abroad, left Gray's Inn and the law for medicine, and practised as MD in London for the rest of his life, but found time to compose much good music and to write four masques and a large number of admirable lyrics. His first publication was a book of Latin epigrams (1595, enlarged, 1619), another was Observations on the Art of Poesie (1602), in which he, a born lyrist, advocated unrhymed verse, and a third was a small treatise on counterpoint. But it is as a writer of masques, and especially of lyrics, that he is best known. Some of his best songs are in his masques, others in a series of song-books or Bookes of Ayres, the first edited by Rosseter in 1601, the third about 1617 The greater number of the best were actually written to music, usually his own, and are admirably singable. He was the contemporary of both Sidney and of Ben Jonson, and, like Jonson, is a connecting-link between Elizabethans and Jacobeans Noteworthy is it. as Mr Gosse has pointed out, that he sang before Donne had exercised his masterful and disturbing influence on English poetry His note is all his own, but in its peculiar combination of gracefulness and unstudied art has been compared with Fletcher's, Carew's, and Herrick's evidently knew Campion's verse, and showed this in his own working out of suggestions from Campion's 'Cherry Ripe'

Now Winter Nights Enlarge.

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their houres,
And clouds their stormes discharge
Upon the ayrie towies.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well tun'd words amaze
With harmonic divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall vaite on hunny love,
While youthfull Revels, Masks, and Courtly sights,
Sleepe's leaden spels remove

This time doth well dispence
With lovers' long discourse,
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse
All doe not all thing, well,
Some measures comely tread,

Some knotted Ridles tell,
Some Poems smoothly read.
The Summer hath his joyes,
And Winter his delights,
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toyes,
They shorten tedious nights.

Cherry Ripe.

There is a Garden in her face,
Where Roses and white Lillies grow,
A heav'nly paradice is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits doe flow
There Cherries grow which none may buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry

Those Cherries fayrely doe enclose
Of Orient Pearle a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter showes,
They look like Rose buds fill d with snow
Yet them nor Peere nor Prince can buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry

Her Eyes like Angels watch them still,
IIer Browes like bended bowes doe stand
Threatning with piercing frownes to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry

To Lesbia.

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deedes reprove,
Let us not way them heaven's great lampes doe dive
Into their west, and strait again revive
But soone as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleepe one ever during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like mee,
Then bloudie swords and armour should not be,
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleepes should move,
Unles alarme came from the campe of love
But fooles do live, and wast their little light,
And seeke with paine their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends, Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends, But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come And with sweet pastimes grace my happie tombe And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light, And crown with love my ever-during night.

This poem, like Jonson's 'Come, my Celia' (page 409), is suggested by, rather than imitated from, the *Vivamus*, mea Lesbia, et Amemus of Catullus Campion wrote songs of mourning on the death of Prince Henry in 1612, like so many of his contemporaries, but wis happier in his Divine and Moral Songs

The first verse of 'When the god of merric love' presents a very potable parallel to Burns's autobiographical 'Rantin' Rovin' Robin'

As yet in his cradle lay,
Thus his wither'd nurse did say
'Thou a wanton boy wilt prove
To deceive the powers above,

For by thy continual smiling I see thy power of beguling'

In Burns's song it is the 'gossip' who 'keeks in the lufe' of the new born Robin and foretells his character, especially his devotion to women and his fascination over them.

The best of his masques, performed at White-hall on Twelfth Night 1606-7 in honour of the marriage of Sir James Hay, is usually called 'The Lord Hayes Masque.' 'The Lord's Masque' celebrated in 1613 the more notable marriage of the Elector Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth A third (1613) was performed before the queen at Caversham House on a progress to Bath, the fourth had for its occasion the ill omened wedding of Somerset and his paramour, the divorced and infamous Countess of Essex (also 1613)

Renewed interest in Campion who had long been forgotten, is due wholly to Mr A. H. Bullen's edition of him in 1889. A good selection was published by Mr Ernest Rhys in 1896—a smaller selection of fifty of his songs appeared in the same year

Ben Jonson.

Ben Jonson, the most conspicuous and accomplished dramatist after Shakespeare, was rarely called Benjamin in his own days, and never has been since. Thomas Heywood said in 1635

And Jonson, though his learned pen Was dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben

And of the sixty Johnsons in the Dictionary of National Biography he is, with the doubtful exception of a sixteenth century Latin poet, the only one who preferred the contracted form of the family name. He was, according to his own account, the grandson of a gentleman from Carlisle—originally, he believed, from Annandalc -whose son (Ben's father) lost his estate and became a minister in Westminster Ben, whose early years were full of hardship and vicissitude, was born some nine years after Shakespeare -in 1572-73. His father died a month before Ben's birth, and his mother marrying again, Ben was brought from Westminster School and put to the bricklayer's craft of his stepfather liking the trade, he enlisted as a soldier and served in the Low Countries He challenged and killed one of the enemy in single combat, in the view of both armies, and ever after reverted with pride to his conduct as a soldier says he entered St John's College, Cambridge, but there is no evidence that either before or after his military escapade he was enrolled of the university-for, about the age of twenty, he is found married, and an actor in London. He made his début at a low theatre near Clerkenwell, and, as his opponents afterwards reminded him, failed completely as an actor His wife was 'virtuous, but a shrew,' and they lived apart for a number of years None of the children survived their father As early 15 1595 he was engaged writing for the stage, either by himself or conjointly with others He quarrelled with

another performer, killed his antagonist in some kind of fight or duel, and being imprisoned, pled guilty, and was released through benefit of clergy. At this time he became a Roman Catholic, and did not return to the Anglican communion for twelve years. On regaining his liberty, he produced, in 1596, his Every Van in his Humour, which, revised, was brought out at the Globe Theatre in 1598. Shakespeare, who was one of the performers, had produced some of his finest comedies by this

time, but Jonson wis no imitator of his great rival Ionson opened a new line in the drama he felt his strength, and the public cheered him on with its Queen plaudits Llizabeth patron ised the new poet, and ever afterwirds he was 'a m in of mark and likelihood' In 1599 appeared I very Man out of his Humo ir, less notable than predecessor Conthua's Revels and the Postaster followed, and the fierce rivalry and contention which clouded Jonson's after-life fairly begun. He had attacked Marston and Dekker, two of his brotherdramatists, in

these plays (see page 423) Dekker replied with spirit in his Satiromastix, and Ben was silent for two years, 'living upon one Townsend, and scorning the world, as is recorded in the diary of a contemporary. In 1603 he tried 'if tragedy had a more kind aspect,' and produced his classical drama Sejanus Shortly after the accession of king James, a comedy called East-vard Hie was written conjointly by Jonson, Chap man, and Marston Some passages in this piece reflected on the Scottish nation, and the matter was represented to the king by one of his courtiers -Sir James Murry -in so strong a light that the authors were thrown into prison, and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses. They were not tried, and when Ben was set at liberty he gie an entertainment to his friends-Selden and Camden being of the number. His mother was I

present on this joyous occasion, and was reported to have produced a paper of poison which she intended to give her son in his liquor, rather than that he should submit to personal mutilation and disgrace, and another dose which she meant afterwards to have taken herself. Jonson's own conduct in this affair was spirited. He had no considerable share in the composition of the piece, and was, besides, in such favour that he would not have been molested, 'but this did not satisfy him,'



BLN IONSON

After the National Portrait Gallery old copy of the Portrait by Gerard Honthorst.

savs Gifford. 'and he, there fore, with a high sense of honour. voluntarily accompanied his two friends to prison, determined to share their fate' Wι cannot now be certain what precisely was the deadly satire that moved the patriotic indignation of James, it was doubtless soft ened before pub lication, but in some copies of Eastward Hoe (1605) there 15 2 passage in which the Scots are said to be 'dispersed over the face of the whole earth,' and the dramatist sarcastically adds 'But as for them, there are no greater friends

to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world, than they are, and, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there [1 e. had been transported to Virginial, for we are all one countrymen now, you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here' The offended nationality of James must have been laid to rest by subse quent adulation in court-masques, in which Jonson eulogised the conceited monarch as destined to raise the glory of England higher than Elizabeth! Jonson's three great comedies, Volpone, or the Fox, Epicane, or the Silent Woman, and The Ilchemist, were his next serious labours, his second classical tragedy, Catiline, appeared in His fame had now reached its zenith, but he produced several other comedies and a vast number of masques, learned pageants, and court entertainments ere his star began visibly to decline. In 1618 he made a journey on foot to Scotland, where he had many friends. He was well received by the Scottish gentry, wrote a poem on Edinburgh (now lost), and meditated a pastoral or fisher play with its scene laid on Loch Lomond—which he did not visit but had described to him The last of his visits was made to Drummond of Hawthornden, with whom he lived three weeks, and Drummond kept notes of his conversation, which were long after communicated to the world. Drummond entered in his journal the following very candid friend's character of Ben himself

'He is a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth, a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth, thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done, he is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep, vindictive, but if well answered, at himself, for any religion, as being versed in both, interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst, oppressed with fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets'

This character is far from flattering, and though doubtless unconsciously surcharged (owing to the recluse habits and staid demeanour of Drummond), is probably substantially correct. Inured to hardships and to a free, boisterous life in his early days, Jonson contracted a marked roughness of manner and habits of intemperance Priding himself immoderately on his classical acquirements, he was apt to slight and condemn his less learned associates, he was, and shows himself in his works, somewhat provokingly self-complacent, while the conflict between his limited means and his love of social pleasures rendered him severe and saturnine in temper Whatever he did was done with labour, and hence was highly appraised His contemporaries seemed fond by himself of mortifying his pride, and he was often at war with actors and authors With the celebrated architect, Inigo Jones, who was joined with him in the management of the court masques, Jonson waged a long and bitter feud. The old story that he was so jealous of Shakespeare as to be 'maligmant' towards him it is impossible to reconcile with his own words, but it had been constantly reaffirmed, with the support of proofs from words and allusions in the plays perverted to that sense, until Gifford annihilated the contention by an examination of the so-called 'proofs' When his better nature prevailed, Jonson was capable of a generous warmth of friendship, and of just discrimination of génius and character

By James I Jonson was appointed court-poet or laureate, and a little later he seems to have

refused the honour of knighthood His literary reputation, his love of conviviality, and his colloquial powers now made his society much courted, and he became the centre of a band of wits Walter Raleigh had founded a club, known to all posterity as the Mermaid Club, at which Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets had exercised themselves with 'wit-combats' more sparkling than their wine. Fuller says 'Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man ofwar Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his Shakespeare, with the English performances man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention' Another of their haunts was the Falcon Tavern, near the theatre in Bankside, Southwark. This society was now disbanded, but in a circle of younger contemporaries Jonson was a kind of venerated chief, a literary dictator, a Great Cham of the world of wits. The younger poets were mostly his 'sons,' or were 'sealed of the tribe of Ben'-Carew, Shackerley Marmion, Brome, Herrick, Cleveland, Suckling, and many others. The later days of Jonson were dark and Attacks of palsy confined him to his house, and his necessities compelled him to write for the stage when his pen had lost its vigour and his work lacked the charm of novelty In 1629 he produced his comedy the New Inn, which was damned by the audience. The king sent him a present of £100, and raised his laureate pension to the same sum per annum, adding a yearly tierce of Canary Next year, however, we find Jonson, in an Epistle Mendicant, soliciting assistance from the Lord-Treasurer He continued writing to the last Dryden styled the later works of Jonson his dolages, some are certainly unworthy of him, but the Sad Shepherd, which he left unfinished, exhibits the poetical spontaneity of a youthful creation. He died on the 6th of August 1637, and was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey The political confusions that followed prevented the erection of a sumptuous monument, but on the slab which covers his remains a visitor subsequently caused to be engraved the memorable epitaph, 'O RARL BEN IONSON!'

Jonson founded a style of regular English comedy, massive, of permanent interest, yet not very attractive in its materials. His works consist of about fifty dramatic pieces, but by far the greater part are masques and interludes. His principal comedies are four in number—Every Man in his Humour, Volpone, the Silent Woman, and the Alchemist. After them come Bartholomew Fair, The Devil is an Ass, and The Staple of News. Jonson came forward with a conscious and deliberate intention—fully indicated in the

Prologue to Every Man it has Hunoir-to revolutionise English dramatic art. His work towards the effectual carrying out of his scheme is conscious, iggressive, unmistakable. Shakespeare, a more conspicuously original genius, he did not, could not, sympathetically enter into other men's labours. He had formed a definite theory of his irt, and to that he resolutely adhered, deleting is soon as might be the contributions by others to Sejanus and any other of his plays disappro es the rhetoric of the Senecan plays, he disapproves even more the crudeness of the popular tragedy and the popular contedy. Strong -too strong-delineation of character is the most stril ing feature in Jonson's comedies, many of which might be called 'psychological dramas' The voluptuous Volpone is drawn with great breadth and freedom, and generally his portraits of eccentric characters-men in whom some pecularity or humour, as he called it, has grown to in egregious excess-are impressive as well as ludicrous. His scenes and characters show the labour of the artist, of the artist with rich resources, in acute and vigorous intellect, great knowledge of life, down to its lowest haunts, wit, a wealth of lofty declamation, and a power of dramatising his knowledge and observation with singular skill and effect. He was one of the most learned men of his time Sejanus and Catiline show conscientious and scholarly research, as well as dramatic power and skilful characterisation, but his pedantry is often misplaced and even ridiculous He frequently denounces the devices of some contemporaries as bad taste and base pandering to love of popularity Cynthia's Revels, it once allegorical and satirical, amorphous and tedious, is an appeal against prevailing bad taste to the principles of taste and criticism. His comic theatre is a gallery of strange, clever, original portraits, powerfully drawn and skilfully disposed, but many of them repulsive in expression or so exaggerated as to look like caricatures or libels on humanity We have little deep passion or winning tenderness to link the beings of his drama with those we love or admire, or to make us sympathise with them as actual men and women Alike in his satire and his comedy Ben Jonson deals too often with figures who are neither flesh and blood nor men of like passions with ourselves, but with personified ibstrictions, single ideas half incarnated, visualised conceptions illustriting bu one engagerited eccentricity, who are accordingly not even types or conventional chiracters. There is the mouthing briggidocio who does nothing but mouth, the silly toady who is niught clse in the world, the doting husband who is for ever doting on a senseless, exacting wile, and dotes to an extent that is wholly merchble Then again and again we have the court or who is a more object hanger on, the fop who is little but the framework for fine clothes, and he took her top who can only imitate the

other fops. It should be added, however, that braggadocios, dotards, fops, and toadies can all talk-talk copiously, cloquently, learnedly, forcibly, and wittily, though in the end they become tiresome, masmuch as there is too often next to no intelligible plot. Amidst the flood of clever talk, the play does not seem to advance, and one is irritated to find in a new play the old characters repeating themselves under other names Bobadill of Every Man reappears with little qualification as Tucca in the Poctaster, and Albius is Deliro reproduced rather to the general confusion. But when the great artist escapes entirely from his elaborate wit and personified humours into the region of fancy —as in the lyrical passages of Cynthia and the whole pastoral of the Sad Shepherd-we are struck with the contrast it exhibits to his ordinary manner He thus presents two natures one hard, rugged, gross, and sarcastic—'a mountain belly and a rocky fice,' as he described his own person, the other airy, fanciful, and graceful, as if its possessor had never combated with the world and its wild passions, but nursed his intellect and fancy in poetical seclusion and contemplation

Every Man in his Humour has a place of its own in dramatic literature, Professor Ward regards it as 'the first important comedy of character produced on the English stage,' in which, with a too slight plot, Jonson gives us a curiously interesting group of personages marked out by their eccentricities, peculiarities, or 'humours.' Every Man out of his Humour, an over-elaborate sequel, works out the theory that every humour is curable by its own excess 'Humour' he thus defines for himself

In every human body
The choler, melancholy, phlegm and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may by metaphor apply itself
Unto the general disposition
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers
In their confluxions all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour

Volpone is a fierce satire against toadies, parasites, and false friends, as also against the magnificent but senseless extravagance of such characters as Sir Epicure Mammon The Alchemist exposes gross imposture encouraged by superstition and credulity Coloridge calls Epicane, or the Silent Woman, 'the most entertaining of Jonson's comedies,' Dryden discussed it at length as the best of English comedics As Professor Ward says, it is rather a farce on the incredible plot that a peace loving misogynist marries, for t very silent woman, an intolerably talkative person (who finally turns out a boy) Bartholomew Fair is a unique picture, full of gusto and rich dramatic humour, of coarse but characteristic contemporary manners—a picture that may well have been known to Bunyan and have given him hints for his Vanity Fair, this, though the most notable thing in the extraordinary panorama of the historic London festival, is a mirth-provoking caricature of a canting Puritan. Some account Every Man in his Humour Jonson's masterpiece, some the Alchemist. The New Inn, though it failed on the stage, contains some of its author's most eloquent writing.

The Fall of Catiline

Petreus The straits and needs of Catiline being such As he must fight with one of the two armies That then had near inclosed him, it pleased Fate To make us the object of his desperate choice, Wherein the danger almost poised the honour And as he rose, the day grew black with him, And Fate descended nearer to the earth, As if she meant to hide the name of things Under her wings, and make the world her quarry At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay Had left it to be inquired what Rome was. And (as we ought) armed in the confidence Of our great cause, in form of battle stood, Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face Of any man, but of a public ruin His countenance was a civil war itself. And all his host had, standing in their looks, The paleness of the death that was to come. Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on, As if they would precipitate our fates. Nor stayed we longer for them, but himself Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life, Which cut, it seemed a narrow neck of land Had broke between two mighty seas, and either Flowed into other, for so did the slaughter, And whirled about, as when two violent tides Meet and not yield The Furies stood on hills, Circling the place, and trembling to see men Do more than they, whilst Piety left the field, Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause They knew not what a crime their valour was. The Sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame, goddess of war Consumed all it could reach, and then itself, Had not the fortune of the commonwealth Come, Pallas like, to every Roman thought. Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops Covered the earth they'd fought on with their trunks. Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill, Collected all his fury, and ran in-Armed with a glory high as his despair-Into our battle, like a Libyan lion Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons, Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him, Till he had circled in himself with Death Then fell he too, t embrace it where it lay And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods, Minerva holding forth Medusa's head, One of the grant brethren felt himself Grow marble at the killing sight, and now, Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,

What rock it was that crept through all his limbs, And, ere he could think more, was that he feared So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us, Became his tomb, yet did his look retain Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved, As if he laboured yet to grasp the state With those rebellious parts

Cato
A brave bad death '
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?

(Catiline, Act v. sc. vi.)

On Love-from the 'New Inn.'
LOVEL and HOST of the New Inn

Lovel There is no life on earth but being in love! There are no studies, no delights, no business, No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul, But what is love! I was the laziest creature, The most unprofitable sign of nothing, The veriest drone, and slept away my life Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love! And now I can outwake the nightingale, Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too, Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure, And all that phant'sied treasure, it is love!

Host But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love well?

I would know that

Lov I do not know 't myself

Whether it is. But it is love hath been

The hereditary passion of our house,

My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend,

The truth is, I have loved this lady long, And impotently, with desire enough, But no success for I have still forborne To express it in my person to her

Host How then?

Low I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams, Trials of wit, mere trifles she has commended, But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.

Host This was a pretty ridding way of woong!

Lov I oft have been too in her company,

And looked upon her a whole day, admired her,

Loved her, and did not tell her so, loved still, [sighed,

Looked still, and loved, and loved, and looked, and

But, as a man neglected, I came off,

And unregarded

Host Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?

Lov Oh, but I loved the more, and she might read it
Best in my silence, had she been—

Host As melancholic

As you are! Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir?

Lov O thereon hangs a history, mine host
Did you e'er know or hear of the Lord Beaufort,
Who served so bravely in France? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend I followed him
First in the wars, and in the times of peace
I waited on his studies, which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No Knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primalions, Pantagruels, public nothings,
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them

In his immortal phant'sy, for examples Of the licioic virtue Or as Virgil, That master of the Epic poem, limned Prous Eneas, his religious prince, Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders, Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son And these he brought to practice and to use He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge, Then howered his bounties on me, like the Hours, That open handed sit upon the clouds, And press the liberality of Heaven Down to the laps of thankful men! But then The trust committed to me at his death Was above all, and left so strong a tie On all my powers, as Time shall not dissolve, Till it dissolve itself, and bury all ' The care of his brave heir and only son Who, being a virtuous, sweet, young hopeful lord, Hath cast his first affections on this lady And though I know, and may presume her such, As out of humour, will return no love, And therefore might indifferently be made The courting stock for all to practise on, As she doth practise on us all to scorn Yet out of a religion to my charge, And debt professed, I have made a self decree, Ne'er to express my person, though my passion Burn me to cinders. (From Act 1 sc. L)

From 'Every Man in his Humour'—A Fencing Lesson from Bobadill.

(The shabb) but vamplernous Bobadill is visited in his mean lodging by the simpleton Matthew]

Matthew Save you, sir, save you, captain Bobadill Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir?

Please you to sit down

Mat Thank you, good captain, you may see I am

somewhat audacious.

Bob Not so, sir I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob Marry, by young Wellbred and others.—Why, hosters, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat No haste, sir, 'tis very well

Bob Body o' me '—it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my cyes yet, I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir?—you can tell

Mit Faith some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Rob Ay, sir Sit down, I pray you Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging

Mr. Who! I, sir?-no

Bob Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are

Mat True captain, I conceive you.

Beb For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to a horn I am extraordinarily engaged as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far

Ma' O Lord, sir! I resolve so

B.5 I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy,

above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What 'Go by, Hieronymo''

Mat Ay, did you ever see it acted? Is t not well penned?

Bob Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again [While MATTHEW reads, BOBADILL makes himself ready]

Mat Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book 'O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!' There's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! 'O life, no life, but lively form of death!' another 'O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!' a third 'Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!' a fourth. O the Muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob 'Tis good

Mat 'To thee, the purest object to my sense,

The most refined essence heaven covers, Send I these lines, wherein I do commence The happy state of turtle billing lovers

If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude, Haste made the waste Thus mildly I conclude.'

Bob Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage, the infancy of my Muses. But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks

Bob So, so, it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentleman like, yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw

Bob Squire Downright, the half brother, was't not? Mat Ay, sir, he

Bob Hang him, rook! he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt horse. By St George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal, the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs '—a good commodity for some smith to make hobbails of

Mat Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear

Bob How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

Mat Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me, I termed it so for my more grace.

Rob That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word But when? when said he so?

Mat Faith, yesterday, they say, a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so

Bob By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him, I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure, the first stoccata, if you will, by this air

Mat Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir

Bob Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un in one breath utter able skill, sir

Bob By Heaven! no, not I, no skill i' the carth, some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you — Hostess, accommodate us with another bed staff here quickly lend us another bed staff the woman does not understand the words of action—Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your point amintain your defence, thus (Give it the gentleman, and leave us), so, sir Come on O twinc your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman like guard, so, indifferent hollow your body more, sir, thus, now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly!

Mat How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob Oh, out of measure ill a well experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob Why, thus, sir (make a thrust at me)—[MASTER MATTHEW pushes at BOBADILL], come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body, the best practised gallants of the time name it the passado, a most desperate thrust, believe it

Mat Well, come, sir

Bob Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you, your dearth of judgment renders you tedious

Mat But one venue, sir

Bob Venue' fie, most gross denomination as ever I heard Oh, the 'stoccata,' while you live, sir, note that. Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick, you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world Should your adversary con front you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand, you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hul shot, and spread.—What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

Mat Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so

Bob 'Tis somewhat with the least but come, we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach, and then we'll call upon young Wellbred perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question (From Act 1 se. iv)

*Go by Hieronymo is one of Jonson's many hits at kyd's Samura Tragedy (see page 319). Caranza was a sisteenth-century writer on the duel. During Bobadill's speech Tib enters, goes out, re-enters, and retires again.

Bobadill on Disarmament

Bobadill I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself, but were I known to her Majesty and the Lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Knowell Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob Why, thus, sir I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land, gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto, till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts. and we would challenge twenty of the enemy, they could not in their honour refuse us, well, we would kill them challenge twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them too, and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score, twenty score, that's two hundred, two hundred a day, five days a thousand, forty thousand, forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation And this will I venture my poor gentle man like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword (From Act 15 sc. v)

Advice to a Reckless Youth

What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive, That would I have you do, and not to spend Your coin on every bauble that you fancy, Or every foolish brain that humours you I would not have you to invade each place, Nor thrust yourself on all societies, Till men's affections, or your own desert, Should worthily invite you to your rank He that is so respectless in his courses, Oft sells his reputation at cheap market. Nor would I you should melt away yourself In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect To make a blaze of gentry to the world, A little puff of scorn extinguish it, And you be left like an unsavoury snuff, Whose property is only to offend I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself, Not that your sail be bigger than your boat, But moderate your expenses now (at first) As you may keep the same proportion still. Nor stand so much on your gentility, Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing, From dead men's dust and bones, and none of yours, Except you make or hold it (From Act L se L)

From 'The Alchemist.'

Sir Epicure Mammon Come on, sir Now you set your foot on shore

In Novo Orke Here's the neh Peru

And there within, sir, are the golden mines, Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't Three year, but we have reached it in ten months. This is the day wherein to all my friends I vill pronounce the happy word, Be rich. This day you shall be spectatissimi You shall no more deal with the hollow die Or the frail card No more be at charge of keeping The livery punt for the young heir, that must Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more, If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is That brings him the commodity No more Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger Of yel at entrails for a rude spun cloak To Le displayed at Madam Augusta's, make The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets, Or go a feasting after drum and ensign. No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys, And have your punks and punketees, my Surly And unto thee I speak it first, He rich -Where is my Subtle there? within, ho! Tace (from within) Sir, he'll come to you by and by Man. That's his fire drake, His Lunga, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals Till he firk Nature up in her own centre. You are not faithful, sir This night I'll change All that is metal in thy house to gold And early in the morning will I send To all the plumbers and the pewterers, And buy their tin and lead up, and to Lothbury, I or all the copper What, and turn that too? Mam Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall, And make them perfect Indies! You admire now? Sur No. fully [medicine-Mam But when you see the effects of the great Of which one part projected on a hundred Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon, Shall turn it to as many of the Sun, Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum-You will believe me Yes, when I see't, I will Sur Mam Ha! why, Po you think I fable with you? I assure you, He that has once the flo ver of the Sun. The perfect Ruby, which we call Llixir, Not only can do that, but by its virtue Can confer honour, love, respect, long life, Give safety, valour, yea, and victory, To whom he will In eight and twenty days I ll make an old man of fourscore a child Sur No doubt, he's that already Nay, I mean, Re tore his years, renew him like an eagle, To the fifth age, make him get sons and daughters, Young grants, as our philosophers have done-The ancient patriarchs afore the floodlly taking, once a week, on a knife's point,

The quantity of a gram of mustard of it,

Of nature naturated gainst all infections,

That keep the fire alive there

Become steat Marses, and beget young Cupils,

har The decayed vestals of Pickt hatch would thank

'Tis the score

Cures all diseases, coming of all causes, A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve, And of what age soever, in a month Past all the doses of your drugging doctors. I'll undertake withal to fright the plague Out o' the kingdom in three months. And I'll Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then, Without their poets. Sir, I'll do 't. Meantime, MamI'll give away so much unto my man, Shall serve the whole city with preservative Weckly, each house his dose, and at the rate-Sur As he that built the Water work does with water 1 Man. You are incredulous Taith, I have a humour, Sur I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone Cannot transmute me Pertinax [my] Surly, Mam Will you believe antiquity? records? I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister, And Solomon, have written of the art, Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam Sur Mam Of the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch. Sur Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch? He did, Which proves it was the primitive tongue. What paper? Man On cedar board O that, indeed, they say, Sur Will last 'gainst worms. 'Tis like your Irish wood 'Gainst cobweb. I have a piece of Jason's fleece Which was no other than a book of Alchemy, Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram vellum Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub, And all that fable of Medca's charms, The manner of our work the bulls, our furnace. Still breathing fire our argent vive, the Dragon The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate, That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting And they are gathered into Jason's helm (Th' alembic), and then sowed in Mars his field. And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story, Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes, Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more, All abstract raddles of our Stone (From Act II sc. L) The Demogorgon, a primordial deity, is described in Boccaccio's Genealogia Deorum

In 1616 Ben Jonson collected the plays he had then written, adding at the same time a book of epigrams and a number of poems, which he entitled *The Forest* and *The Underwoods*. The whole were comprised in one folio volume, which Jonson dignified with the title of his *Works*, a circumstance which exposed him to the ridicule of some of his contemporaries. He wrote many elegies, epistles, love poems, epigrams, and epitaphs, as a song writer he had few equals. He grafted a classic

grace and musical expression on parts of his masques and interludes which could hardly have been expected from his massive and ponderous hand. In some of his songs he equals Carew and Herrick in picturesque images, and in portraying the fascinations of love. A taste for nature is strongly displayed in his fine lines on Penshurst, that ancient seat of the Sidneys. His prose, especially the *Discoveries*, is distinguished by admirable judgment, critical insight, and force and purity of diction.

To Cella-from The Forest.'

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Richard Cumberland was surprised to find that Jonson's famous song was based on the Greek of Philostratus, and Gifford was surprised at his But the fact is seldom sufficiently remembered, and nobody who does not look up the Greek will believe how close the noble English lync is to the florid prose of the Greek sophist, Philostratus of Lemnos, who lived about 170-250 1,D He is probably best known in England by his Life of Apollonius of Tyana, part of which was translated and annotated by Charles Blount, the freethinler, in 1680, and issued as a freethinking attack on Christianity Other works were Lives of the Sophists, sixty four Imagines, a Heroicus, and twenty-four epistles, mostly amatory and full of ingenious but strained conceits. These letters, mostly quite short, are variously arranged, but in three of the epistles (Nos 24, 30, and 31 in some old editions, in Kayser's ed, Teubner, 1870-71, Nos 33, 2, and 46) occur the following sentences, providing the ideas of the first half of the first verse, and of both halves of verse 2 (there is no close parallel for the second part of verse I)

Ευσι δι μετεις πρόποι τῶς ἔμματιν, ὧε καὶ ο Ζιὺς γιυσαυτιες οιεχεου παριστεκατε τι δὶ βουλιι, τον μὶν οἶτον μη παρα πελλυς, μονου δὶ ἰμβαλοῦνα εδατος καὶ τῶς χιιλισι προσφερου και αλνερυ φιλευατων το ἵκπωμα και οὖτως δίδου τοῦς διιμινοις

Πιαθμήκ σει στιήκε ε ερδων, θυ σε τιμών, καὶ τοῦ-ε μιε γαρ, αλλ αυτώς τι χαμζειινος τώς ρίδοις, δικ μη μαρανέκ τι δε βουλιι τι θιλα χαρίζισέκε, τα λιιψαυτα κυ-ών αντιστιμήθε μεκιτι πείνετα βόδων αυτό, αλλα και σεῦ.

The Sweet Neglect—from 'Epicœne, or The Silent Woman.'

[From the Latin of Jean Bonnefons, French erotic poet, 1554-1614.]

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not s veet, all is not sound.

All is not siveet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace,
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

To Celia-from 'Volpone' [Suggested by Catullus see page 401]

Come, my Celia, let us prove While we can the sports of love, Time will not be ours for ever, He at length our good will sever Spend not then his gifts in vain, Suns that set may rise again, But if once we lose this light, 'Tis with us perpetual night. Why should we defer our joys? Fame and rumour are but toys. Cannot we delude the eyes Of a few poor household spies? Or his easier ears beguile, So removed by our wile? 'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal, But the sweet theft to reveal To be taken, to be seen, These have crimes accounted been,

Hymn to Diana-from 'Cynthia's Revels.'

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.
Earth, let not thy envious shade

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose,
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close,
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever,
Thou that mak'st'a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright

To Night-from 'The Vision of Delight,'

Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings,
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things,
Create of air, forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phlegin,
And though it be a waking dream,

Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or mu ic in their ear

Song-from 'Underwoods,'

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,

Lest I be sick with seeing,

Nor cast them down, but let them rise,

Lest shame destroy their being

Oh, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me,
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me,
Nor spread them as distraught with fears,
Mine own enough betray me

An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.

Weep with me, all you that read This little story And know, for whom a tear you shed Death's self is sorry Twas a child that so did thrive In grace and feature. As heaven and nature seem'd to strive Which own'd the creature. Years he number'd scarce thirteen When fates turn'd cruel. Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been The stage's jewel, And did act, what now we moan, Old men so duly. As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one, He play'd so truly So by error to his fate They all consented. But vicwing him since, alas too late! They have repented, And have sought, to give new birth. In baths to steep him, But being so much too good for earth Heaven vows to keep him.

The Triumph of Charis.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth
As she goe, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but bok on her hair, it is bright
As Lo e's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her
Ard from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds it elf through the face,

As alone there triumphs to the life All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright hily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the bever?
Or swan's down ever?

Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?

Or the nard in the fire?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Epigram.—To my Bookseller

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well Call'st a book good or bad as it doth sell,
Use mine so too, I give thee leave—but crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall, till it be sought,
Not offer'd, as it made suit to be bought,
Nor have my title leaf on posts or walls,
Or in cleft sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers, or some clerk like serving man,
Who scarce can spell th'hard names, whose knight less can.
If without these vile arts it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklers bury, there 'twill well.

Epigram -To Dr Donne

Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each Muse, Who to thy one all other brains refuse, Whose every work of thy most early wit Came forth example, and remains so yet Longer a knowing than most wits do live, And which no affection praise enough can give! To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life, Which might with half mankind maintain a strife, All which I meant to praise, and yet I would, But leave, because I cannot as I should!

My Picture, left in Scotland.

I now think, Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be,
That she.

Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my suit behind
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence of as subtle feet,
As hath the youngest he,

That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Oh! but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of gray hairs,
Told seven and forty years,
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My mountain belly and my rocky face,

And all these through her eyes have stopt her ears.

From 'The Poet to the Painter'

Why, though I seem of a prodigious waist, I am not so voluminous and vast, But there are lines, wherewith I might be embrac'd 'Tis true, as my womb swells, so my back stoops, And the whole lump grows round, deform'd, and droops, But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had hoops.

You were not tied by any painter's law To square my circle, I confess, but draw My superficies that was all you saw

Which if in compass of no art it came To be described by a monogram, With one great blot you had form'd me as I am.

Good Life, Long Life

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear
A hly of a day

Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable herse Lies the subject of all verse, Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother Death! ere thou hast slain another, Learn'd and fair, and good as she, Time shall throw a dart at thee.

This epitaph on Sidney's noble and accomplished sister, the Countess of Pembroke, for whose delectation the *Arçadia* was written, was first printed as Jonson's by Whalley in his edition of 1756 'This delicate epitaph is universally attributed to our author, though it hath never yet been printed with his works, it is, therefore, with some pleasure that I have given it a place here.' But about a hundred years before Aubrey had expressly said that the epitaph was by William Browne of Tavistock. Critical opinion is divided as to the provenance, Mr Bullen takes it as Browne's, Mr Sidney Lee as Jonson's

Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say In a little?—reader, stay

Underneath this stone doth lie As much beauty as could die, Which in life did harbour give To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other, let it sleep with death
Fitter where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all Farewell.

On My First Daughter

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul Heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,

Hath placed among her virgin train Where, while that severed doth remain, This grave partakes the fleshly birth, Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

To Penshurst [the home of the Sidneys].

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show

Of touch or marble, nor canst boast a row Of polished pillars or a roof of gold Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told, Or stair, or courts, but stand'st an ancient pile, And these grudged at are reverenced the while. Thou joy'st in better marks of soil, of air, Of wood, of water, therein thou art fair Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport, Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort, Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade, That taller tree which of a nut was set At his great birth where all the Muses met. There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames. And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke The lighter fauns to reach thy Lady's Oak. Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast here, That never fails, to serve thee, seasoned deer, When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends The lower land that to the river bends, Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed The middle ground thy mares and horses breed Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney's copse, To crown thy open table, doth provide The purpled pheasant with the speckled side The painted partridge hes in every field, And for thy mess is willing to be killed And if the high swoln Medway fail thy dish, Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish, Fat aged carps that run into thy net, And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat, As loth the second draught or cast to stay, Officiously at first themselves betray Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land Before the fisher, or into his hand. Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers, Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours The early cherry with the later plum, Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come The blushing apricot and woolly peach Hang on thy walls that every child may reach. And though thy walls be of the country stone, They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan, There's none that dwell about them wish them down, But all come in, the farmer and the clown, And no one empty handed, to salute Thy lord and lady though they have no suit. Some bring a capon, some a rural cake, Some nuts, some apples, some that think they make The better cheeses, bring them, or else send By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend This way to husbands, and whose baskets bear An emblem of themselves, in plum or pear But what can this (more than express their love) Add to thy free provisions, far above The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow With all that hospitality doth know!

No v, Penshurst, they that vill proportion thee With other edifices, when they see

Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
Ma say their lords have ballt, but thy lord dwells

The er touch to e is back basalt it was Sir Philip Sadney
'at a now birth all the Muses met Barbara Gamage was the wife
of Sir Robert Sidney (Philips brother), Earl of Leicester

To the Memory of my beloved Master William Shakespeare and what he hath left us [Ongmails to the First Force of Shakespeare 1623.]

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name, Am I thus ample to thy book and fame, While I confess thy writings to be such Is neither man nor Muse can praise too much. 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise For secliest ignorance on these may light. Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right Or blind affection, which doth no er advance The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance Or crafty malice might pretend this praise, And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise These are as some infamous bawd or whore Should praise a matron, what could hurt her more? But thou art proof against them, and, indeed, Above the ill fortune of them, or the need I therefore will begin. Soul of the age! The applicase, delight, the wonder of our stage ! My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie A little further off, to make thee room I hou art a monument without a tomb. And art alive still, while thy book doth live, And we have wits to read and praise to give. That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses I mean with great but disproportioned Muses For if I thought my judgment were of years, I should commit thee surely with thy peers, And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine, Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek, I rom thence to honour thee I will not seek For names, but call forth thund'ring /Eschylus, Europides, and Sophocles to us, Pactivias, Accius, him of Cordova dead. Seneca To live again, to hear thy buskin trend, And shake a stage or when thy socks were on. Leave thee alone for the comparison Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come. Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to shew, To whom all scenes of Lurope homage one He was not of an age, but for all time! In I all the Muses still were in their prime When like Apollo he came forth to varm Our cars, or like a Mercury to charm ! Nature herself was proud of his designs, And joyed to vear the dressing of his lines! Which were so richly spun, and woven so ht, Is since she will vouchsafe no other wit. The merry Greek, tart Anstophanes, Neat Terence, witty Plantus, now not please I' it antiquated and described lie, As his nere not of nature's family Let must I not go e nature all, thy art, My sentl. Shakespeare, must enjoy a part

For though the poet's matter nature be, His art doth give the fashion, and that he Who casts to write a living line must sweat (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same, And himself with it, that he thinks to frame, Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn. For a good poet's made as well as born And such wert thou! Look how the father's face Lives in his issue, even so the race Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines In his well turned and true filed lines In each of which he seems to shake a lance. As brandished at the eyes of ignorance Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were To see thee in our waters yet appear, And make those flights upon the banks of Thames That so did take Eliza and our James! But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere Advanced, and made a constellation there! Shine forth, thou Star of Pocts, and with rage Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage. Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night, And despairs day but for thy volume's light!

On the Portrait of Shakespeare.

[Under the Portrait by Droeshout in the First Folio.]

This figure that thou here seest put, It was for gentle Shakespeare cut, Wherein the graver had a strife With nature, to outdo the life O could he but have drawn his wit, As well in brass, as he hath hit His face, the print would then surpass All that was ever writ in brass But since he cannot, reader, look Not on his picture, but his book.

Jonson's prose other than in drama may be illustrated by three paragraphs containing his judgment on Lord Bacon, taken from his Discoveries, which are in part a commonplace book of suggestions, in part a series of short essays on very various subjects, somewhat on the Baconian model

From 'Discoveries.'

Dominus Verulamius -One, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone for no imitator ever grew up to his author, likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was No man ever spake more neatly, more nobly censorious pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He com manded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion No man had their affections more in his power The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end

Scriptorum Catalogus—Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire Ingenium far imperio. We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former centum) six

Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B Gardiner, were for their times admirable, and the more, because they began cloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular and almost alone in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment The earl of Essex, noble and high, and sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned either for judg ment or style Sir Henry Savile, grave, and truly lettered, sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both, lord Lgerton, the chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view and about his times were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward that he may be named, and stand as the mark and why of our language.

De Augmentis Scientiarum —Julius Ciesar —Lord St Alban —I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of state, and nothing is worthier, the study of a statesman than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the care of Julius Cresar, who in the heat of the civil war writ his books of Analogy and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late lord St Alban entitle his work Vorum Organium which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book

Qui longum roto scriptori proroget avum

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours—but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

It was Ben who said—what is better applicable to another court than he knew—'A virtuous court a world to virtue draws,' 'Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue,' 'Apes are apes though clothed in scarlet,' 'Posterity pays every man his honour,' and who spoke of one 'plagued with an itching leprosy of wit.' 'Spread yourself on his bosom publicly whose heart you would eat in private' is one of his most cynical phrases, only less caustic is ''Tis the common disease of all your musicians that they know no mean to be entreated either to begin or end.'

The standard edition of Jonson is the far from perfect one of Gifford (9 vols. 1816, reissued with some additional notes by Colonel Cunningham in 1875) a selection of the plays was edited by Brinsley Nicholson and C. H. Herford for the 'Mermaid Series' (3 vols. 1893-95) there are selections of plays and poems by Morley

(1834) and J A. Symonds (1836), and Mr Wheatley's edition of Every Map in his Humour has a valuable introduction. See the Life by Gifford, Symonds's Ben Jonson in the English Worthes series (1886), Mr Swinburne's brilliant Study of Ben Jonson (1890), and the valuable section on Jonson in Dr A. W. Ward's English Dramatic Literature (new ed. 1899).

John Donne, gallant and courtier, wit and poet, lived to be one of the greatest preachers of the English Church, and died the saintly Dean of St Paul's He was born in London in 1573, his father, a prosperous ironmonger, being possibly of Welsh descent. His mother, daughter of John Heywood, epigrammatist and writer of interludes (supra, page 153), was descended from Sir Thomas More's sister, the family on both sides were devout Catholics, and several of them suffered danger and exile for the Catholic cause. John Donne, whose father died in 1576, leaving his widow with six chil dren, was sent to Hart Hall, Oxford, but graduated at Cambridge, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn in He read much law and controversial theology, was bookish but sprightly and even wild, and allowed his exuberant vitality to carry him into unbecoming dissipations. His early poems, manyof them outspokenly sensual and at times cruelly cynical, are held by Mr Gosse to contain a sincere autobiographical record of a scandalous liaison with a married woman, besides other lesser irregularities He travelled abroad, took part in Essex's Cadiz expedition, and on his return was appointed secretary to the Lord-Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere and Chancellor now came to know many of the most eminent men of the day, and wrote, without printing it, great part of his poetry. A characteristic poem of this time, The Progress of the Soul (1601), or Metempsychosis, pursues a deathless soul through its transmigrations into many bodies, including those of a sparrow, a fish eaten by a pike, which is swallowed by a bird, and that by a whale. He fell violently in love with a niece of the Lord-Keeper's wife, and the pair were clandestinely married at the end of 1601, in consequence Donne was dismissed, and even for a time imprisoned. In the trying years of poverty that followed he showed an amount of servility to unworthy courtiers, such as Somerset and Buckingham, that even the custom of the age cannot justify, he did much of Somerset's dirty work in securing the divorce of his paramour, the afterwards so infamous Countess of Essex, and even wrote a gushing epithalamium for their remarriage Having become an Anglican, Donne helped Dean (afterwards Bishop) Morton in his controversial writings against the Catholics, and himself indited a volume on the Catholics and the oaths of allegiance (The Pseudo-Martyr) and against the Jesuits (Ignatius his Conclave) Buthanatos, also a prose work, proved suicide to be no very hemous sin. Donne's Divine Poems mostly belong to this period, and include Holy Sonnets and A Litany The first poem he printed was an elegy (1611) on Sir Robert Drury's

daughter, a child of fifteen, whom he had never seen, this he followed next year by another (The Anatomy of the IVorld), and yet a third, all containing beautiful and even splendid passages, but marred by overmultiplied and overstrained conceits and atterly preposterous hyperbole -'cnormous and disgusting hyperboles' is a phrase of Dr Johnson's Thus Donne declares death now

> Can find nothing after her to kill, Except the world itself, so great as she

the world could better have spared the sun, and by reason of this dimsel's death is now a mere cripple and the ghost of its former self! But the elegies

so commended the clegist that Drury give him and his wife free quarters in his house, and took the poet abroad with him It was at Paris that Donne saw the vision of his wife with a dead child in her arms, afterwards proved a veritable fact. Donne had cre this offered to go into the Church if he could thus secure patronage, and now in 1615 he did so, after mysterious de lays and hesitations, credited by Wilton to his remorse for youthful sins, but open-partly at least -to a less gracious reference to worldly calculations and am-

bitious hopes Γ hc king encouraged him to take English orders Lither now, as one would hope, or, as Mr Gosse thinks, after his wife's death (1617), his deeper nature was stirred to true religious zeal, and theology was no longer a hobby or a professional exercise. Walton's story that Donne had fourteen livings offered him in his first year of derical life is shown by Mr Gosse to be quite incredible, but sersonable preferments came furly soon. In 1616 he received the livings of Keyston in Huntingdon and Sevenorks in Kent. but he never lived in either parish Various preacherships he also held, and in 1621 became Denn of St Paul's. Charles I had resolved to make him a bishop, but Donne died on the 31st of March 1631, before this purpose was carried out. He was buried in St Paul's, and by and by that eccentre monument was erected from the painting made in the list month of the Dean's life-the

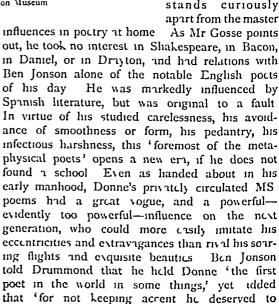
invalid solumnly posing to the artist sheeted in a l

shroud and standing on an urn in a specially warmed room From his ordination till near his end Donne wrote few poems, his trenchant thought, his brilliant fancy, his profound insight, and his command of the English tongue finding outlet in his sermons

Donne's poems-songs and quatorzains, satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary epistles in verse, epithalamiums, epigrams, and miscellaneous meditations in metre-were many of them diligently handed about in manuscript from the beginning, but were not collected and published In virtue of his early poems, whose erotic sensualism he in later days regretted-

> though he preserved the MSS, as Beza, another Churchman, republished his erotic verse-Donne ranks in a sense with earlier contemporary Elizabethans, but seems to have consciously revolted against their mellifluous monotonies, their pscudo classi cal nomenclature, their pastoral and other conventions. Hıs hard and crabbed style is to some extent deliberrtely rdopted, we may even congratulate ourselves that so much perfect and melodious verse took that shape as it were in spite of him

He





JOHN DONNE. From a Portrait in the Dyce and Forster Collection at South Kensington Museum

be hanged,' and that he would perish from not being understood. It must be accounted a glory to Donne that George Herbert and his brother of Cherbury were, for good or evil, his pupils, and the mystic Crashaw, too, Carew was another enthusiastic admirer In Dryden's judgment Donne was 'the greatest wit though not the best poet of our nation,' for of course Dryden sympathised with the contrary influences represented by Waller, Donne was discredited Denham, and Cowley in the later seventcenth century and all the eighteenth But Mr Gosse traces Donne's influ ence in Pope (who 'versified' Donne's Sittres), and thinks modern appreciation of the 'metaphysical poet' began with Browning, who put the Mandrake Song to music. Now it is agreed that, amidst roughness and obscurity, far-fetched allusion, contorted imagery and allegory, and unrhythmical wit, Donne often presents us with poetry of a high order, in expression as well as in thought

With Hill, Donne was one of the first English saturists on the regular Latin model. Buch inan's satires were in Latin, and Skelton and Lyndsay belong to a different category Dryden, Pope, and Young took over and smoothed Donne's type of rhyming couplet, and Pope, acting on Dryden's hint, modernised some of Donne's satires swift transitions from voluptuous ecstasies to meditation on the mystery of life and death, and his profound but at times not a little fantastic specul i tions, no doubt contributed to securing for Donne the epithet-seldom precisely used-of 'metaphysical' His intellect was active and keen, his fancy vivid and picturesque, his wit playful and yet caustic. His too great terseness and prodigality of ideas breeds obscurity, the uneven and crabbed versification, with superfluous syllables to be slurred over, and accents that must be thrown on the wrong syllables-however much a part of his conscious design—is puzzling you have to understand the poem before you can scan his verse. The conceits are often not merely striking but suggestive and beautiful, lightly and Mr Gosse praises especially gracefully handled

Doth not a Teneriffe or higher hill Rise so high like a rock that one might think The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink.

On the other hand, Donne constantly piles up Ossas upon Pelions of metaphors, prefers such as are puerile or grotesque—defying the good taste of his own time as well as ours—and over elaborates them to wearisomeness. Thus, treating of a broken heart, he runs off into a play on the expression 'broken heart.' He entered a room, he says, where his mistress was present, and

Love, alas At one first blow did shyver yt [his heart] as glasse.

Then, insisting on the idea of a heart broken to pieces, he goes on to exhaust the conceit and make it tedious

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,

Nor any place be emptye quyte,

Therefore I think my brest hath all

Those peeces still, though they do not unyte:

And now as broken glasses showe

A thousand lesser faces, soe

My raggs of hart can like, wish, and adore,

But after one such love can love no more.

Address to Bishop Valentine, on the Day of the Marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocis,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners
Thou marryest every year
The lyrique larke, and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher,
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcion,
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine.

Valediction forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass myldly away,
And whisper to their sowles to goe,
Whilst some of their sad freinds doe say,
Now his breath goes, and some say, noc,

Soc let us mult, and make no noise,
No tear floods nor sigh tempests move,
'Twere prophanation of our joyes
To tell the faictic our love

Movinge of th' earth brings harms and feares, Men reckon what it did, and meant, But trepidations of the sphæres, Though greater farr, are innocent

Dull sublunary Lovers' love,
Whose sowle is sence, cannot admytt
Absence, for that it doth remove
Those things which elemented it

But we, by a love so far refynde
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter assured of the mynde,
Care less eyes, hpps, and hands to miss.

Our two sowles therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gould to aerye thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two soe
As styff twynn compasses are two,
Thy sowle, the fixt foote, makes no showe
To move, but doth if th' other doe

And though it in the center sytt,
Yet when the other fair doth roine,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as thit comes home.

Such will thou be to me, who must,
I ske th' other foote, obliquely runn,
Thy formness riakes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begunn.

The Will

Before I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,
Great Love, some legacies. I heere bequeath
Myre eyes to Argus, if myne eyes can see,
If they be blynd, then, Love, I give them thee,
My tongue to Fame, to 'embassadors myne eares,
Fo women, or the sea, my tears.
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me love her who 'had twentie more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much
before.

My constance I to the plannets give,
My truth to them who at the Court doe live,
Mine ingenuitie and opennesse
To Jesuits, to buffoones my pensivenes
My sylence to any who abroad have been,
My money to a Capuchin
Thou, Love, taught'st mee, by appointing mee
To love her where no love receiv'd can bee,
Only to give to such as have an incapacitye
My faith I give to Romane Catholiques,
All my good woorkes unto the schismatiques
Of Amsterdam, my best civilitie

And courtshipp to an Universitie,

My modestic I give to souldiers bare,

My patience lett gamesters share

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making mee

Love her, that houlds my love disparitie,

Only to give to those that count my guifts indig

Only to give to those that count my guists indignitie.

My reputation I give to those

Which were my friends, mine industry to foes, To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulnes, My sicknes to phisitians, or excess, To Nature all that I in rithme have writt,

And to my company my witt.

Thou, Love, by making me adore

Her who begot this love in me before,

Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but
restore

To him for whom the passing bell next toles

I give my phisik books, my written roles
Of morrill counsells I to Bedlam give,
My brazen meddalls unto them which live
In want of bread, to them which passe amonge
All foranners, myne English toungue

Thou, Love, by makinge me love one
Who thynks her friend-hipp a fitt portionn
For younger lovers, dost my guift thus disproportion.

Therefore I'le give not more, but I le undoe The world by dyinge, because Love dyes too Then all your bewties wilbe no more worth Then gold in mynes, when none doe draw it forth,

And all your graces no more use will have
Then a sun-dyall in a grave.
Thou, Lo e, taught'st me, by appointing mee
To love her who doth neglect both mee and thee,
T' invent and practice that one way t' annihilate all three

Character of a Bore-from Donne's Fourth Satire.

Towards me did runne
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sunne
L'er b ed, or all which in a Noah, arke came,
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name.

Than Africks monsters, Guiana's rarities,
Stranger than strangers. One who for a Dane
In the Danes massacre had sure beene slaine,
If he had liv'd then, and without helpe dies
When next the Prentises 'gainst Strangers rise
One whom the watch at noone scarce lets goe by,
One to whom th' examining justice sure would cry
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?'
His clothes were strange though coarse, and black
though bare,
Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had bin
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seene)
Become Tuff taffaty, and our children shall'
See it plain rashe awhile, then nought at all

Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,

And onely knoweth what to all States belongs
Made of th' Accents and best phrase of all these,
He speakes one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,
But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug tongue, nor the termes of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to beare this Yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd compliment

The thing hath travail'd, and saith, speaks all tongues,

He names me, and comes to me. I whisper, 'God! How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod, This fellow, chooseth me?' He saith 'Sir, I love your judgment—whom do you prefer For the best Linguist?' And I seelily Said that I thought Calepines Dictionarie 'Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?'—Beza then, 'Some Jesuits, and two reverend men

He stopt me, and said 'Nay, your Apostles were Pretty good linguists, and so Panurge was, Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass By travel' Then, as if he would have sold His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told, That I was faine to say 'If you had lived, sir,

Of our two academies, I named. Here

Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels bricklayers, sure the Fower had stood?
He adds 'If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave lonenesse.' I said 'Not alone

My lonenesse is, but Spartans fashion To teach by painting drunkards doth not taste Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaste, No more can princes' courts—though there be few Better pictures of vice—teach me vertue'

'Tis sweet to talke of kings!' 'At Westminster,'
Said I, 'the man that keeps the Abbey tombes,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,

He, like to a high stretcht lute string, squeakt 'O sir,

Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke, From King to King, and all their kin can walke Your cares shall heare nought but Kings, your eves

Kings onely, The way to it is King's street' He smack'd, and cryd, 'He's base, mechanique, coarse, So are all your I nglish men in their discourse'

'Are not your I regish men in their discourse'
'Are not your I rench men neat?' 'Mine? as you see,

I have but one, Sir, looke, he followes me Certes, they are neatly cloath'd.' I, of this minde am,

Your onely wearing is your Grogaram.'
'Not so, Sir, I have more' Under this pitch

He would not the I chaff'd him, But as itch

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grownd Into an edge, hurts worse, so I (foole 1) found Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullennesse, He to another key his stile doth dresse, And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes He takes my hand, and, as a Still which stayes A semibriefe 'twixt each drop, he niggardly, As loath to mrich me, so tels many a ly, More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes, Of triviall houshold trash, He knowes he knowes When the queen frown d or smil'd, and he knows what A subtile Statesman may gather of that He knowes who loves, whom and who by poyson Hasts to an Offices reversion He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg A license, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge Shells to transport, Shortly boyes shall not play At span counter or blow point, but shall pay Toll to some Courtier, and wiser than all us, He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus

An early poetic allusion to the Copernican system occurs in Donne

As new phylosophy arrests the sun, And bids the passive earth about it run

He with home meats cloyes me.

This simile was often repeated by later poets

When goodly, like a shipp in her full trimme, A swann so white, that you may unto him Compare all whitenes, but himselfe to none, Glided along, and, as hee glided, watched, And with his arched neck this poore fish catch't It mooved with state, as if to looke upon Low things it scorn'd.

The second of Donne's five 'Prebend Sermons,' preached at St Paul's in 1625, 'a long poem of victory over death,' is, as Mr Gosse says, 'one of the most magnificent pieces of religious writing in English literature, and closes with a majestic sentence of incomparable pomp and melody'

As my soule shall not goe towards Heaven, but goe by Heaven to Heaven, to the Heaven of Heavens, so the true joy of a good soule in this world is the very joy of Heaven, and we goe thither not that being without joy we might have joy infused into us, but that, as Christ sayes, Our joy might be full, perfected, sealed with an everlastingnesse for as he promises That no man shall take our joy from us, so neither shall Death itselfe take it away, nor so much as interrupt it or discontinue it, but as in the face of Death, when he layes hold upon me, and in the face of the Devil when he attempts me, I shall see the face of God (for everything shall be a glasse, to reflect God upon me), so in the agonies of Death, in the anguish of that dissolution, in the sorrowes of that vale diction, in the irreversiblenesse of that transmigration, I shall have a joy which shall no more evaporate than my soule shall evaporate, a joy that shall passe up and put on a more glorious garment above, and be joy superinvested in glory Amen

Donne's poems were posthumously collected and published in a one volume quarto in 1633, his son issued a fuller edition in 1649. The son published also successive collections of sermons, prose works and letters. Alford's edition of the poems (1839) is singularly unsatisfactory, Grosart's (in the Fuller Worthes Library') is the fullest. There is an edition by E. K. Chambers (1896), with critical

introduction by Professor Saintsbury Izaak Walton's Life, a re markable masterpiece of biography, was originally prefixed to some of the sermons published in 1640, and was afterwards enlarged but Walton had insufficient information on some parts of Donne's life. Dr Jessopp's John Donne, constitute Dean of St Paul's (1847) dwel's mainly on the theological side of the man then the same author's article in the Dictionary of National Biography is note worthy. But when Mr Gosse undertook h's Life and Lett rs ne could justly say that it was 'perhaps the most imposing task left to the student of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. The work, issued in two volumes in 1699, is a triumph of biographical skill and literary insight. Mr Gosse arranged the letters for the first time, and shed much light on various parts of Donne's career. The bibliographical and critical information brought together by Mr Gosse is mapproached elsewhere in value.

Joseph Hall (1574-1656), born at Ashby-dela-Zouch, in Leicestershire, studied at Cambridge, and rose through various church preferments to be Bishop of Exeter (1627) and then of Norwich (1641) In 1617 he went with James to Scotland in the design of establishing Episcopacy, and next year was a deputy to the Synod of Dort. He was accused of Puritanism, was at enmity with Laud, and in 1641, as a prelate claiming his rights in the House of Lords, was imprisoned in the Tower for His revenues were sequestrated seven months and his property pillaged, and in 1647 he retired to a small farm near Norwich, where he lived till his death. His principal works were theological and devotional-Christian Meditations, The Con templations on the New Testament and On the Holy Story, and a Paraphrase of Hard Texts His sermons have a rapid, vehement eloquence well fitted to arouse and impress He wrote against Papists and Brownists with equal fervour In 1608 he published a remarkable series of Characters of Vertues and Vices, similar to the famous Characters of Overbury (1614) Hall's Epistles are also numerous Fuller, who says that 'for his pure, full, plain style' Hall was called the English Seneca, judges him 'not ill at controversies, more happy at comments, very good in his characters, better in his sermons, best of all in his meditations.' He is, however, best remembered in literature for his satires, published under the title of Virgidemiarum, Sixe Bookes, in 1597-98, before he was in holy orders In them he followed Latin models, but is rather vigorous, witty, and even scurrilous than polished Archbishop Whitgift condemned them to be burned as licentious with works by Marlowe and Marston, but the judgment was withdrawn Pope thought them the best poetry and the truest satire in the English language, while Hallam pronounces them rugged, obscure, and ungrammatical. Hall boldly claims to be the first English satirist

> I first adventure, follow me who list And be the second English satirist

He means probably the first regular satirist, following Latin models, and even then Marston was enraged by Hall's claim Donne and Marston seem to have written about the same time, Lodge's Fig for Monus was some years earlier Wyatt and Gascoigne, too, might claim to be reckoned,

and Nash, whether or no he was Greene's 'Young Juven il, that being saturest,' even though Skelton were regarded as too irregular and ribald, and Pers Platania was, of course, very far removed from classical models. In Scotland, Dunbar and Lyndsia, were persistent saturests in vernacular verse, and Buchanan both in Latin verse and Scottish prose.

The Chaplain.

A centle squire would sladly entertain Into his house some trencher chapelain Some willing man that might instruct his sons, And that would stand to good conditions. First, that he le upon the truckle bed While his young master licth o er his head Second, that he do, on no default, Liver presume to sit above the salt Thad, that he never change his trencher t vice Fourth, that he use all common courtesies Sit pare at meals and one half rise and wait Last, that he never his young master beat, but he must ask his mother to define How many jerl s he would his breech should line All these observed, he could contented be To give five marks and winter livery

The Famished Gallant.

See t thou how guly my young master goes, Vaunting himself upon his rising toes. And pranks his hand upon his dagger's ide, And picks his glutted teeth since late noon tide? 'Tis kufño Tro 'st thou s here he dined to day? In sooth I saw him sit with Dul e Humphrey Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer, Keeps he for e ery straggling envaluer In open house, haunted with great resort, Long service mixt with mulical disport. Man, fair younker with a feathered crest, Choo es much rather be his shot free guest, To face so freely with so little cost, Than stalle his twelvepence to a meaner ho t Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say He touchal no meat of all this livelong day For are methought, yet that was but a mess. His eyes seemed sunk for very hollo vies . I at could be have—as I did it mistake 5) little in his parse, so much upon his back? So nothing in his man? yet seemeth by his belt The his goint gut no too much stuffing felt. See t thou how a de it hangs beneath his hip? long loa Hunger and Feavy from makes girdles slip. Yet for all that how stiffly write he by, All traffed in the new found bravery The nars of neu-won Calais his bonnet lent, In lea of their so fand a conquirment V hat needed he fetch that from farthest Spain, His mandame could have lent with lower pain? Hough he perhaps ne or passed the English shore, Yet fain a said courted be a conqueror He hair, French like, stares on his frighted head, One lech Amazon has de hevelled As fremean to scar a native cord, If there his to as smould have that have after l III I is have appear the browled shirt, What cored is howard, both 1 part of a.

His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met
His sleeves half hid with albow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and east mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a strawn scarecrow in the new sown field,
Reared on some stick, the tender corn to shield,
Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake fork with a slender steel.

A part of old St Paul's Cathedral was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, from a tomb erroneously supposed to be that of the famous Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester it was the resort of beggars, bank rupts and dinnerless poor gentlemen, who were playfully said to dine with Duke Humphrey

Upon the Sight of a Tree Full-blossomed.

Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms. It is not possible that all these should pro per, one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to see an infancy over hopeful, in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind sapless and barren. As, therefore, we are wont to pull off some of the too frequent blossoms, that the rest may thrive, so it is good wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts, or progress of over forward childhood. Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession, a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last fill the lap with fruit. Let me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings, I had rather men should complain of my small hopes than of my short performances

Upon a Redbreast coming into his Chamber

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself set warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness! Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, ho v heartles, should I be, how careful! how little list [inclina tion] should I have to make music to ther or myself! Surely thou comest not hither without a Providence. God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am le., cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature, want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me. O God thy providence impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things, let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee.

Upon hearing of Music by Night

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead eason! In the daytime it would not it could not so much affect the car. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silen darkness. Thus it is with the lad tidings of salvation, the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the might of preservation, or of our own private adjection. It is ever the same, if e difference is in our

disposition to receive it O God! whose pruse it is to 'give songs in the night,' make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

Upon the Sight of an Owl in the Twilight.

What a strange melancholic life doth this creature lcad, to hide her head all the day long in an ivy bush, and at night, when all other birds are at rest, to fly abroad, and vent her harsh notes I know not why the uncients have sacred this bird to wisdom, except it be for her safe closeness and singular perspicacity, that when other domestical and airy creatures are blind, she only hath inward light to discern the least objects for her own advantage. Surely thus much wit they have taught us in her. That he is the wisest man that would have least to do with the multitude, That no life is so safe as the obscure, That retiredness, if it have less comfort, yet less danger and vexation, lastly, That he is truly wise who sees by a light of his own, when the rest of the world sit in an ignorant and confused dark ness, unable to apprehend any truth save by the helps of an outward illumination. Had this fowl come forth in the daytime, how had all the little birds flocked wondering about her, to see her uncouth visage, to hear her untuned notes! She likes her estate never the worse, but pleaseth herself in her own quiet reserved ness. It is not for a wise man to be much affected with the censures of the rude and unskilful vulgar, but to hold fast unto his own well-chosen and well fixed reso lutions Every fool knows what is wont to be done, but what is best to be done, is known only to the wise.

Upon the Sight of a Great Library

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know, it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon-there is no end of making many books this sight verifies There is no end, indeed, it were pity there should God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden truths, to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other thoughts of our deliberations are most accurate, these we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it that without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient Worthies of Learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts ! -that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat. It is a wantonness to complain of choice No law binds me to read all, but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind needs be blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in his Church, now none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness, and blessed be the memory of those his faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others!

(Paradise-The Gospel of Labour)

Every earth was not fit for Adam, but a garden, a paradise. What excellent pleasures, and rare varieties, have men found in gardens planted by the hands of men! And yet all the world of men cannot make one twig, or leaf, or spire of grass. When he that made the matter undertakes the fashion, how must it needs be, beyond our capacity, excellent! No herb, no flower, no tree, was wanting there, that might be for ornament or use, whether for sight, or for scent, or for taste. The bounty of God wrought further than to necessity, even Why are we niggardly to to comfort and recreation ourselves, when God is liberal? But for all this, if God had not there conversed with man, no abundance could have made him blessed Yet, behold ! that which was man's storchouse was also his workhouse, his pleasure was his task paradise served not only to feed his senses, but to exercise his hands. If happiness had con sisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed, all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life. Man, therefore, is no sooner made than he is set to work neither greatness nor perfection can privilege a folded hand, he must labour, because he was happy, how much more we, that we may be! This first labour of his was, as without necessity, so without pains, with out weariness, how much more cheerfully we go about our businesses, so much nearer we come to our paradise.

The Hypocrite.

A hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much as he acts the better part which hath always two faces, ofttimes two hearts that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and, in the mean time, laughs within himself, to think how smoothly lie hath cozened the beholder in whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant that hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for while his eye is fixed on some window, on some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go he rises and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note, when he writes either his forgotten errand or nothing then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf. as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes. thanks, praises, invites, entertains with tedious good counsel, with good discourse, if it had come from an honester mouth. He can command tears, when he speaks of his youth, indeed because it is past, not because it was sinful himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom. All his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, 'Who sees me?' No alms, no prayers fall from him, without a witness, belike, lest God should deny, that

In high received them, and, when he hash done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trainfier to proclaim it. In brief, he is the ranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodiness, a rotten stick in a dark night, a poppy in a coin held, an ill tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill, an angel abroad, a devil at lone, and work when an angel than when a devil

The Busy-body

His estate is too narrow for his mind, and therefore Le is fun to make himself room in others' affairs, vet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door neither can be know that which he must not tell What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will ha a peace, he knows, and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded No post can pass him without a question, and rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appoar [question] him of tidings and then to the next man he meets, he supplies the wants of his hasty intel ligence, and makes up a perfect tale, wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor that after many excuses he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in run ning away, than the tediousness of an impertment dis course. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever your to fill up ere the conclusion, and perhaps would effect it, if the others' car were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation, and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders, and then falls upon the report of the Scottish Mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames, and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence He undertakes as much as he per forms little. This man will thrust hunself forward, to be the guide of the way he knows not, and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear His tongue, like the tail of Sampson's foxes. carnes firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table talk of his neighbour at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter who e cholene answer he returns to his first host, en lunel with a second edition so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict There can no Act pass without his Comment, which is ever far fetched, rash, suspicious, delatory. His ears are long, and his eves quick but most of all to imperfee tions, which as he easily sees, so he increases with He labours without thanks, talks in crmeddling without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity save that some say, 'It was pity he died no sconer

Hal a water, it I iding also a Latin satisfied romance of an in around a first material Australia, called Min dus. Alter et Ident were eth et by a e Per Josiah Prait (10 vos. 1865), Peter Hall (12 void. 1857-74), is I it e Rev. Lulip Wynter (10 vols. Oxford 1 f.). The satisfies have been republished by Warton, Groint (173), and of iers. There is a late by Lewis (1864), and an emition of the Information of the Information of the Information of the Information (1792).

John Day, dramatist, has since 1897 been identified with John Dev, who, according to college records, was the son of a yeoman at Cawston in Norfolk, born 1571, and entered Casus College, Cambridge, as a sizar in 1592 Of his work practically nothing was known till 1881, save that with Chettle he produced the extant play, The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green, which owes but little to the well-known ballad in Percy's Reliques He had a share in over a score of plays, often in collaboration with Chettle, Dekker, Haughton, and others. But little of his handiwork was accessible till in 1881 Mr Bullen reprinted five plays by him, an allegorical masque, The Parliament of Beis, in which the Humble Bee, the Hornet, the Drone, &c, are arraigned, and an allegorical tract called Peregrinatio Scholastica The Ile of Guls is a mixture of romance, allegory, and fun, without much dramatic consistency Humour out of Breath is an Arcadian play, slight in texture, dealing with the adventures of the daughters of a banished Duke of Mantua and of the sons of his enemy, the Duke of Venice. Day shows everywhere more grace and fancy than constructive The academic trilogy power or consistency The Pilgrimage to Parnassus and the Returne (quoted below) have also been attributed, on no sufficient grounds, to Day

See Mr Bullen's Introduction to Day's Plays (1881), Ward's Dramatic Literature, and Mr Swinburne's article on Day in the Vineteenth Century for October 1897

The Pilgrimage to Painassus -A play of this name was acted at St John's College, Cambridge, at Christmas of 1598, a sequel, called the Returne from Parnassus, in 1599, and a second part of the Returne in 1601 This second part of the Returne has often been reprinted, the two earlier plays of this academic series were only known by name till, found in Hearne's collection by Mr Macray, they and their sequel were published by him in 1886, a complete Parnassian trilogy They may be taken as the most notable specimen of the academic plays which were a conspicuous feature of the time. Sometimes the classical plays merely were acted by the students, gradually new Latin plays on classical models became common, and by-and-by, in spite of academic and court prohibi tions, the new plays came to be wholly or partly in These especially shed a strange and vivid light on contemporary university life, and give a melancholy picture of the misery and humiliation of those who then sought to make a precarious livelihood by learning or letters

In the Pilgrimage to Parnassus we have the travels to the Mountain of the Muses of Philomusus and Studioso through Logic Land and Rhotoric Land and Philosophy Land in spite of the seductions of Madido and his wine cup, Stupido, and Amoretto The Returne from Parnassus, in two parts, shows the struggles of the same pilgrims to find, after their sojourn in the heights of poetry, a footing in this worksday

world—as tutor, physician, fiddler, or shepherd. The plays are most frequently quoted for their references (not always complimentary) to dramatists of the period—to Shakespeare, Jonson, Daniel, Lodge, Drayton, Marston, Marlowe, Nash, to the poets Spenser and Constable, and to the actors Kemp and Burbage.

Thus Gallio effusively praises Shakespeare as author of Venus and Adonis and Romeo and fullet, but Gallio is a vulgar, purse-proud upstart, an ignorant pretender to culture. It is Kemp the actor who says to Burbage, 'Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, 13, and Ben Jonson too' And other allusions to Shakespeare suggest that Shakespeare was 'the favourite of the rude half educated strolling players as distin guished from the refined geniuses of the university' The construction is singular and irregular Pilgrimage is only half the length of the first part of the Returne, and the second part is more than twice the length of the first. There is abundant wit and humour throughout, and not a little coarseness, the carrier (Hobson, celebrated by Milton), tapster, and churchwarden are as entertaining character sketches as those of the principal The following is from the second characters and the third 'Actus' of the Pilgrimage

Enter MADIDO alone, reading Horace Epistles

Made O pocet Horace! if thou were alive I woulde bestowe a cupp of sacke on thee for these liquid verses, theise are not drie rimes like Cato's, Si deus est animus, but the true moist issue of a poeticall soule. O if the tapsters and drawers knewe what thou sayest in the commendation of takinge of liquoure, they would score up thy prayses upon everie but and barrell, and, in faith, I care not if I doe for the benefite of the unlearned bestowe some of my English poetrie uppon thy Latin runes, that this Romane tonge maye noe longer outface our poore Englishe skinkers. He onlie rouse up my muse out of her den with this liquid sacrifice, and then, have amongste your, poets and rimers! common people will now thinke I did drincke, and did nothinge but conferr with the ghostes of Homer, Ennius, Virgill, and they rest that dwell in this watterie Marke, marke ' here springs a poeticall par tridge! Zouns! I want a worde miserablely! I must looke for another worde in my dictionarie. I shall noc sooner open this pinte pott but the worde like a knave tapster will one, Anon, Anon, Su ! Ey marye Sir ! nowe I am fitt to write a Look! Woulde ame leaden Mydas, anie mossie patron, have his asses ears deified, let him but come and give mee some prettie sprinkling to main taine the expences of my throate, and He dropp out suche an encomium on him that shall imortalize him as long as there is ever a booke binder in Englande. But I had forgotten my frind Horace Take not in snuffe (my prettie verses!) if I turne you out of youre komane coate into an Englishe gaberdine.

[Enter PHILOMUSUS and STUDIOSO]

Philom In faith, Madido, thy poetrie is good, Some gallant Genius doth possess thy corps.

Stud I think a furie rayisheth thy braine, Thou art in such a sweet phantasticke vaine.

But tell mee, shall wee have thy companie Throughe this craggie ile, this harsh rough waye? Wilt thou be pilgrime to Parnassus' hill?

Madi I had rather be a horse to grinde in mill.

Zouns! I travell to Parnassus? I tell thee its not a pilgrimage for good wits. Let slowe brainde Athenians travell thither, those drie sober youths which can away to reede dull lives, fustic philosophers, dustic logicians. Ile turne home, and write that that others shall reade, posteritie shall make them large note books out of my writings. Naye, there is another thing that makes mee out of love with this jorney, there is scarce a good taverne or alchouse betwixt this and Parnassus, why, a poeticall spirit muste needs starve!

Philom Naye, when thou comes to high Parnassus'

Of Hellicons pure stream drincke thou thy fill Stud There Madido may quaff the poets boule, And satisfie his thirstie dryed soule.

Mads. Nay, if I drinke of that pudled water of Hellicon in the companie of leane Lenten shadowes, let mee for a punishement converse with single beare see long as I live! This Parnassus and Hellicon are but the fables of the poets there is noe true Parnassus but the third lofte in a wine taverne, noe true Hellicon but a cup of browne Will youe travell quicklie to Parnassus? doe bastard but carie youre drie feet into some drie taverne, and straight the drawer will bid youe to goe into the Halfe Moone or the Rose, that is into Parnassus, then call for a cup of pure Hellicon, and he will bringe youe a cup of pure hypocrise, that will make youe speake leap inge lines and dauncinge periodes. Why, give mee but a quart of burnt sacke by mee, and if I doe not with a pennie worth of cantiles make a better poeme than Kinsaders Satyrs, Lodge's Fig for Monius, Bastard's Epigrams, Leichfild's Trimming of Nash, Ile give my heade to anie good felowe to make a memento mora of! O the genius of xijd! A quart will indite manic livelie lines in an houre, while an ould drousie Aca demicke, an old Stigmaticke, an ould sober Dromeder, toiles a whole month and often scratcheth his witts' head for the bringings of one miserable period into the worlde! If therefore you be good felowes or wise felowes, travell noe farther in the craggie way to the fained Parnassus, returne whome with mile, and wee will hire our studies in a taverne, and ere longe not a poste in Paul's churchyarde but shall be acquainted with our writings.

Philom Nay then, I see thy wit in drincke is drounde, Wine doth the beste parte of thy soule confounde

Stud. Let Parnass be a fond phantasticke place, Yet to Parnassus Ile hould on my pace But tell mee, Madido, how camest thou to this ile?

Made Well, He tell youe, and then see if the phisicke of good counsel will worke upon youre bodies. I tooke shippinge at Qui milit discipulus, and sailed to Propria quae maribus, then came to 4s in praesenti, but with great danger, for there are certaine people in this cuntrie caled schoolmaisters, that take passingers and sit all day whippinge pence out of there tayls, these men tooke mee prisoner, and put to death at leaste three hundred rodes upon my backe. Henc traveled I into the land of Sin taxis, a land full of joyners, and from thenc came I to Provolia, a litell iland, where are men of 6 feete longe, which were never mentioned in Sir John Mandefilde's cronicle. Hence did I set up my unluckie feete in this ile

D de 'ad, where I can see nothinge but idees and phan to may, as oone as I came hither I began to reade lemm ms mapp, Dial chia est, Co., then the slovenhell nave presented mee with such an unsavone worde that I dare not name it unless I had some frankensence reade to performe voure noses with after. Upon this I threw away the mapp in a chafe, and came home, cursing my these head that woulde suffer my headless fecte to take such a tedfods journey.

Prilone The harder and the craggier is the waye The joy will be more full another day Ofte pleasure got with paine wee dearlie deeme, Things dearlie boughte are had in great esteeme

Made Come on, Come on, Tullic's sentences! Leave your pulinge of prouerbs, and hearken to him that knowes whats good for youe. If you have anic care of your eyes, blinde them not with goinge to Parnassus, if you love youre feete, blister them not in this craggie waye. State with mee, and one pinte of wine shall inspire youe with more with than all they nine muses. Come on! He lead you to a meme companie!

Stad Fie, Philomusus! 'gin thy loitinge feet To faint and tire in this so faire a waie? Fish marchant for a base inglorious prize hears not with ship to plowe the ocean, And shall not wee for learnings glorious meede To Parnass hast with swallowe winged speede?

Patlom. I'frithe, Studioso, I was almost wonne To cleave unto yonder wett phantasticke crewe! I & the pinte pott is an oratoure! The burnt sacke made a sweet oration Againste Appollo and his followers, Discourate howe schollers unregarded walke, Like threedbare impecunious animals, Whiles servinge men doe swagger it in silks, and each earth creepinge peasant russet coate Is in requeste for his well lined pouche Tolde us howe this laborious pilgrimage Is wonte to eate mens marrowes, drye there bloude, And make them seem leant shadowles pale ghostes. This counsell made mee have a staggeringe minde. Untill I sawe there beastlic bezolinge, There drowned soules, there idle meriment. Voyde of sounde solace and true hartes content And now I love my pilgrimage the more, I love the Muses better than before, But tell mee, what lande do wee travell in? Mee thinks it is a pleasante fertile soil.

In the second part of the Returne Ingenioso and Judicio discuss Spenser, and Ingenioso gives his 'cersure' in these lines

A streeter swan than ever sung in Poe,
A shriller in shtingale than ever blest.
The prouder groses of selfe admiring Rome.
Bitthe was each vally, and each shepheard proud.
While he did chaunt his rurale ministralsie.
Attentive was full many a dainty care.
Att, hearer hung upon his melting tong,
While sveetly of the Faiery Queene he sung,
While to the waters fall I e tuned her faire,
And in each larke engraved Elizaes name.

They continue to call the roll of poets and dramatis s, and after dealing summarily with Constable, Da nel, Lodge, Drayton, Watson, and others, proceed Ingenuoso [reads] Christopher Marlowe,
financo Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse,
Alas, unhappy in his life and end
Pitty it is that wit so ill should well,
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.
Ing. Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,

A tragick penman for a dreary plot.—
[Reads] Benjamin Jonson.

fud. The witnest fellow of a bricklayer in England.

Ing A meere empyrick, one that getts what he hath
by observation, and makes onely nature provy to what he
indites, so slow an inventor, that he were better betake
himselfe to his old trade of bricklaying, a bould whor
son, as confident now in making of a book, as he was
in times past in laying of a brick.—

[Reads] William Shakspeare.

fud Who loves not Adons love or Lucrece rape? His sweeter verse contaynes h[e]art throbbing line, Could but a graver subject him content, Without loves lazy foolish languishment

Two of these lines are also read Who loves Adom's love or Lucrece rape, His sweeter verse contaynes hart robbing life.

Philomusus above gives another parallel (see page 233) to Burns's—

O were I on Parnassus hill Or had of Helicon my fill.

Mossie is apparently stupid, single beare is small beer bastard was a sweet Spanish wine hypocrise is hippocras, 'W Kinsayder was a nom de guerre of Marston's, Thomas Bastard published epigrams in 1598, and Richard Lichfield wrote against Nash in 1597, stign aticle a brunded criminal, may be playfully used here for a graduate arounder, a laborious pedant Pr pria quae maribus, &c., are scraps from the Latin grammar, Mandefiede, Mandeville, the mapp to this land of Petrus Ramus is his Dialectical Partitiones (1543), formulating a complete revolt against Anstorelianism and Scholasticism Tullie is Cicero, becolunge or beauting is carousing, guzzling, from the same root as embeaute

Thomas Dekker, born in London about 1579, was a most prolific dramatic author, but only a few of his plays were printed. His life was irregular, and he spent some years in the King's Bench and other prisons as a prisoner for debt. In 1600 he published The Shoeheard of in 1637 maker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft, and The Pleasant Comedy of Old Fortunatus The first of these pieces is one of the most entertaining of the old comedies, though it is based on the incredible assumption that a soldier, nobly born, has deserted an important military command in the French wir and become a Dutch speaking journeyman to a London shoemaker on the very slender chance that, being thus in London, he may prosecute his suit to the Lord Mayor's daughter. But the ricy, somewhat Falstaffian, talk of Simon Eyrc and his journeymen is the feature of the play, sometimes inconsequent rattle, sometimes pithy sense when the Lord Mayor says to Simon, 'Ha, lia, ha! I had rather than a thousand pounds I had an heart but half so light as yours,' the shoemaker replies, 'Why, what should I do, my Lord? pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry whiles we are young old age, such and sugar will steal upon us ere we be aware.' Forturatus, the second comedy, abounds in poetry of Dekker's next play was Satiromaster rire beauty (1602), which held up to indicule Ben Jonson, with whom he had collaborated and quarrelled. 1603 Dekker published a pamphlet, The Wonderful Year, which gives a heart-rending account of the plague In the very unusing tract, The Bachelor's Banquet, he describes the ills of henpecked hus-His most powerful writing is in The Honest Whore (1604, Part 11 1630), an uncompromising picture of contemporary manners which at times be Middleton seems to have comes prinfully realistic assisted Dekker in the first part. With Webster he wrote the Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat, Westward Ho, and Vortnward Ho Bellman of London (1608) pamphlet gives a lively account of London vagabonds, and the subject is pursued in Lanthorn and Candlelight (1608) In both of these works Dekker made a free use of A Caveat or Warering for Commen Cursciors Vulgarely called Vagabones, published in 1566 or 1567 by Thomas Harman, a Kentish squire, and accordingly did not escape the charge of plagiarism In The Gull's Hornbook (1609) the life of a town gallant is racily depicted after a German model. The brisk comedy, The Roaring Girl (1611), is partly by Dekker, but chiefly by Middleton. With Massinger he wrote the Virgin Martyr, Lamb was doubtless right in ascribing to Dekker the The Sun's Darling is most beautiful scene (II 1) partly by Ford. The Whore of Rabylon (1607) is a coarsely vehement exhibition of Protestantism by way of allegory on the Spanish Armida. A powerful tragedy, The Witch of Edmonton (post humously published in 1658), was written by Dekker, Ford, and (probably) Rowley (see below at page 478) Charles Lamb says Dekker has poetry enough for anything, Mr A H Bullen thinks 'his best plays rank with the masterpieces of the Elizabethan drim i,' and Mr Swinburne finds the 'wild wood notes of passion and fancy and pathos in Dekker's best moments' remind him of Shakespeare, while Dr Ward holds that, spite of his lyrical gift, his humour, and his pathos, he lacks distinction, and is limited in inventive imagination, rude in form, and coarse in thought. In the Poclaster Jonson, in the character of Horice, very pointedly satirised Dekker and Marston, charging Dekker with urrogancy, impudence, and other faults. In Dekkers reply there is naturally more raillers and abuse than wit or poetry, but it was well received by the play-going public

Horace is thus amusingly introduced as in the act of concocting in ode

To thee whose forchead swells with roses, Who e most haunted hower Gives life and scent to every flower, Who e most adored name encloses. This as abstrase, deep and divine, Whose yellow tresses stane.

Bright as Loan fire

Oh, me thy priest inspire.'

For I to thee and thine immortal name,

In—in—in golden tunes,

For I to thee and thine immortal name—

In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swim

ming

In sacred raptures swimming,

Inmortal name, game, dame, tame, laine, laine, 'ame

[Foh,] hath, shame, proclaim, oh—

In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaim [no ']

Oh, me thy priest inspire '

I or I to thee and thine immortal name,

In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame (Good, good ')

In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame

Horace by-and by complains that his lines were often maliciously misconstrued and misapplied, complacently remarking

The error is not mine, but in their eye That cannot take proportions.

Dekker, happily enough, makes his Crispinus reply

Horace, Horace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your guilt, for could we write on paper
Made of those turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
Or speak with angels' tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake the head, though saints should
sing,

Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with sting

Do we not see fools laugh at heaven and mock
The Maker's workmanship? Be not you grieved
If that which you mould fair, upright, and smooth,
Be screwed awry, made crooked, lame, and vile,
By racking comments and calumnious tongues.
So to be bit it rankles not, for Innocence
May with a feather brush off the foul wrong
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart
If they take off all gilding from their pills,
And only offer you the bitter core

Delker's Honest Whore was enthusiastically prused by Hazlitt, as combining 'the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry', 'simplicity and extravagance, homeliness and quaintness, tragedy and comedy'. Passages like the following, spoken by a long suitering husband whose patience has been sore taxed by a capricious wife, are memorable.

Duke What comfort do you und in being so calm?

Canado Fhat which green wounds receive from sovereign Lalm.

Patience, my lord! why, 'ns the soul of peace Of all the virtues, 'ns mearest kin to heaven It makes men look like gods. The best of men That e er wore earth about hir was a sufferer, I soft, meck, patient, humble, tranquil spirit. The firs in e gentlemen that ever heather. The stock of patience cannot then be poor. All it desires it has, what monarch mere?

It is the greatest enemy to law
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
Ards of this up lawyers and women's tongues.
The the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
It is allowed orchards, 'tis the bond slave's freedom,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
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And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
And makes him seem proud of eac

The Magdalene pathetically contrasts female honour and shame

No hing did make me, when I loved them best, Fo loathe them more than this when in the street I fur, young, modest damsel I did meet, She s emed to all a dove when I passed by, And I to all a raven every eye That fullo ved her went with a bashful glance It me each hold and recring countenance Darted forth scorn to her, as if she had been Some tover unvanquished, would they vail 'Cranst me swoln Pumour hoisted every sail. She, crowned with reverend praises, passed by them, I, though with face masked could not 'scape the hein, I or as if heaven had set strange marks on them, Lecause they should be pointing stocks to man, Dre t up in civilest shape, a courtesan, I ct her walk saint lile, noteless, and unknown, Yet she is betrayed by some trick of her own.

(From Part II Act IV sc. L)

Thus Hippolito laments, gazing on the portrait of his love, behe ed to be dead

My Inschee's face, her brow, her eye, The dimple on her cheek and such sweet skill Hith from the cunning workman's pencil flown, These lips look fresh and lively as her own Securing to move and speak. Alas! now I see The reason why fond women love to buy Adulterate complexion here 'tis read, Fal e colours last after the true be dead Of all the ro es grafted on her cheeks, Of all the graces dancing in her eyes, Of all the music set upon her tongue, Of all that was past woman's excellence In her white bosom-look, a painted board . Circumscribes all ! Earth can no bliss afford . Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak, It has no hap for me to rest upon, No lip worth triting. Here the worms will feed, Is in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art, True love's best pictured in a true love's heart Here art this drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead. no that thou livest twice, twice art buried This ingure of my friend, lie there!

(From Part I Act IV sc. 1)

In our Fortunates the old hero describes court lite, from painful experience, to his (oddly named) sons Ampedo and Andelogia

Fig. 11 in all the region. I have seen,

I mind to one diamong the middly throng.

Of he rink multitude, a hose thickened breath,

I the confer and four do choke that beau ty.

Which che would diell in every 'ingdom's cheek.

For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine! There shall you see faces angelical. There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses, Whose starlike eyes have power, might they still shine. To make night day, and day more crystalline. Near these you shall behold great heroes. White headed counsellors, and jovial spirits, Standing like fiery cherubims to guard The monarch, who in godlike glory sits In midst of these, as if this deity Had with a look created a new world, The standers by being the fair workmanship. and Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven! I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings. Amp But tell me, father, have you in all courts Beheld such glory, so majestical, In all perfection, no way blemished? Fort In some courts shall you see Ambition Sit piecing Dedalus's old waxen wings. But being clapt on, and they about to fly, Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds, They melt against the sun of Majesty. And down they tumble to destruction. For since the Heaven's strong arms teach kings to stand, Angels are placed about their glorious throne To guard it from the strokes of traitorous hands. By travel, boys, I have seen all these things Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down, Trickt in outlandish feathers, all his words, His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous, All apish, childish, and Italianate

No. I still boldly stept into their courts

(From Act 11 sc. ii.)
Orleans, distracted by his love, defends himself

Galloway O call this madness in, see from the

Of every eye derision thrusts out her cheeks Wrinkled with idiot laughter, every finger Is like a dart shot from the hand of scorn By which thy name is hurt, thine honour torn Orlains Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway?

Gall Even at thee.

Orl Ha, ha, I laugh at them, are they not mad That let my true true sorrow make them glad? I dance and sing only to anger grief That in that anger he might smite life down With his iron fist Good heart, it seemeth then, They laugh to see gricf kill me O fond men, You laugh at others tears, when others smile You tear yourselves in pieces vile, vile, vile! Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of fools Crowding together to be counted wise, I laugh because sweet Agripyne's not there, But weep because she is not anywhere, and weep because, whether she be or not, My love was ever and is still forgot, Forgot, forgot, forgot 1 (From Act III sc. L)

There is something like Marlowe in much of Dekker's blank verse, something Shakespearean in some turns of his thought, and single phrasis linger in the memory—'O what a heaven is love' O what a hell'' 'Honest labour bears a lovely face'

Of Dekker's prose tracts and works, as various

in subject as descriptions of the plague in London or of the rogueries of horse dealers, and highly devotional exercises, the best known is The Gull's Hornbook (1609), containing descriptions of the manners and customs of the times. This work is largely indebted to Dedekind's Grobianus (Frankfort, 1549), a Latin satire on drunkenness and the debaucheries of the time, translated into German rhyming couplets and expanded by Scheidt in 1557 Dekker had translated part of the Latin version into English verse, but, on reflection, not liking the subject, he says, he 'altered the shape, and of a Dutchman fashioned a mere Englishman,' assuming the character of a guide to the fashionable follies of the town, but only on purpose to ridicule them

The Old World and the New weighed together

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very ervngo root 1 of gluttony, so that fine backe and ful bellies are coach horses to two of the seven deadly sins, in the boots of which coach Lechery and Sloth sit like the waiting maid. In a most desperate state therefore do tailors and cooks stand by means of their offices, for both these trades are apple squires? to that couple of sins. The one invents more fantastic fashions than France hath worn since her first stone was laid, the other more lickerish epicurean dishes than were ever served up to Gallonius's 3 table. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus's kitchen? No, no, the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's warehouse Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now, yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets silkworms had something else to do in those days than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers, his breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble, for Adam's holyday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary in this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves dried to show Tailors then were none of the twelve companies their hall, that now is larger than some dorpes among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop they durst not strike down their customers with large bills. Adam cared not an apple paring for all their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welsh wallet, the Italian's close strosser, 3 nor the French standing collar your treblequadruple dadahan ruffs, nor your stiff necked rabatos, 6 that have more arches? for pride to row under than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print, for the patent for starch could by no means be signed Fashions then was counted a disease, and horses died of it but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic, and the purest golden asses live upon it

As for the diet of that Saturnian age, it was like their attire, homely A salad and a mess of leek porridge

was a dinner for a far greater man than ever the Iurk was. Potato-pies and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, and had not a wall so much as a handful high built round about them. There were no daggers then, nor no chairs. Crookes's ordinary, in those parsimonious days, had not a capon's leg to throw at a dog. O golden world! The suspicious Venetian carved not his meat with a silver pitchfork, neither did the sweet toothed Englishman shift a dozen of trenchers at one meal, Piers Ploughman laid the cloth, and Simplicity brought in the voider How wonderfully is the world altered! And no marvel; for it has lain sick almost five thousand years, so that it is no more like the old theatre du monde than old Paris Garden is like the king's garden at Paris

1 As a provocative medicine. \$Pimps. 3 Gallonius, town-crier at Rome about 150 B.C. was proverbial for wealth and glutton) 4 Thorpes, villages. Trosser, trouser 6 Ruffs. The fluting or puckering 8 Instruments to fix the meat while cutting 9 Forks were introduced from Italy about 1600. 10 The basket in which broken meat was carried from the table. 11 The Bear Garden at Bankside.

How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks ¹

Being weary with sailing up and down alongst these shores of Barbaria, here let us cast our anchor, and nimbly leap to land in our coasts, whose fresh air shall be so much the more pleasing to us, if the ninnyhammer, whose perfection we labour to set forth, have so much foolish wit left him as to choose the place where to suck in, for that true humorous gallant that desires to pour himself into all fashions, if his ambition be such to excel even compliment itself, must as well practise to diminish his walks as to be various in his salads, curious in his tobacco, or ingenious in the trussing up of a new Scotch hose, all which virtues are excellent, and able to main tain him, especially if the old worm eaten farmer, his father, be dead, and left him five hundred a year only to keep an Irish hobby,2 an Irish horseboy, and himself like a gentleman. He therefore that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters, let him whist down these observations.

Your mediterranean isle³ is then the only gallery wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and complemental gulls are and ought to be hung up Into that gallery carry your neat body, but take heed you pick out such an hour when the main shool of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance, and your exit, not much unlike the players at the theatres—keeping your decorums, even in phantasticality. As for example—if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other, and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.

Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect and wary what pillar you come in at, and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving man's log,4 and approach not within five fathom of that pillar, but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours, where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder, and then you must, as 'twere in anger,

suddenly natch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least, and so by that means your costly lang a Lewrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the reglect of which makes many of our b llants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four terms, but in the fifth make yourself away, c'her in some of the seamsters' shops, the new tobacco office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you canno read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has a rit against this divine weed, &c. For this with dra ving yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else by too long walking, would be stale to the hole spectators, but howsoever, if Paul's jacks 6 be once up with their elbovs, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pals away apace in open view, in which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or aquire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so, but call him Ned, or facl, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men, and if, though there be a dozen companies Letween you, 'tis the better he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock, tell him at such an ordinary, or such, and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your La lish cloth cloak into a light furkey grogram, if you ha c that happiness of shifting, and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief, it skills not whether you dined or no that is best known to your stomach, or in what place you dired, though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber, or study

No. if you chance to be a gallant not much crossed amon, citizens, that is, a gallant in the mercer's books, exilted for satin, and velvets, if you be not so much blessed to be crossed (as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world to be great in no man's books), your Paul's wals is your only refuge the Duke's tomb? is a sanc tuary, and will keep you alive from worms and land rais that long to be feeding on your careass, there you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon, converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything, jest at your creditor, even to his face, and in the evening, even by lamp light, steal out, and so cozen a whole covey of abonimable catchpoles.

1 Oil St Paul's Church was a common promenade. 2 Pacing I or 2 The min like able of St Paul's. 4 A portion set apart for gentler enes servants. 5 Tobacco is saturated not merely here and in high Jamess C unterfluit (164) but In Ben Jonsen's flays and inname able jumpal is and satures. 6 Automaton striking, or its as of the clab. 7 Pretemb of Sir John Leauchamp, son of 6 3, kail (Warw L wasunaccountably called Duke Humphrey's In heard the diment's periods at a lounged here were and to have duced with Duke Humphrey's

Sleep

For do but con der that an excellent thing sleep is to so the timable a je tel, that, if a tyrant would cave his cross for an lours slumber, it cannot be bought of to trainful a shape is it that, though a man live with an empre. In heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other year, so

greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him, and there is good cause why we should do so, for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard, and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bediam? No, no Look upon Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years, and was not a hair the worse for it?

Dekker's plays were collected by R. H. Shepherd in 4 vols. (1873), and his pamphlets in 5 vols of Dr Grosart's 'Huth Library (1884-86). Mr Rhys edited five plays for the 'Mermand Series (1887)' See Mr Swinburne's Essay (1887)

John Webster.—The name of John Webster is the type of the obscurity which broads over so many of the poets of the Elizabethan and Jacobean There is no one, of equal eminence, in the range of English literature of whom so little is Not a positive fact, not a reminiscence, not an anecdote, brings this shadowy figure before us for a moment, and we have to construct our impression of him entirely from his works onc born free of the Merchant-Tailors' Company,' according to Gildon, who wrote nearly a century later, he was clerk of St Andrew's parish in Hol born It is thought that he began to write for the stage in 1602, the first examples of his work which we know that we possess are the 'additions' he made to Marston's Malcontent in 1604, of these the fine 'induction' is the most notable. It has been supposed that he joined Dekker in writing Westward Ho in 1603 and Northward Ho in 1605, but these comedies were not printed until 1607 In the first of these Dekker's genius is predominant, the second, which is written in harsh prose, offers nothing characteristic of either poet. Webster was associated with Dekker in 1607 in the tragical history of Sir Thomas Wyat Casar's Fall and The Two Harpies, still earlier collaborations, have disappeared altogether

It is conjectured that The White Devil, or the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, was acted in 1608, but it was not printed until 1612. It was followed on the boards by Appens and Verginia (published in 1654), by The Devil's Law case (published in 1623), and The Duchess of Malfi (probably acted in 1612, although not printed until 1623) These four are the plays upon which Webster's reputation is supported, and they belong to the period immediately succeeding upon the retirement of Shakespeare to the country. By the time of Shakespeare's death Webster had in all probability ceased to produce dramatic work of importance. The City pageant of 1624 was finvented and written by John Webster, merchanttailor,' and he is supposed to be the cloth-worker of that name who died in 1625 It will be seen that this brief account is full of contestable matter,

yet it contains all that can even be safely guessed as to the life of Webster (For his debt to Sidney's Arcadia, see Notes and Queries, Sept -Oct. 1904.)

Webster achieved little success in his own age, and was the object of no curiosity to the next. He was unknown until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Lamb and Hazlitt called attention to his merit. Since that time the fame of Webster has been more and more assured, and he holds a place below none of Shakespeare's satellites except Ben Jonson and Marlowe. Indeed, in the elements of pure tragedy he comes nearest to the master himself, and the Duchess of Malfi is unquestion ably the most elevated tragic poem in the language not written by the pen of Shakespeare. 'No poet,' says Mr Swinburne, ascending to a still higher flight of praise, 'has ever so long and so successfully sustained at their utmost height and intensity the expressed emotions and the united effects of terror and pity' This is, indeed, the main quality of Webster, its subtlety of pathetic horror hardly critical, however, in any comparative consideration of this poet, to omit to acknowledge his dramatic shortcomings His plays are exceedingly ill constructed, most of them are mere clusters of scenes, violently put together, and eked out with dumb show, in a manner so primitive that we seem to have gone back a generation, and to be listening to a poet ignorant of what Shakespeare, and even Jonson and Fletcher, had added to the capacities of stage effect

A bewildering inequality of execution is charactenstic of every play of Webster's, this is less marked in Appius and Virginia, and perhaps in the Duchess of Malfi, than in the others We are told that he was an extremely slow and painstaking writer, so that this apparent want of skill is not the result of heedlessness But it invades even his versification, which is by turns among the best and among the worst which has come down to us from The subjects which the early seventeenth century attracted Webster were all of an Italian source and character, he was attracted by the vehement types and issues provoked by a condition of society at once highly civilised and insolently lawless found exactly what he wanted in several contem porary stories of intrigue and murder in the courts He was perhaps a poet who by force of circumstances was forced on to the stage, rather than a born dramatist, for he seems to crowd too many incidents into each scene, too much variety of psychological passion into each character, for the simplicity of dramatic action. It will be felt by most unprejudiced readers that the scenes of horror which close his two great tragedies have been too readily applauded by Lamb and those who have succeeded him. It is, surely, not in the somersaults of these scuffling and yelling marionettes that Webster does real justice to his noble genius as a tragic poet. He is often a sort of exalted Mrs Radcliffe in his unrestrained affection for all the nightmares of romance, but it is not for | I have kept this twenty year, and every day

his poisoned daggers and clanking chains that we follow him spell-bound.

Webster owes the exalted station which has at length been successfully claimed for him by his admirers to his penetration into the troubled sources of human emotion In the White Devil and the Duchess of Malfi, his two great tragical poems, this quality is seen displayed with least reserve. It saves Webster from the mere bloodand-thunder rhetoric of some of his contemporaries because it displays to him those tender and pitiful incidents which spring up like flowers along the road of crime, and not merely lighten its horror, but add to it an exquisite pathos The fourth act of the Duchess of Malfi, where the fortitude of the Duchess is put to so many awful and unprecedented tests, and the terror and pity of the audience is augmented at every change of scene, is one of the most amazing passages of funtastic tragedy ever composed in any language. It reaches its climax in the dark colloquy between Bosola, disguised as an old man, and the hunted woman who is 'Duchess of Malfi still' The same effects, in cruder form, are to be met with in the White Devil, where the demons drag Vittoria downward, with her last cry,

'I am lost forever!'

ringing in our ears This penetration and inventive power concentrated on violent emotion give Webster a unique place among poets He would be still more amazing than he is were it possible for us to believe that he was not influenced by the But although he owes tragedies of Shakespeare much to this overwhelming predecessor, Webster has a character among English poets entirely his own, he is the highest expression that we possess of the sinister pursuit of moral beauty in the literature of crime and horror

From 'The White Devil,'

Francisco de Medicis Your reverend mother Is grown a very old woman in two hours. I found them winding of Marcello's corse. And there is such a solemn melody, 'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies, Such as old grandams, watching by the dead, Were wont t' outwear the nights with—that, believe me, I had no eyes to guide me forth the room, They were so o ercharg'd with water

Flamineo I will see them.

Fran 'Twere much uncharity in you, for your sight Will add unto their tears.

Flam I will see them

They are behind the traverse, I'll discover Their superstitious howling

CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and three other ladies discovered runding MARCELLO'S corse

curtain

Cornelia This rosemary is wither'd, pray, get fresh. I would have these herbs grow up in his grave, When I am dead and rotten Reach the bays. I'll tie a garland here about his head, 'Twill keep my boy from lightning

Hallow'd it with my prayers, I did not think He should have wore it

La11 4 Look you, who are yonder?

Cor O, reach me the flowers!

Ta whe Her ladyship's foolish.

Wer an Alas, her grief

Hath turn'd her child agun!

You're very welcome There s resemany for you, and rue for you, [To Flamenco Heart's ease for you, I pray make much of it,

I have left more for myself

Lady, who's this?

Cor You are, I take it, the grave maker

Flam So

Lanche 'Tis Flamineo

[hand

Cor Will you make me such a fool? here's a white Can blood so soon be wash'd out? let me see When screech owls croak upon the chimney tops, And the strange cricket i' th' oven sings and hops, When yellow spots do on your hands appear, He certain then you of a corse shall hear Out upon't, how 'tis speckled ' has handled a toad sure. Cov slip water is good for the memory Pray, buy me three ounces of t

Ilam I would I were from hence

Cor Do you hear, sir? I il give you a saying which my grandmother Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er Unto her lute

Ilam Do, an you will, do

Cornclia sings

Call for the robin red breast, and the wren, Since o'er shady groves they hover, And with leaves and flowers do cover The friendless bodies of unburied men. Call unto his funeral dole The ant, the field mouse, and the mole, To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm, And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm, But keep the wolf far thence, that's foc to men, For with his nails he'll dig them up again

(From Act v)

From 'The Duchess of Malfi.'

Ferdinand Where are you? Duciess Here, sir

Feed This darkness suits you well.

Duch I vould ask you pardon

I and You have it,

I or I account it the honourablest revenge, Where I may I ill, to pardon. Where are your cubs? Puch Whom?

Ford Call them your children, For though our national law distinguish bastards From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature Makes them all equal

 $D \kappa i$ Do you visit me for this? You violate a sacrament of the church, Shall make you have in hell for 't.

I id It had been well Could yet have lived thus always for, indeed, I sa acre too much i' the light-but no more, I come to seal my peace with you. Here s a hand

[Gi. s her a dead man's hand The hich you have so ved much love the ring upon't You wave

Duch I affectionately kiss it

Ferd Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart I will leave this ring with you for a love token, And the hand as sure as the ring, and do not doubt But you shall have the heart too when you need a friend, Send it to him that owned it, you shall see

Whether he can aid you

Duch You are very cold I fear you are not well after your travel.

Ha! lights! O horrible!

Ford Let her have lights enough. Duch What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left A dead man's hand here?

[Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of Autonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead]

Bosola Look you, here's the picce from which 'twasta'en. He doth present you this sad spectacle, That, now you know directly they are dead,

Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve

For that which cannot be recovered

Duch There is not between heaven and earth one wish I stay for after this (From Act IV sc. L)

Afterwards, in aggravation of his cruelty, the brother sends a troop of madmen from the hospital to make a concert round the duchess in prison After they have danced and sung Bosola enters, disguised as an old man

Duch Is he mad too?

Bos I am come to make thy tomb

Duch Ha! my tomb?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death bed, Gasping for breath Dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible

Duch Thou art not mad sure dost know me?

Bos Yes.

Duch Who am I?

Bos Thou art a box of worm seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff paste Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies in, more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her look ing glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch Am not I thy duchess?

Bos Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead, clad in gray hairs, twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear a little infant that breeds its teeth should it lie with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow

Duch I am Duchess of Walfi still

Bos That makes thy sleeps so broken Glories, like glow worms, afar off shine bright, But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain. Bor My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living

I am a tomb-maker Duch And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos Yes.

of Bre I and Flush ns, served in the Low Coun tries, vas secretary 'o Ccc I in the Cadiz expedition, was but ashore sick at kinsale on his return, and died in Ireland, Februar 28, 1026, leaving his widow destitu e. In 1600 he published his Transformed Meta norti esis (discovered in 1872), a satirical poom, marred by pedantic affectations, in 1600 a Fuertl Poen on the English governor of the Brill, in 1613 an Elegy on Prince Henry fune rests on to plays, the Revenger's Fragedy, printed in 1607, and the (earlier and poorer) Ill cist's Fragedy, printed in tott The Re-engur's Irazah, an appalling tale of all the unholy pas sions, shows tragic intensity, condensed passion, fier, strength of phrase cynical and bitter mockery Hazlitt compared it to Webster's work, Fleay (with out due reason) thought it was Webster's, Mr Symburne, who culogises this is Tourneur's own masterpicce, says the only other dramatist's work it resembles is Shakespeare's Charles Limb could never read it but his cars tingled Ward, while admitting the tragic power of the play, says, ilmost with Swinburne's vehemence, that its plot 'is in its sewer like windings one of the blackest and most polluting devised by the perverted imagination of an age prone to feed on the worst scandals of the Italian decadence,' and that it is 'pruriency steeped in horrors' Mr Addington Symonds is equally decided, and calls it 'an entangled web of lust, incest, fratricide, rape, adultery, mutual suspicion, hate, and bloodshed.' The altheist's Irazedy is less revolting, but has enough and to spare of unnatural wickedness, besides being crude ind ill constructed. The wiel ed uncle helps his nephew off to the wars in order that he may murder his brother, the good lord, at leisure, and secure the rich heiress, his nephew's betrothed, for his contemptible son. He hires an assassin to murder the excellent and unsuspicious brother, and apparently simply to torment the father's heart before his murder, suborns the murderer as a disguised soldier to bring the perfectly false intelligence that the son is dead. In mere superfluity of maghtiness the women seek their own dishonour, and a stage 'Puritan' eagerly agrees to cirry out every illains proposed to him. To one of his ictims the worst villain of the piece, the uncle, says (explaining the title beforehand)

No? Then invoke
Your prest appload protector. I will do t
To all the victim rather inconsequently replies
approad to ector! Are we an atheist? then
I'll o my prayers and tears are spent in vain.

It is sign ficant that the passage i high seems to contain the only really true and tender touch in the Atlanta Francis is the speech of the assassing disguised as a soldier from the wars, telling the noble identifiers the base Le about his son's death.

hr in The enemy, defeated of a fair All and a by a dale ting a magein, Plane all the actulary against the to m,

Whose thunder and lightning made our bulwarks shake, And threatened in that terrible report The storm wherewith they meant to second it. The assault was general. But, for the place That promised most advantage to be forced, The pride of all their army was drawn forth And equally divided into front They marched, and coming to a stand, And rear Ready to pass our channel at an clb. We advised it for our safest course, to draw Our sluices up and mak't impassable. Our governor opposed and suffered them To charge us home e'en to the rampier's foot. But when their front was forcing up our breach At push o' pil c, then did his policy Let go the sluices, and tripped up the heels Of the whole body of their troop that stood Within the violent current of the stream Their front, beleaguered 'twist the water and The town, seeing the flood was grown too deep To promise them a safe retreat, exposed The force of all their spirits (like the last Expiring gasp of a strong hearted man) Upon the hazard of one charge, but were Oppressed, and fell The rest that could not swim Were only drowned, but those that thought to 'scape By swimming were by murderers that flanked The level of the flood, both drowned and slain. Walking next day upon the fatal shore, Among the slaughtered bodies of their men, Which the full stomached sea had east upon The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light Upon a face whose favour, when it lived, appearance My astonished mind informed me I had seen. He lay in his armour, as if that had been His coffin, and the weeping sea, like one Whose milder temper doth lament the death Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek, Goes back again, and forces up the sands To bury him, and every time it parts, Sheds tears upon him, till at last, as if It could no longer endure to see the man Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him-with A land of unresolved unwilling pace, Winding her waves one in another like A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands, For gricf-ebbcd from the body, and descends,

From the same play comes the quaintly antithetical but pleasing 'Epitaph of Charlemont,' quite unlil e Tourneur's usual thought or diction

As if it would sink down into the earth,

And hide itself for shaine of such a deed

His body lies interr'd within this mould. Who died a young man yet departed old, And all that strength of youth that man can have Was ready still to drop into his grave, har ag'd in Virtue, 11th a youthful eye, He welcom'd it, being still prepared to die, And living so, though young depriv'd of breath, He did not suffer an untimely death. But we may say of his brave bless'd decease, He died in war and yet he died in peace.

There is a comple redition of Cyril Tourneur by Churton Collins (107) at I of the two plays with two of Websters, by J. A. Symon is ("Merican Series 1 85).

Thomas Heywood, himself an actor, was the most indefatigable of dramatic writers. He had, as he informs his readers, 'an entire hand, or at least a maine finger,' in two hundred and twenty He wrote also a long series of other works in prose or verse, or in both, including translations from Lucian and other classics, defences of the stage, books of biography and theology, epitaphs and elegies. Most of the few facts we know about Heywood's life and history have been gleaned from his own writings and the dates of his plays time of his birth is not known, but he seems to have been born about 1575, he was a native of Lincolnshire, and is said to have been a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, he wrote his first play about 1600, and he continued to exercise his ready pen down to the year 1641 In one of his prologues he adverts to the various sources of his multifarious labours

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage
And figur'd them in planets, made even hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muses' rapture further, we
Have traffick'd by their help, no history
We have left unrifled, our pens have been dipt,
As well in opening each hid manuscript,
As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
Of fairy elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns and groves, no number can be scann'd
Which we've not given feet to.

Charles Lamb's startling epithet for Heywood, 'a sort of prose Shakespeare,' is, even when qualified by Lamb's rather serious deduction-'but we miss the poet'-usually treated as one of his least happy appreciations, as a misleading paradox bred of the kindly critic's enthusiasm for his old dramatists, emphatic almost in proportion as they were neglected by the world Lamb further says of Heywood 'He possessed not the imagination of Shakespeare, but in all those qualities which gained for Shakespeare the attribute of gentle he was not inferior to him-generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of his passion, sweetness, in a word, and gentleness, Christianism, and true hearty Anglicism of feelings shaping that Christianism, shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakespeare' This is high praise, but Mr Addington Symonds declares 'the verdict is in many points a just one Heywood, while he lacks the poetry, philosophy, deep insight into nature, and consummate art of Shakespearethose qualities, in a word, which render Shakespeare supreme among dramatic poets-has a sincerity, a tenderness of pathos, and an instinctive perception of nobility that distinguish him among the playwrights of the seventeenth century Dekker, he wins our confidence and love. We keep a place in our affection for his favourite characters.' And Mr Symonds calls Heywood's

masterpiece, A Woman Killed with Kindness, 'the finest bourgeois tragedy of our Elizabethan literature.' Yet it is admitted that his first play, The Four Prentices of London, is absurd, and justly open to the caricature of it in Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, that his historical plays are mere chronicles hastily and perfunctorily dramatised to supply the immediate wants of the stage, that some of his plays are feeble and in bad taste, that he lacks the highest artistic instinct, and that in all his work-including his domestic, his romantic, and his classical or pseudo classical plays—he is almost everywhere careless, and never produced one play reasonably perfect in dramatic form or any character self consistent throughout. He resembled Shakespeare, certainly, in writing his plays to be acted rather than read. and in being strangely careless as to what became of them in the long-run With Greene he was one of the earliest of English professional writers for the press, and he was not seldom a mere hackwriter, he wrote too freely, too constantly, and too much it is recorded of him that, somewhat like Anthony Trollope, 'he obliged himself to write a sheet every day for several years together' Ready invention, a certain lightness of touch, and directness were his gifts rather than creative power or the art of breathing into his characters the breath of life. His best things are single scenes, passages, or fragments But he is very strong in his pictures of English home life, of the ways of English country gentlemen, and of English sailors His pathos is sometimes forced sentiment, but is sometimes marvellously simple, true, and effective. He usually mixed prose and verse, and his English style is generally free and natural, though, like many contemporaries, he liked to set out his story with pedantic phrases and fantastic coinages There is genuine poetry here and there in most of his pieces His songs are many of them fresh, flowing, and musical, and linger in the memory

Of Heywood's huge dramatic library, only twentyfour plays have come down to us, the best of which
perhaps are A Woman Killed with Kindness (1603),
The Rape of Lucrece (1608), The Fair Maid of the
Exchange (1607), The English Traveller (1633),
A Challenge for Beauty (1636), Love's Mistress
(1636), and The IVise IVoman of Hogsdon (1638)
Edward IV follows pretty closely the old ballads
of the 'Tanner of Tamworth' and of 'Jane Shore'
The Rape of Lucrece, spite of its subject, is so little
classical in tone that one of the songs, for which it
is chiefly noteworthy, begins

Shall I woo the lovely Molly, She s so fair, so fat, so jolly?

and another, in imitation-Dutch gibberish, has the eminently unclassical refrain

Skerry merry vip, Skerry merry vap

In The Fair Maid of the West (1617, acted 1631),

and in Forture o; Landar d Sea (1655), partly written b. William Royler, he gives spirited descriptions of scaughts Love's Mistress (1636), the tale of Cupid and Psyche, is a sort of masque In The Royall King and Loyill Subject (1637) the doctrine of passive obedience to kingly authority is The Captives, discarried to extreme lengths covered by Mr Bullen, was printed by him in The Late Lancashire Witches, partly by Richard Brome, is farcical and rather vulgar Heywood was also the author of an historical poem, Troja Britannica (1609), an Apology for Actors (1612). Nine Bookes of Various History concerntuge Women (1624), a poem in folio, The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells (1635), a volume of rhymed translations from Lucian, Erasmus, Ovid, &c, various pageants, tracts, and treatises, and The L fe of Imbrosius Werlin (1641) In virtue of his General History of Women, 'containing the Lives of the most Holy and Profane, the most I amous and Infimous in all Ages' (1624, 2nd ed 1657), and his Exemplary Lives of Aine the most Worthy Women of the World (1640), Heywood may be regarded as the father of all those who compile 'Lives of Twelve Bad Men' and 'Lives of I welve Good Women' -sometimes thought a very modern enterprise.

The following extracts will show Heywood at his best in trigedy, and will explain the title of his masterpiece, A Woman Killed with Kindness Frankford, discovering that he has been wronged by his wife and his friend, instead of slaving them both as they expected, makes an unusually gentle return (note the kindly 'O Nan!' to which he by and by recurs)

Mrs Frankford O, by what words, what title, or what Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh! I am as far from hoping such sweet grace, As I ucifer from heaven. To call you husband-O me mos wretched! I have lost that name I am no more your wife.

I rand for I Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee No v, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted. For I am most ashamed, and 'tis more hard I or me to look upon thy guilty free Than on the sun's clear brow what wouldst thou speak?

'Ir Fran I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes, No apprehension, no capacity When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me Under feet? when drag me by the hair? Though I deserve a thousand thousand fold More than you can inflict yet, once my husband. For womanhood, to which I am a shame, Though once an ornament, even for his sake, That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face, Nor hack ne with your sword but let me go Perfect and undeformed to my tomb I am not worth, that I should prevui In the least suit, no, not to speak to you, Nor fook on you nor to be in your presence Le' as a rabject the one sait I cra e, The grant ed, I am ready for my grave. Kneels

Fran My God, with patience arin me 1 rise, nay, rise, And I'll debate with thee Was it for want Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied With every pleasure, fishion, and new toy, Nay, even beyond my calling? Mrs Fran I was

Fran Was it then disability in me? Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man? Mrs Fran O no

Fran Did not I lodge thee in my bosom? Wear thee in my heart?

Mrs Fran You did Fran I did indeed, witness my tears I did. Go bring my infants lither O Nan, O Nan, If neither fear of shame, regard of honour, The blemish of my house, nor my dear love, Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact, Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls, On whose white brows thy shame is character'd, And grows in greatness as they wax in years— Look but on them, and melt away in tears. Away with them! lest as her spotted body Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy, So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits

With her infectious thoughts. Away with them ! Mrs Fran In this one life I die ten thousand deaths. Fran Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly I will retire awhile into my study, [Exit

And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently

He returns with CRANWELL. She falls on her knees

Fran My words are register'd in heaven already With patience hear me I'll not martyr thee, Nor mark thee for a strumpet, but with usage Of more humility torment thy soul, And kill thee even with kindness.

Cranwell Mr Frankford

Fran Good Mr Cranwell -- Woman, hear thy judg-

Go make thee ready in thy best attire, Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress, Or by whose sight, being left here in the house, I may remember such a woman was Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber, Take with thee everything which hath thy mark, And get thee to my manor seven miles off, Where live, 'tis thine, I freely give it thee My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains To carry all thy stuff within two hours, No longer will I limit thee my sight Choose which of all my servants thou likest best, And they are thine to attend thee

Mrs Fran A mild sentence

Fran But as thou hopest for heaven, as thou believest Thy name's recorded in the book of life, I charge thee never after this sad day To see me or to meet me, or to send By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise, To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends, Nor challenge any part in my two children So farewell, Van! for we will henceforth be As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see

Alrs Fran How full my heart is, in inine eyes appears, What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Fran Come, take your coach, your stuff, all must along

Servants and all make ready, all be gone. It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

(From Act IV sc. vi.)

Ultimately the unhappy woman dies of revived tenderness and remorse, with the forgiving kiss of her husband on her lips

The following description of Psyche, from Love's Mistress, is in his more elaborate manner

Admetus Welcome to both in one! Oh, can you tell What fate your sister hath?

Astro-he and Petrea Psyche is well.

Adm So among mortals it is often said
Children and friends are well when they are dead

Astroche But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy,
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosian fare,
Winds, and the light winged creatures of the air,
Clear channeled rivers, springs, and flowery meads
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads,
When Psyche gilds their crystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and, behold!
She sends us with our laps full brimmed with gold.

Morning Ditty from 'Lucrece'

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good morrow
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow,
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow
Blackbird and thrush in every bush—
Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow—
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow

Song from the 'Fair Maid of the Exchange.'

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys,
Go, pretty birds, about her bower,
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower
Ah me, muthinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bulls
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden,
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble

Go tune your voices' harmony,
And sing I am her lover,
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her,
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice
Yet still methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble

O fly make haste, see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber,
Sing round about her rosy bed
That waking she may wonder,
Say to her 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

Vivid similes, not always in the happiest taste, often occur, as in

My friend and I Like two chain bullets side by side will fly Through the jaws of death,

and in

Astonishment, Fear, and amazement beat upon my heart, Even as a madman beats upon a drum

Mr Symonds has pointed out that Love's Mistress contains early specimens of classical burlesque

The boy by chance upon her fan had spilled A cup of nectar oh, how Juno swore 'I told my aunt I'd give her a new fan To let Jove's page be Cupid's serving man—

hardly sounds like the style of 1636 It is rather startling to find in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*—though Heywood is in nowise responsible for our surprise—that the 'amorous gallant,' who is far from careful of delicacy either in speech or deed, is called Bowdler—an odd example of the irony of history before the event!

A curious specimen of Heywood's miscellaneous work-interesting in various ways, though really a very poor specimen of metrical bookmaking-is The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells (1635) of its name, this odd folio is much more detailed in its account of the unblessed angels, of diabolic possession, of enchantments, necromancy, astrology, white magic, black magic, levitation, unholy pacts with the devil, witchcraft, incubi and succubre, and the stories of 'magitions' such as Faust and Cornelius Agrippa. Satan's invisible kingdom is indeed displayed at greater length than the kingdom of grace. The work, usually called a poem, is really a disquisition in nine books, half of each book being in very wooden verse, followed by a 'theologicall, philosophicall, poeticall, historicall, apothegmaticall, hierogliphicall, and emblematicall' commentary, continuation, or expansion in excellent prose. The books are named after nine orders of celestial beings-Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Vertues, Powers, Principates, Arch angels, and Angels proper, following exactly the arrange-

ment in Dionysius the Areopagite, De Calesti Hierarchia (compare Milton's favourite 'Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers') wood's 'Lucifer charg'd with insolence and spleene' mentably suggests Milton's sons of 'Belial flown with insolence and wine,' and makes it likely that Milton knew Heywood's book, the plan of which The first book, for is carrordinarily clastic example, treats the arguments for the being of God, refutes at great length the 'tenents of Athersme and Saducisme, deals with false gods. idolates in general, and the 'malice of the divell' The second book discusses the nature of God, the Frinity, and the deity of Christ in such verses as the following

The sacred Scriptures are sufficient warrant Ly many texts to make the Trine apparant, As from the first creation we may prove—
God did create, God said, the Spirit did more.
Create imports the Father, said the Sonne,
The Spirit that mored, the Holy Ghost—This done,
Come to the Gospell, to Saint Paul repaire,
Of him, through him, and for him all things are,
To whom be everlasting praise. Amen!
In which it is observed by Origen,
Of, through, and for three Persons to imply,
And the word him the Godhead's Unity

Room is found, in prose or verse, for discussing the creation of sun, moon, and stars, and their motions, the constellations, and the myths in vol cd, astrology, the creation of man and the fall of the angels, the fall of man, the redemption, and Scripture story, together with the torments of hell, sketches of the ancient philosophical systems, mediaval theology, Mahomet and his 'Alcaron,' the hideous superstition of the Ethnicks, Finlanders, Liplanders, and 'Bothnienses' Heywood's own views are supported by copious citations and trunslations from Homer, Lucian, Virgil, Mahomet, Avicenna, Abenzoar, the Jewish Rabbis, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Hermes Trismegistus, Dionysius the Arcopagite, Olaus Magnus, Dante, and hundreds of less known authors ('Hear Faustus Andrehmus, an excellent poet'l he says, meaning Andreling an Italian writer of Latin verse who died His (Itilian) quotations from Dante m 1518) prove him to have been one of the earliest English students of Dinte. And there is room not merely for innumerable blood curding witch stories, but for apparently any pleasing anecdote or sound observation that occurs to him, often utterly arrele a int to the argument in hand. Thus, apropos of a meditation on death, comes a singular glimpse of contemporary treatment of English poets

Win life's a Goale and Death end of the race, And thousand sundry wayes point to the place I or now the conqueror with the captive's spread. On one bare carth a on the common bed. The servint with the master, and the maid. Stretcht by her mistre a both their heads are laid. Up a a common pillor. B'inde Homer in the grave I es doubly darle, Asam t him no v base Joylus dares not barke.

From this he suddenly goes off to complain that, though Homer's fame is undisputed, in modern England 'impudent sycophants and ballading knaves' overbear 'meriting men'. Further, whereas 'past ages did the antient poets grace' by giving them their full style, often adding to their name the place of their birth or the nature of their work, so that with their worth encreast their stiles, the most grac'd with three names at least,' in England it is quite otherwise. Then he seems inconse quently to justify the usage. And after quoting George Buchanan on the poverty of poets, he grumbles that now 'the puny assumes the name of poet,' and shamelessly

Taskes such artists as have took degree
Before he was a fresh man, and because,
No good practitioner in the stage lawes,
He miss'd the applause he aim'd at, hee'l devise
Another course his name to immortalise,
Imploring divers pens, failing in's owne,
To support that which others have cried down

Incapable poets and dramatists in his time, in fact, were not merely insolent to their seniors who had been moderately successful, but having failed themselves, had recourse to log-rolling, no less. This is the principal part of the excursus

Our moderne Pocts to that passe are driven,

Those names are curtal'd which they first had given, And, as we wisht to have their memories drown'd, We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound Greene, who had in both Academies ta'ne Degree of Master, yet could never gaine To be call'd more than Robin who had he Profest ought save the Muse, Serv'd, and been I rec After a seven yeares Prentiseship, might have (With credit too) gone Robert to his grave Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit, Could ne're attaine beyond the name of Kit, Although his Hero and Leander did Merit addition rather Famous Kid Was call'd but Tom. Tom. Watson, though he wrote Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote Upon his Muse, for all that he could strive, Yet never could to his full name arrive. Fom Nash (in his time of no small esteeme) Could not a second syllable redueme Excellent Bewmont, in the formost ranke Of the rar'st Wits, was never more than Franck Mellifluous Shake speare, whose inchanting Quill Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but Will And famous Johnson, though his learned Pen Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben Fletcher and Webster, of that learned packe None of the mean'st, yet neither was but Jacke Deckers but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton And hee's now but Jacke Foord, that once were John Nor speake I this, that any here exprest,

Nor speake I this, that any here exprest, Should thinke themselves lesse worthy than the rest, Whose names have their full syllable and sound, Or that I ranck, Kit, or Jacke are the least would but their fame and ment—I for my part (Thinke others what they please) accept that heart Which courts my love in most familiar phrase, And that it takes not from my paines or praise.

If any one to me so bluntly com,
I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom
Heare but the learned Buchanan complame,
In a most passionate Elegiacke straine,
And what emphaticall phrases he doth use
To waile the wants that wait upon the Muse.
The Povertie (saith he) adde unto these,
Which still attends on the Aonides, &c.

Dodsley included only two of Heywood's plays (1744) The old Shakespeare Society printed a dozen (1842-51). Not till 1874 was there a complete edition of all the plays then known—twenty three —in 6 vols. by Mr Pearson The Captires as we have said, was printed by Mr Bullen in 1885. The Merimaid edition, edited by Mr Symonds (1888), contains tive plays. See also Symonds Shake speare's Predecessors, and Ward, History of the English Drama.

Robert Burton.

Robert Burton, the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, was born at Lindley, in Leicestershire, 8th February 1577, entered Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1593, and in 1599 was elected student of Christ Church In 1614 he took his BD, and two years later was presented by his college to the vicarage of St Thomas at Oxford, and about 1630 by Lord Berkeley to the rectory of Segrave in his native county Both livings he kept 'with much ado to his dying day,' and appears to have continued all his life at Christ Church, where he died 25th January 1639, and was buried in Christ Church Cathedral death took place very near the time he had long since foretold by the calculation of his own nativity-for he believed in and practised the art of judicial astrology hence arose, as we learn from Anthony Wood, a false report that he had 'sent up his soul to heaven thro' a slip about his neck.' Burton is thus described by Wood 'He was an exact mathematician, a curious calcu lator of nativities, a general read scholar, a thro' paced philologist, and one that understood the surveying of lands well. As he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous [i.e. subject to 'the humours'] person, so by others, who knew him well, a person of great honesty, plain dealing, and charity I have heard some of the antients of Christ Church often say that his company was very merry, facete, and juvenile, and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dextrous interlarding his common discourses among them with verses from the pocts or sentences from classical authors, which being then all the fashion in the university made his company more acceptable.' Little is known of his life, but according to Bishop Kennet's Register and Caronich (1728), 'In an interval of Vapours he would be extremiely pleasant, and ruse Laughter in any Company Yet I have heard that nothing at list could make him laugh, but going down to the Bridge foot in Oxford, and hearing the Barge men scold and storm and swear at one another, it which he would set his Hands to his Sides, and laugh most profusely! There is, however, a strong presumption that the anecdote is a mythical transference to Burton of the idiosyncratic relaxation he says his prototype permitted himself (page 437)

The first edition of the Inatomy of Melancholy, by 'Democritus Junior' (1621), was in quarto, and four more editions in folio were published within the author's lifetime, each with successive alterations and additions. The final form of the book was the sixth edition (1651-52), printed from the author's annotated copy. It is divided into three divisions, each subdivided into sections, members, and subsections. Part I treats of the causes and symptoms of melancholy, Part II of the cure of melancholy, and Part III of love melancholy and religious melancholy. In the long and interesting



ROBERT BURTON
From the Picture at Brasenose College Oxford.

preface, 'Democritus to the Reader,' Burton gives an account of himself and his studies, and is his own best critic 'I have laboriously collected this Cento out of divers Writers, and that sine injuria, I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own' Of his style he says 'I neglect phrases, and labor wholly to inform my reader's understand ing, and not to ple ise his ear, tis not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an Oritor requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens So that as a River runs sometimes pre cipitate and swift, then dul and slow, now direct, then per ambages, now deep, then shallow, now muddy, then clear, now broad, then narrow, doth my stile flow now serious, then light, now comical, then satyrical, now more elaborate, then remisse, as the present subject required, or as it that time I was affected?

This stringe book is far more systematic than the superical reader is upt to imagine. It is indeed a farrago from all, even the most out of the wi, classical and mediaval writers, yet not one quolation out of ill his ponderous learning but lends a renath or illustration to his argument. Every page is marked by keen irony, profound and often gloomy humour and by strong and excellent ansa, while throughout the book there runs a deep undertone of carnestness that fits well with its concluding sentences, and at times rises into e grave cloquence of quite singular charm 'funtastic old great man' is certain of immortality as one of the greatest English writers Johnson said Burton's Anatomy of Welancholy was the only bool that ever tool him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise, and Charles Lamb shows plainly its influence on his own style as well as in his direct imitation, the 'curious Fragments,' professedly extracted from Burton's Common Place Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso owed much to 'The Author's Abstract of Melancholy' prensed (in crse) to his book, and Ferriar in 1798 pointed out to the world the indebtedness of Sterne Byron speaks of its great value as materials for literary conversation,' but Wood had long before pointed out this merit "I's a book so full of viriety of reading, that gentlemen who have lost their time and are put to a push for invention, may furnish themselves with matter for common or scholastical discourse and writing?

But in spite of Burton's prophylactic apology, Democritus has some right to complain of the use made of his name the learned recluse of Christ Church did not follow the best authoritics on Democritus, and would hardly have called himself 'Democritus Junior' had he fully realised how wide and deep was the gulf between himself and the philosopher of Abdera. meant by calling himself Democritus was that he laughed at the follies of mankind so happens that this tradition about the original Democritus is lite and unauthentic, so is the confitte one that opposes him, as 'the laughing philosopher,' to Heraclitus, 'the weeping philosopher' Democritus (senior) seems to have been a man of a healthy, happy disposition, who hilatuilly looked at the cheerful side of things the filse proverb is but a perversion of this fact Democritus Isushed, not because he was crustic, bitter, satirical, but bee cuse he was good humoured Democritus, the predecessor of Epicurus, was a thorough soing atomist—his gods were but aggre gations of atoms a degree or two more powerful thin men, and there is no design in naturewhereas Burton was an orthodox, if not perferved, Christian and Churchman Democritus was the greatest traveller of his time, Burton spent all his life in his college. Democritus learnt from living men, not from books, Burton was the very ling of book erms. But both were exceptionally safted, learned, good men, and Burton may be excused for follo in g the multitude in til-ing Democritus is characteristically 'a laugher at human follies'

Birtin is quite wrongly regarded as a pessimist !

to be ranked with the Ecclesiast, with Buddhist sages, with Schopenhauer, and with Hartmann. He did not regard life as essentially and unre deemably evil the scholar who wrote to relieve his own depression, who devoted one great division of his work to the cure of melancholy, obviously regarded the miseries that do accompany and flow from love, hypochondriasis, superstition, mad ness, lealousy, and solitude as separable accidents of human nature, or aberrations that ought to be, and can be, guarded against 'He was a man sub ject to 'the vapours,' in short, and though between whiles cheerful enough, had the moody tempera ment which led him to dwell on the darker side of life, especially after he had constituted the Anatomy of Melancholy his life-work. And he set himself calmly, not unsympathetically, but candidly, learnedly, even facetiously, to anatomise humin folly and perversity To a man of his ingenuity it was possible to bring almost everything to bear on his pet subject, and hence in his great work we have the most marvellous olla body ula that exists in book form, yet a book with a very definite plan and an unmistakable purpose The multitudinous quotations, that look at times as if discharged at random from a series of commonplace books, are never wholly irrelevant any more than the frequent and amazing digressions, which are a feiture of the book And though the piles of citations make many of the sentences mordinately long, formless, and almost structurcless, Burton when he is writing 'out of his own head' writes tersely, smoothly, and melodiously beyond many of his contemporaries He is profoundly humorous in another sense thin Wood's, his grave and profound humour is, like Sir Thomas Browne's, a marked characteristic.

In the copious preface, 'Democritus to the Reader,' Burton explains his choice of a pseudonym or nom de guerre, and incidentally gives an interesting account of himself and his studies (we follow the text and spelling of the fifth edition of 1638)

Democritus, as he is described by Hippocrates and Lacrins, was a little wearish [withered] old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter dates, and much given to solitarinesse, a famous philoso pher in his age, coavies with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life, writ many excellent works, a great divine, according to the divinitie of those times, an expert physician, a politician, an ex cellent mathematician, as Diacosmus and the rest of his works do witness. He was much delighted with the studies of husbandrie, saith Columella, and often I find him cited by Constantinus and others treating of that He knew the natures, differences of all beasts, plants, fishes, birds, and, as some say, could understand the tunes and voyces of them. In a word, he was omnifariam doctus, a general scholar, a great student, and, to the intent he might better contemplate, I find it related by some that he put out his eyes, and was in his old age voluntarily blinds, yet saw more than all Greece besides, and writ of evene subject. Wihil in toto opigeto natura de quo non scrifsit a man of an excellent wit, profound concert, and to attain knowledge the better,

in his younger years he travelled to Egypt and Athens, to conferre with learned men, admired of some, despised of others. After a wandring life, he setled at Abdera, a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law maker, recorder, or town clerke, as some will, or as others, he was there bred and born Howsoever it was, there he lived at last in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking himself to his studies and a private life, saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, and laugh heartily at such varieties of ruliculous objects, which there he saw. Such a one was Democritus.

But, in the mean time, how doth this concerne me, or upon what reference doe I usurpe his habit? I confesse, indeed, that to compare my self unto him for ought I have yet said, were both impudencie and arrogancie. I do not presume to make any parallel. Antistat mihi millibus trecentis parvus sum, nullus sum, altum nec spiro, nec spero Yet thus much I will say of my self, and that I hope without all suspicion of pride or self conceit I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life, milit et Musis, in the university, as long almost as Yenocrates in Athens, ad senectam fere, to learne wisdome as he did, penned up most part in my studie for I have been brought up a student in the most flourishing colledge of Europe, augustissimo collegio, and can bragge with Jovius, almost, in ed luce domicilis Vaticani, totius orbis celeberrini, per 37 annos multa opportunaque didici, sor thirty years I have continued (having the use of as good libraries as ever he had) a scholar, and would be therefore loth either, by living as a drone, to be an unprofitable or unworthie member of so learned and noble a societie, or to write that which should be any way dishonourable to such a royall and ample foundation. Something I have done though by my profession a divine, yet turbine raptus ingenii, as he said, out of a running wit, an unconstant, unsetled mind, I had a great desire (not able to attain to a superficiall skill in any) to have some smattering in all, to be aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis, which Plato commends, out of him Lipsius approves and furthers, as fit to be imprinted in all curious wits, not to be a slave of one science, or dwell altogether in one subject, as most do, but to rove abroad, centum puer artium, to have an oare in every mans boat, to taste of every dish, and to sip of every cup, which, saith Mon taigne, was well performed by Aristotle, and his learned countrey man Adrian Furnebus This roving humor (though not with like successe) I have ever had, and, like a ranging spaniell that barks at every bird he sees, leaving his game, I have followed all, saving that which I should, and may justly complain and truly, que ubique est, nusquam est, which Gesner did in modesty, that I have read many books, but to little purpose, for want of good method, I have confusedly tumbled over divers authors in our libraries with small profit, for want of art, order, memorie, judgement. I never travelled but in map or card, in which my unconfined thoughts have freely expatiated, as having ever been especially delighted with the study of cosmography Saturn was lord of my geni ture, culminating, &c., and Mars principal significator of manners, in partile conjunction with mine ascendent, both fortunate in their houses, &c. I am not poore, I am not rich , mhil est, mhil deest , I have little, I want nothing all my treasure is in Minerva's tower Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it I have a competency (laus Deo) from my noble and munificent patrons. Though I live still a collegiat student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastique life, tpse milit theatrum, sequestred from those tunults and troubles of the world, et tamq tam in specula positus (as he said), in some high place above you all, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others run, ride, turmoile, and macerate themselves in court and countrey, far from those wrangling law suits, aula vanitatem, fori ambitionem, ridere mecum soleo I laugh at all, only secure, lest my suit go amisse, my ships perish, corn and cattle miscarry, trade decay, I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for, a meere spectator of other mens fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts, which me thinks are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene. I hear new news every day. and those ordinary rumours of war, plagues, fires, inun dations, thefts, murders, massacrus, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities besieged in France, Germany, Turky, Persia, Poland, &c., daily musters and preparations, and such like, which these tempestuous times affoord, battles fought, so many men slain, monomachies, shipwracks, piracies, and sea fights, peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarums vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, law suits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, griev ances are daily brought to our ears. New books evene day, pamphlets, currantoes [gazettes], stories, whole cata logues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions, schismes, heresies, controversies in philosophie, religion, Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, main meries, entertainments, jubilies, embassies, tilts, and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, playes then again, as in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villanies in all kinds, funerals burials, death of princes, new discoveries, expeditions, now comicall, then tragicall matters. To day we hear of new lords and officers created, to morrow of some great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred one is let loose, another imprisoned one purchaseth, another breaketh he thrives, his neighbour turns bankrupt, now plentie, then againe dearth and famine, one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, &c. Thus I daily hear, and such like, both private and publike news. Amidst the gallantrie and miserie of the world, jollitie, pride, perplexities and cares, simplicitie and villanie, subtletie, knaverie, candor and integritie, mutually mixt and offering themselves, I rub on privus privatus as I have still lived, so I now continue statu quo prius, lest to a solitary life, and mine own domestick discontents, saving that sometimes, ne quid mentiar, as Diogenes went into the citie and Democritus to the haven, to see fashions, I did for my recreation now and then walk abroad, look into the world, and could not choose but make some little observation, non tam sagax observator ac simplex recitator, not as they did, to scoffe or laugh at all, but with a mixt passion

Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus

I did sometime laugh and scoffe with Lucian, and satyrically taxe with Menippus, lament with Heraclitus, sometimes again I was petulanti splene eachinno, and then again, urere bilis jecur, I was much moved to see that abuse which I could not amend in which passion howsoever I may sympathize with him or them, 'tis for no such respect I shroud my self under his name, but either

in an unknown habit to assume a little more libertie and treedome of speech, or if you will needs know, for that reason and only respect which Hippocrates relate, at large in his epistle to Damegetus, wherein he doth exprese how, comming to visit him one day, he fo and Domecratus in his garden at Abdera, in the suburbs, under a shadie bower, with a book on his knees, busic it his studie, sometime writing, sometime walking subject of his book was melancholy and madnes about him lay the careasses of many several beasts, newly by him cut up and anatomized, not that he did contenin God's creatures, as he told Hippocrates, but to find out the seat of this atra bilis, or melancholy, whence it pro eccels, and how it was engendred in mens bodies, to the intent he might better cure it in himself, by his writings and observations teach others how to prevent and avoid Which good intent of his Hippocrates highly com mended, Democritus Junior is therefore bold to imitate, and, becau e he left it imperfect, and it is now lost, quasi su centuralor Democriti, to revive again, prosecute, and finish in this treatise

If any man except against the matter or manner of treating of this my subject, and will demand a reason of it, I can alleage more than one. I write of melancholy, by being busic to avoid melancholy. There is no greater cause of inclancholy than idlenesse, no better cure than beisinesse, as khasis holds, and howbeit stultus labor est in prarum, to be busied in toyes is to simil purpose, yet hear that divine Seneca better aliud agere quam inful, better doe to no end than nothing. I writ therefore and busied myself in this playing labour, otiosaque diligentia, ut situarem terporem feriandi, with Vectius in Macrobius, at que oftum in utile verterem negotium,

-Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vita, Lectorem delectando simul atque monendo

Fo this end I write, like them, saith Lucian, that re cite to trees and declaime to pillers, for roant of auditors. as Prulus Egineta ingenuously confesseth, not that any thing ca unknown or omitted, but to exercise my self (which course if some took, I think it would be good for their bodies, and much better for their souls), or per adventure as others do, for fame to show myself (Scire tunn nilil est, nist te seire no. seiat alter). I might be of Thucydides opinion, to kno v a thing and not to expresse it is all one as if le knew it not. When I first took this to k in hand, et, quo l'ait ille, impellente gemo negotium secept, this I ayined at, "il ut lemrem animum scribendo, to case my minde by writing, for I had gravidum cor. fiture taful a lind of impo tume in my head, which I we very destrous to be unladen of and could imagine no fitter execuation than this. Be ides I might not well refrum, for, ub dolor, ibi digitus, one must needs scratch where it itches. I was not a little offended with this maladie, shall I say my mistris melanehois, my Fgeria, or an malus genius and for that caus, as he that is tung with a scorpion, I would expel clargent clarge, com fort one sorrow with another idlenes with idlene, it er if rf th rizemi, make an antidote out of that which was the prime cause of my disease. Or as he did, if whom belix Plater speaks, that thought he had some of Aristophanes from in his belly, still crying Brainer car core, it my and for that cause stathed physick leven year, and travelled over most part or Europe, to case himself. To do my self g of I timed over such physicians as our libraries would affoord, or my private friends impart, and have taken this pains.

Symptomes of Love

Bocace hath a pleasant tale to this purpose, which he borrowed from the Greekes, and which Beroaldus hath turned into Latine, Bebelius in verse, of Cymon and Iphigenia. This Cymon was a foole, a proper man of person, and the governour of Cyprus' sonne, but a very asse, insomuch that his father being ashamed of him. sent him to a farme house he had in the country, to bee brought up, where by chance, as his manner was, walk in alone, hee espied a gallant young gentlewoman named Iphigenia, a burgomaster's daughter of Cyprus, with her maid, by a brooke side, in a little thicket, fast asleepe in her smock, where she had newly bathed her sulfe When Cymon saw her, he stood leaning on his stuffe, gaping on her immoreable, and in a maze at list he fell so farre in love with the glorious object, that he began to rouze himselfe up, to bethinke what he was, would needs follow her to the citty, and for her sake begin to be civill, to learne to sing and dance, to play on instru ments, and got all those gentleman like qualities and complements, in a short space, which his friends were most glad of In bricfe, hee became from an idiot and a clowne, to bee one of the most compleat gentlemen in Cyprus, did many valorous exploits, and all for the love of Mistris Iphigenia. In a word, I may say this much of them all, let them be never so clownish, rude and horrid, Grobians and sluts, if once they be in love, they will be most neat and spruce, for, Omnibus rebus, et miulis interibus antevenit amor, they will follow the fashion, beginne to tricke up, and to have a good opinion of themselves, venustatum enum mater Venus, a ship is not so long a rigging, as a young gentlewoman a trimining up her selfe against her sweet heart comes. A painter's shop, a flowry meadow, no so gracious aspect in Nature's storehouse as a young maid, nubilis puella, a Novitsa [novica is a Venetian word for a new married leide] or Venetian bride, that lookes for an husband, or a young man that is her suiter, composed looks, composed gate, cloathes, gestures, actions, all composed, all the graces, elegances, in the world, are in her face. Their best robes, ribbines, chaines, iewels, lawnes, linnens, laces, spangles, must come on, prater quam res patitur student elegantue, they are beyond all measure coy, nice, and too curious on a sudden 'Tis all their study, all their busines, how to wear their clouthes neat, to be polite and terse, and to set out themselves. No sooner doth a young man see his sweet heart comming, but he sinugges up himselfe, pulls up his cloake, now falne about his shoulders, ties his garters, points, sets his band, cuffs, slicks his hair, twires his beard, &c.

(From Part III sect IL)

Study a Cure for Melancholy

Amongst exercises or recreations of the minde within doors, there is none so generall, so aptly to be applyed to all sorts of men, so fit & proper to expell idlenesse and melancholy, as that of study studia senectatem olectant, adolescentiam againt, secundas res ornant, ad eriis perfugium et solatium probent, domi delectant, & finde the rest in Fully pro Archia Poeta What so full of content as to read, walke, and see mappes, pictures, statues, jewels, marbles, which some so much magnific as those that Phidias made of old, so exquisite

and pleasing to be beheld, that, as Chrysostome thinketh, if any man be sickly, troubled in minde, or that cannot sleep for griefe, and shall but stand over against one of Phidias' images, he will forget all care, or whatsoever else may molest him, in an instant?' There bee those as much taken with Michael Angelo's, Raphael de Urbino's, Francesco Francia's pieces, and many of those Italian and Dutch painters which were excellent in their ages, and esteeme of it as a most pleasing sight to view those neat architectures, devices, scutchions, coats of armes, read such bookes, to peruse old coynes of severall sorts in a faire gallery, artificiall workes, perspective glasses, old reliques, Roman antiquities, variety of colours. A good picture is falsa veritas, it muta poesis, and though (as Vives saith), artificialia delatant sal mox fastidimus, artificiall toyes please but for a time, yet who is he that will not be moved with them for the present? When Achilles was tormented and sad for the losse of his dear friend Patroclus, his mother Thetis brought him a most elaborate and curious buckler made by Vulcan, in which were engraven sunne, moone, starres, planets, sea, land, men fighting running riding, women scolding, hils, dales, towns, castles, brooks, rivers, trees, &c., with many pretty landskip and perspective peeces with sight of which he was infinitely delighted

King James (1605), when he came to see our university of Oxford, and amongst other ædifices, now went to view that famous library, renued by S Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure, brake out into that noble speech 'If I were not a king, I would be an university man, and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison then that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors' So sweet is the delight of study, the more learning they have-as hee that hath a dropsie, the more he drinks, the thirstier hee is-the more they covet to learne, and the last day 13 prioris discipulus, harsh at first, learning is radices amara, but fructus dulces, according to that of Isocrates, pleasant at last, the longer they live, the more they are enamoured with the Muses. Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leiden in Holland, was mewed up in it all the year long, and that which, to thy thinking, should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking "I no sooner, saith he, 'come into the library, but I bolt the doors to mee, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idlenesse, the mother of Ignorance, and Mclancholy her selfe, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happi nesse! I am not ignorant in the meanetime, notwith standing this which I have said, how barbarously and basely for the most part our ruder gentry esteeme of libraries and books, how they neglect and contemne so great a treasure, so mestimable a benefit, as Æsop's cocke did the jewell her found in the dunghill, and all through error, ignorance, and want of education. And tis a wonder withall to observe how much they will runely end away in unnecessary expences, quot modis fer unt (south Erosmus) magnatibus fee inue, quantum ibsumant alea, scorta, competationes, prosectiones nen naessaruz, femf e, bella quest'a, ambito, celax, merio, lulu, &, what in hawker, hounds, law suites, viine building, gurmundizing, drinking, sports, places, pas times, &c. (Prom Part it seet il.)

Love of Gaming and Pleasures Immoderate

It is a wonder to see how many poore, distressed, miserable wretches one shall meet almost in every path and street, begging for an almes, that have been well descended, and sometimes in flourishing estate, now ragged, tattered, and ready to be starved, lingring out a painfull life in discontent and griefe of body and minde. and all through immoderate lust, gaming, pleasure, and riot. Tis the common end of all sensuall epicures and bruitish prodigals, that are stupified and carried away headlong with their severall pleasures and lusts. Cebes, in his Table, S. Ambrose in his second booke of Ibel and Cain, and amongst the rest, Lucian, in his tract, De Mercede Conductis, hath excellent well deciphered such men's proceedings, in his picture of Opulentia, whom he faines to dwell on the top of a high mount, much sought after by many suitors. At their first comming, they are generally entertained by Pleasure and Dalliance, and have all the content that possibly may be given, so long as their money lasts, but when their meanes faile, they are contemptibly thrust out at a backe doore headlong, and there left to Shame, Reproach, Despaire at first that had so many attendants, parasites, and followers, young and lusty, richly arrayed, and all the dainty fare that might be had, with all kinds of welcome and good respect, is now upon a sudden stript of all, pale, naked, old, diseased, and forsaken, cursing his starres, and ready to strangle himself, having no other company but Repentance, Sorrow, Griefe, Dirision, Beggery, and Contempt, which are his daily attendants to his lives end. As the prodigill sonne had exquisite musicke, merry company, dainty fire at first, but a sorrowfull reckoning in the end, so have all such vaine delights and their followers (From Part r sect n)

This is the peroration of Burton's unique work

Last of all If the party affected shall certainly know this malady to have proceeded from too much fisting meditation, precise life, contemplation of Gods judgements, (for the divel deceives many by such meanes) in that other extream he circumvents melancholy it selfe, reading some books, treatises, hearing rigid preachers, %c. If he shall perceive that it hath begun first from some great loss, grievous accident disaster, sceing others in like case, or any such terrible object, let him speedily remove the cause, which to the cure of this disease Navarrus so much commends, avertat eggitationem a re scrupulosal, by all opposite meanes, art, and industry, let him, laxar, animum, by all honest recreations, refresh and recreate his distressed soule, let him divert his thoughts, by himselfe and other of his friends. Let him reade no more such tracts or subjects, hear no more such he rful tones, avoid such companies, and by all meanes open himselfe, submit himselfe to the advice of good physicians and divines, which is contratentio scrupulorum, as he calit, hear them speake to whom the Lord hath given the tongue of the learned, to be able to minister a word to him that is weary, whose words are as flagons of wire Let him not be obstinate, head strong, peevish, wiltil, self conceited (as in this malady they are), but give enre to good advice, be ruled and persuaded, and no doubt but such good counsell may prove as prosperous to his soule, is the angel vas to Peter, that opened the iron gates, loosed his bands, brought him out prison, and delivered him from bodily thraldome, they may ease his afflicted nunde relieve his wounded soule, and take him

nt of the james of hell it selle. I can say no more, or the letter ad for to such as are any way distressed in the kinde, then what I have given and said. Only take the for a corolary and conclusion, as thou tenderest the one elfure in this, and all other melaneloly, thy old health of body and minde, observe this short precipt, give not way to contarmess and idleness. Be not than, le that idle.

SPEFATE MISERI, CAVETL FELICES.

Vis a dil o literari? Lis quod incertum est coadere? Le panuten'iam aum san is es, sie agens, dico tibi quod lurus es, quod panutentiam izisti co tempore quo peccare luru'i (Nustin)

Among shorter sayings invented or quoted by

Burton arc 'He that goes to law (as the proverb s) holds a volf by the ears,' 'Industry is a loadtone to draw all good things,' 'No cord or cable an so forcibly draw or hold so fast as love can lo with a tyined thread,' 'Poverty is the muse's patrimony, ' 'The greatest enemy to man is man,' and he characterises his freedom of expression n the familiar words, 'I call a spade a spade.' Where God hath a temple, the Divell will have a chappel, where God hath sacrifices, the Divell will have his oblitions, where God hath ecremonics, the Divell will have his traditions, where there is any religion, the Divell will plant superstition,' is part of a memorable passage, the first clauses of which are given in a slightly different form by George Herbert in his Jacula Pru dentum, first published in 1657, thus 'No sooner 17 1 temple built to God, but the Devil builds 1 chapel hard by,' and the same winged word was versified as ve usually hear it by Defoe

> Wherever God creets a house of prayer, The Devil always builds a chapel there.

Most of Burton's verse, original or translation, is mere doggered. But *The Author's Abstract of Melanel ob*, prefixed (not in all the editions) to the work, talles rather higher rank, and had the honour, as Warton pointed out, of giving Milton some suggestions both for *L'Allegro* and for *Il Penseroso*

The Author's Abstract of Melancholy

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build eastles in the air,
Voi I of sorrow, void of feare,
Pleasing myself with phantains siveet,
Methicles the time rensivery fleet.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught to sweet as melancholy

When I go walking all alone, Recounting that I have all done, My thoughts on me then tyrannize, Feare and orrow me surprise, Whether I tarry still, or go, Methinks the trac mo es very slow All my griefs to this are jolly, Isaught o and as melancholy When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brool side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soule with happiness.
All my joyes besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy

When I he, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great mone,
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soule ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet musick, wondrous melodie,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely is divine
All other joyes to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy

Methinks I hear, methinks I see Ghosts, goblins, ficinds—my phantasie Presents a thousand ugly shapes Headless bears, black men, and apes, Doleful outcries and fearful sights My sad and dismal soule affrights. All my griefs to this are jolly, None so damned as melancholy

More than most men, Burton is identified with the one book which was the work of his life. But he wrote also a Latin comedy, *Philosophaster*, acted at Cambridge in 1617, and printed for the Royburghe Club in 1862, and he contributed Latin verses to various collections

Of reprints or new editions of Burton by far the most scholarly and valuable 1 that by the Rev A. R. Shilleto with an introduction by Mr A. H. Bullen (3 vols. 1893), in which most of the quotations are identified and verified.

James Ussher, or Ushfr, the celebrated Archbishop of Armagh, was born in Dublin, 4th January 1581, son of a clerk in Chancery succeeded to his father's estate, but, wishing to devote himself uninterruptedly to study, gave it up to his brother and sisters, reserving for himself only a sufficiency for his maintenance at Trinity College and for the purchase of books In 1666 he visited England, and became intimate with Camden and Sir Robert Cotton. For thirteen years (from 1607) he filled the chair of Divinity in the University of Dublin, dwelling largely on the controversies between the Protestants and Catholics At the convocation of the Irisli clergy in 1615, when they determined to assert their independence as a national Church, the articles were drain up mainly by Ussher, and by asserting in them the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation, by his advocacy of the rigorous observance of the Sabbath, and by his known

op nion that bishops were not a distinct order in the Church, but only superior in degree to presbyters, he exposed himself to the charge of being a favourer of Puritanism Having been accused as such to the king, he went over to England in 1619, and, in a conference with His Majesty, so fully cleared himself that he was erelong appointed to the see of Meath, and in 1623 to the archbishopric He aimed at a much needed reform of Armagh in the Irish Church, and proposed in vain a modi fication of Episcopacy to meet the objections of His well known visit to Samuel Presbytemans Rutherford at Anwoth, in Kirkcudbrightshire, may be assigned perhaps to 1638 During the political agitation of Charles's reign Ussher maintained the absolute unlawfulness of taking up arms against the king The Irish rebellion in 1641 drove him to England, where he settled at Oxford, then the residence of Charles Subsequently the civil war caused him repeatedly to change his abode, which was finally the Countess of Peterborough's seat at Reigate, where he died on 21st March 1656, at the age of seventy-five buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey He refused to sit in the Westminster Assembly, and was for eight years preacher at Lincoln's Inn. He was a man of boundless humility, charity, and tolerance, was always loyal to the crown, but was treated with indulgence by Cromwell. He attended Strafford to the scaffold, and fainted when from Lady Peterborough's London house he saw the 'villains in vizards' put up Charles I's Most of his writings relate to ecclesiasti cal history and antiquities, and were mainly intended to furnish arguments against the Catholics, but the book for which he is chiefly celebrated is a great chronological work in Latin, the Annales, the first part of which vas published in 1650, and the second in 1654. In this chronologic cal digest of universal history from the creation of the world to the dispersion of the Jews in Vespusian's reign, received with great applause by the learned throughout Europe, and several times reprinted on the Continent, the author, by fixing the three epochs of the deluge, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, and their return from Babylon, was held to have reconciled the chronologies of sacred and profane history chronological system, putting the creation of the world in 4004 B.C., was long that generally Ussher conformed strictly to the received. Hebrew chronology in Scriptural dates, the Septuagint version and the Samaritan Pentateuch differ greatly from it. Modern Egyptologists of course wholly disregard his limitations, recent Babylonian research has uncovered tablets held to date from six thousand to seven thousand years before Christ, geologists calmly assume that the Tertiary epoch began nincty-three million years ago But Ussher still has the glory of having done the best he could, and of having provided what was for centuries a practicable scheme for i

working purposes Fuller was said to have supervised the translation of the Annales in 1658 Ussher wrote also on the ancient religion of the Irish and British, on the ecclesistical antiquities of Britain, and on the Septuagint, the Cilvinistic Body of Divinity (1645) is only partly his The unfinished and posthumously published Chronologia Sacra (1660) was meant as a guide to the study of sacred history, and as showing the grounds and calculations of the principal epochs of the Annales The opening of the opus maximum (as in the translation of 1658) shows the precision with which Ussher saw his way to fix the date of the Creation

| Julian Period | Period | In the beginning God created heaven | Period | Total | And earth, Gen I v I Which begin | ning of time, according to our chronologie, fell upon the entrance of the night preceding the twenty third day of Octob in the year of the Julian Calendar, 710.

Upon the first day therefore of the world, or Octob 23, being our sunday, God, together with the highest heaven, created the angels. Then having finished, as it were, the roofe of this building, he fell in hand with the foundation of this wonderfull fabrick of the world, he fashioned this lowermost globe, consisting of the deep, and of the earth, all the quire of angels singing together, and magnifying his name therefore. [Job 38 v 7] And when the earth was void and without forme, and darknesse covered the free of the deepe, on the very middle of the first day, the light was created, which God severing from the darknesse, called the one day, and the other night.

On the second day [October 24. being Monday] the firmament being finished, which was called heaven, a separation was made of the waters above and the waters here beneath enclosing the earth.

Upon the third day [Octob 25 Tuesday] these waters beneath running together into one place, the dry land appeared. This confluence of the waters God made a sea, sending out from thence the rivers, which were thither to return again [Eccles 1 vers. 7], and he caused the earth to bud, and bring forth all kinds of herbs and plants, with seeds and fruits. But above all, he enriched the garden of Eden with plants, for among them graw the tree of Life and the tree of Knowledge of good and evil. [Gen. 2 vers. 8, 9]

On the fourth day [Octob 26 which is our Wednes day] the sun, the moon, and the rest of the stars were created

The work of the other days is recorded with the same particularity. The method on which the archbishop proceeded in his calculation of the dates is explained in the 'Epistle to the Reader' thus

But for as much as our Christian epoch falls many ages after the beginning of the world, and the number of years before that backward is not onely more trouble some, but (unlesse greater care be taken) more livable to errour, also it hath pleased our modern chronologers, to adde to that generally received hypothesis (which asserted the Julian years, with their three cycles by a certain mathematical prolepsis, to have run down to the very beginning of the world) an artificial epoch, framed

out of three cycles multiplied in themselves, for the Solar Cicle being multiplied by the Lunar, or the number of 28 by 19, produces the great Paschal Cycle of 532 years, and that again multiplied by fifteen, the number of the indiction, there arises the period of 7950 years, which wa first (if I mistake not) observed by Robert Lotharing, bishop of Hereford, in our island of brittain, and 500 cars after by Joseph Scaliger fitted for chronological uses, and called by the name of the Julian Period, because it contained a cycle of so many Julian years. Now if the series of the three minor cicles be from this present y ar extended backward unto precedent times, the 4713 ears before the beginning of our Christian account will be found to be that year into which the first year of the indiction, the first of the I unar Cicle, and the first of the Solar will fall. Having placed therefore the heads of this period in the kalends of January in that proleptick year, the first of our Christian vulgar account must be reel oned the 4714 of the Julian Period, which, being disuled by 15, 19 28, will present us with the 4 Roman indiction, the 2 Lunar Cycle, and the 10 Solar, which are the principal characters of that year

We find moreover that the year of our fore fathers, and the years of the ancient Lgyptians and Hebrews vere of the same quantity with the Julian, consisting of twelve equal moneth, every of them conteming 30 dayes, (for it cannot be proved that the Hebrews did use lunary moneths before the Babylonian Captivity) adjoying to the end of the twelfth moneth, the addition of five dayes. and every fourth year six And I have observed by the continued succession of these years, as they are delivered in holy writ, hat the end of the great Nebuchadnezars and the beginning of Evilmerodachs (his sons) reign, fell out in the 3442 year of the world, but by collation of Chaldcan history and the astronomical cannon, it fell out in the 186 year of Nabonwar, and, as by certain connection, it must follow in the 562 year before the Christian account, and of the Julian Period, the 4152 and from thence I gathered the creation of the world did fall out upon the 710 year of the Julian Period, by placing its beginning in autumn but for as much as the first day of the world began with the evening of the first day of the week, I have observed that the Sunday, which in the year 710 aforesaid came nearest the Autumnal Lquinox, by a tronomical tables (notwithstanding the stay of the sun in the dayes of Joshua, and the going back of it in the dayes of Lzekiah) happened upon the 23 day of the Julian October, from thence concluded that from the evening preceding that first day of the Julian year, both the first day of the creation and the in a motion of time are to be deduced

if example arrange were edited by Elimpton and Todd (17 vol. 1347 t₄). See Luce by Dr. J. A. Carr (1895), and the lancer Henover by W. Ball Wright (1^2 -j).

sir Thomas Overbury was famous as a autivand ingenious describer of 'characters'. He was for years an intimate of Robert Cirr, the minion of James I, but having opposed the favorates marriage with the infamous Countess of E see, he incurred the hatred of the pair, and through their inducate was confined in the Fower, and poi oned there on the 13th of September 1013—being then in the thirty second year of his age. Three months later Cirr, not Earl of Somerse was married to Lady Essex. The way in

which, though humbler instruments were executed. the principals in this murder were screened from justice leaves a foul blot on the memory of the king Overbury wrote one very popular didactic poem, The Wife (published in 1614), on choosing a partner for life, which was imitated in The Hus band. A Wife Besporen, &c The prose Characters (1614), among the first of that kind of with descriptions of types (Hall having been in the field in 1608), were often reprinted and frequently imitated. They abound in strained conceits, but are full of epigrammatic point. It is, however, doubtful how many of them are by Overbury The number of characters was increased in successive editions, the fourth contained thirty The Tinker (here quoted) and two others first appeared in the sixth (1616), and arc by 'J Cocke' -possibly 'Jo Cooke, Gent,' whose clever drama, Greene's Tu Quoque, appeared in 1614. Still more doubtful is it whether the Crumms fal'n from King fames's Table, professedly that king's table talk, The first was to any extent Overbury's work verse of The IVife is as follows (the spelling in this and all the extracts being that of the edition of 1638)

Lach woman is a briefe of Womankind,
And doth in little even as much containe
As in one Day and Night all life we find
Of either more is but the same againe
God fram'd Her so that to her Husband She
As Eve should all the World of Woman be

A faire and happy Milk-maid

Is a Countrey Wench that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put all face physicke out of countenance. She knows a fairc looke is but a Dumbe Orator to commend vertue, therefore minds it not All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her I nowledge. The Iming of her apparell, which is her selfe, is farre better than outsides of Tissew, for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the Silke worme shee is deckt in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoile both her complexion and con ditions nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleepe is rust to the Soule she rises, therefore, with Chaunticleare, her dame's Cock, and at night makes the lamb her Corfew In milking a Cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a Milk presse makes the Milk the whiter or sweeter, for never came Almond Glove or Aromatique syntment of her palme to taint it. The golded cares of corne fall and kisse her feet when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which sents all the yeare long of June, like a new made Haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pitty, and when winters evenings fall early (sitting at her mery wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheele of Fortune She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well Shee bestowes her yeares wages at next faire, and in chusing her garments counts no bravery i' th' world like The garden and bee have are all her Physick decency

and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone and unfold sheepe i' th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because she meanes none, yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones, yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled [palled, weakened] with insuing idle cognations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that shee dare tell them, only a Fridaies dream is all her superstition, that she conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the Spring time, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding sheet.

A Franklin.

His outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may give armes with the best Gentlemen, and There is no truer servant in the ne're see the Herauld House than himselfe Though he be Master, he sayes not to his servants, 'Goe to field,' but, 'Let us goe,' and with his owne eye doth both fatten his flock and set forward all manner of husbandne. Hee is taught by nature to bee contented with a little, his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment, he is pleas d with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ran sackes, as it were, Noalis 4rke for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is ne'r knowne to goe to Law, understanding to bee Law bound among men, is like to bee hide bound among his beasts, they thrive not under it, and that such men sleepe as unquietly as if their pillowes were stufft with lawyers penknives. When he builds, no poore tenant's cottage hinders his prospect, they are, indeed, his Almes houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the Badger, the vow'd foe of his Lambs, nor uses hee any cruelty but when hee hunts the Hare, nor subtilty but when he setteth snares for the Snipe, or pitfalls for the Black bird, nor oppression but when, in the moneth of July, he goes to the next River and sheares his sheepe He allowes of honest pastime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country Lasses dance in the Church yard after Evensong Munday [or St Distaff's Day, the Monday after Twelfth Day, when, after the Christmas celebrations, spinning was resumed by the women], and the Wake in Summer, shrovings, the wakeful ketches [catches or carols sung in the night] on Christmas Eve, the Hoky [Hock tide, a fortnight after Easter] or Seed Cake-these he yearly keepes yet holds them no reliques of popery He is not so inquisitive after newes derived from the privy clozet, when the finding an every of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good straine are tydings more pleasant and more profitable. Hee is Lord paramount within himselfe, though hee hold by never so mean a Tenure, and dyes the more contentedly (though he leave his heire young) in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous Guardian Lastly, to end him, hee cares not when his end comes hee needs not feare his audit, for his Quietus is in

The Tinker By J Cocke.

A tinker is a moveable, for hee hath no abiding place, by his motion hee gathers hear, thence his cholericke nature. He seemes to be very devout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility

house is as ancient as Tubal Cam's, and so is a runna gate by antiquity, yet he proves himselfe a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back, or a Philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him his Art was Musick first invented, and therefore is he alwaies furnisht with a song, to which his hammer, keep ing tune, proves that he was the first founder for the kettle-drum. Note that where the best Ale 1s, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foule, sunno-burnt Queane that since the terrible Statute recanted Gipsisme, and is turned Pedleresse. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage, his conversation is unreprove able, for hee is ever mending. Hee observes truly the Statutes, and therefore he can rather steale than begge, in which hee is unremoveably constant, in spight of whip or imprisonment, and so a strong enemy to idleness that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want worke, and when hee hath done, hee throwes the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custome, conversing in open fields and lowly Cottages if he visit Cities or Townes, its but to deale upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. tongue is very voluble, which, with Canting, proves him a Linguist He is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further than the doore, to avoid suspition would take him to be a Coward, but, believe it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, fastned to a pike in the end, for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also hee had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Ban bury, he dies a begger

goes barefoot, therein making necessity a vertue

Overbury a works were collected by Rimbault and published with a Life in 1856.

John Chalkhill .- A poem described as 'a pastoral history,' Thealma and Clearchus, was published by Izaak Walton in 1683, with a titlepage stating it to have been 'written long since by JOHN CHALKHILL, Esq, an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spencer' Walton, who had known the author, says 'he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved, for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent, and, indeed, his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous? Thealma and Clearchus was reprinted by the Rev Samuel Weller Singer (Chiswick, 1820), who expressed an opinion that, as Walton had been silent upon the life of Chalkhill, he might be altogether a fictitious personage, and the poem be actually the composition of Walton himself, and a writer, probably Sir Egerton Brydges, in vol is of the Retrospective Review, after investigating the circumstances, came to the same con-But Mr F S Merryweather, in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1860, showed that towards the close of Elizabeth's reign an Ivon or Ion Chalkhill, Gent., was one of the coroners for the county of Middlesex, and suggested that this may have been the poet. The poetry soars above the level of Iznak's muse, who dwelt by the side of trout streams and among quiet meadows. The

non de guerre of Chalkhill must also have been in old one with Walton, if he wrote Incalma, for thirty years before its publication he had inscried in his Combleat Angler two songs, signed 'lo Challhill? Inealma, though it has something Spensorian in its subject, is very unlike the work of i contemporary of Spenser probably it may date from the days of James I. The scene of this highly irtificial 'pastoral' is laid in Arcadia, and the author describes the Golden Age and all its charms, succeeded by an Age of Iron, with its ambition, avarice, and tyranny The plot is complicated and obscure, and the characters lack individuality, the interest depends on the romantic descriptions and occasional felicity of language. The versification is that of the heroic couplet, varied, like Milton's Lycidas, by breaks and pauses in the middle of the line

The Priestess of Diana.

Within a little silent grove hard by, Upon a small ascent he might espy A stately chapel, righly gilt without, Beset with shady sycumores about And ever and anon he might well hear A ound of music steal in at his car As the wind give it being so sweet an air Would strike a syren mute A hundred virgins there he might espy Prostrate before a marble deity, Which, by its portraiture, appeared to be The image of Diana on their knee They tendered their devotions, with sweet airs, Offering the incense of their praise and prayers. Their garments all alike, beneath their paps, buckled together with a silver claps, clasp And cross their snowy silken robes, they wore An azure scarf, with stars embroidered o'er Their hair in curious tresses was knit up, Crowned with a silver crescent on the top A silver bow their left hand held, their right, I or their defence, held a sharp headed flight, Drawn from their 'broidered quiver, neatly fied In silken cords, and fastened to their side Under their vestments, something short before, White buskins, fixed with ribanding, they wore It was a catching sight for a young eye, That love had fired before the might espy One whom the rest had sphere like circled round, Whose head was with a golden chaplet crowned He could not see her face, only his car Was bles with the sweet words that came from her

The Witch's Cave

Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock, by more than human art, she need not knock, The door s ood always open, large and wide, Gro an o'er with woolly moss on either side, and m'erwo e with vy's flattering twines, I brough shie's the carbuncle and dramond shines, how set by Art, but there by Nature sown A the world's birth, so star like bright they shone II ey served instead of tapers, to give light in the dark entry, where perpetual Night, an and to black deed—and sire of Ignorance, Slees out all knowledge, lest her eye by chance

Might bring to light her follies in they went The ground was strewed with flowers, whose sweet scent, Mixed with the choice perfumes from India brought, Intoxicates his brain, and quickly enight His credulous sense, the walls were gilt, and set With precious stones, and all the roof was fret With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread All o'er the arch the swelling grapes were red, This Art had made of rubies clustered so, To the quick'st eye they more than seemed to grow, About the walls laservious pictures hung, Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung On either side a crew of dwarfish clies Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves Yet so well shaped unto their little stature, So angel like in face, so sweet in feature, Their rich attire so differing, yet so well Becoming her that wore it, none could tell Which was the furest, which the handsomest decked, Or which of them Desire would soon'st affect After a low salute, they all 'gan sing, And circle in the stranger in a ring Orandra to her charms was stepped aside, Leaving her guest half won and wanton cyed He had forgot his herb cunning delight Had so bewitched his ears, and bleared his sight, And captivated all his senses so, That he was not himself nor did he know What place he was in, or how he came there, But greedily he feeds his eye and ear With what would ruin him

Next unto his view She represents a banquet, ushered in By such a shape as she was sure would win His appetite to taste, so like she was To his Clarinda, both in shape and free, So voiced, so habited, of the same gait And comely gesture, on her brow in state Sat such a princely majesty as he Had noted in Clarinda, save that she Had a more wanton eye, that here and there Rolled up and down, not settling anywhere Down on the ground she falls his hand to kiss, And with her tears bedews it, cold as ice He felt her hips, that yet inflamed him so, That he was all on fire the truth to know, Whether she was the same she did appear, Or whether some fantastic form it were, Fashioned in his imagination By his still working thoughts, so fixed upon His loved Clarinda, that his fancy strove, Lyen with her shadow, to express his love

Edward Fairfax (c 1580-1635), translator of Fasso's Jerusalem, a son—probably illegitim iterof Sir I homas Fairfax of Denton, in Yorkshire, was born near Leeds, and spent his life mainly in literary work at Newhall, in Fewston parish, near Otley, Yorkshire. He dedicated his Godfrey of Bulloigne or the Recoverie of Jerusalem, to Queen Elizabeth (1st ed 1600, and ed 1624). The poetical beauty and freedom of this version of Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata have been the theme of almost universal praise. Dryden ranked Fairfax with Spenser as a master of our language, and Waller said he derived from him the harmony of

his numbers, though Ben Jonson said 'it was not well done.' It charmed James I and solaced the imprisonment of Charles I Hallam, admitting that it shows spirit and freedom, decides not unreasonably that it lacks the grace of the original It was not the first translation (Richard Carew translated the first five cantos, see above at page 353), and there have been over half a dozen since, but it may still claim to be the English rendering, and an essential part of English literature. In 1621 Fairfax wrote a Discourse of Witch craft (first printed in the Philobiblon Miscellanies, 1859), and in the preface to it he stites that in religion he was 'neither a fintastic Puritan nor a superstitious Papist,' but describes in full the bewitching of two of his own diaghters. He also wrote a series of Eclogues, one of whicha poor thing-was published in 1741

If the opening of the first book of the Godfrey (or ferusalem) recalls Homer and Virgil on the one hand, the English version suggests Spenser and Milton on the other

The sacred Armics and the godly Knight
That the great Sepulcher of Christ did free
I sing, much wrought his valour and foresight
And in that glorious warre much suffred he
In vaine granst him did hell oppose her might,
In vaine the Furkes and Morrans armed be
His soldiers wilde, to bruiles and mutines prest,
Reduced he to peace, so heaven him blest.

O heavenly Muse that not with fading bases
Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring
But sittest crowned with starres immortall rues,
In heaven where legions of bright Angels sing,
Inspire lite in my wit, my thoughts upruse,
My verse ennoble and forgive the thing,
If fictions light I mix with truth divine,
And fill these lines with other pruse than thine

In Fisso's great epic Armida is a be intiful sorceress, employed to seduce Rin ildo and other Crusaders as they approach the Holy City Rinaldo after a struggle triumphs of er her witcheries, confesses his love to her, and per staides her to become a Christian

Armida and her Enchanted Girdle.

And with that word she smiled and neretheles c. Her love toyes still she used, and pleasures bold. Her hare, that done, she twisted up in tresse, And loo or locks in silken laces rolled. Her curles garland wile she did up dre c. Wherein like rich eminuell laid on gold, ihe twisted il wrets smiled, and her white bre t. The Lallies there that pring vith koses dre.

The jolly Peteocle spreads not halfe so laire.
The eyed feathers of his pempons frame.

Not golden Iris so Lends in the a to.

Her twenned leared how through clouds of the e.

Yet all her ornament, manage rich, and rare,

Her endle did in price and he is to be.

Not that, with a singuisch finers Guilla his to.

Not Venus Cest in could match this for each research.

Of milde denties, of te ider scottes, of a vect Repulses, war, peace, hope, despate, joy, flare, Of simile, jests, marth, wos, giref, and sail region, Sights, sorroves, teare, embracements, his as deare, That mixed first by veight and measure meet, Then it an easy fire attempted were, This wondrous girdle did Armida frame, And when she would be loved, were the same.

Rinaido at the Enchanted Wood.

It was the time when gainst the breaking day Rebellious maht yet strove and still repined, I or in the east appeared the morning gray, And yet some lampes in Joves high palace chined, When to Mount Olivet he took his way, And saw, as round about his eres he twined, Nights shadows hence, from theme the morning caline,

Nights shadows hence, from theme the morning alime. This bright, that darke, that earthly, this drine.

Phincas and Giles Hetcher

were sons of Giles I letcher, LLD (c 1549-1011), himself something of a poet, who was sent in 1508 as imbassador to Russi, and wrote Of the Ross Common Wealth (1591) and Lieta or Poenes of Love Both were clergymen, Phineas educated like his father, it Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and Giles at Westminster and Frinty Phineas (1582-1650) in 1621 became rector of Hilgay, in Norfolk, Giles (c 1588-1623) from about 1618 was rector of Alderton, Suffolk. The elder Giles was the brother of the Bishop of London, father of John Fletcher the dramatist—who was accordingly cousin of the two poet brothers

The works of Phineas consist of the Purple Island or the Isle of Man, Piscatory I degres, and miscellineous poems. The Purple Island was published in 1633, but written much carlier, as appears from allusions in it to the Lirl of Essex. The name of the poem conjures up makes of poetical and romantic beauty such is we may suppose a youthful admirer and follower of Spenser to have drawn-unless, indeed, it suggests the mass apprehension that led to its being entered in a bookseller's topographical catalogue under Man, Isle of 'A perusal of the work dispels illusons The Purple Island of Fletcher is to summy cost 'amid the melancholy main,' it is in clasoric and anatomical description of the body and mand of man, involving a po tentous allegory vluen me tibly repels the iverage cider. Peamring with the veins, intenes, hones and indicles or he human frame, the poet peture then is hill, dates streams, and reserve and describes with prest minuteness their different ment density elevation, ind appearances, one is reminded of Hirvey's recent great discours of the a replation of the blood But the reterer physium, differed pretty aidely from our our ert electrics will be plan from the leadly very he takes of the high and its normal fanctic ta

the instant of the property of the second of

and he does not reject the view that 'within (viz. the liver) love bath his habitation.' Having in five cantos exhausted man's physical phenomena, he proceeds to describe the complex nature and operations of the mind Intellect is the prince of the Isle of Man, and he is furnished with eight counsellors -- Fancy, Memory, the Common Sense, and five external senses. The human fortress thus garrisound is assailed by the Vices, and a fierce contest enducs for the possession of the human soul length an angel interposes, and ensures victory to the Virtues-the angel being King James I, on whom is heaped much fulsome adulation. From the above sketch of this odd poem, it will be apparent that its worth must rest, not upon the attractions of its plot, but upon the beauty of isolated passages and particular descriptions. Some of Phineas's seven line stanzas have the flow and sweetness of Spenser's Faerie Oucene, a few of them Spenser's charm, multitudes are marred by affectation, per-

versities, and the tedium of long protracted allegory Giles Fletcher published only one poem of any length-Christ's Victoric and Triumph It appeared it Cambridge in 1610, and met with such indifferent success that a second edition was not called for till twenty years ifterwards. There is a massive grandeur ind carnestness about Christ's Lictorie which strikes the imagination The materials of the poem are better fused together and more hirmoniously linked than those of the Purple Island, the unusual eight line stanza contrasts with interspersed lyrics 'Both of these brothers,' said Hallam, 'are deserving of much priise, they were endowed with minds eminently poetical, and not inferior in imaginition to any of their contempo But an injudicious taste, ind in excessive fondness for a style which the public was rapidly abandoning, that of allegorical personification, prevented their powers from being effectively displayed' Campbell's criticism is not antiquated 'They were both the disciples of Spenser, and, with his diction gently modernised, retained much of his melody and luxuriant expression. Giles, inferior as he is to Spenser and Milton, might be figured. in his happiest moments, as a link of connection in our poetry between these congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the litter in a poem on the same subject with Partidise Regained! These hints are indeed very plan and obvious. The appearance of Sat in as an tocd sire 'slowly footing' in the silent wilderness, the temptation of our Saviour in the 'goodly garden' and in the Bower of Vain Delight, are outlines which Milton adopted and filled up in his second epic, with a grace and power unknown to the Fletchers-for whom may be claimed ingenuity of invention, copiousness of fancy, includious numbers, and Linguige at times rich, ornate, and If Spenser had not previously lighty poetical virtuen his Bower of Bliss, Giles Fletcher's Bower of Vain Delight would have been unequalled in the factry of that day, probably, life his master, I Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear

Spenser, he drew from 1 asso The poems of both brothers are included in Dr Grosart's 'Fuller Worthies Library' (1868-69, four vols being given to Phineas and one to Giles), and Giles's also in his 'Early English Poets' (1876)

Decay of Human Greatness

From the Purtle Island By Phineas Fletcher

Fond man, that looks on earth for happinesse, And here long seeks what here is never found ! For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease. With many forfeits and conditions bound, Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due

Though now but writ, and scal'd, and giv'n anew, Yet daily we it break, yet daily must renew

Why should'st thou here look for perpetuall good, At every losse against heav'ns face repining? Do but behold where glorious Cities stood, With gilded tops and silver turrets shining, There now the hart fearlesse of greyhound feeds, And loving pelican in safety breeds, There schrieching Satyres fill the people's emptie steads.

Where is th' Assyrian Lion's golden hide, That all the East once graspt in lordly paw? Where that great Persian Beare, whose swelling pride The I ion's self tore out with ravenous jaw? Or he which 'twixt a Lion and a Pard, Through all the world with nimble pineons far'd, And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdomes shar'd?

Hardly the place of such antiquitie, Or note of those great Monarchies we finde Onely a fading verball memoric, And empty name in writ is left behinde But when this second life and glory fades, And sinks at length in Time's obscurer shades, A second fall succeeds, and double death invades

That monstrous Beast, which nurst in Liber's fenne Did all the world with hideous shape affray, That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping denne, And trode down all the rest to dust and clay His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,

And iron teeth he scatter'd on the sands, Backt, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

And that black Vulture, which with deathfull wing O're shadows half the earth, whose dismall sight Frighted the Muses from their native spring, Already stoops, and flagges with weary flight

Who then shall look for happines beneath, Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and And life it self's as flit as is the air we breathe? (From Canto vii)

The symbolical Les pard is Alexander the Great the monstrous Beart is of course the Papacy , the black Vulture is the Furk.

Parthenia

From the Purple Island

With her her sister went, a warlike maid, Parthenia, all in steel and gilded arms, In needle's stead a mighty spear she sway'd, With which in bloudy fields and ficree alarms The boldest champion she down would bear, And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green, Where thousand spotlesse lilies freshly blew, And on her shield the 'lone bird might be seen, Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new It self unto it self was onely mate,

Ever the same, but new in newer date And underneath was writ, 'Such is chaste single state.'

-Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly knight, And fit for any warlike exercise And when she list lay down her armour bright, And back resume her peacefull maiden's guise, The fairest maid she was, that ever yet

Prison'd her locks within a golden net, Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

Choice nymph, the crown of chaste Diana's train, Thou Beautie's lilie, set in heav'nly earth, Thy fairs, unpattern'd, all perfections stain Sure heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth In thy rare face her own full picture drew

It is a strong verse here to write but true Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits, A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying, And in the midst himself full proudly sits, Himself in awfull majestic araying Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow, And ready shafts deadly those weapons show, Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly hlow

A bed of likes flower upon her cheek, And in the midst was set a circling rose, Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek New liveries, and fresher colours choose To deck his beauteous head in snowie tire, But all in vain for who can hope t' aspire To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

Her rubie lips lock up from gazing sight A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row But when she deignes those precious bones undight. Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,

And with rare musick charm the ravisht eares. Danting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears The spheres so onely sing, so onely charm the spheres.

Yet all the starres which deck this beautoous skie. By force of th' inward sunne both shine and move Thron'd in his heart sits Love's high majestie. In highest majestie the highest Love

As when a taper shines in glassie frame, The sparkling crystall burns in glitt'ring flame So does that brightest Love brighten this lovely dame.

(From Canto x)

Pirthenia is defined by the poet as chastitie in the single as Agnia is chastitie in the married. The Arabian bird, the phoenix, was of course a virgin bird.

The Sorceress of Vain Delight From Christ's Victorie and Triumpa. By Giles Fletcher

The garden like a ladic faire was cut, That lay as if shee slumber'd in delight, And to the open skies her eyes did shut, The azure fields of heav n wear 'sembled right In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light

The flowr's de luce, and the round sparks of deaw, dew That hung upon the acure leaves, did shew Like twinkling starrs, that sparkle in th' cav'ning blew

Upon a hillie banke her head shee cast, On which the bowre of Vaine delight was built, White and red roses for her face wear plac't, And for her tresses mangolds wear spilt Them broadly shee displaid, like flaming guilt, Till in the ocean the glad day wear drown'd, Then up againe her yellow locks she wound, And with greene filletts in their prettie calls them bound.

What should I here depent her lillie hand, Her veines of violets, her ermine brest, Which thear in orient colours living stand, Or how her gowne with silken leaves is drest, Or how her watchmen, arm'd with boughte crest, A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears, Shaking at every winde their leavie spears, While she supincly sleeps, ne to be waked fears !

Over the hedge depends the graping elme, Whose greener head empurpuled in wine, Seemed to wonder at his bloodie helme, And halfe suspect the bunches of the vine . Least they, perhaps, his wit should undermine. For well he knowe such fruit he never bore But her weake armes embraced hun the more, And with her ruby grapes laught at her paramour

The roofe thicke cloudes did paint, from which three

Three gaping mermaides with their eawrs did feed, Whose brests let fall the streame, with sleepie noise, To lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speede, And in the rosic laver seem'd to bleed

I he naked boyes unto the water's fall, Their stonie nightingales had taught to call. When Zephyr breath'd into their watry interall.

And all about, embayèd in soft sleepe, A heard of charmed beasts aground were spread, Which the faire witch in goulden chaines did keepe, And them in willing bondage fettered, Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old, That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold, Us'd manly soules in beastly bodies to immould,

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bowre, (Whome thousand soules devoutly idolize) Our first destroyer led our Saviour Thear in the lower roome, in soleinne wise, They daune't around, and powr'd their sacrifice To plumpe Lycus, and among the rest, The jolly priest, in yvie garlands drest, Chaunted wild orgialls, in honour of the feast.

High over all Panglorie's blazing throne, In her bright turret, all of christal wrought, Like Phabus lampe, in midst of heaven, shone, Whose starry top with pride infernall fraught, Selfe-arching columns to uphold wear trught

In which her image still reflected was By the smooth christall that, most like her glasse, In beauty and in frailtie did all others passe.

stanch

leavy, leafy

A silver vande the sorceresse did sway,
And for a crowne of gold her haire she wore;
Onel, a garland of rose buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollowe biobe of glasse, that long before
She full of couptinesse had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured
Whose colours, lil e the rainbowe, ever vanished.

Such water orbicles young boyes do blowe
Out of their sopy shels, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they rowe
With easte breath, till it be waved higher
But if they channed but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here where the came the draw for musique call.

Here when she came, she 'gun for musique call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome Him withall —

I ove is the blossome whear thear blowes Livery thing that lives or growes Love doth make the heav ns to move, And the sun doth burne in love Love the strong and weake doth yoke, And makes the yere climbe the oke, Under whose shadowes lions wilde, Soft'ned by love, grow tame and mild. Love no med'eine can appease, He burnes the fishes in the seas Not all the skill his wounds can stench, Not all the sea his fire can quench Love did make the bloody spear Once a levic coat to wear, While in his leaves their shrouded lay Sweete birds for love that sing and play And of all love's joyfull flame I the bud and blossome am Onely bend Thy knee to mee, Thy wooing shall Thy winning bee.

See, see the flowers that belowe Now as tresh as morning blowe, And of all, the virgin rose, that as bright Aurora showes How they all unleaved die, I owing their virginitie, I il c unto a summer shade, But now borne, and now they fade. Livery thing doth passe may, Thear is danger in delay Come, come gather then the rose, Gather it, or it you lose All the sand of Tagus' shore Into my bosome casts his ore All the villeys's vimming corne Io my home is yearely borne, I very grape of every vine Is gladly brais'd to make me wine, While ten thousand kings, as proud To carry up my tram, have how'd, And a world of ladies send me In my chambers to attend me All the tarres in heavin that shine, And ten thou and more, are mine Onely bend Thy knee to mee, The vooing shall thy winning bee

The cont he dire Enchanness in His mirde Her guitefull hapt to have embosomed,

But He her charmes dispersed into winde,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optique glasses shattered
So with her sire to Hell shee took her flight,
(The starting ayre flew from the damned spright,)
Whear deeply both aggree,'d plunged themselves in night,

But to their Lord, now musing in His thought,
A heavenly volie of light angels flew,
And from His Father Him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element, for well they knew,
After His Lenten fast He hungrie grew,
And, as He fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymne of the colestiall Trine,
All thought to passe, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joycs Attemper'd to the layes angelicall, And to the birds the winds attune their noyse, And to the winds the waters hoarcely call, And Lecho back againe revoyced all, That the whole valley rung with victorie

But now our Lord to rest doth homeward fle
See how the Night comes stealing from the mountains high!

Were where and there wand throughout for 'were 'where'

Wear, whear, and thear stand throughout for 'were, 'where' and 'there, calls are cauls, caps, prim, privet interall (entrul), inside, Lyans, Bacchus, orgialls, orginstic hymns bloody spear, &c. refers to one of the many legends about the Crucifixion

Sir John Beaumont (1582–1628) was the elder brother of the celebrated dramatist. Enjoying the family estate of Gracedieu, in Leicester shire, Sir John dedicated part of his leisure hours to the service of the Muses. He wrote, in neat enough heroic couplets, a somewhat unimpassioned poem on Bosworth Field. This is how he gives Richard's address to his troops on the eve of the decisive battle.

My fellow souldiers, though your swords Are sharpe, and need not whetting by my words, Yet call to minde those many glorious dayes In which we treasur'd up immortall prayse, If when I serv'd, I ever fled from foe, Fly ye from mine, let me be punisht so But if my father, when at first he try'd How all his sonnes could shining blades abide, Found me an eagle, whose undazled eyes Affront the beames which from the steele arise, And if I now in action teach the same, know then, ye have but chang'd your gen'rall's name, Be still your selves, ye fight against the drosse Of those that oft have runne from you with losse How many Somersets, - Dissention's brands !-Have felt the force of our revengefull hands! From whome this youth, as from a princely floud, Derives his best, yet not untrinted bloud, Have our assaults made Lancaster to droupe? And shall this Welshman with his ragged troupe Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line, That onely Merlin may be thought divine? See what a guide these fugitives have chose! Who bred among the French, our ancient foes, Forgets the English language and the ground, And I nowes not what our drums and trumpets sound

In a poem to the memory of a friend are these excellent observations in verse

Why should vaine sorrow follow him with teares, Who shakes off burdens of declining yeeres? Whole thread exceeds the usuall bounds of life, And feeles no stroke of any fatall knife? The Destinies enjoyne their wheeles to run, Untill the length of his whole course be spun. No envious cloud obscures his struggling light, Which sets contented at the point of night, Yet this large time no greater profit brings, Then ev'ry little moment whence it springs, Unlesse imploy'd in workes deserving praise, Most weare out many veeres, and live few dayes. Time flowes from instants, and of these each one Should be esteem'd as if it were alone The shortest space, which we so lightly prize When it is comming and before our cyes, Let it but slide into th' eternall maine, No realmes, no world can purchase it against Remembrance onely makes the footsteps last, When winged Time, which fixt the prints, is past

Samuel Purchas (1575?-1626), born at Thakted, in Essex, studied at St John's, Cambridge, held successively two livings in Essex, and from 1614 till his death was rector of St Martin's in Ludgate. In 1613 he published a volume called Purchas his Pilgrimage, or Relations of the World, and the Religious observed in all Agis and Places d scovered from the Creation unto this Present A second work was Purchas his Pilgrim, Microcosmus or the History of Man, Relating the Wonders of his Generation, Vanities in his Degeneration, Necessity of his Regeneration (1619) Hakluyt's papers having fallen into his hands, he issued in 1625 his best known work, Haklustus Posthumus, or Purchas his Pilgrimes containing a History of the World, in Sea Voyages and Land Travels by Englishmen and others (4 vols folio, The fourth edition of the Pilgrimage usually accompanies the Pilgrimes as if a fifth volume, although a quite distinct work. Purchas himself thus describes the two books brethren holding much resemblance in name, nature, and feature, yet differ in both the object This [the Pilgrimage] being and the subject. mine own in matter, though borrowed, and in form of words and method, whereas my Pilgrimes are the authors themselves, acting their own parts in their own words, only furnished by me with such necessaries as that stage further required, and ordered according to my rules' If we may judge by a comparison of his work with such of the 'relations' as have not perished, Purchas was neither painstaking nor conscientious as an editor, many of his stories seem to be meagre abstracts of his originals, and his tales are notable rather for a certain old world quaintness than for any exceptional literary gift. The theological disquisitions with which he interlards his narratives are at times rather amusing than edifying Vol 1 of the Pilgrimes contains voyages and travels of ancient kings, patriarchs, apostles, and philosophers, voyages of circumnavigators of the globe, and voyages along the coasts of Africa to the East Indies, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, and the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, Vol 11., voyages and relations of Africa, Ethiopia, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, and other parts of Asia, Vol. 111, Tartary, China, Russia, North west America, and the Polar Regions, Vol iv, America and the West Indies, Vol v contains the Pilgrimage, which is substantially a theological and geographical history of Asia, Africa, and America. The editor of Churchill's Collection (supposed to have been John Locke) says of Purchas, that 'he has imitated Hakluvt too much, swelling his work into five volumes in folio,' yet, he adds, 'the whole collection is very valuable, as having preserved many considerable voyages that might otherwise have perished But, like Hakluyt, he has thrown in all that came to hand, to fill up so many volumes, and is excessive full of his own notions, and of mean quibbling and playing upon words, yet for such as can make choice of the best, the collection is very valuable.'

The Pilgrimage is also in large measure a cento from the stories of travellers and older authors, sometimes boiled down and restated in Purchas's own words Thus the thirteenth chapter of Book IV is expressly based on the travellers Plano Carpini, Rubruquis, and (especially) Marco Polo, as well as on less satisfactory authorities the thirteenth century chronicler Matthew Paris, the thirteenth-century encyclopædist Vincentius Bel lovacensis, and Sir John Mandeville! The famous paragraph in it which dominated Coleridge's daydream, and took visionary shape in his Kubla Khan, is shortened from Marco Polo's account (Book I chap Ivi) of the great Khan's summer palace at Kai-ping-fu, north of Pekin, which the Chinese called Shang-tu (i.e. upper court) Marco makes the word Chandu, Odoric Sandu, Ramusio Xandu, and Purchas Yamdu What follows about the Tebet and Kasımur, the Bacsı and Sensin, is merely abstracted from Marco Coleridge's 'Alph' is not in Purchas or his authorities, and may be the classical Alpheus which disappears in caverns of limestone and comes to light again more than The Abora of the poem is no doubt the 'admirable hill Amara' on which Purchas waxes eloquent in his seventh book-the name still seen in Amhara, the central province of Abyssinia, 4 and in Amharic, the name of the modern Abyssınıan language

In the following extract he is speaking of the manners and customs of the Tartars

Their wives are exceeding chaste and observant and though they bee many, yet can Rachel and Icah, yea ten or twentie of them, agree with a marvellous union intent unto their houshold and other businesse, whereby they are gainefull and not chargeable to their Husbands. When they marry, the Husband covenanteth with the Father of the Maide, who having given him power to take her wheresoever hee shall finde her, hee seeketh her among some of her friends, where shee hath then of purpose hidden her selfe, and by a

29

kin le of force carrieth her away They marry with any except their owne Mother and Sister Their Widdowes sold on a marry, I coause of their service to their former Huslands in another world except the sonne marrie his fath is wise, or the bro her his brothers, because they can there in the next world bee content to resigne them to their former Husbands againe. The women buy, ell, and provide all necessaries into the house, the nich intending nothing but their Armes. Hunting. and Hawling If one hath buried a Male child, and ant her a Female, the Parents contract a marriage bet just those two, and printing in papers, Servants, Hores Clothes, and Houshold, and making writings for the confirmation of the Dower, burne these things in the are, is the smoake whereof they (in their smokie concuts) imagine all these things to be carried and con firmed to their children in the other world Parents of the two dead parties claime kindred each of other as if they indeed had married their children while they lived

In Yamdu did Cublai Can build a stately Palace, encompa ing sixteene mile of plame ground with a wall, wherein are fertile Meddowes, pleasant Springs, de lightfull Streames, and all sorts of beasts of chase and tame, and in the middest thereof a sumptious house of pleasure, which may be removed from place to place Here hee doth abide in the moneths of June, July, and August, on the eight and twentieth day whereof, hee leparteth thence to another place to doc sacrifice on this minner He hath a Heard or Drove of Horses and Marcs, about ten thousand, as white as snow, of the malke whereof none may taste, except her bee of the Houd of Cingis Can Yea, the Tartars doe these beasts great reverence, nor dare any crosse their way, or god before them. According to the direction of his Astrologers or Magicians, he on the cight and twentieth of August aforesaid, spendeth and poureth forth with his owne hands the milke of these Mares in the avre and on the earth, to give drinke to the Spirits and Idols which they wor hip, that the, may preserve the men, women, leasts, birds, corne, and other things growing on the earth

These Astrologers, or Necromancers, are in their 1rt marvellous. When the skie is cloudy and threatneth raine, they will ascend the roofe of the Palace of the Grand Can, and cause the rame and tempests to fall round about, without touching the said Palace. These which thus doe are called Tebeth and Chesmir, two sorts of holater, which delude the people with opinion of their sanctitie, impuring these workes to their dissembled holines and for this cause they goe in filthy and teastly manner, not earing who seeth them, with dirt on their faces, never v ashing nor combing themselves if any be- condermed to death, they take, dresse, and ente him which they doe not if any die naturally are also called Buchsi, that is, of such a Religion or Order, as it one should by a brief Preacher, or Minor, and are exceedingly expert in their divelle h Art. They came that the Bottles in the Hall of the Great Can doe till the Box es of their a the record, anich also without many helps place ten faces through the ayre, into the hard of the aid can and when he hath drunke, in like or reure to their para. These Basch sometimes theer is of the O con, in I threaten plagues or other mis of are from their Idon which to present they desire so muny "In tons with blid head, and so many pounds

of Incense and Ligitum Allees, to performe their due sacrifices. Which they accordingly receive and offer on their Feast day, sprinkling Broth before their Idols There be of these, great Monasteries, which seems like a small Citic, in some whereof are two thousand Monkey, which shave their heads and beards, and weare a religious habite, and hallow their Idols Feasts with great solemnitie of Hymnes and Lights Some of these may Other there are, called Sensim, an Order bee married which observeth great abstinence and strictnesse of life, in all their life eating nothing but Bran, which they put in hot water, and let it stand till all the white of the meale bee taken away, and then eate it being thus washed. These worship the Fire, and are condemned of the other fore Heretikes, because they worship not their Idols, and will not marry in any case. They are shaven, and weare hempen garments of black or bright yellow, and although they were Silke, yet would they not alter the colour. They sleepe on great Mats, and live the austerest life in the world

Purchas in praise of the sea is more eloquent than his wont

Concerning the commodities of the Sea, as the world generally, so the little models of the world, the Ilands (whereof this of Great Britaine is justly acknowledged the most excellent of the world, sometime accounted at other world have great cause to celebrate and acknow ledge the same. It is a Wall of Defence about our shoares, Great Purveyour of the Worlds commodities to our use, Conveyour of the surquedry and excesses of Rivers, Uniter (by traffique) of Nations which it selfe severeth, an Open Field for pastimes of peace, a Pitched Field in time of warre, disdaining single personall Combates, and only receiving whole Cities and Castles, encompassed with walls of Wood, which it setteth together with deadly hatred and dreadfullest force of the Elements, the Fiere thunders, 1111e blasts. Watrie billowes, rockes, shelves and bottomes of the Earth, all conspiring to build heere a house for Death, which by fight or thight on land is more easily avoyded (and how did it scorne the Incincible title of the Spanish Thet in SS, and effect thus much on our behalfe against them?) The Sea yeeldeth I ish for dyet, Pearles and other lewels for ornament, Varietie of creatures for use and admiration, Refuge to the distressed, compendious Way to the Passingers, and Portage to the Merchant, Customes to the Prince, Springs to the Earth, Clouds to the Skie, matter of Contemplation to the minde, of Action to the bodie. Once, it yeeldeth all parts of the World to each part, and maketh the World (as this Treatise in part sheweth) knowne to it selfe. Supersti tion hath had her Sex prophets which have found out other Sea profits, as for the purging of sinnes and the Roman Divines caused Hermaphrodites to be carried to the Ser for expiation, the Persian Magi thought it pollution to spit or doc other naturall necessities therein But of these in divers places

George Sandy 5 (1578-1644), the seventh son of the Archbishop of York, was born at Bishopthorpe, and studied at St Mary Hall, Oxford. He undertook a long journes, of which he published an account in 1615, entitled A Relation of a Journey begin an. Dom 1610 Foure Bookes, containing a Discription of the Turkish Empire, of Agypt,

of the Holy Land, of the Remote Parts of Italy, and Ilands adjoyning He settled in Virginia in 1621-31, and there completed his translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses (1621-26), after his return he lived chiefly at Boyley Abbey, near Maidstone. He also translated the Psalms, and paraphrased other passages of Scripture Dryden is more in the right about Sandys than ibout Chapman when, after condemning Chapman's Homer, he says 'And no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much admired Sandys' His book of travels reached a seventh edition in 1673, a success not undeserved by the author's varied expemences, his acute observation, and his shrewd and pointed comments Wost modern readers could dispense with the very exhaustive citations and translations from all the classical writers about any place he came to or even passed in his journey from Venice by the Ionian Islands and the Archipelago to Constantinople, by sea to Egypt, across the desert with a caravan to Palestine, and so back by Malta to Naples Constantinople and its buildings, the government and manners of the Furks, are expounded with as much fullness as the history and peculiarities of Egypt. He explored the Great Pyramid and described his experiences within, and took elaborate measurements of the sacred buildings at Jerusalem, especially of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre The account of the experiments with the dog in the Grotto del Cane, of the cave of the Cumrean sibyl, and of the Lacus Avernus would still serve for a guide to the environs of Naples And the numerous copperplate engravings seem to be from drawings specially made on the spot. Thus he describes his passage from Sicily by the Lipari Islands to the Calabrian coasts, with an account of tarantula spiders and other Calabrian specialties

Of these there were seven (but now are eleven) almost of an equall magnitude Yet Liparia is the greatest (being ten miles in circuite) as also the most famous, to which the other were subject fruitful, and abounding with bitumen, sulphur, and allume, having also hot baths, much frequented by the diseased. In the yeere 1544 it was depopulated by the Turk but Charles the fifth re planted it with Spaniards, and fortified the place. The hirchere went out about an age ago, having (as is to be supposed) consumed the matter that fed it. Vulcano and Strombolo (of which we will onely speak) do now Vulcano receiveth that name from his onely burne nature, conscerated formerly to Vulcan, and called his mansion. It is said but first to have appeared above water about the time that Scipio Africanus died barren Ilan I, stony, and uninhabited It had three tunnels whereat it evaporated fire, but now hath but one out of which it smoketh continually, and casts out stones with a horrible roaring. In the yeere of our Lord 1444 on the fifth of February, it flumed so abundantly, and flung forth are and stones with such an hideous noyse, that not only the rest of the Ilands, but all Sicilia trembled thereat. Perhaps the last blaze, for now flame it doth not, but retaineth the rest of his terrors. Now Strombolo, called formerly Strongyle, of the rotundity

thereof (for all is no other then a high round mountaine) doth burne almost continually at the top like a Beacon, and exceeding electely so that by night it is to be dis cerned a wonderfull way. These places (and such like) are commonly affirmed by the Romane Catholickes to be the jawes of hell & that within the damned soules are tormented. It was told me at Naples by a countreyman of ours and an old pentioner of the Popes, who was a youth in the daves of King Henry, that it was then generally bruited thorowout Lingland, that master Gresham, a merchant, setting saile from Palermo (where there then dwelt one Anthonio called the Rich, who at one time had 2 kingdomes morgaged unto him by the King of Spaine), being crossed by contrary winds, was constrained to anchor under the lee of this Iland. Now about mid day, when for certaine houres it accustomedly forbeareth to flame, he ascended the mountaine with eight of the sailers and approching as neere the vent as they durst, amongst other noises they heard a voice crie aloud, Dispatch, dispatch, the rich Antonio is a comming Terrified herewith they descended and anon the mountaine againe evaporated fire. But from so dismall a place they made all the haste that they could when the winds still thwarting their course, and desiring much to know more of this matter, they returned to Palermo And forthwith enquiring of Antonio, it was told them that he was dead, and computing the time, did finde it to agree with the very instant that the voice was heard by them. Gresham reported this at his returne to the King and the mariners being called before him confirmed by oath the narration. In Gresham himselfe, as this Gentleman said (for I no otherwise report it), it wrought so deepe an impression that he gave over all traffique distributing his goods, a part to his kinsfolke & the rest to good uses, retaining onely a competency for himselfe and so spent the rest of his life in a solitary devotion

All the day following we staid at Scylla, the winds not favouring us. My Spanish comrads were very harsh to me (for in these parts they detest the English, & think us not Christian), but when upon their demand I told them that I was no Lutheran, they exceeded on the other side in their courtesy. One of them had bin in the voiage of eighty eight and would say that it was not we but the windes that overthrow them. On the third of July we departed, and landed that night at Aupage Here about (as throughout this part of Calabria) are great store of Tarantulas a serpent peculiar to this countrey, and taking that name from the Citie of Farentum. Some hold them to be of the kind of spiders, others of effts, but they are greater then the one, and lesse then the other, and (if that were a Tarantula which I have seene) not greatly resembling either. For the head of this was smal, the legs slender and knottic, the bodie light, the taile spiny, and the colour dun, intermixed with spots of a sullied white They lurke in sinkes, and privies, and abroad in the slimy fifth betweene furrowes, for which cause the country people doc reape in bootes. The sting is deadly, and the contrary operations thereof most miraculous. For some so stung, are still oppressed with a leaden sleepe others are vexed with continued waking, some fling up and downe, and others are extremely lazy He sweats, a second vonuts, a third runnes mad weepe continually, and some laugh continually, and that is the most usuall. Insomuch that it is an ordinary saying to a man that is extraordinarily merric, that he hath bene stung by a Tarantula. Hercupon not a few

have thought, that there are as many kindes of Taran tulas, as severall affections in the infected But as over liberall cups doe not worke with all in one manner, but according to each mans nature and constitution some weepe, some laugh, some are tongue tide, some all tongue, some sleepe, some leape over tables, some kisse, and some quarrell even so it falles out with those that The merry, the mad, and otherwise actively are bitten disposed, are cured by musicke, at least it is the cause, in that it incites them to dance indefatigably for by labour and sweate the poyson is expelled And musicke also by a certaine high excellency hath bene found by experience to stirre in the sad and drowsie so strange an alacritie, that they have wearied the spectators with continued dancing. In the meane time the paine hath asswaged, the infection being driven from the heart. and the mind released of her sufferance If the musicke intermit the maladic renewes, but againe continued and And objects of wonder have wrought the it vanislicth same effects in the franticke. A Bishop of this countrey passing in the high way, and clothed in red one bit by a Tarantula, hooting thereat, fell a dancing about him The offended Bishop commanded that he should be kept backe, and made haste away. But the people did instantly intreate him to have compassion of the poore distressed wretch, who would forthwith die, unlesse he stood still and suffered him to continue in that exercise or importunity enforced him to stay, untill by dancing certaine houres together the afflicted person became per feetly cured

The fourth of July we rowed against the wind, and could reach no further then Castilion where the high wrought seas detained us the day following churlish Oast, because we sent for such things to the towne whereof he had none, made us also fetch our water from thence, it being a mile off though he had in his house a plentifull fountaine And I thinke there are not that professe. Christ a more uncivil people then the vulgar Calabrians Over land there is no travel ling without assured pillage, and hardly to be avoided murder, although all that you have about you (and that they know it) be not worth a Dollar Wherefore the common passage is by sea, in this manner as we passed now. Along the snore there are many of these Ostarias but most of the tovines are a good way removed, and mounted on hils with not easic accesses Divers small forts adjoyne to the sca, and watch towers thorowout For the Turkes not seldome made incursions by night lurking in the day time about those unin habited Hands. Under these forts we nightly haled up our boate, and slept in our clothes on the sand our fare was little better then our lodging onions, cucumbers and melons being our ordinary viands. Not but that we might have had better but the souldiers were thriftie, and I was loth to exceed them I or there being but onely one house at a place, they sold every thing, not according to the worth, but to the neces sitic of the buyer. But Mulberries we might gather, & eate of free cost dangerously unwholesome if not pulled from the trees before Sunne rise. Of them there are here every where an infinite number in so much that more silke is made in Calabria then besides in all Italie from the leaves of those that grow higher on the mountaines (for the Appenine stretcheth along the midst of this countrey) the j gather plenty of Manna, the best of all other which falls thereon like a dew in the night l

time. Here a certaine Calabrian hearing that I was an English man, came to me, and would needs persivade me that I had insight in magicke for that Earle Bothel was my countryman, who lives at Naples, and is in those parts famous for suspected negromancie. He told me that he had treasure hidden in his, house, the quantitic and qualitic shewne him by a boy, upon the conjuration of a Knight of Malta, and offered to share it betweeneus, if I could helpe him unto it. But I answered, that in England we were at defiance with the divell, and that he would do nothing for us

The solare of eighty eight is the Spanish Armadic of that year, the tarantula is really a large and venemous spider, the effects of whose bite have been grouly exangerated—tarantism, or the dancing mining, was appirently a hysterical affection, ostaria [sie] is a bottlery, the fifth Earl of Lothwell the nephew of Queen Mary's Bothwell, died at Naples in great poverty in 1624, after a life of hare bruned adventure

Thomas Coryate (1577?-1617) was born at Odcombe, Somersetshire, entered Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in 1596, but left without a degree, ind after James I's recession lived by his wits about In 1608 he set out on a rambling journe, on the Continent, passing through Paris, Lyons, Furin, Venice, Zurich, Strasburg, Worms, Speier, Cologne, &c, and returning five months later with a record of 1975 miles, mostly on foot. His entertaining journal was it last published in 1611, with a collection of commenditory verses, as Coryal's Crudities Hastily gobled up in Five Moneths Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, High Germanie, and the Netherlands Next year, after dedicating his travel-worn shoes in his native church, he started again on his travels, visited Constantinople, Greece, Smyrpa, Alexandria, and the Hol, Land, and found his way by caravan to Mesopotamia, thence through Persia and Afghanistan to Agra, where he arrived in October 1616 In the December of the following year he died at Surat The name Condities does injustice to his record of his Continental tour, for though Coryate was scatter brained, conceited, and pragmitical, he was a shrewd observer and something of a scholar, and in 'meteing' churches, describing monuments, and copying inscriptions of all kinds verbatim, he took vastly more trouble than the average modern globe-trotter, and his book, though lop-sided enough, contains much quaint and interesting information He notes his first sight of storks and ostriches, of table forks and umbrellas, his first experience of frogs as a dainty, and his modified approval of German He is careful to tell all the famous men any place has given birth to or sheltered, and digests the substance of its medicial history from Sebastian Munster or other learned vriter The story of William Iell and the Swiss rising against the Austri ins he gives partly from Munster, partly from the oral communications of Switzers At Strasburg he describes at great length the towers and spire of the cathedral, and the famous clock Like contemporary Englishmen, he had a great abhorrence of popery, but seems to have

Bishop Hatto

But the third thing that is reported of this towne [Bing, 1 e Bingen] is a thing passing memorable and very worthy the observation, such a wondrous and rare acci dent as I never read or heard of the like before There fore I will relate it in this place out of Munster, for one of the most notable examples of Gods justice that ever was extant in the whole world since the first creation It hapned in the yeare 914 that there was an exceeding famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great, was emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Tulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the bishops after Crescens or Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the archbishops after St Bonifacius the thirteenth This Hatto, in the time of this great famine before mentioned, when he saw the poore people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a barne, and like a most accursed & mercilesse cartiffe burnt up those poore innocent soules, that were so farre from doubt ing any such matter, that they rather hoped to have received some comfort and relicf at his hands reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable implety was because he thought that the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that con sumed more bread then they were worthy to eate were dispatched out of the world. For he said that these poore folkes were like to mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But Almighty God, the just revenger of the poore folks quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny, this most detestable fact unpunished. For he mustered up an army of mice against the archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the prelate thinking that he should be secure from the injury of mice if he were in a certaine tower that standeth in the Rhene neere to the towne, betooke himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himselfe in But the innumerable troupes of mice continually chaced him very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgement of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those silly creatures, who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed off his very name from the walls and tapestry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his bodie Wherefore the tower in which he was eaten up by the mice is shewed to this day for a perpetuall monument to al succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of that impious prelate, being situate in a little greene iland in the middest of the Rheene, neere to this towne of Bing, and is commonly called in the Germane tongue the Mowse turn [Ger Maüse thurm, 'mouse tower,' probably a corruption of Mauth thurm, 'tax tower'].

Pronunciation of Latin.

I observed another thing also in the Italians pro nouncing of the Latin tongue, which though I might have mentioned before in the description of some of the other Italian cities, yet seing I have hitherto omitted it, I will here make mention thereof rather then not at al, because this is the last city [Bergamo] of Italy that I shall describe in this journey The Italian

when he uttereth any Latin v ord wherein this letter 2 is to be pronounced long, doth alwaies pronounce it as a double e, viz as co. As for example he pronounceth feedes for fides reeta for vita americus for amicus, &c., but where the t is not to be pronounced long he uttereth it as we doe in Lightnd, as in these wordes, impius, aquila, patria, Ecclesia not aquicela, patrica, Lecleseea And this pronunciation is so generall in all Italy that every man which speaketh Latin soundeth a double e for an i Neither is it proper to Italy only, but to all other nations whatsoever in Christen dome saving to England For whereas in my trivels I discoursed in Latin with Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Danes, Polonians, Succians, and divers others, I observed that every one with whom I had any conference, pronounced the after the same manner that the Italians use Neither would some of them (amongst whom I was not a little inquisitive for the reason of this their pronunciation) sticle to affirme that Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Hortensius, Cresar, and those other selected flowers of eloquence amongst the auncient Romans, pronounced the i in that sort as they themselves doe. Whereupon having observed such a generall consent amongst them in the pronunciation of this letter, I have thought good to imitate these nations herein, and to abandon my old English pronunciation of vita, fides, and amicus, as being utterly dissonant from the sound of all other nations, and have determined (God willing) to retayne the same till my dying day

John Taylor (1580-1653), a London waterman, who styled himself 'The King's Majesty's Water Poct,' was one of the most voluminous of city rhymesters A native of Gloucester, he became a waterman in London, but was impressed into the navy and served at the siege of Cadiz. He resumed plying on the Thames, then kept a public-house at Oxford, and latterly an inn in London The most memorable incident in his career was travelling in 1618 on foot from London to Edinburgh, 'not carrying any money to or fro, neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging' He took with him, however, a servant on horseback, and contrived to get an extraordinary amount of hospitality, good-will, and good cheer From Ben Jonson, whom he met at Leith, he received a present of 'a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England' He made also a considerable excursion into the north of Scotland, as the Earl of Mar's guest in Braemar Of this journey Taylor wrote an account, entitled The Penniless Pilgrimage, or the Moneyless Perambulation of John Taylor, alias the King's Majesty's Water Poet, &c 1618 This tract is partly in prose and partly in verse. Of the latter, the following is a favourable specimen

In the Borders

Eight miles from Carlisle runs a little river, Which England's bounds from Scotland's grounds doth sever

Without horse, bridge, or boat I o'er did get, On foot I went, yet scarce my shoes did wet

in Kent, by a Mr Roger Bird and himself in a preposterous boat made of brown paper 1630 he made a collection of these pieces All the Workes of John Taylor, the Water Poet, being Sixty and Three in Number He continued, however, to write during more than twenty years after this period, and ultimately his works consisted of not less than one hundred and thirty-eight separate Taylor was a staunch royalist and publications orthodox Churchman, abjuring all sectaties and There is nothing in his works, as schismatics Southey remarks, which deserves preservation for its intrinsic merit alone, but there is some natural humour, much small jingling wit, and a great deal to illustrate the manners of his age. A complete reprint of his works was issued by the Spenser Society in 1868–78

Richard Corbet (1582-1635) was the son of a Ewell gardener who is commended in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods* Educated at Westminster School and Broadgates Hall (Pembroke Col lege), Oxford, he took orders, and became Dean of Christ Church (1620), Bishop of Oxford (1624), and Bishop of Norwich (1632) The social qualities of witty Bishop Corbet and his never-fuling vivacity, joined to a moderate share of dislike to the Puritans, recommended him to the patronage of King James, to whom he owed his mitre Jonson loved him well, as also his father, 'my dear Vincent Corbet,' whom he commemorated Bishop's habits were rather too convivial for the dignity of his office, if we may credit some of the mecdotes which have been told of him market-day at Abingdon, meeting a ballad-singer who complained he could get no custom, the jolly Doctor put off his gown and arrayed himself in the leathern jacket of the itinerant vocalist, and being a handsome man, with a clear, full voice, he presently vended the whole stock of ballads Once at a confirmation, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, Corbet exclaimed, 'Bear off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staff' And sometimes, by Aubrey's telling, he 'would take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain, Dr Lushington, would go and lock themselves in and be merry Then first he layes down his episcopal hat-"There lyes the Dr" Then he putts off his gowne-"There lyes the bishop" Then 'twas "Here's to thee, Corbet," and "Here's to thee, Lushington"' Jovialities such as these seem more like the feats of the jolly Friar of Copmanhurst than the acts of a Protestant bishop, but Corbet had higher qualities, his toleration, solid sense, and lively talents procured him esteem His poems, many of which are little better than rollicking doggerel, were first collected and published in 1647 (4th ed by Octavius Gilchrist, 1807). They are of a miscellaneous character, the best known being a Journey to France, the Iter Borrale (the tour of four students in the Midlands to the north of Oxford), and the Farewell to the Fairies

To Vincent Corbet, his Son.

What I shall leave thee, none can tell, But all shall say I wish thee well I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth, Both bodily and ghostly health, Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee, So much of either may undo thee I wish thee learning, not for show, Enough for to instruct and know, Not such as gentlemen require To prate at table or at fire I wish thee all thy mother's graces, Thy father's fortunes and his places I wish thee friends, and one at court, Not to build on, but support, Lo keep thee not in doing many Oppressions, but from suffering any I wish thee peace in all thy ways, Nor lazy nor contentious days, And, when thy soul and body part, As innocent as now thou art

From the 'Journey to France'

I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride or fence
Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a nose
They carried from hence

But I to Paris rode along,

Much like John Dory in the song,

Upon a holy tide

I on an ambling nag did get—

I trust he is not paid for yet—

And spurred him on each side

And to Saint Dennis fast we came,
To see the sights of Nostre Dame—
The man that shews them snuffles—
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our Lady's right arm sleeve,
And cke her old pantofles,

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay
Yet all the world knows that 's a fable,
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
Upon a lock of hay

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which whoso sees his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel

There is a lanthorn which the Jews, When Judas led them forth, did use, It weighs my weight downright But, to believe it, you must think The Jews did put a candle in 't, And then 'twis very light

There's one saint there hath lost his nose Another's head, but not his toes, His elbow and his thumb But when that we had seen the rags, We went to th' mn and took our nags, And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine,
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town
How strong it is, I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The Palace and great Gallery
The Place Royal doth excel
The New Bridge, and the statues there,
At Nostre Dame, Saint Q Pater,
The steeple bears the bell

For learning, th' Universitie,
And, for old clothes, the Frippery
The House the Queen did build
Saint Innocents, whose earth devours
Dead corpse in four and twenty hours,
And there the King was killed

'John Dory was the hero of a rather pointless ballad, still popular in Dryden's days beginning

As it fell upon a holy-day
And upon a holy tide-a
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.

Corbet's visit to Paris was in 1618—the curiosities he describes including, for example the milk and the lanthorn at St. Denis, the unfinished palace of the queen-dowager and the sights or Paris, the unfinished palace of the queen-dowager and the sights or Paris, generally, are described at more length by Peter Heylin in France failured to the Life the outcome of a visit to France in 1025. The king slain (in 1610) at the Church of the Holy Innocents was Henry IV—the extraordinarily absorptive virtue of the earth in that churchyard was an article of faith and is referred to by Sir Thomas Browne in Urn burial (see below). The mysterious Saint Q Pater of Notre Dame, unexplained in the editions must be a misreading of the contracted MS—St Nofer for St Christopher, the colosisal figure which for hundreds of years was a chief curiosity of Notre Dame and as such was duly described by Heylin, Coryate, and other English travellers. The bell the great bourdon of Notre Dame—was, and still is another

Farewell to the Fairles

Farewell rewards and fairies,
Cood housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
The fairies lost command,
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land,
And all your children sprung from thence
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad
So little care of slep or sloth
These pretty ladies had,
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain,
But since of late Elizabeth
And later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth was punished sure,
It was a just and Christian deed,
To pinch such black and blue
Oh, how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Sir Robert Naunton (1563–1635), born at Alderton, Woodbridge, became public orator at Cambridge in 1594, travelled four or more years on the Continent, went with an embassive to Denmark in 1603, entered Parliament in 1606, and was Secretary of State 1618–23. He died at his Suffolk seat, Letheringham Priory His Fragmenta Regulia (1641) is sketches of Elizabeth's courtiers See his Memoirs (1814)

Queen Elizabeth.

Under Edward [VI] she was his, and one of the darlings of fortune for besides the consideration of bloud, there was between these two princes a concurrency and sympathy in their natures and affections, together with the celestiall (conformity in religion) which made them one, and friends, for the king ever called her his sweetest and dearest sister, and was scarce his own man. she being absent, which was not so between him and the Lady Mary Under his sister she found her condition much altered for it was resolved, and her destiny had decreed to set her an apprentice in the school of affliction. and to draw her through the ordeall fire of tryall, the better to mould and fashion her to rule and soveraignty, which finished, and fortune calling to mind that the time of her servitude was expired, gave up her indentures, and therewith delivered up into her custody a scepter as a reward for her patience, which was about the twenty sixth year of her age, a time in which (as for externals) she was full blown, so was she for her internals grown ripe, and seasoned with adversity, and in the exercise of her vertue, for it seems fortune meant no more than to shew her a piece of her variety and changeablenesse of her nature, and so to conduct her to her destined felicity She was of personage tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewith well favoured, but high nosed, of limbs and feature neat, and which added to the lustre of those exteriour graces, of stately and majestick comportment, participating in this more of her father than mother, who was of inferiour allay, plausible, or as the French hath

it, more debonaire and affable, vertues which might well suit with migesty, and which descending is hereditary to the daughter, did render of a more sweeter temper, and endeared her more to the love and liking of the people, who gave her the name and fame of a most gracious and popular prince, the atrocity of her fathers nature being rebated in hers by the mothers sweeter inclinations. For to take, and that no more than, the character out of his own mouth, he never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his lust

Sir Walter Raleigh

He had in the outward man a good presence, in a handsome and well compacted person, a strong naturall wit, and a better judgement, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage, and to these he had the adjuncts of some generall learning, which by diligence he enforced to a great augmentation and perfection, for he was an indefatigable reader, whether by sea or land, and none of the least observers both of men and the times, and I am confident, that among the second causes of his growth, that variance between him and my Lord Grey in his descent into Ireland was a principall, for it drew them both over the councell table, there to plead their cause, where (what advantage he had in the cause, I know not) but he had much better in the telling of his tale, and so much, that the Queen and the lords took no slight mark of the man, and his parts, for from thence he came to be known, and to have accesse to the Queen and the lords, and then we are not to doubt how such a man would comply and learn the way of progression whether Lucester had then cast in a good word for him to the Queen, which would have done no harm, I doc not determine but true it is, he had gotten the Queens earc at a trice, and she began to be taken with his clocution, and loved to hear his reasons to her demands and the truth is, she took him for a kind of oracle, which netled them all, yea, those that he relyed on began to take his suddain favour as an allarum, and to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his, which made him shortly after sing, I ortune my foe, we that finding his favour declining, and falling into a recesse, he undertook a new percentation, to leave that terra infirma of the court for that of the warres, and by de chang himself and by absence to expell his and the passion of his enemies, which in court was a strange device of recovery, but that he knew there was some ill office done him, that he durst not attempt to mind any other wayes than by going aside, thereby to teach envy a new way of forgetfulnesse, and not so much as to think of him, howsoever, he had it alwayes in mind never to forget himself, and his device took so well that at his return he came in (as rammes doe, by going backward) with the greater strength, and so continued to her last, great in her grace, and Captain of the Guard, where I must leave him, but with this observation, that though he gained much at the court, yet he took it not out of the Exchequer or meerly out of the Queens purse, but by his wit and the help of the prerogative, for the Queen was never profuse in the delivering out of her treasure, but payed many, and most of her servants, part in money and the rest with grace, which as the case stood was taken for good payment, leaving the arrear of recompence due to their merit to her great successor, who payed them all with advantage

Thomas Middleton (1570?-1627), a prolific but extraordinarily unequal dramatist, was a Londoner, as city chronologer (from 1620) wrote a chronicle of the city, now lost, and some civic pagcants, and left over twenty plays, a score of page ints and masques, a par iphrase of the Wisdom of Solomon, six sittres, and a number of prose pieces Blurt, Master Constable (1602), is a light comedy Father Hubbard's Tale and The Black Book are tracts exposing London rogues Honest Whore was mainly written by Dekker The Phanix and Michaelmas Term (1607) are lively comedies, A Trick to catch the Old One (1608) and A Mad World, my Masters (from which Aphra Behn pilfered), are perhaps more amusing The Roaring Girl (1611, with Dckker) describes the exploits of a noted cut purse and virago A Chaste Maid in Cheapside was probably produced in 1613, as was No Wit, No Help like a Woman's A Fair Quarrel (1617) and The World Tost at Fennis (1620) were written in conjunction with Rowley, as were probably More Dissemblers besides Women (1622?) and The Mayor of Quinborough Law is mainly the work of Rowley, supplemented by Middleton, and revised by Massinger - The fact that I he Witch (published by Reed in 1778 from the author's MS) contains in full two songs of which only the first lines are given in Macbeth (see below at page 461) has been explained by the theory that they were originally by Middleton and were introduced into later acting editions of Macbeth (They are given in full in D'Avenant's altered version of Macbeth) Mr Bullen and Professor Herford hold it almost certain that Middleton here imitated and expanded Shakespeare, or the song Shakespeare referred to in his stage directions. The date of the Witch is unknown, and it may have preceded Macbeth, but it is vastly more probable that the lesser author was the imitator In The Changeling, The Spanish Gipsy, and Women beware Women (in the first two of which at least Rowley had a share) Middleton's genius is seen at its best. The Widow was mainly by Middleton Anything for a Quiet Life (c 1619) may have been revised by Middleton contributed to some of the plays included in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher

The Game at Chess (1624) provoked enormous interest, but gave great offence at court by bringing on the stage the king of Spain and his ambassador, Gondomar, as well as James himself and English politicians. Gondomar's successor complained to King James of the insult, and Middleton—who at first 'shifted out of the way'—and the players were brought before the Privy Council and sharply reprimanded for their audicity in 'bringing modern Christian kings upon the stage'. The Induction was spoken by Loyola and his intimate acquaintance Error. James was the White King, the Black King was Philip IV, Gondomar the Black Knight, the White Queen's Pawn is the Church of England, and so forth.

The Black Knight uses great freedom of speech, and not obscurely indicates that he has wheedled and duped the White King for his own ends

Middleton is great in single scenes, and is a versatile and ingenious writer, a keen observer and saturist of London life and London types But he repeats the same character under different names, interests rather than charms or fascinates, and is sometimes distinctly tedious beware IVomen is a tale of love and jealousy The 'rage and madness of from the Italian women crossed,' 'hell-bred malice and strife,' constitute the principal material of a somewhat cynical representation, but the following sketch of married happiness is admirably realised

How near am I now to a happiness That earth exceeds not ' not another like it The treasures of the deep are not so precious As are the conceal'd comforts of a man Lock'd up in woman's love I scent the air Of blessing, when I come but near the house What a delicious breath marriage sends forth! The violet bed's not sveeter Honest wedlock Is lil e a banqueting house built in a garden, On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight To cast their modest odours, when base lust, With all her powders, paintings, and best pride, Is but a fair house built by a ditch side

Now for a welcome Able to draw men's envies upon man, A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip As sweet as morning dew upon a rose, And full as long

The blank verse is some of it very unrhythmical and irregular, it is difficult sometimes to know whether the lines are meant for verse or prose

Yet Mr Bullen agrees with an anonymous critic that, 'in daring and happy concentration of imagery and a certain imperial confidence in the use of words, he of all the dramatists of that time is the disciple that comes nearest the master' And he holds that the colloquy between Beatrice and De Flores in the Changeling 'testifies beyond dispute that in dealing with a situation of sheer passion none of Shakespeare's followers trod so closely in the master's steps' 'Neither Webster nor Cyril Tourneur nor Ford has given us any scene so profoundly impressive, so absolutely meffaceable, so Shakespearean,' though 'as an artistic whole the Changeling cannot challenge comparison with The Maid's Tragedy, The Broken Heart, or The Duchess of Malfi' But 'if the Changeling, Women beware Women, the Spanish Gipsy, and A Fair Quarrel do not justify Middleton's claims to be considered a great artist,' Mr Bullen 'knows not which of Shakespeare's followers is worthy of the title.' In the Changeling, Beatrice, daughter of Vermandero, is betrothed to Alonzo de Piracquo ere she sees and loves Alscmero, a new-comer to her father's castle. She regards Alonzo with loathing, and reveals her hatred to De Flores, a poor gentleman in her | For the life blood of man? is any thing

father's service, who passionately loves her Zealous to do her a service, De Flores assassinates Alonzo, and hopes not for gold or jewels, but for Beatrice's

From 'The Changeling'

De Flores My thoughts are at a banquet, for the deed, I feel no weight in 't, 'tis but light and cheap For the sweet recompense that I set down for't [Aside Beatrice De Flores!

D. F Lady?

Beat Thy looks promise cheerfully

De F All things are answerable, time, circumstance, Your wishes, and my service

Beat Is it done, then?

De F Piracquo is no more

Beat My joys start at mme eyes, our sweet'st delights Are evermore born weeping

De I I've a token for you

Beat For me?

De T But it was sent somewhat unwillingly, I could not get the ring without the finger

[Holding out Alonzo's finger with the ring on it

Beat Bless mc, what hast thou done?

 $De \Gamma$ Why, is that more

Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart strings A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court, In a mistake hath had as much as this.

Beat 'Tis the first token my father made me send him. $De\ \Gamma$ And I have made him send it back again For his last token, I was loath to leave it, And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels.

He was as loath to part with 't, for it stuck As if the flesh and it were both one substance.

Beat At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees. 'I is soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir I pray, bury the finger, but the stone I ou may make use on shortly, the true value, Take 't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats

De I 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis Well, being my fees, I'll take it,

Great men have taught me that, or else my ment Would scorn the way on 't.

It might justly, sir, Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given In state of recompense

De I No, I hope so, lady, You should soon witness my contempt to t then

Beat Prithec-thou look'st as if thou wert offended De Γ That were strange, lady, 'tis not possible My service should draw such a cause from you Offended! could you think so? that were much

I or one of my performance, and so warm Yet in my service Beat 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir

 $De \Gamma$ I know so much, it were so, misery

In her most sharp condition 'Tis resolv'd then, Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florens,

I have not meanly thought upon thy ment DeF What! salary? now you move me

How, De Flores?

 $De\ F$ Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,

To destroy things for wages? offer gold

And were I not resolv'd in my belief Valued too precious for my recompense? That thy virginity were perfect in thee, Beat I understand thee not I could ha' hir'd I should but take my recompense with grudging, As if I had but halfamy hopes I agreed for A journeyman in murder at this rate, Beat Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked, And mine own conscience might have slept at ease, Or shelter such a cunning cruelty, And have had the work brought home To make his death the murderer of my honour! I'm in a labyrinth, What will content him? I'd fam be rid of him [Aside Thy language is so bold and vicious, I'll double the sum, sir I cannot see which way I can forgive it De F You take a course With any modesty To double my vexation, that's the good you do Push! you forget yourself, $D\iota F$ A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty! Beat Bless me. I'm now in worse plight than I was, I know not what will please him [Aside]-For my Beat O misery of sin! would I'd been bound Perpetually unto my living hate fear's sake, I prithee, make away with all speed possible, In that Piracquo, than to hear these words! And if thou be'st so modest not to name Think but upon the distance that creation The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not, Set 'twist thy blood and mine, and keep thee there. Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee, De I Look but into your conscience, read me there, 'Is a true book, you'll find me there your equal But, prithee, take thy flight De I You must fly too then Push! fly not to your birth, but settle you Beat I? In what the act has made you, you're no more now, De I I'll not stir a foot else You must forget your parentage to me, Beat What's your meaning? You are the deed's creature, by that name De F Why, are not you as guilty? in, I'm sure, You lost your first condition, and I challenge you, As deep as I, and we should stick together As peace and innocency have turn'd you out, Come, your fears counsel you but ill, my absence And made you one with me Would draw suspect upon you instantly, With thee, foul villain! There were no rescue for you. De F Yes, my fair murderess, do you urge me? He speaks home! [Aside Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection! De F Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly, 'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind Should part and live asunder Of whoredom in the heart, and he's chang'd now Beat How now, sir? To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero, This shews not well Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted, De F What makes your lip so strange? If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest ' This must not be betwixt us I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage, The man talks wildly! I'll confess all, my life I rate at nothing De F Come, kiss me with a zeal now Beat De Flores! Beat Heaven, I doubt him! [Aside De F I shall rest from all love's plagues then, De F I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly I live in pain now, that shooting eye Beat Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness, Will burn my heart to cinders 'I will soon betray us Beat O sir, hear me $De\ F$ Take you heed first, $De \Gamma$ She that in life and love refuses me, Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame in't In death and shame my partner she shall be Beat He's bold, and I am blam'd for 't Beat [kneeling] Stay, hear me once for all, I make thee I have eas'd you Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels. Of your trouble, think on it, I am in pain, Let me go poor unto my bed with honour, And must be eas'd of you, 'tis a charity, And I am rich in all things ! Justice invites your blood to understand me De F Let this silence thee, Beat I dare not The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy Quickly! De F My pleasure from me, Beat O, I never shall! Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose? Speak it yet further off, that I may lose So soon may you weep me. What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't, Beat Vengeance begins, I would not hear so much offence again Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins For such another deed Was my creation in the womb so curst, De FSoft, lady, soft! It must engender with a viper first? The last is not yet paid for O, this act De F [raising her] Come, rise and shroud your Has put me into spirit, I was as greedy on't blushes in my bosom, As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts Did you not mark, I wrought myself into 't, Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding Nay, sued and kneel'd for 't? why was all that pains took? 'Las, how the turtle pants! thou 'It love anon You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold, What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.

Capcase, band box , push, pish! Your parentage to me, your

[high] birth as compared with mine. For 'that shooting eye,

Dyce, followed by Bullen, thinks the author must have written

that love shooting eye.

Not that I want it not, for I do piteously,

In order I'll come unto 't, and make use on 't,

But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,

l or I place wealth after the heels of pleasure.

The *Witch*, an ill constructed play which raises the problems above referred to, has also an Italian plot, apparently from Machiavelli's 'Florentine Histories' through the French Middleton is more at home in describing criminals and ruffians than supernatural beings, and his witches are rather the vulgar hags of popular superstition than the unearthly beings that accost Macbeth on the blasted heath, as Lamb pointed out in an admirable paragraph Shakespeare in *Macbeth* gives the stage direction, 'Music and a song "Black spirits," &c' The 'Charm-song' of the witches going about the cauldron is thus given by Middleton

Hecate Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray, Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!

Fitty, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in,
Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky,
Liard Robin,
You must bob in,

Round, around, around, about, about '
All ill come running in, all good keep out '

First Witch Here's the blood of a bat

Hec Put in that, O, put in that '

Second Witch Here's libbard's bane

Her Put in again!

Tirst Witch The juice of toad, the oil of adder Sec Witch Those will make the younker madder Hec Put in—there's all—and rid the stench

Firestone Nay, here's three ounces of the red hair'd wench

All the Witches Round, around, &c

The flight of the witches by moonlight is de scribed with vigour and gusto, if the scene was written before *Macbeth*, Middleton deserves the credit of true poetical imagination

IIecate The moon's a gallant, see how brisk she rides!
Stadlin Here's a rich evening, Hecate

Hec Ay, 1s't not, wenches,

To take a journey of five thousand mile?

Hoppo Ours will be more to night

Hac O'twill be precious!

Heard you the owl yet?

Stad Briefly in the copse,

As we came through now

If a 'Is high time for us then.

Stad There was a bat hung at my lips three times.

As we came through the woods, and drank her fill

Old Puckle saw her

Hec You are fortunate still,

The very screech owl lights upon your shoulder

And woos you, like a pigeon. Are you furnish'd?

Have you your ointments?

Stad. All

Stad.

Hec Prepare to flight then,

I'll overtake you swiftly

Hie thee, Hecate,

We shall be up betimes

Hec I'll reach you quickly

[Exeunt all the Witches except HECATE.

Firestone They are all going a birding to night they talk of fowls i' th' air that fly by day, I am sure they'll

be a company of foul sluts there to night if we have not mortality after 't, I 'll be hanged, for they are able to putrefy it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now

Hec What, Firestone, our sweet son?

Fire A little sweeter than some of you, or a dung hill were too good for me [Aside

Ilec How much hast there?

Fire Nineteen, and all brave plump ones, Besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.

Hec Dear and sweet boy! what herbs hast thou?
Fire. I have some marmartin and mandragon

Hec Marmaritin and mandragora, thou wouldst say
Fire Here's panax too—I thank thee—my pan aches,

With kneeling down to cut 'em

Hec And selago,

Hedge hyssop too how near he goes my cuttings!

Were they all cropt by moonlight?

Fire. Every blade of 'em,

Or I'm a moon calf, mother

Hec Hie thee home with 'em

Look well to the house to night, I'm for aloft

Fire Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly! [Aside]—Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.

Hec They're they indeed Help, help me, I'm too late else.

Song above

Come away, come away,
Hecate, IIecate, come away!

Hec I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may

Where's Stadlin?

[Voice above] Here

Hec Where's Puckle?

[Voice above] Here,

And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too, We lack but you, we lack but you, Come away, make up the count

Hec I will but 'noint, and then I mount

[A Spirit like a cat descends

[Voice above] There's one comes down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood,

And why thou stay'st so long,

I muse, I muse,

Since the air's so sweet and good

Hec O, art thou come?

What news, what news?

Spirit All goes still to our delight

Either come or else

Refuse, refuse

Hec Now, I'm furnish'd for the flight

Fire Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in her own language !

Hec [going up] Now I go, now I fly, Malkin my sweet spirit and I

O what dainty pleasure 'tis

To ride in the air

When the moon shines fair,

And sing and dance, and toy and kiss! Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,

Over seas, our mistress' fountains, Over steep towers and turrets, We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits
No ring of hells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds,
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.
[Voices above] No ring of hells, &c

I copard's bane, mandragora or mandrake, panux (ginseng), selago (lycopolium), and other herbs named have magical or medicinal properties, and serpents eggs or snake-stones (often minimonities, supposed to be petrified snakes or in some my terious way derived from serpents) were sovereign charms from the days of the Druids on

Shakespeare in *Macbeth* gives merely the direction, 'Song within "Come away, come away," &c'
Middleton's works were edited by Dyce (5 vols. 1840) and by
Bullen (8 ols 1885-36)

John Marston (1575 -1634), a rough and vigorous satirist and dramatic writer, seems to have been born at Coventry, and studied at Brasenose College, Oxford He must have written all his plays between 1602 and 1607, when he gave up playwriting, took orders, and in 1616 accepted the living of Christchurch in Hampshire The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image (1598), a somewhat licentious poem, was condemned to the flames by Archbishop Whitgift. The Scourge of Villany is mainly uncouth and obscure satire The gloomy and ill constructed tragedies, Antonio and Mellida and Antonio's Revenge (1602), contain passiges of striking power with much fustian The Malcontent (1604), more skilfully constructed, was dedicated to Ben Jonson, between whom and Marston there were many quarrels and reconciliations The Dutch Courtezan (1605) is full of life, Lastward Hoe (1605, written with Chapman and Jonson) is far more genial than any of Marston's own comedies For uncomplimentary allusions to the Scots the authors were imprisoned (see page 402) Parasitaster, or the Fawn (1606), spite of occasional tediousness, is an attractive comedy, Sophonisba (1606) appals with its horrors What You Will (1607) has many flings at Bcn Jonson The rich and graceful poetry scattered through The Insatiate Countesse (1613) is unlike anything in Marston's undoubted works, and was probably added by inother hand

Even in the least admirable passages one stumbles on pregnant thoughts pithily worded, thus in the *Dutch Courtezan*, on the difference between the lovely courtesan and a wife, an old knight says

Hell and the prodegies of angrie Jove Are not so fearefull to a thinking minde As a man without affection. Why, frend, Philosophie and nature are all one, Love is the center in which all lines close The common bonde of being

Some of the phrasing is wonderfully modern, in spite of intique environment thus 'the fatt's in the fire' alongside of pre-Elizabethan archaism, 'Mr Mulligrub' does not sound Elizabethan, and the courtesan's broken English is not unlike Pennsyl-

vania Dutch In the Insatiate Countesse, a good wish at a wedding is thus worded

O may this knot you knit,
This individual Gordian grasp of hands,
In sight of God soc fairly intermixt,
Never be severed, as Heaven smiles at it,
By all the darts shot by informall Jove!

Coarseness was rather characteristic of Marston his comedies contain strong, biting satire, Hazlitt thought his forte was impatient scorn and bitter indignation against the vices and follies of men, vented either in comic irony or in lofty invective. In IVhat You Will Quadratus introduces a lyrical exposition of his hyper-epicurcan philosophy of life

My fashions knowne out rime take't as you list A fice for the sower brow'd Zoilist

Musicke, tobacco, sack, and sleepe
The tide of sorrow backward keepe.
If thou art sad at others fate,
Rivo, drinke deepe, give care the mate. checkmate
On us the end of time is come,
Fond feare of that we cannot shun,
While quickest sence doth freshly last
Clip time aboute, hug pleasure fast
The sisters revell out our twine,
He that knows little's most devine

Rino, a drinling challenge of doubtful origin, is also used by Shake peare's Prince Hal

The following humorous autobiographical sketch of a scholar and his dog, also from *What You Will*, in points suggests Goethe's *Faust* and Browning as well as Shakespeare

I was a scholler seaven usefull springs Did I defloure in quotations Of cross'd oppinions boute the soule of man, The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt Knowledge and wit, faithes foes, turne fayth about Delight, my spaniell, slept whilst I bausd leaves, I ossed ore the dunces, por'd on the old print Of titled wordes and stil my spanicli slept. Whilst I wasted lamp oile, bated my flesh, Shrunk up my veins and still my spanicl slept. And still I held converse with Zabarell, Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty sawe Of antick Donate still my spaniell slept Still on went I, first, an sit anima, Then, an it were mortall O hold, hold! At that they're at brain buffets, fell by the eares A maine pell mell together—still my spanicll slept. Then, whether twere corporeal, local, fixt, Ex traduce, but whether 't had free will Or no, hot philosophers Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt, I staggerd, knew not which was firmer part, But thought, quoted, reade, observ'd, and pried, Stufft noting books and still my spanicl slept At length he wakt, and yawned, and, by yon sky, For aught I know, he knew as much as J

1 Bause is a rare and doubtful word, probably meaning to hiss (from Lo / Latin basiare). 2 Zabarella was a (no v forgotten) six teenth-century Italian philosopher, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus were the heads of the two great schools of Catholic theology Donatus was a fourth-century grammarian 3 Whether there is a loul. 4 'Creationism taught that the soul was created for each human body, 'Traducianism that it was derived ex tha duce from the parents.

From 'Antonio and Mellida'

Of the prologue to Intonio's Revenge, the second of the two plays forming The Historie of Antonio and Mellula Charles Lamb says. 'This prologue, for its passionate earnestness, and for the tragic note of preparation which it sounds, might have preceded one of those old tales of Thebes or Pelops line which Milton has so highly commended, as free from the common error of the poets in his days, 'of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people—it is as solemn a preparative as the "wurning voice which he who saw th Apocalypse heard cry "!

The rawish danke of clumzie winter ramps The fluent summers vaine, and drizling sleete Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numd earth, Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juyceles leaves, From the nak't shuddring branch, and pils the skinne From off the soft and delicate aspectes. O now, me thinks, a sullen tragick sceane Would suite the time, with pleasing congruence May we be happie in our weake devoyer, And all parte pleased in most wisht content, But sweate of Hercules can nere beget So blest an issue. Therefore, we proclaime, If any spirit breathes within this round, Uncapable of waightie passion (As from his birth, being hugged in the armes, And nuzzled twist the breastes of happinesse), Who winkes, and shuts his apprehension up From common sense of what men were, and are, Who would not knowe what men must be-let such Hurrie amaine from our black visag'd showes We shall affright their eyes But if a breast Nail'd to the earth with griefe, if any heart Pierc't through with anguish pant within this ring, If there be any blood whose heate is choakt And stifled with true sense of misery, If ought of these straines fill this consort up-Th' arrive most welcome. O that our power Could lackie or keepe wing with our desires, That with unused paize of stile and sense, We might waigh massy in judicious scale Yet heere's the prop that doth support our hopes, When our sceanes falter, or invention halts, Your favour will give crutches to our faults.

[Antonio, son to Andrigio, Duke of Genoa, whom Piero, Venetian prince and father in law of Antonio, has murdered, slays Piero s little son, Julio, as a sacrifice to the spirit of Andrigio — The scene is in a Churchyard and the time is Midnight]

Julio Brother Antonio, are you here, i' faith?
Why doe you frowne? Indeed my sister said
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her Busse me good truth,
I love you better then my father, 'deede
Antonio Thy father? Gratious, O bounteous Heaven!

I doe adore thy justice Venit in nostras manus

Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem -

Jul Truth, since my mother dyed, I lov'd you best. Something hath angred you, pray you, look merily Ant I will laugh, and dimple my thinne cheeke With cap'ring joy, chuck, my heart doth leape To graspe thy bosome. I'me, place, and blood, How fit you close together! Heavens tones Strike not such musick to immortall soules As your accordance sweetes my breast withall. Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove, And kick corruption with a scornefull heele, Griping this flesh, disdaine mortalitie

O that I knew which joynt, which side, which lim, Were father all, and had no mother in 't, That I might rip it vaine by vaine, and carve revenge In bleeding races, but since 'tis mixt together, Have at adventure, pel mell, no reverse Come hither, boy This is Andrugio's hearse

Jul O God, youle hurt me For my sisters sake, Pray you doe not hurt me An you kill me, 'deede, Ile tell my father

Ant O, for thy sisters sake, I flagge revenge.

Andrugio's Ghost Revenge!

Ant Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more. Revenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth, And cleares his heart—Come, prettie tender childe, It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill. Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veines Is it I loath, is that revenge must sucke I love thy soule—and were thy heart lapt up In any flesh but in Piero's bloode, I would thus kisse it, but being his, thus, thus, And thus Ile punch it. Abandon feares
Whil'st thy wounds bleede, my browes shall gush out

Jul So you will love me, doe even what you will

Ant Now barkes the wolfe against the fulle cheekt

Now lyons half clamd entrals roare for food, Now croakes the toad, and night crowes screech aloud, Fluttering 'bout casements of departed soules, Now gapes the graves, and through their yawnes let loose Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth, And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out, Behold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke eyes

[Stabs Julio From under the stage a groane Howle not, thou putry mould, groan not, ye graves Be dumbe, all breath Here stands Andrugio's sonne. Worthie his father So I feele no breath His jawes are falne, his dislodg'd soule is fled And now there's nothing but Picro left. He is all Piero, father all This blood, This breast, this heart, Piero all Whome thus I mangle. Spirit of Julio, Forget this was thy trunke I live thy friend Mayst thou be twined with the softst imbrace Of clere eternitie but thy fathers blood I thus make incense of, to vengeance. Ghost of my poysoned sire, sucke this fume, To sweet revenge perfume thy circling ayre With smoake of bloode I sprinkle round his goare, And dewe thy hearse with these fresh recking drops Loe thus I heave my blood died handes to heaven, Even like insatiate hell, still crying More! My heart both thirsting dropsies after goare Sound peace and rest to church, night ghosts, and graves; Blood cries for bloode, and murder murder craves.

(From Part II Act III)

Antonios Latin quotation is an adaptation of two lines from Senecas Thesites flagge is 'let drop, half-claim d is 'halt clemmed 'half starved, for 'cleares his heart. Mr Bullen reads' cleaves, putry (in the old editions, pury) is 'putrid

Night is thus prayed for

And now, yee sootie coursers of the night, Hurrie your chariot into hels black wombe

Nightfall is described

The gloomie wing of Night begins to stretch His lasie pinion over all the ayre.

And daybreak

For see, the dapple gray coursers of the morne Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves, And chase it through the skye

In the Insatiate Countesse Night is personified

Night like a solemne mourner frownes on earth, Envying that day should force her doff her roabes, Or Phœbus chase away her melancholly Heavens eyes looke faintly through her sable masque, And silver Cinthia hyes her in her sphere, Scorning to grace black Nights solemnity

Marston has paraphrased Shakespeare in Feare is my vassal, when I frowne he flyes, A hundred times in life a coward dyes

A storm at sea is recorded with superfluous conceits and overstrained imagery, carrying lack of dignity over the verge of the ridiculous

We gan discourse, when loe! the sea grewe mad, His bowels rumbling with winde passion, Straight swarthy darkenesse popt out Phœbus eye, And blur'd the jocund face of bright cheekt day, Whilst crud'led fogges masked even the darknesse browe, Heaven bade's good night, and the rocks gron'd At the intestine uprore of the maine Nowe gustie flawes shook up the very heeles Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot Through the black bowels of the quaking ayre.

There are editions of Marston by Halliwell Phillipps (1856) from which the above extracts are, with a few minor alterations, transcribed, and by Mr A. H. Bullen (1887)

Philip Massinger (1583-1640), one of the most accomplished and eloquent dramatists of his time, lived the precarious life of a writer for the stage, died in poverty, and was buried at St Saviour's, Southwark, in the grave of his colleague, Fletcher, with no other memorial than the note in the parish register, 'Philip Massinger, a stranger'-meaning he did not belong to the parish. His father, as appears from the dedication of one of his plays, was in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, was entrusted with letters to Queen Elizabeth, and was otherwise employed in confidential negotiations Whether Philip, who was born at Salisbury, as a page ever 'wandered in the marble halls and pictured galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his Arcadia,' is not certainly known, in 1602 he was entered of St Alban Hall, Oxford He seems to have quitted the university abruptly in 1606, and to have commenced writing for the The first notice of him is in Henslowe's stage diary, about 1613, where he makes a joint application, with N Field and R. Daborne, two other playwrights, for a loan of £5, without which, they say, they could not be bailed The sequel of Massinger's history is but an enumeration of his He was found dead in his bed in his house on the Bankside one March morning in 1639-40 He wrote a great number of pieces, of which fifteen written by him unaided have been preserved manuscripts of eight others of his plays were in

existence in the middle of the eighteenth century, but they fell into the hands of John Warburton, Somerset herald, who had collected no less than fifty-five English dramas of the golden period, many of them rare, some of them unique, but all of them, through his carelessness, burnt for kitchen uses by his ignorant domestic. Much of Massinger's best work is inextricably mixed up with that of Fletcher and others It is difficult to say how far he was concerned in the authorship of plays that pass under the name of 'Beaumont and Fletcher' Probably the earliest of his extant plays is the unpleasant Unnatural Combat, printed in 1639 The first published is The Virgin Martyr (1622), partly by In 1623 was published The Duke of Dekkei Milan, a fine but rhetorical tragedy The Bondman, The Renegado, and The Parliament of Love were licensed in 1623-24. The Roman Actor (1626) abounds in eloquent declamation Great Duke of Florence, produced in 1627, has a delightful love-story, whereas Massinger's female characters are usually unattractive and sometimes The Maid of Honour (1628) is, like the odious Bondman, full of political allusions The Picture, licensed in 1629, has an improbable plot. The Emperor of the East (1631) has the same merits and faults as the Duke of Melan Field joined Massinger in writing The Fatal Dowry (1632) City Madam (licensed in 1632) and A New Way to Pay Old Debts (which, printed in 1633, kept the stage till well into the nineteenth century) are Massinger's most masterly comedies—brilliant satırıcal studies, though without warmth or geniality A Very IVoman (1634) is Fletcher's Woman's Plot revised by Massinger The Guardian dates from 1633, The Bashful Lover from 1636 Believe as you List (1631) was first printed from MS in 1844 The powerful and stately Tragidy of Sir John Van Olden Barnavel**t** (1619), by Massinger and Fletcher, was first printed in vol 11 of Bullen's Old Plays (First Series)

Some of Massinger's plays are (as Coleridge said) as interesting as a novel, others are as solid as a treatise on political philosophy His verse, though fluent and flexible, lacks the music and magic of Shakespeare's No writer repeats himself more His comedy resembles Ben Jonson's in its eccentric strength, in its exhibitions of wayward human nature, and in its use of rather typical and conventional characters The greediness of avarice, the tyranny of unjust laws, and the miseries of poverty are drawn with a powerful hand luxuries and vices of a city life afford scope for indignant and forcible invective Genume humour or sprightliness Massinger had none. His dialogue is often coarse and indecorous, and his low characters are too depraved His genius was rather descriptive and rhetorical than impassioned or dramatic, yet there is a certain serious dignity that impresses The versification is smooth and mellifluous, in his early plays rhyme and prose are freely used, in the later, mainly blank verse.

Charles Lamb said that his English style is purer and freer from violent metaphors and harsh constructions than that of any contemporary dramatist. The influence of Spanish and Italian models is conspicuous, he was skilled in his management of the plot, and showed mastery of stage mechanism.

Pregnant lines or short passages in the plays are 'Better the devil's than a woman's slave,' 'Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,' 'Gold can do much, but beauty more,' 'Ambition, in a private man a vice, is in a prince the virtue,' 'Virtue not in action is a vice,' and 'When we go not forward, we go backward' Massinger's best woman character is Camiola in the Maid of Honour It is in her mouth (speaking to the King of Sicily) that Massinger puts a very frank impeachment, controversial rither than poetic, of the sacrosanct doctrine of the divine right of kings

With your leave I must not kneel, sir,
While I reply to this—but thus rise up
In my defence, and tell you, as a man,
(Since, when you are unjust, the deity
Which you may challenge as a king, parts from you,)
'Twas never read in holy writ or moral,
I hat subjects on their loyalty were obliged
To love their sovereign's vices

Camiola, too, it is who, when she hears that her lover is imprisoned by his enemy and abandoned by his king, says—her loyalty all but forgotten—

Pray you stand off!

If I do not mutter treason to myself

My heart will break, and yet I will not curse him,

He is my king

From 'A New Way to pay Old Debts'

Str Giles Overreach 10 my wish we are private I come not to make offer with my daughter A certain portion, that were poor and trivial In one word, I pronounce all that is mine, In lands or leases, ready coin or goods, With her, my lord, comes to you, nor shall you have One motive to induce you to believe I live too long, since every year I'll add Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too Lord Lovell You are a right kind father

Over You shall have reason

To think me such I How do you like this seat?

It is well wooded and well watered, the acres

Fertile and rich would it not serve for change,

To entertain your friends in a summer progress?

What thinks my noble lord?

I ov 'Tis a wholesome air, And well built pile, and she that's mistress of it, Worthy the large revenue

Over She the mistress!

It may be so for a time, but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Nor the engines that I work by "Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be) Shall soon be mine, but point out any man's In all the shire, and say they he convenient And useful for your lordship, and once more, I say aloud, they are yours

Lov I dare not own What's by unjust and cruel means extorted My fame and credit arc more dear to me I han so to expose them to be censured by The public voice.

Over You run, my lord, no hazard Your reputation shall stand as fair In all good men's opinions as now Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill, Cast any foul aspersion upon yours For though I do contemn report myself



PHILIP MASSINGER
After an Engraving by T Cross, A D 1655.

As a mere sound, I still will be so tender Of what concerns you in all points of honour, That the immaculate whiteness of your fame, Nor your unquestioned integrity, Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot That may take from your innocence and candour All my ambition is to have my daughter Right honourable, which my lord can make her And might I live to dance upon my knec A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you, I write ml ultra to my proudest hopes. As for possessions and annual rents, Lquivalent to maintain you in the port Your noble birth and present state requires, I do remove that burden from your shoulders, And take it on mine own, for though I ruin The country to supply your notous waste, The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you

Low Are you not frighted with the imprecations And curses of whole families, made wretched By your sinister practices?

Yes, as rocks are Over When foamy billows split themselves against Their flinty ribs, or as the moon is moved When wolves, with hunger pined, how I at her brightness, I am of a solid temper, and, like these, Steer on a constant course with mine own sword, If called into the field, I can make that right Which fearful enemics murmured at as wrong Now, for these other piddling complaints, Breathed out in bitterness, as, when they call me Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser Of what was common to my private use, Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries, And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold, I only think what 'tis to have my daughter Right honourable, and 'tis a powerful charm, Makes me insensible of remorse or pity, Or the least sting of conscience

Lov I admire
The toughness of your nature
Over 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble,
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed
My haste commands me hence In one word therefore,
Is it a match?

From 'The City Madam'

Luke Frugal No word, sir, I hope, shall give offence nor let it relish Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud, I glory in the bravery of your mind, To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches Is, or should be, contemned, it being a blessing Derived from heaven, and by your industry Pulled down upon you, but in this, dear sir, You have many equals such a man's possessions Extend as far as yours, a second hath His bags as full, a third in credit flies As high in the popular voice but the distinction And noble difference by which you are Divided from them is, that you are styled Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty, And that you feel compassion in your bowels Of other's miseries (I have found it, sir, Heaven keep me thankful for 't !) while they are cursed As rigid and inexorable.

Sir John Frugal I delight not To hear this spoke to my face

To hear this spoke to my face

Luke

That shall not grieve you

Your affability and mildness, clothed

In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath,

Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,

Be seen and wondered at, and in the act

With a prodigal hand rewarded Whereas, such

As are born only for themselves, and live so,

Though prosperous in worldly understandings,

Are but like beasts of rapine, that by odds

Of strength usurp and tyrannise o'er others

Brought under their subjection

Can you think, sir,

In your unquestioned wisdom, I beseech you,

The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry, His wife turned out of doors, his children forced To beg their bread, this gentleman's estate By wrong extorted, can advantage you? Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant, For such he was esteemed, though now decayed, Will raise your reputation with good men? But you may urge (pray you, pardon me, my zeal Makes me thus bold and vehement) in this You satisfy your anger, and revenge For being defeated Suppose this, it will not Repair your loss, and there was never yet But shame and scandal in a victory, When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it. Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever Contemned, though offered, entertained by none But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers To moral honesty, and never yet Acquainted with religion

Lord Lacy Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually

Sir John Shall I be

Talked out of my money?

Luke No, sir, but entreated To do yourself a benefit, and preserve What you possess entire

Sir John How, my good brother?

Luke By making these your beadsmen. When they eat.

Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy, When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from Tempests and pirates, keep your warehouses From fire, or quench them with their tears

Sir John No more.

Luke Write you a good man in the people's hearts,

Follow you everywhere

Sir John If this could be——
Lule It must, or our devotions are but words. I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich
In being the instrument.

Sir John You shall prevail,
Give them longer day but, do you hear? no talk of't
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laughed at for my foolish pity,
Which money men hate deadly Take your own time,
But see you break not.

From 'The Great Duke of Florence'
[Giovanni, the Grand-duke's nephew, takes leave of Lidia, his
tutor's daughter]

Must you go, then,

Lidia
So suddenly?

Grovanni There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate Greatness, with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse,
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves
Happy the golden mean! Had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nursed up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compelled

Beaumont and Fletcher,

two of the greatest Elizabethan dramatists, left in their joint work the most memorable outcome of a literary partnership, of a 'mysterious double personality' Heretofore dramatic collaboration had been generally brief and incidental, confined to a few scenes or a single play But Beaumont and Fletcher lived together for ten years, and wrote a series of dramas, passionate, romantic, and comic, with such perfect co-operation that their names, their genius, and their fame have been inseparably conjoined or indissolubly blended Shakespeare They appeared inspired these kindred souls when his dramatic supremacy was undisputed,



FRANCIS BEAUMONT
From an Engraving by P Audinet in the British Museum.

and, especially in the comedies, they could not but be touched by such a master-spirit Beaumont-rendered enthusiastic homage to Ben Jonson, and several of his plays show abundant traces of Jonson's influence Francis Beaumont was the younger by five years, and died nine years before his colleague. The son of a judge, a member of an ancient family settled at Gracedieu, in Leicestershire, he was born in 1584, and educated at Oxford He became a student of the Inner Temple, probably to gratify his father, but does not seem to have prosecuted the study of the law In 1602 he published a poetical expansion of a tale from Ovid, and became an intimate of Ben Jonson and the circle of wits who met at the Mermaid Tavern He was buried on 9th March 1616, at the entrance to St Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey - John Fletcher was the son of that Dean of Peterborough who obtruded unwelcome ministrations l

on Mary Queen of Scots at the scaffold and died Bishop of London He was born at Rye in 1579, was bred at Benet (Corpus), Cambridge, was left in poverty at his father's death, in 1607 produced the *Woman Hater*, and, dying of the plague in 1625, was buried in St Saviour's, Southwark

Hazlitt said of these' premature deaths 'The bees were said to have come and built their hive in the mouth of Plato when a child, and the fable might be transferred to the sweeter accents of Beaumont and Fletcher One of these writers makes Bellario, the page, say to Philaster, who threatens to take his life "Tis not a life, 'tis but a piece of childhood thrown away" But here was youth, genius, aspiring hope, growing reputation, cut off like a flower in its summer pride, or like "the lily on its stalk green," which makes us repine at fortune, and almost at nature, that seem to set so little store by their greatest favourites The life of poets is, or ought to be -judging of it from the light it lends to ours-1 golden dream, full of brightness and sweetness, lapt in Elysium, and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision, by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like a vapour, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sand of common mortals has run out'

Beaumont and Fletcher's works comprise in all fifty-two plays, a masque, and several minor poems, but it is difficult to allocate the authorship fails to trace any essential difference between the plays ascribed to both and those attributed to Fletcher alone, while he detects two styles in the plays written by Fletcher along with another than Beaumont Beaumont's own verses are the more severe and regular in form. Dyce thus assigns the authorship of the plays, with very varying degrees of certainty by Beaumont and Fletcher, Four Plays in One, Wit at Several Weapons, Thierry and Theodoret, Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, King and no King, Cupid's Revinge, Little French Lawyer, Corcomb, Laws of Candy, The Knight of the Burning Pestle, and The Scornful Lady, by Beaumont alone, the Masque, by Fletcher and Massinger, False One, Very Woman, The Lover's Progress, by Fletcher and Rowley, Queen of Corinth, Maid of the Mill, Bloody Brother, by Fletcher and Shirley, Noble Gentleman, Night Walker, Love's Pilgrimage, by Fletcher and Shakespeare, The Two Noble Kinsmin, the remaining plays, including The Faithful Shepherdess, The False One, Bonduca, and Wit without Money, by Fletcher alone Fletcher's collaborator in some of the later plays is, however, entirely uncertain His own versification has many peculiar features which make his verse distinguishable from that of his contemporary dramatists Chief of these is the frequency of double or feminine endings, in which he exceeds any other writer of our old A marked metrical peculiarity was his fondness for ending a verse with an empliatic extra monosyllable-e g

And, love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes more
(A single line from The Humorous Lieutenant, Act iv sc. 2.)
And unfrequented deserts where the snow awells

(A single line from Bonduca.)

Another characteristic is the monotonous pause at the end of the line. In more colloquial passages the verse is so irregular—through the introduction of redundant syllables (in all parts of the line)—as to be barely distinguishable from prose. The metrical arrangement in the seventeenth century editions is very faulty, and Fletcher has only himself to blame if modern editors cannot determine whether certain scenes should be printed as verse or prose. His easy, go is-you-please freedom was obtained by the sacrifice of rhythm

Fletcher undoubtedly had a share in Shakespeare's Henry VIII (see page 372) The touch of Shakespeare is felt with considerable certainty in the Iwo Noble Kinsmen (see page 372) There is a tone of music and a tread of thunder in some of the pissages to which no parallel can be found in any of the companion dramas. Only three plays were, during Fletcher's lifetime, published is joint productions I wo of these-Philaster and the Maid's Tragedy-are, with the exception of the great passages in the Two Noble Kinsmen, the glory It seems odd that these plays of the collection are called by the name of Beaumont and Fletcher, thus giving precedence to the younger and less volummous writer Dyce's opinion was that of these three plays Beaumont had the greater share, or that through natural courtesy Fletcher placed the name of his deceased associate before his own, and that future editors naturally followed Fletcher's arrangement It would appear that on the whole Beaumont possessed the deeper and more thoughtful genius, Fletcher the gayer and more idyllic. There is a glad, exuberant music and a May-morning light and freshness in the L'aithful Shepherdess, which Milton did not disdain to accept as a model in the lyrical portions of Comus, and of which the Endymion of Kents is Beaumont and Fletcher never sound an echo the deep sea of passion, they are poets first and dramatists after, they display but little power of serious and consistent characterisation, while they are much too fond of unnatural and violent situations And there is an unpleasantly licentious element in many of the plays, even that most delightful pastoral the Faithful Shepherdess is marred by deformities of this kind 'A spot,' says Charles Lamb, 'is on the face of this Diana'

Dryden reports that *Philaster* was the first play that brought' the collaborators into esteem with the public, though they had produced several plays before it appeared. It is somewhat improbable in plot, but interesting in character and situations. The hero, heir to the King of Sicily, who had been unjustly deposed by the King of Calabria, claims his rights. The king's daughter Arethusa falls in love with him.

Philaster Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wished to speak with me
Arethusa 'fis true, Philaster, but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?

Have I in person wronged you? or have set My baser instruments to throw disgrace Upon your virtues?

Are Why, then, should you, in such a public place, Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Never, madam, you



JOHN FLEICHER

From the Portrait (painter unknown) in National Portrait Gallery

Phi Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be Foolish but for your fair and virtuous self, I could afford myself to have no right I o any thing you wished

Are Philaster, know, I must enjoy these kingdoms

Ph: Madam, both?

Are Both, or I die By fate, I die, Philaster,

If I not calmly may enjoy them both

Phi I would do much to save that noble life Yet would be loath to have posterity Find in our stories, that Philaster gave His right unto a sceptre and a crown To save a lady's longing

Are Nay, then, hear I must and will have them, and more—

What more?

Are Or lose that little life the gods prepared

To trouble this poor piece of earth withal

Phi Madam, what more?

Are Turn, then, away thy face.

Are Do.

Phi. I can endure it Turn away my face? I never yet saw enemy that looked So dreadfully, but that I thought myself As great a basılısk as he, or spake So horribly, but that I thought my tongue Bore thunder underneath, as much as his, Nor beast that I could turn from shall I then Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice, Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life, Why, I will give it you, for 'tis to me A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask Of so poor use, that I shall make no price If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear

Are Yet for my sake, a little bend thy looks

Phi I do

Are Then know, I must have them and thee

Phi And me?

Thy love, without which, all the land Are Discovered yet will serve me for no use But to be buried in

Phi Is't possible?

Are With it, it were too little to bestow On thee Now, though thy breath do strike me dead, (Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast

Ph: Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts, To lay a train for this contemned life, Which you may have for asking to suspect Were base, where I deserve no ill Love you! By all my hopes, I do, above my life! But how this passion should proceed from you So violently, would amaze a man That would be realous

Are Another soul into my body shot Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit Than this thy breath But spend not hasty time In seeking how I came thus 'tis the gods, The gods, that make me so, and, sure, our love Will be the nobler and the better blest, In that the secret justice of the gods Is mingled with it Let us leave, and kiss, Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwint us, And we should part without it 'Twill be ill, Phi

I should abide here long

Are 'Tis true, and worse You should come often. How shall we devise To hold intelligence, that our true loves, On any new occasion, may agree What path is best to tread?

PhiI have a boy, Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck, I found him sitting by a fountain's side, Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst, And paid the nymph again as much in tears. A garland lay him by, made by himself Of many several flowers bred in the vale, Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness Delighted me but ever when he turned His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep, As if he meant to make 'em grow again Seeing such pretty helpless innocence Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story He told me that his parents gentle died, Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,

Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs, Which did not stop their courses, and the sun, Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light Then took he up his garland, and did show What every flower, as country-people hold, Did signify, and how all, ordered thus, Exprest his grief, and, to my thoughts, did read The prettiest lecture of his country art That could be wished so that methought I could Have studied it I gladly entertained Him, who was as glad to follow, and have got The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy That ever master kept Him will I send To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

(From Act 1 sc. 1L)

The jealousy of Philaster is unnatural, Euphrasia, disguised as Bellario the page, is imitated from Viola, yet her hopeless attachment to Philaster is touching

My father oft would speak Your worth and virtue, and, as I did grow More and more apprehensive, I did thirst To see the man so praised But yet all this Was but a maiden longing, to be lost As soon as found, till, sitting in my window, Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god, I thought (but it was you) enter our gates My blood flew out, and back again as fast As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in Like breath then was I called away in haste To entertain you. Never was a man Heaved from a sheep cote to a sceptre raised So high in thoughts as I you left a kiss Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep From you for ever I did hear you talk, Far above singing After you were gone, I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched What stirred it so alas! I found it love! Yet far from lust, for could I but have lived In presence of you, I had had my end For this I did delude my noble father With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself In habit of a boy, and for I knew My birth no match for you, I was past hope Of having you, and, understanding well That when I made discovery of my sex, I could not stay with you, I made a vow, By all the most religious things a maid Could call together, never to be known, Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes, For other than I seemed, that I might ever Abide with you then sat I by the fount Where first you took me up (Act v sc. v)

The Maid's Tragedy, supposed to be written about the same time, is a powerful but unpleasing drama. Aspatia's purity is well contrasted with the guilty boldness of Evadne, and the rough, soldier-like bearing and manly feeling of Melantius render the selfish sensuality of the king more hateful and disgusting Unhappily whole scenes and dialogues are disfigured by the mastervice of the theatre of Beaumont and Fletcher Coleridge said, somewhat unkindly, that both

poets were 'servile *jure divino* Royalists,' and that all their women are represented with the minds of strumpets, 'except a few irrational humourists'—a judgment several critics have jealously rebutted. As Mr St Loe Strachey says, for dramatic interest, sustained and heightened by every resource 'of stagecraft, Beaumont and Fletcher have no peers after Shakespeare. Nobler poetry, deeper thoughts and sentiments, may be found in the other dramatists, but judged as plays, the *Maid's Tragedy* and *Philaster* stand above all else that is not Shakespeare's

The later works of Fletcher are chiefly comic His plots are sometimes inartificial and loosely connected, but he is always lively and entertaining, and the dialogue is witty, elegant, and amusing Yet with all their excellences, nobody remembers the plots of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas Shakespeare's are ineffaceably stamped on the memory, but those of Beaumont and Fletcher seem 'writ in water' Dryden held that they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better than Shakespeare, and he tells us that their plays were, in his day, the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage-'two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's' It was different some forty years earlier In 1627 the King's Company bribed the Master of the Revels with £5 to prevent the players of the theatre called the Rcd Bull from performing the dramas of Shakespeare One cause of the preference for Beaumont and Fletcher may have been the license of their dramas (suited to the perverted taste of the court of Charles II), and the spirit of intrigue which they adopted from the Spanish stage and naturalised on the English. 'We cannot deny,' said Hallam, 'that the depths of Shakespeare's mind were often unfathomable by an audience, the bow was drawn by a matchless hand, but the shaft went out of sight. All might listen to Fletcher's pleasing though not profound or vigorous language, his thoughts are noble, and tinged with the ideality of romance, his metaphors vivid, though sometimes too forced, he possesses the idiom of English without much pedantry, though in many passages he strains it beyond common use, his versification, though studiously irregular, is often rhythmical and sweet, yet we are seldom arrested by striking beauties Good lines occur in every page, fine ones but rarely We lay down the volume with a sense of admiration of what we have read, but little of it remains distinctly in the memory Fletcher is not much quoted, and has not even afforded copious materials to those who cull the beauties of ancient lore.' His comic gift was much greater than his tragic power. Massinger impresses the reader more deeply, and has a moral beauty not possessed by Beaumont and Fletcher, in comedy he falls infinitely below them. Though their characters are deficient in variety, their knowledge of stage effect and contrivance, their fertility of invention, and the airy liveliness ci their dialogue provide the charm of novelty and interest. The Knight of the Burning Pestle, mainly Beaumont's, is an admirable burlesque of the taste of the citizens of London for false chivalry and pseudo-romantic adventures, not without a specific reference to Heywood's Four Prentices of London, but it lacks the rich and genial humanity of Shakespeare's comedies The vast variety and luxuriance of Beaumont and Fletcher's work lift it above Jonson's, though neither of them had his regularity and solidity, and brings them to the borders of the 'magic circle' of Shakespeare The confidence and buoyancy of youth are visible in their plays-they had not tasted of adversity, like Jonson or Massinger, and they had not the profoundly meditative spirit of their great

Bonduca is a version of the story of the British warrior-queen, Boadicea, Bonduca, or (better) Boudicea. Caratach is the patriot now familiar to us under the Romanised name of Caractacus (Welsh, Caradawg) The play opens with a scene in which Caratach enters from behind, while Bonduca is speaking exultantly to Nennius and other British warriors

Bonduca The hardy Romans !-- oh, ye gods of Britain ! The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers ! Are these the mon that conquer by inheritance? The fortune makers? these the Julians, That with the sun measure the end of nature, Making the world but one Rome and one Cæsar? Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in 'cm, Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nursed 'em, Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements. Not lusty arms Dare they send these to seek us, These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton? Twice we have beat 'em, Nonnius, scattered 'em And through their big boned Germans, on whose pikes The honour of their actions sits in triumph, Made themes for songs to shame 'em and a woman, A woman beat 'em, Nennius, a weak woman, A woman beat these Romans!

Caratach [coming forward] So it seems A man would shame to talk so

Bond Who's that?

Bond Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes? Car No, Bonduca,

If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes You put too much wind to your sail discretion And hardy valour are the twins of honour, And, nursed together, make a conqueror, Divided, but a talker 'Tis a truth, That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed, A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady And not our tongues, a truth is none of ours, Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing, For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady, And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves, When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond My valunt cousin, is it foul to say What liberty and honour bid us do,

And what the gods allow us? No, Bonduca, So what we say exceed not what we do You call the Romans-fearful, fleeing Romans, And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures Does this become a doer? are they such? Bond They are no more

Where is your conquest, then? Why are your altars crowned with wreaths of flowers? The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire? The holy Druides composing songs Of everlasting life to victory? Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May game? For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans? Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons, And let the husbandman redeem his heifers, Put out your holy fires, no timbrel ring, Let's home and sleep, for such great overthrows A candle burns too bright a sacrifice, A glow worm's tail too full a flame -Oh, Nennius, Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman And how to speak him, how to give him weight In both his fortunes !

Bond By the gods, I think You dote upon these Romans, Caratach Car Witness these wounds, I do, they were fairly given

I love an enemy I was born a soldier And he that in the head on's troop defies me, Bending my manly body with his sword, I make a mistress Yellow tressed Hymen Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy, Than I am married to that man that wounds me And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles I sucked these honoured scars from, and all Roman, Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches (When many a frozen storm sung through my currass, And made it doubtful whether that or I Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through, And all to try these Romans Ten times a night I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome Shot at me as I floated, and the billows Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders, Charging my battered sides with troops of agues, And still to try these Romans, whom I found (And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward. And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers 1) As ready, and as full of that I brought, (Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant, As vigilant, as wise to do and suffer, Ever advanced as forward as the Britons, Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours. Ay, and as subtle, lady 'Tis dishonour, And, followed, will be impudence, Bonduca, And grow to no belief, to taunt these Romans Have not I seen the Britons-Bond What?

Car

Disheartened, Run, run, Bonduca, not the quick rack swifter, The virgin from the hated ravisher Not half so fearful, not a flight drawn home, A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish, E'er made that haste that they have By the gods, I have seen these Britons, that you magnify, Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring, Basely for mercy roaring, the light shadows,

That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn, Halted on crutches to 'em Bond Oh, ye powers, What scandals do I suffer ! Car Yes, Bonduca, I have seen thee run too, and thee, Nennus, Yea, run apace, both, then when Pœnius a Roman captain (The Roman girl !) cut thorough your armed carts, And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill, Then when he hunted ye, like Britain foxes, More by the scent than sight, then did I see These valiant and approved men of Britain, Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy, And hoot their fears to one another nightly Nenntus And what did you then, Caratach? I fled too,

But not so fast,-your jewel had been lost then, Young Hengo there, he trushed me, Nennius For, when your fears out run him, then stept I, And in the head of all the Roman fury Took him, and with my tough belt to my back I buckled him, behind him my sure shield, And then I followed If I say I fought Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain, I he not, Nenmus Neither had you heard Me speak this, or ever seen the child more, But that the son of virtue, Panius, Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger, My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow Turned to my foe (my face), he crud out nobly, 'Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely, Thy manly sword has ransomed thee, grow strong, And let me meet thee once again in arms, Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine.' I took his offer,

And here I am to honour him

Bond Oh, cousin, From what a flight of honour hast thou checked me! What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?

CarSee, lady, The noble use of others in our losses. Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this, And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes, Railed on our base condition, hooted at us, Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to show us Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despised us, And held it equal whether banqueting Or beating of the Britons were more business, It would have galled you

Bond Let me think we conquered. Car Do, but so think as we may be conquered, And where we have found virtue, though in those That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed, That was of strength and worth, but, like records, They file to after ages Our registers The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour,

And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings? Bond No more, I see myself Thou hast made me cousin.

More than my fortunes durst, for they abused me, And wound me up so high, I swelled with glory Thy temperance has cured that tympany, And given me health again, nay more, discretion Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans Car Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady

From 'The Maid's Tragedy'

Evadue I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil Some of thy mirth into Aspatia! Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell. Mcthinks a mean between you would do well Dula She is in love hang me, if I were so, But I could run my country I love too To do those things that people in love do Aspatia It were a timeless smile should prove my check,

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh, When at the altar the religious priest Were pacifying the offended powers With sacrifice, than now This should have been My night, and all your hands have been employed In giving me a spotless offering To young Amintor's bed, as we are now For you pardon, Evadne, weald my worth . Were great as yours, or that the King, or he, Or both thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless, But till he did so, in these ears of mine-These credulous ears—he poured the swectest words I hat art or love could frame And if I did want Virtue, you safely may forgive that too, For I have lost none that I had from you Evad Nay, leave this sad talk, madam Would I could! Asp

Then should I leave the cause

Lvad See if you have not spoiled all Dula's mirth! Asp [sings] Lay a garland on my hearse Of the dismal yew ---

Lvad That's one of your sad songs, madam Asp Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one Lvad How is it, madam? Asp [sings] Lay a garland on my hearse Of the dismal yew, Maidens, willow branches bear, Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm, I rom my hour of birth, Upon my buried body, lie Lightly, gentle earth!

Madam, good night, may no discontent Grow 'twixt your love and you, but if there do, Inquire of me, and I will guide your moun, Teach you an artificial way to greve, To keep your sorrow waking Love your lord No worse than I, but if you love so well, Alas! you may displease him, so did I This is the last time you shall look on me -Ladies, farewell, as soon as I am dead, Come all, and watch one night about my hearse, Bring each a mournful story and a tear To offer at it when I go to earth With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round, Write on my brow my fortune, let my bier Be borne by virgins that shall sing by course The truth of maids and perjuries of men

Load Alas! I pity thee Enter Amintor Asp Go, and be happy in your lady's love. May all the wrongs that you have done to me Be utterly forgotten in my death ! I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take A parting kiss, and will not be denied [Kisses Amintor

You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep

When I am laid in earth, though you yourself Can know no pity Thus I wind myself Into this willow garland, and am prouder That I was once your love—though now refused— I han to have had another true to me So with my prayers I leave you, and must try Some yet unpractised way to grieve and die

(Act ii sc i)

The opening song from the Two Noble Kinsmen has been given above (page 373) as having 'the true Shakespearean ring' The following scene (Act II sc. 1) is one of those in which Coleridge detected Shakespeare's hand, and other critics have supported this view Mr Sidney Lee and most recent authorities assign it to Fletcher's The Kinsmen are the heroes (to be pronounced Pal'amon and Ar-sight) of Chaucer's 'Knightes Tale' (see above at page 70), and of the story it is said in the Prologue

> It had a noble breeder and a pure, A learned, and a poet never went More famous yet 'twixt Po and Silver Trent -Chaucer, of all admired, the story gives, There constant to eternity it lives.

The dialogue cited below takes place when the cousins are prisoners in Greece

Palamon How do you, noble cousin? Arcite How do you, sir? Pal Why, strong enough to laugh at misery, And bear the chance of war yet, we are prisoners,

I fear for ever, cousin Arc I believe it, And to that destiny have patiently Laid up my hour to come

Oh, cousin Arcite, Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country? Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more Must we behold those comforts, never see The hardy youths strive for the games of honour, Hung with the painted favours of their ladies, Like tall ships under sail, then start amongst them, And as an east wind leave them all behind us Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite, Even in the wagging of a wanton leg, Outstript the people's praises, won the garlands Ere they have time to wish them ours Oh, never Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour, Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses Like proud sers under us! our good swords now (Better the red eyed god of war ne'er ware) Ravished our sides, like age, must run to rust, And deck the temples of those gods that hate us. These hands shall never draw them out like lightning

Arc No, Palamon Those hopes are prisoners with us, here we are, And here the graces of our youths must wither Like a too timely spring, here age must find us, And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried, The sweet embraces of a loving wife Loaden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids, Shall never clasp our necks, no issue know us, No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,

To blast whole armies more!

To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say, 'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!' The fair eyed maids shall weep our banishments, And in their songs curse ever blinded Fortune, Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done To youth and nature This is all our world We shall know nothing here but one another, Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it Summer shall come, and with her all delights, But dead cold Winter must inhabit here still

Pal 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds, That shook the aged forest with their echoes, No more now must we halloo, no more shake Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages, Struck with our well steeled darts! All valiant uses (The food and nourishment of noble minds) In us two here shall perish we shall die (Which is the curse of honour) lastly, Children of Grief and Ignorance

Yet, cousin, Even from the bottom of these miseries, From all that fortune can inflict upon us, I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings, If the gods please to hold here a brave patience, And the enjoying of our griefs together Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish If I think this our prison!

Pal Certainly 'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes Were twined together, 'tis most true, two souls Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer The gall of hazard, so they grow together, Will never sink, they must not, say they could, A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc Shall we make worthy uses of this place

That all men hate so much?

How, gentle cousin? Arc Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary, To keep us from corruption of worse men! We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour, That liberty and common conversation, The poison of pure spirits, might, like women, Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing Can be, but our imaginations May make it ours? And here being thus together, We are an endless mine to one another, We are one another's wife, ever begetting New births of love, we are father, friends, acquaintance. We are, in one another, families, I am your heir, and you are mine, this place Is our inheritance, no hard oppressor Dare take this from us here, with a little patience, We shall live long, and loving, no surfeits seek us, The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty, A wife might part us lawfully, or business, Quarrels consume us, envy of ill men Crave 1 our acquaintance, I might sicken, cousin, Where you should never know it, and so perish Without your noble hand to close mine eyes, Or prayers to the gods a thousand chances, Were we from hence, would sever us Pal You have made meI thank you, cousin Arcite '-almost wanton With my captivity what a misery It is to live abroad, and everywhere! 'Tis like a beast, methinks! I find the court here, I am sure, a more content, and all those pleasures, That woo the wills of men to vanity, I see through now, and am sufficient To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow, That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him. What had we been, old in the court of Creon, Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite, Had not the loving gods found this place for us, We had died, as they do, ill old men, unwept, And had their epitaphs, the people's curses Shall I say more?

1rc I would hear you still

Is there record of any two that loved

Pal

Better than we do, Arcite?

Sure there cannot. Pal I do not think it possible our friendship Should ever leave us

Arc Till our deaths it cannot, And after death our spirits shall be led To those that love eternally (Act IL sc. L)

1 Dyce reads grave, in the sense of 'bury,' a needless altera tion, surely Other editors have read rease, crase, cleave, carve, and race

From 'The Faithful Shepherdess'

To CLORIN in the wood, enter a SATYR with fruit

Satyr Through you same bending plain That flings his arms down to the main, And through these thick woods, have I run, Whose bottom never kissed the sun, Since the lusty spring began. All to please my master Pan, Have I trotted without rest, To get him fruit, for at a feast He entertains, this coming night, His paramour the Syrinx bright But behold a fairer sight ! By that heavenly form of thine, Brightest fair, thou art divine, Sprung from great immortal race Of the gods, for in thy face Shines more awful majesty Than dull weak mortality Dare with misty eyes behold, And live therefore, on this mould Lowly do I bend my knee, In worship of thy deity Deign it, goddess, from my hand To receive whate'er this land From her fertile womb doth send Of her choice fruits, and but lena Belief to that the Satyr tells-Fairer by the famous wells, To this present day ne'er grew, Never better, nor more true. Here be grapes whose lusty blood Is the learned poets' good, Sweeter yet did never crown

The head of Bacchus, nuts more brown

[Seeing Clorum

You shall.

Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them, Deign, O fairest fair, to take them! For these, black eyed Dryope Hath oftentimes commanded me With my clasped knee to climb See how well the lusty time Hath decked their rising cheeks in red, Such as on your lips is spread! Here be berries for a queen, Some be red, some be green, These are of that luscious meat The great god Pan himself doth eat All these, and what the woods can yield, The hanging mountain or the field, I freely offer, and ere long Will bring you more, more sweet and strong, Till when, humbly lcave I take, Lest the great Pan do awake, That sleeping lies in a deep glade, Under a broad beech's shade I must go, I must run, [Exit Swifter than the fiery sun

Clorin And all my fears go with thee!

What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission

From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd, he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal, prick my hand
And it will bleed, a fever shakes me, and
The self same wind that makes the young lambs
shrink,

Makes me a cold my fear says I am mortal Yet I have heard (my mother told it me) And now I do believe it, if I keep My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair, No goblin, wood god, fairy, elf, or fiend, Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves, Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion Draw me to wander after idle fires, Or voices calling me in dead of night draw Fo make me follow, and so tole me on Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin Else why should this rough thing, who never knew Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats Arc rougher than himself and more misshapen, Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power In that great name of virgin that binds fast All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites That break their confines Then, strong Chastity, Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell In opposition against fate and hell! (From Act 1 sc. L)

PERIGOT and AMORET

Perigot Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair browed maid Thy shepherd prays thee stay that holds thee dear, Equal with his soul's good

Amoret Speak, I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city be thou ever true!

Peri When I fall off from my affection, Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires, First let our great God cease to keep my flocks, That being left alone without a guard, The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat, And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so I do believe thee, 'tis as hard for me To think thee false, and harder than for thee Io hold me foul

Pers Oh, you are fairer far fhan the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star fhat guides the wandering seaman through the deep, Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep Head of an aged mountain, and more white Than the new milk we strip before daylight from the full freighted bags of our fair flocks. Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks Of young Apollo!

Amo Shepherd, be not lost, You are sailed too far already from the coast Of our discourse.

Peri Did you not tell me once I should not love alone, I should not love Fhose many passions, vows, and holy oaths I 've sent to heaven? Did you not give your hand, Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then Give back again those sweets to other men You yourself vowed were mine

Ano Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty May give assurance, I am once more thinc Once more I give my hand, be ever free From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy

Peri I take it as my best good, and desire, For stronger confirmation of our love, Io meet this happy night in that fair grove, Where all true shepherds have rewarded been For their long service—say, sweet, shall it hold?

Amo Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make A doubt of what the silent night may do Maids must be fearful.

Peri Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth; Myself and my affections are as pure As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine Of the great Dian only my intent To draw you thither was to plight our troths, With interchange of mutual chaste embraces, And ccremonious tying of ourselves. For to that holy wood is consecrate A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks The numble footed fairies dance their rounds By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes Their stolen children, so to make them free From dying flesh and dull mortality By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn And given away his freedom, many a troth Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given In hope of coming happiness by this Fresh fountain many a blushing maid Hath crowned the head of her long loved shepherd With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung Lays of his love and dear captivity

(From Act 1 sc. 11)

The lyrical pieces scattered throughout Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are generally in the graceful style of the Faithful Shepherdess

Melancholy-from 'Nice Valour'

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes, A sigh that piercing mortifies, A look that's fastened to the ground, A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon,
Then stretch your bones in a still gloomy valley
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy

There are obvious resemblances between this lyric and Milton's *Penseroso*, which may have owed some suggestions to Fletcher

Song-from 'The False One'

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air Even in shadows you are fair Shut up beauty is like fire, That breaks out clearer still and higher Though your beauty be confined, And soft Love a prisoner bound, Yet the beauty of your mind Neither check nor chain hith found Look out nobly, then, and dare Even the fetters that you wear

The Power of Love-from 'Valentinian.'

Hear ye, ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done,
Fear examples, and be wise
Fair Calisto was a nun
Leda, sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do,
Fear the fierceness of the boy,
The chaste moon he makes to woo,
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies,
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire

To Sleep-from the Same ~

Care charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes, Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose On this afflicted prince fall like a cloud In gentle showers, give nothing that is loud Or painful to his slumbers, easy, light, And as a purling stream, thou son of Night, Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pun Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver run, Into this prince gently, oh gently slide, And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Song to Pan

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers, All ye virtues and ye powers That inhabit in the lakes, In the pleasant springs or brakes,

Move your feet To our sound, Whilst we greet All this ground,

With his honour and his name That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,

Whilst we sing, Ever holy, Ever holy,

Ever honoured, ever young ! Thus great Pan is ever sung

From 'The Bloody Brother'

Take, O take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn,
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the panks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears,
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by tnee.

The first stanza of the above is, of course, from Measure for Measure the second was added by Fletcher

A Drinking-Song-from the Same

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow, You shall perhaps not do it to morrow, But while you have it use your breath, There is no drinking after death

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit, There is no cure 'gainst age but it, It helps the headache, cough, and tisic, And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health, Who drinks well loves the commonwealth, And he that will to bed go sober Falls with the leaf still in October

Echoes of the last are found in many later drinking songs—
'Down among the Dead Men, for example and 'Landlord, fill
the Flowing Bowl

Tisic is a form from phthisis, consumption.

Francis Beaumont wrote also a number of miscellaneous pieces, collected and published after his But some of the poems attributed to him were by Donne, Jonson, Shirley, Carew, Waller, or other less-known writers Beaumont's love-poem on the Ovidian story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus was written when he was seventeen He wrote verses to Jonson 'Upon his Fox,' 'Upon the Silent Woman,' and 'Upon his Catiline,' but his most celebrated non-dramatic work is the letter to Ben Jonson, which was originally published at the end of the play Nice Valour in the 1647 folio, with the following title 'Mr Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedics then not finished, which deferred their merry-meetings at the Mermaid'

From the Letter to Ben Jonson.

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring To absent friends, because the self same thing They know! they see, however absent) is Here our best haymaker (forgive me this, It is our country's style) in this warm sline I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid winc. Oh, we have water mixed with claret lees, Drink apt to bring in drier heresies Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain, With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain, So mixed that, given to the thirstiest one, Twill not prove alms unless he have the stone I think with one draught man's invention fades I wo cups had quite spoiled Homer's Iliads 'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliffe's wit, Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet, Filled with such moisture in most grievous qualms, Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms, And so must I do this And yet I think It is a potion sent us down to drink By special Providence, keeps us from fights, Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights bows 'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states, A medicine to obey our magistrates For we do live more free than you, no hate, No envy at one another's happy state Moves us, we are all equal every whit Of land that God gives men here is their wit, If we consider fully, for our best And gravest men will with their main house jest Scarce please you, we want subtilty to do The city tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too Here are none that can bear a painted show, Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow, Who, like mills set the right way for to grind, Can make their gains alike with every wind, Only some fellows with the subtlest patc Amongst us may perchance equivocate At selling of a horse, and that's the most Methinks the little wit I had is lost Since I saw you, for wit is like a rest Held up at tennis, which men do the best With the best gamesters What things have we seen Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been So nimble, and so full of subtle flame, As if that every one from whence they came

Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life, then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past, wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled, and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty—though but downight fools, more wise

Matthew Sutchiffe (1550?-1629), Dean of Exeter and long a court favourite, wrote over a score of books in controversial theology, and Robert Wisdom, who died Archdeacon of Ely in 1568, contributed one psalm translation to Sternhold and Hopkins's version, and wrote a few other hymns and elegiac verses, but was neither revered for his wisdom nor praised for his poetry. Of land, &c., there inen's wit depends on their estates. Main house jest, standing family joke, handed down from father to son "My rest is 116," at tennis, bowls, and various games of cards and chance, was a phrase used to mean, 'My stake is laid. I take the chance

On the Tombs in Westminster

Mortality, behold and fear, What a change of flesh is here ! Think how many royal bones Sleep within this heap of stones! Here they he had realms and lands, Who now want strength to stir their hands, Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust, They preach, 'In greatness is no trust' Here's an acre sown indeed With the richest, royalest seed, That the earth did e'er suck in Since the first man died for sin Here the bones of birth have cried, ' Though gods they were, as men they died' Here are wands, ignoble things, Dropt from the ruined sides of kings Here's a world of pomp and state Buried in dust, once dead by fate

The following poem, credited to Beaumont, and not unlike his other work, was rejected by Dyce as being by a later hand

An Epitaph

Here she hes whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name
The rigid Spartan that denied
An epitaph to all that died,
Unless for war, in charity
Would here vouchsafe an elegy
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refined,
From lawless fire remained as free
As now from heat her ashes be
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,
Till it be called for, let it rest,
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is like a cabinet

Mr Bullen's edition (in 11 vols 1904 et seq) superseded Dyce's (11 vols. 1843-46), as that had superseded Weber's (1812), its chief predecessor. Ten of the principal plays are given in the two volumes edited by Mr St Loe Strachey ('Mermaid Series,' 1887). See A. W. Wurd's History of English Dramatic Literature (2 vols. 1875), Fleay's Shakespeare Manual, G. C. Macaulay's Francis Béaumont, a Critical Study (1883), G. Rhys's edition of the Lyric Poems of the two poets (1897), and the bibliography by A. C. Potter in Harvard Bibliographical Contributions (1891).

William Rowley (c.1585-c 1642), actor and playwright, is known as having collaborated with Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, Webster, Mas-He seems to have been singer, and Ford indifferent to dramatic fame of the score of plays in which he had some share we know not A New Wonder, a Woman what his share was Never Vext, All's Lost by Lust, A Match at Midnight, A Shoomaker a Gentleman-all written between 1632 and 1638—are the only plays which bear his name as sole author, but they are partly adaptations of older plays His versification was harsh, but his fellow-dramatists valued his vigour and versatility both in tragedy and comedy rarely attained to pathos, his fund of humour was conspicuous - humour sometimes rich and true, sometimes passing into mere buffoonery His name used to be specially associated with The Witch of Edmonton, published as 'a tragicomedy by divers well esteemed poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, etc' probably Dekker had the main share in it, the farcical element being Rowley's The Birth of Merlin, on whose title-page (1662) Shakespeare's name was unfortunately associated with Rowley's, is probably an old play remodelled, with an expansion of the comic element, by Rowley and In The Old Law, by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, Mr Bullen regards Act III sc. 1 as a characteristic specimen of Rowley's humour This dread law, much as in Anthony Trollope's Fixed Period, was 'that every man living to fourscore years, and women to threcscore, shall then be cut off as fruitless to the republic,' and Gnotho, anxious to be rid of his wife and marry a new one, bribes the parish clerk to falsify a date in the register in order to hasten the happy despatch

Gnotho You have searched o'er the parish chronicle, sir?

Clerk Yes, sir, I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on

Gnoth Pray you, be covered, sir

Clerk When you have shewed me the way, sir Guoth O sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk

Clerk A small clerk, sir

Gnoth Likely to be the wiser man, sir, for your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.

Clerk You are a great man in the parish, sir

Gnoth I understand myself so much the better, sir, for all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I would owe you none, sir

Clerk Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to lude my head

Gnoth Mine is a capcase now to our business in hand Good luck, I hope, I long to be resolved

Clerk Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you This is the dial that goes ever true,

You may say ipse dixit upon this witness,

And it is good in law too

Gnoth Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

Clerk Mark, sir — Agatha, the daughter of Pollux, (this is your wife's name, and the name of her father,) born—Gnoth Whose daughter say you?

Clerk The daughter of Pollux.

Gnoth I take it his name was Bollux.

Clerk Pollux the orthography I assure you, sir, the word is corrupted clse

Gnoth Well, on, sir,—of Pollux, now come on, Castor Clerk Born in an 1540, and now 'tis 99 By this infallible record, sir, (let me see,) she is now just fifty nine, and wants but one.

Gnoth I am sorry she wants so much

Clerk Why, sir? alas, 'tis nothing, 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many—

Gnoth. Do not deduct it to days, 'twill be the more tedious, and to measure it by hour glasses were intolerable

Clerk Do not think on it, sir, half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights

Gnoth O, you mistake me, neighbour, I am loath to leave the good old woman, if she were gone now it would not grieve me, for what is a year, alas, but a lingering torment? and were it not better she were out of her pain? 'T must needs be a grief to us both

Clerk I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour!

Gnoth You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you are perfect in,) it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest men,—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one, you say Amen to all.

Clerk With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour but I shall be glad to say Amen to any thing might do you a pleasure

Gnoth There is, first, something above your duty [Gives him money] now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain

Clerk I will speak to the sexton, but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

Gnoth O, neighbour, you do not conceit me, not the jack of the clock house, the hand of the dial, I mean.—Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose but have the art to cast a figure

Clerk Never, indeed, neighbour, I never had the judgment to cast a figure

Gnoth I'll shew you on the back side of your book, look you,—what figure's this?

Clerk Four with a cipher, that 's forty

Gnoth So! forty, what's this now?

Clerk The cipher is turned into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty nine

Gnoth Very well understood, what is't now?

Clerk The 4 is turned into 3, 'tis now thirty nine Gnoth Very well understood, and can you do this again? Clerk. O, easily, sir

Gnoth A wager of that ' let me see the place of my wife's age again

Clerk Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540

Gnoth Forty drachmas you do not turn that forty into thirty nine!

Clerk A match with you!

Gnoth Done' and you shall keep stakes yourself there they are.

Clerk A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age, let me see—Scirophorion the 17,—and now 'tis Hecatombaion the II If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by the law

Gnoth That's all one, sir, either do it, or pay me my wager

Clerk Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

Gnoth A man may get two wives before half so much money by 'em, will you do't?

Clerk I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat cor ruption

Gnoth Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel, for I lose my money by't, and should be laughed at for my labour, if it should be known

Clerk Well, sir, there!—'tis done, as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white but mum, sir,—there's danger in this figure casting

Gnoth Ay, sir, I know that better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little, the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry

Enter the Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, and Butler

Clerk Lock close, here comes company, asses have ears as well as pitchers

Cook O Gnotho, how is 't? here's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were ranked with coats, as long as our old master lived

Gnoth And is this then the end of serving men?

Cool. Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving men a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world

Gnoth 'Twas well spoke of a cook And are all fallen into fasting days and Ember weeks, that cooks are out of use?

Fatlor And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds, if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request

Butler And why not butlers as well as tailors? If they can go naled, let'em neither eat nor drink.

Clark That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men —and how dost thou, tailor?

Tail I do so so, but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff, for had he been rent gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam rent, nay cracked in the whole piece

Bailiff Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent gatherer

Cook The truth is, except the coachman and the foot-man, all serving men are out of request

Gnoth Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging, for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say, I request it, and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving men were never in more request

Cool. Troth, he says true well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure I see, Gnotho, you have been before us, we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

Clerk With me, sir? any thing that I can

But Nay, we have looked out our wives already marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages, for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

Tail The truth is, every man has laid by his widow, so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough

Clerk I keep the town stock, if you can but name 'em, I can tell their ages to a day

All We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then Clerk Only you must pay for turning of the leaves. Cook O, bountifully—Come, mine first.

But The butler before the cook, while you live, there's few that eat before they drink in a morning

Tail Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat

Bail I will strive for no place, the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

Clerk I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience

Gnoth I commend your modesty, sir, you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bum of all the rest

Batl So, sir' and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

Gnoth Alack! no, sir, I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into

Bail What, an old rich wife! any man in this ago desires such a care

Gnoth 'Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will, I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

Bail Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?

Gnoth Take that at hazard, sir, there must be time, you know, to get a new Unsight, unseen, I take three to one

Bail Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head

Gnoth A match, there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife

Bail A match

Cook I shall be fitted bravely, fifty eight, and up wards, 'tis but, a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke

But Hey, boys! I am made sir butler, my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time, it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honey moon

Tail I outstrip you all, I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating tide, plump and gorgeous

Gnoth This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any Bail Now comes my turn, I hope, goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a so be if Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done, and I'll venture here after you Good luck, I beseech thee!

Clerk Amen, sir

Bail That deserves a fee already—there 'tis, please me, and have a better

Clerk Amen, sir

Cool How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

Gnoth You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one, if death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him

But I know her, she's a lusty woman, I'll take the venture

Gnoth There's five drachmas for ten at my next wife But A bargain

Cook Nay, then we'll be all merchants give me Tail And me.

But What has the bailiff sped?

Bail I am content, but none of you shall know my happiness

Clerk As well as any of you all, believe it, sir

Bail O, clerk, you are to speak last always

Clerk I'll remember't hereafter, sir You have done
with me, gentlemen?

Enter AGATHA.

All For this time, honest register

Clerk Fare you well then, if you do, I'll cry Amen to't. [Exit

Cook Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

Gnoth My first wife, sir

But Nay, then we have made a good match on't, if she have no froward disease, the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

Tail I'm afraid she's broken winded, she holds

silence so long

Cook We'll now leave our venture to the event, I

must a wooing

But I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

But I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

But I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

But I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

But I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

[Exeunt all but Gnotho and 1gatha

Gnoth O wife, wife!

Agatha What ail you, man, you speak so passionately? Gnoth 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time?—but the Fates will have it so

Aga What's the matter, man? you do an aze me Gnoth Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee Aga Not that I know of, sure

Gnoth What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

Aga Near her end, man' tush, I can guess at that, I have years good yet of life in the remainder I want two yet at least of the full number Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless, And not the able women

Gnoth Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst, the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what's written in thy forehead, it agrees with the church book.

Aga Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

Gnoth I shall but discomfort thee.

Aga Not at all, man, when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly

Gnoth 1539 Just, it agrees with the book you have about a year to prepare yourself

Aga Out, alas! I hope there's more than so But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score—and 'twere but five years, I would not care? an able woman, methinks, were to be pitied

Gnoth Ay, to be pitied, but not helped, no hope of that for, indeed, women have so blemished their own reputations now a days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly

Aga Marry, the heavens forbid!

Gnoth There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches, some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever, for these and such causes'tis thought they shall not live above fifty

Aga Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

Gnoth I'faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish 'em now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. O, those are brave

women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with 'em there's honour and credit' give me half a dozen such wives.

Aga Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request, if you were dead, I could be content to be so

Gnoth Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

Aga Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

Gnoth No, I do not speak to that purpose, but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst, then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried 'when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time, with all their hearts.

Isa I have not the heart to be of that mind, Lat, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone

Gnoth No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit, for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out, you have but a month to live by the law

Aga Out, alas 1

Gnoth Nay, scarce so much

Aga O, O, O, my heart' [Sawons Gnoth Ay, so' if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife, he but a

httle longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

Aga O my heart, but a month to live !

Gnoth. Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month?—I'll throw her down again—O, woman, 'tis not three weeks, I think a fortnight is the most.

Aga Nay, then I am gone already [S-voons Gnoth I would make haste to the sexton now, but I'm afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again, there's two lives of the nine gone

Aga O, wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband of Gnoth Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks, it goes against my conscience.

Aga I will not be thus frighted to my death, I'll search the church records a fortnight! 'tis

Too little of conscience, I cannot be so near,

O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a year! [Exit Gnoth What a spite's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will! I have another bespoke already, though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath write forward already, and then I am well enough.

'Tis but a month at most, if that were gone, My venture comes in with her two for one

'Tis use enough a' conscience for a broker—if he had a conscience. [Exit

Jack of the clock house the figure that struck the clock bell Scirophorion and Hecatombaion are Greek names of the months, pedantically and absurdly introduced by the clerk, coats are court cards, The End of Serving Ven is the title of an old ballad fussionately is sorrowfully, bravely here is finely

John Ford.

The last great romantic tragedy of the seventeenth century is The Broken Heart This is the masterpiece of John Ford, a poet born twenty-two years later than Shakespeare, and detained, by some condition, the nature of which escapes us, from writing for the stage until long after that playwright's death In another dramatist, Shirley, we shall presently see the splendour of Elizabethan poetry descend into weakness and incoherency, but this is not what we are called upon to witness He, in his finest plays, and pre-eminently in the Broken Heart, reminds us less of the more glowing characteristics of the English school than of other dramatic literatures—that of Greece in the past, that of France in the immediate future must emphasise that severity, we might almost say that rigidity, which distinguishes Ford from all other English dramatists, and draws him nearer to Corneille and Rotrou in their devotion to dramatic discipline

John Ford was baptised at Ilsington, near Ashburton, in South Devon, on the 17th of April 1586 He was admitted to the Middle Temple in 1602, and he was probably the John Ford who had matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, early in In 1606, being twenty years of age, Ford published a collection of elegies on the Earl of Devonshire, which he entitled Fame's Memorial, in the same year appeared a masque, Honor These unimportant tracts are all Trumphant that we possess of the youth of Ford, and his longsubsequent silence has never been explained has been suggested that some of his lost plays, particularly A Murder of the Son upon the Mother (in which he assisted Webster) and The Fairy Knight (with Dekker), may have been earlier than 1620, the date of his philosophical treatise, A Line of Life, but there is no proof of this Ford reappears in 1624, when The Sun's Darling, a masque he had written with Dekker, was acted at the Cockpit. Soon after this date, it is probable, he took up the profession of a playwright in earnest. Witch of Edmonton, a play by many hands, and his among the rest, belongs to this period, but was not printed until 1658

We cannot be sure that we trace the hand of Ford in any independent work of importance until he is between forty and fifty years of age tragic comedy of The Lover's Melancholy was acted in 1628 and published in 1629 These three great tragedies, 'Iis Pity, the Broken Heart, and Love's Sacrifice, belong to 1633, and Perkin Warbeck to 1634. The Fancies Chaste and Noble was printed in 1638, and The Lady's Trial in 1639 Ford's later works, a tragedy called Beauty in a Trance (1653), and three comedies were in existence until the eighteenth century, when they were burned, with so much else of irreparable value, by Warburton's infamous housekeeper Ford took the anagram 'Fide Honor' as a sort of armorial symbol, and these words generally appear on his title-pages Very little else is known of this poet, who appears to have led a retired life

> Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got, With folded arms and melancholy hat

When Jonson died, in 1637, Ford contributed a poem of the *Jonsonus Virbius*, and he wrote commendatory verses for Shirley's *Wedding* These trifles exhaust what is known of the personal history of Ford, who may have died at any time between 1640 and 1660, the probable date is 1656 He would then be seventy years of age

Charles Lamb, who was the earliest critic to perceive the value of Ford, boldly said that he 'was of the first order of poets' But this generous praise may easily produce disappointment in those who pass from it to the writings of Ford. He is austere, dry, monotonous, weighty with sustained intellectual and moral passion, deprived of the music and fancy and changing play of graceful ornament which are the gala-robes Ford is a curiously of the great, popular poets isolated figure, not supple, not various, but always furiously bent, like a stern charioteer, in one unaltered attitude, as he streams along upon the storm of violent emotion Hence to those who seek for beauty in poetry, Ford has it to offer only in its most sombre and lurid varieties, and even the precision of his thought and the purity of his style are not to every taste His highest performance in direct poetry is, doubtless, the episode of the nightingale and the lutanist, in the romantic comedy of the Lover's Melancholy, which should be compared with Crashaw's study on the same theme (page 678)

The play which deals with the ardours and agonies of Giovanni and Annabella is one of the most characteristic, if least pleasing, productions of the age. Here the suppressed horror which is so dear to the Elizabethan dramatists lights up the hollows of the human spirit in a way that is matchless for subtlety and intensity The last scene in which the brother and sister appear is of the highest magnificence as tragedy, and has been justly praised by Mr Swinburne as the finest in Their subject, however, was so repulsive that neither to this great play nor to the less skilful Love's Sacrifice can full justice ever be done It is natural to turn to more normal scenes in the correct but rather cold chronicle-play of Perkin Warbeck, or even to Ford's three graceful but somewhat ineffective comedies ? But the real field for the unbiassed study of Ford's qualities is the incomparable tragedy of the Broken Heart, which remains to us as one of the purest monuments of seventeenth-century poetry. It is this play on which the attention of the general reader may with most safety be concentrated

There is no play, then, in the English language which gives the impression of a fine French tragedy so completely as the *Broken Heart*, with its exact preservation of the unities, its serried action, its

observance of the point of honour, its rapid and ingenious evolution of exalted intrigue Were it not for the dates, we could hardly account this accidental, but the latest possible year of composition for Ford's play is 1633, when Corneille had not finished composing Chitandre, the earliest Yet the reader should none the of his tragedies less be prepared for a performance more in the French than in the English taste, and for a piece perhaps the most 'classic' in our repertory vidual beauties, gushes of exquisite lyrical extravagance, are not in Ford's way The construction with him is not less solid than it is subtle, and it is the concentrated subtilty on which the solidity is built. Racine might have envied the skill with which, from the very first, the fate of Ithocles and Calantha, apparently so secure and so fortunate, flutters in the closed hand of Orgilus His revenge has a quiet resolution which is absolutely demoniac, and it moves, as a stage passion should, in full sight of the audience, though unsuspected by the other

The extreme consistency of Ithocles and Orgilus, as creations, throws into a certain disadvantage the more dimly-outlined Penthea and Calantha When Ithocles dies there is a crisis in the plot so violent that we recover from it with difficulty Penthea is dead and Orgilus assuaged, all the burden of the fifth act falls upon Calantha, whose part has hitherto been a vaguely passive one. The revelation of her ardent love for Ithocles, hitherto so modestly repressed, reawakens our sympathy, and the extraordinary merit of the fifth act consists in its revival, through the multiform passion of Calantha, of our interest in the dead Ithocles and Penthea, so that to the very last our emotions are centred on the beautiful, remorseful figure of Ithocles, for whom the play was certainly composed, and whose one error, followed though it be by a thousand excellent resolves, shatters the whole complicated structure of hope and happiness

From 'The Broken Heart'

Calantha Being alone, Penthea, you have granted The opportunity you sought, and might At all times have commanded

Penthea 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down, the sands are spent,
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal You feed too much your melancholy Pen

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams
And shadows soon decaying on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault

On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal Contemn not your condition for the proof Of bare opinion only to what end Reach all these moral texts?

Pen To place before ye A perfect mirror, wherein you may see How weary I am of a lingering life, Who count the best a misery

Cal Indeed

You have no little cause, yet none so great As to distrust a remedy

Pen That remedy
Must be a winding sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod on corner in the earth —
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit

Cal Speak, I enjoy it

Pen Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix, And take that trouble on ye to dispose Such legacies as I bequeath impartially, I have not much to give, the pains are easy, Heaven will reward your piety, and thank it When I am dead, for sure I must not live, I hope I cannot.

Cal Now, bestrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman [Weeps

Pen [aside] Her fair cyes
Melt into passion —Then I have assurance
Encouringing my boldness. In this paper
My will was charactered, which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth

Cal Talk on, prithee, It is a pretty earnest.

Pen I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath The first is
My youth, for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal To whom that jewel?

Pen To virgin wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood, and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marringe
May those be ever young!

Cal A second jewel

You mean to part with?

Pen 'Tis my fame, I trust
By scandal yet untouched this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth
If ever my unhappy name find mention
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour!

Cal How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport Of mere imagination! speak the last. I strangely like thy will

Pen This jewel, madam, Is dearly precious to me, you must use The best of your discretion to employ This gift as I intend it

Cal Do not doubt me.

Pen 'Tis long agone since first I lost my heart
Long I have lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too, but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,

By service bound and by affection vow'd, I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love, Mine only brother, Ithoeles

Cal

What saidst thou?

Pen Impute not, heaven blest lady, to ambition A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers

Of a devoted suppliant can endow it
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity,

How like the ghost of what he late appeared

He moves before you

Cal Shall I answer here, Or lend my car too grossly?

Pen First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption, as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service
Yet this lost creature loves ye —Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood, give him his doom,
Or ruse him up to comfort

Cal What new change Appears in my behaviour that thou dar'st Tempt my displeasure?

Pen I must leave the world,
To revel in Llysium, and 'tis just
to wish my brother some advantage here,
Yet by my best hopes, Ithoeles is ignorant
Of this pursuit—but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end

Cal You have forgot, Penthea, How still I have a fither

Pen But remeinber
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O, most unkind!
Cal Christalla, Philema, where are ye?—Lady,

Your check lies in my silcnce (From Act iii se v)

Song from 'The Broken Heart'

Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease, Can but please.
Outward senses, when the mind Is untroubled, or by peace refin'd Crowns may flourish and decay, Beauties shine, but fade away Youth may revel, yet it must Lie down in a bed of dust Larthly honours flow and waste, Time alone doth change and last. Sorrows mingled with contents prepare Rest for care
Love only reigns in death, though art Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

From 'The Lover's Melancholy'

Menaphon Passing from Italy to Greece, the titles Which poets of an elder time have feighted To glorify their Tempe, bred in me Desire of visiting that paradise Fo Thessaly I came, and living private, Without acquaintance of more sweet companions Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts, I day by day frequented silent groves And solitary walks. One morning early

Fins accident encountered me I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in
Amethus I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature

Men I shall soon resolve ye A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather Indeed entranced my soul As I stole nearer, Invited by the melody, I saw I his youth, this fair faced youth, upon his lute, With strains of strange variety and harmony, Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge fo the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds, That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent, Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too

Amet And so do I, good, on!

Men A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well shiped youth could touch, she sung her own,
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to for a voice and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were than hope to hear again

Amet How did the rivids part?

Men You term them rightly, I or they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony — Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last Into a pretty anger, that a bird Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes, Should vie with him for mastery, whose study Had busied many hours to perfect practice To end the controversy, in a rapture Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly, So many voluntaries and so quick, That there was curiosity and cunning, Concord in discord, lines of differing method

Meeting in one full centre of delight

Imet Now for the bird

Men I he bird, ordained to be Music's first martyr, strove to imitate These several sounds, which when her warbling throat lailed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute, And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness, to see the conqueror upon her hearse. It weep a funcial elegy of tears, That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me A fellow mourner with him.

Inct
I believe thee
Iden He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried,
'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This crucity upon the author of it,
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end ' and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in

Amet I hou hast discoursed A truth of mirth and pity

There are editions of Ford by Gifford (1827, revised by Dyce, 1869) and Hartley Coleridge (1840), and see also Swinburne's Fssays and Studies (1875).

EDMUND GOSSE.

James Shirley.

It has long been one of the commonplaces of literary history that the great series of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, which began with Marlowe, closed with Shirley He was the youngest of them all, having been born on the 18th of September 1596—after the death, that is, of almost all the members of the pre-Shakespearean genera-It is thought that Shirley's birthplace was the parish of St Mary Woolchurch, in the city of He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and at St John's College, Oxford, where he attracted the attention of Laud, who was then Laud was very kind to Shirley, but dissuaded him from taking holy orders on account of a large wen which disfigured his left cheek. affliction, greatly softened down, is yet perceptible in the Bodleian portrait. As early as 1618 Shirley published a poem, Echo, or the Unfortunate Lovers, of which no copy is now known to exist. It was probably, however, identical with the Narcissus printed in 1646, and if so, was one of the sensuous and philosophical narratives fashionable at that time, of which Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis is the most celebrated example In this graceful exercise Shirley displays the influence of Marlowe and of Beaumont

As was not unusual in the seventeenth century, Shirley transferred himself from one university to the other, 'he did spend some precious years at Catherine Hall,' Cambridge, where he took his degree. He stayed there, perhaps, until in 1623 he was appointed a master in St Albans Grammar-School But in the meantime he had, in spite of Laud's objection, taken orders and been presented to a living, which, however, he resigned immediately, having become a convert to the Church of Rome It is said that he continued to be a schoolmaster for about two years, but all this portion of Shirley's career is very indistinctly, and probably very inevactly, reported to us

In his twenty-ninth year Shirley took seriously to the stage, doubtless as the only mode of making a livelihood open to him His first play, Love Tricks, was licensed in February 1625, but was not printed until 1631, when it passed through the press as The School of Complement It was very popular, although, to a modern judgment, it seems weak both from a literary and a theatrical point It imitates Shakespeare and Fletcher in the pastoral scenes, and has no particular individu-Yet the style, fluent, urbane, and correct, is that which was to characterise Shirley throughout his long career The first of Shirley's published plays, his comedy of The Wedding, 1629, has more merit of construction, and The Grateful Servant, 1630, placed the poet high among the dwindling band of dramatists who still kept up something of the great Elizabethan tradition Of these survivors, Marston, Heywood, Chapman, and Dekker had long been silent, and the only serious rivals whom the new poet had to encounter were Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Ford

Shirley was now resident in London, and he took a prominent part in the literary life of the His temperament seems to have been, like his verse, graceful and gentle. Among his friends he counted Ford, Massinger, Randolph, Stanley, and Thomas May He now took to the composition of tragedies, of which the earliest may have been The Traitor, acted in 1631 and pub-He wrote other tragedies, and lished in 1635 then turned back to the romantic comedies which best suited his talent. From 1631 to 1635 Shirley produced twelve consecutive comedies, closing with what is his finest work in this class, the admirable Shirley had by this time gained Lady of Pleasure a high reputation for the modesty of his writings, and in July 1633, when registering The Young Admiral, the Master of the Revels volunteered a testimonial to that effect, in which Shirley was encouraged 'to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry' Charles I said that The Gamester, which was acted in 1633, was 'the best play he had seen for seven years?

It is believed that Shirley went over to Dublin in the early part of 1636 to help Ogilby in working the new theatre which had been built in Werburgh He seems to have remained in Ireland until 1639 or the beginning of 1640 the plays which he produced in Dublin, St Patrick for Ireland is the most original, or at least the most eccentric, the extremely selfcontained dramatist appears on this one occasion to kick over the traces of a studied sobriety Among the Irish plays, The Royal Master and The Humorous Courtier deserve special mention Between Shirley's return from Dublin to London and the first ordinance for the suppression of stage plays, he was the foremost playwright in England, and is believed in this short time to have Of these last plays, The produced ten dramas Cardinal is the best Shirley, who was a pronounced Royalist, and had been valet of the chamber to Queen Henrietta Maria, lost all at the After the battle of Marston Moor he Rebellion accompanied to France the Duke of Newcastle, whom he had aided in poetical composition, but he presently crept back to England, where Thomas Stanley protected him He went back to his old trade of education, and started a successful school in Whitefriars In 1646 he issued a collection of his poems It would seem that he did not benefit from the Restoration In the Great Fire of London, Shirley and his second wife fled from their house near Fleet Street, and, dying of terror and exposure on the same day, were buried in St Giles-in-the-Fields, in one grave, on the 29th of October 1666 We gather that Shirley had suffered from fire before, since his The Grammar War (1635), a didactic production, contains 'A lamentation upon the conflagration of the Muses' habitation'

In the plays of Shirley, which are curiously

uniform in manner, we find grace, melody, and The violent elements of the great Elizabethan age seem to have been entirely absorbed, and only the gentle and playful ones left. Shirley wrote with pertinacious industry, and, although a great part of his work is probably lost, between forty and fifty of his tragedies, comedies, tragicomedies, pastorals, and masques have come down In this mass of writing-produced between 1625 and 1655, while English poetry was being subjected to a rapid and surprising transformationthere are no signs of change From The Wedding to The Sisters, Shirley remains exactly the same suave, sweet-tongued, and florid poet, although the England of Shakespeare was shortly to become the England of Dryden The plays of Shuley seem to have been popular on the stage, at all events in the early part of his career, and if we are inclined to consider them loosely constructed and thinly conceived in comparison with those of the great playwrights of the preceding generation, we have only to turn from them to those of his immediate contemporaries—such as Cartwright, Brome, and Jasper Mayne—to see that Shirley preserved far more than any other Commonwealth man the practical tradition of the stage comedies, the Witty Fair One and the Lady of Pleasure display his ornate and profuse fancy to the greatest advantage In the Traitor he comes nearest to being a fine tragedian

From 'The Traitor'

Amidea I have done, pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well may heaven divert
All harms that threaten you, full blessings crown
Your marriage! I hope there is no sin in this,
Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you
This might have been my wedding-day

Oriana Good heaven,

I would it were ' my heart can tell, I take No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers, You shall have my consent to have him still I will resign my place, and wait on you, If you will marry him

Am: Pray do not mock me, But if you do, I can forgive you too

Or: Dear Amidea, do not think I mock. Your sorrow, by these tears, that are not worn. By every virgin on her wedding day, I am compell'd to give away myself. Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine. Am not I wretched too?

Ami Alas, poor maid! We too keep sorrow alive then, but I prithee, When thou art married, love him, prithee love him, For he esteems thee well, and once a day Give him a kiss for me, but do not tell him? Twas my desire perhaps? twill fetch a sigh From him, and I had rather break my heart But one word more, and heaven be with you all—Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord, That I am free to marry too?

Prsano Thou art

Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,

After your own solemnities are done,
lograce my wedding, I shall be married shortly
Pis To whom?

Ami To one whom you have all heard talk of, Your fathers knew him well—one who will never Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me, A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold, Distil chaste kisses—though our bridal bed Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green, We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew, To make us garlands, though no pine do'burn, Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep, Free from all care for ever—Death, my lord, I hope, shall be my husband—Now, farewell, Although no kiss, accept my parting tear, And give me leave to wear my willow here.

(From Act IV sc. ui)

Song from 'The Imposture'

You virgins, that did late despair
To keep your wealth from cruel men,
I ie up in silk your careless hair,
Soft peace is come agen.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot A flame that will not kill, The drum was angry, but the lute Shall whisper what you will

Sing Io, Io' for his sake,
Who hath restor'd your drooping heads,
With choice of sweetest flowers, make
A garden where he treads

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,
A petty triumph to his brow,
Who is the master of our spring,
And all the bloom we owe

(From Act 1 sc 1L)

From 'The Lady of Pleasure'

Steward Be patient, madam, you may have your pleasure

Lady Bornwell 'Tis that I came to town for I would not Endure again the country conversation,
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth, their brains,
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling
Sallinger's Round! To observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candle
sticks!

How they become the Morris, with whose bells They ring all in to Whitsun ales, and sweat, Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the Hobbyhorse Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly, Be kept for spoon meat!

Stew These, with your pardon, are no argument To make the country life appear so hateful, At least to your particular, who enjoy'd A blessing in that calin, would vou be pleas'd To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom, While your own will commanded what should move Delights, your husband's love and power join'd

To give your life more harmony You hy'd there Secure, and innocent, beloved of all, Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for You might be envied, but malice knew I would not prophesy, Not where you dwelt But leave to your own apprehension, What may succeed your change

Lady B You do imagine, No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted London past all defence. Your master should Do well to send you back into the country, With title of superintendent-bailiff

[Enter Sir Thomas Bornwell

Bornwell How now? What's the matter? Stew Nothing, sir Born Angry, sweetheart? Lady B I am angry with myself, To be so miserably restrain'd in things, Wherein it doth concern your love and honour To see me satisfied

Born In what, Aretina, Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd All thy desires? against mine own opinion Quitted the country, and removed the hope Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship We lived in? changed a calm and retired life For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?

Lady B What charge, more than is necessary for

A lady of my birth and education?

Born I am not ignorant how much nobility Flows in your blood, your kinsmen great and powerful I' the state, but with this, lose not you [the] memory Of being my wife I shall be studious, Madam, to give the dignity of your birth All the best ornaments which become my fortune, But would not flatter it, to ruin both, And be the fable of the town, to teach - Other men loss of wit by mine, employ'd To serve your vast expenses.

Lady B Am I then Brought in the balance? So, sir! Born Though you weigh Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest, And must take liberty to think you have Obey'd no modest counsel, to affect, Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman, Your mighty looking glasses, like artillery, Brought home on engines, the superfluous plate, Antique and novel, vanities of tires, Fourscore pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman, Banquets for t' other lady aunt, and cousins, And perfumes that exceed all train of servants, I o stifle us at home, and shew abroad More motley than the French or the Venction. About your coach, whose rude postillion Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls, And common cries pursue your ladyship, For hindering of their market.

Lady B Have you done, sir? Born I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe, And prodigal embroideries, under which

Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare Not shew their own complexions, your jewels,

Able to burn out the spectators' eyes, And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers - omething might here be spar'd, with safety of Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers — I could urge something more

Lady B Pray do, I like Your homily of thrift

Born I could wish, madam, You would not game so much

Lady B A gamester too!

Born But are not come to that acquaintance yet, Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit. You look not through the subtilty of cards, And mysteries of dice, nor can you save Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls, And keep your family by the precious income. Nor do I wish you should my poorest servant Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire, Purchas'd beneath my honour You make play Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex Yourself and my estate by it

Lady B Good ' proceed

Born Another game you have, which consumes more Your fame than purse, your revels in the night, Your meetings call'd THE BALL, to which repair, As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants, And ladies, thither bound by a subpaina Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure, 'I'is but the Family of Love translated Into more costly sin! There was a Play on 't, And had the poet not been bribed to a modest Expression of your antic gambols in 't, Some darks had been discover'd, and the deeds too In time he may repent, and make some blush, To see the second part danced on the stage My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me By any foul act, but the virtuous know 'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the Suspicions of our shame

Lady B Have you concluded Your lecture?

Born I have done, and howsoever My language may appear to you, it carries No other than my fair and just intent To your delights, without curb to their modest And noble freedom.

Sellinger's Round was a dance called after an actor named St Leger To throw is here said of cock throwing, an old Shrovetide pastime-the prize in this case being candlesticks. Robin Hood, Maid Marian, the hobby horse, and the fool, all in more or less fantastic costumes, were the principal performers in the Old English May day Morris dances.

In The Ball, a comedy partly by Chapman, but chiefly by Shirley, a coxcomb (Bostock), crazed on the point of family, is admirably shown up Marmaduke Travers, by way of fooling him, tells' him that he is rivalled in his suit of a particular lady by Sir Ambrose Lamount

Bostock Does she love any body else? Travers I know not, But she has half a score, upon my knowledge, Are suitors for her favour Bos Name but one,

And if he cannot shew as many coats-

Trav He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes His game well.

Bos Bc an understanding knight, And take my meaning, if he cannot show As much in heraldry-

Irav I do not know how rich, he is in fields, But he is a gentleman.

Bos Is he a branch of the nobility? How many lords can he call cousin? else He must be taught to know he has presumed, To stand in competition with me Frav You will not kill him? Bos You shall pardon me,

I have that within me must not be provok'd, There be some living now, that have been kill'd For lesser matters

Trav Some living that have been kill'd! Bor I mean, some living that have been examples, Not to confront nobility,' and I Am sensible of my honour

7rav His name is Sir Ambrose-

Bos Lamount, a knight of yesterday! And he shall die to morrow, name another 7rav Not so fast, sir, you must take some breath Bos I care no more for killing half a dozen Knights of the lower house, I mean that are not Descended from nobility, than I do To kick my footman an Sir Ambrose were Knight of the sun, king Oberon should not save him, [Enter Sir Ambrose Lamount Nor his queen Mab Trav Unluckily he's here, sir

Bos Sir Ambrose, How does thy knighthood, ha? Lamount My imp of honour! well, I joy to see thee Bos Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to

Lady Lucina. Lam I have ambition

To be her servant

Bos Hast? Thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend thy judgment Lam Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too

Bos Why did'st conceal it? come, the more the merrier,

But I could never see you there.

Trav I hope, Sir, we may live?

Bos I'll tell you, gentlemen, Cupid has given us all one livery, I serve that lady too, you understand me, But who shall carry her, the Fates determine, I could be knighted too

Lam That would be no addition to your blood Bos I think it would not, so my lord told me. Thou know'st my lord, not the earl, my t'other Cousin? there's a spark!—his predecessors Have match'd into the blood, you understand He put me upon this lady, I proclaim No hopes, pray let's together, gentlemen,-If she be wise,—I say no more, she shall not Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me To draw a sword, I have vow'd that

Trav You did But jest before

Lam 'Twere pity that one drop Of your heroic blood should fall to the ground

Who knows but all your cousin lords may die? bos As I believe them not immortal, sir Lam Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all,-May marry some queen yourself, and get princes, To furnish the barren parts of christendom

The following lyric is found in Shirley's masque, The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses (1659) said to have been greatly admired by Charles II

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our blood and state Are shadows, not substantial things, There is no armour against fate, Death lays his icy hand on kings Scepter and crown Must tumble down, And in the dust be equal made With the poor crooked scythe and spade

Some men with swords may reap the field, And plant fresh laurels where they kill, But their strong nerves at last must yield, They tame but one another still

Early or late

They stoop to fate, And must give up their murmuring breath, When they, pale captives, creep to death

The garlands wither on your brow, Then boast no more your mighty deeds, Upon Death's purple altar now, See, where the victor victim bleeds Your heads must come To the cold tomb, Only the actions of the just Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

Shirley's Dramatic Works were edited by Gifford and Dice (6 vols. 1833), and there is a selection of five plays and one masque with a prefatory memoir by the present writer (1888)

EDMUND GOSSŁ

Minor Dramatists — Thomas Nabbes (died about 1645) wrote poor tragedies, tolerable comedies, and rather good masques Microcosmus and Spring's Glory are the best-known masques Some of his miscellaneous poems are good. published his works (except his prose continuation of Knolles's Historie of the Turkes) in his Old English Plays (1887) — Nathaniel Field (1587-1633) was a well-known actor who began to write for the stage about 1610, and produced A Woman is a Weathercock, Amends for Ladies, &c. had the honour of being associated with Massinger in the composition of the Fatal Dowry—Henry Glapthorne, at one time reputed 'one of the chiefest dramatic poets of the reign of Charles I,' is but a minor dramatist though he is fluent and eloquent in style. Five of his plays are printed -Albertus Wallenstein, The Hollander, Argalus and Parthema (his best effort, being part of the Arcadia dramatised), Wit is a Constable, The Ludy's Priviledge These and his poems were reprinted in two volumes in 1874.—Richard Brome (died about 1652) produced twenty-four popular plays, The Northern Lass, The Journal Crew, The

Antipodes, The City Wit, The Court Beggar, &c., fifteen of which, believed to be written by himself independently, were reprinted in three vols 1873. He had a share with Dekker in The Lancashire Witches He was at one time servant to Ben Jonson A skilful and successful craftsman, he had neither original power, poetic genius, nor literary culture

Richard Brathwaite, minor poet, was probably born near Kendal in 1588, entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1604, passed afterwards to Cambridge, and thence to London In 1611 he published The Golden Fleece, a collection of poems, in 1614 three works, one of them a book of pastorals entitled The Poet's Willow, another The Scholler's Medley, and in 1615 the collection of satires, A Strappado for the Devil, in imitation of The Abuses Whipt and Stript of George Wither, his 'bonnie brother' Other works are Nature's Embassie, A Solemne Joviall Disputation, The Smoaking Age, The English Gentleman (1630), The English Gentlewoman (1631), Art asleepe, Husband? (a collection of 'bolster lectures,' a seventeenth-century Mrs Caudle) After his first marriage Brathwaite lived the life of a country gentleman in Westmorland, and after his second in Yorkshire. He died near Richmond, 4th May 1673 Of his thirty books, the Barnabæ Itinerarium, or Barnabee's Journal, published in 1638 under the pseudonym 'Corymbæus,' has been often reprinted under the title of 'Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys'—a facetious but rather umless and tedious book in rhymed Latin and corresponding doggerel English verse The best known verse is

> In my progress travelling northward Taking farewel of the southward, To Banbury came I, O profane one! Where I saw a puritane one Hunging of his cat on Monday For killing of a mouse on Sunday

The Latin being

In progressu boreali
Ut processi ab australi,
Veni Banbury, O profanum
Ubi vidi Puritanum
Felem facientem furem,
Quod Sabbatho stravit murem.

The next verse is

To Oxford came I, whose companion
Is Minerva, well Platonian
From whose seat do stream most seemly
Aganippe, Hippocrene
Each thing there's the muse's minion,
The horn at Queen's speaks pure Athenian

The frequent allusions to strong ale, and to deep drinking and its joys and inconveniences, quite explain the epithet added in the reprints. In the seventh edition (by Haslewood, 1818) its authorship was first made known. See the life prefixed to the ninth edition (1820). An eleventh edition appeared in 1876.

Brathwaite's work was not all in the same vein. Of 'Drunken Barnaby' there is no trace in The English Gentleman and English Gentlewoman, collectively making a folio of three hundred pages, which is edifying, decorous, and 'high-toned' to a degree, and emulates Burton's Anatomy in the multitude and variety of its citations from Eusebius, Tully, Diogenes Laertius, Plutarch, Augustine, Seneca, St Basil, St Gregory of Nazianzus, Picus de Mirandula, and other authorities ancient or comparatively Vanity, foppery, idleness, hot-headedness, and intemperance of any and every kind are wisely and wittily denounced The corresponding defects in women are deprecated with equal warmth, and an even higher standard of perfect grace, courtesy, and purity established And so careful is the author for happiness in wedded life that he warns the husband not to busy himself too much in dairying lest the wife be aggrieved at this encroachment on her province Amorous poetryincluding Venus and Adonis, though without giving Shakespeare's name—is sternly denounced—In the chapter called 'A select choice and recommendation of sundry bookes of instruction to the perusall of our English gentlewomen,' the authors recommended are SS Hierom, Augustine, Ambrose, Hilary, Gregory (on the virtues of women), also Plato, Seneca, Cicero, 'etc', with the following postscript, which most unhappily omits to specify the works without which the library of no contemporary English lady was complete

But for as much as it is not given to most of you to bee Linguists, albeit many of their workes bee translated in your mother tongue, you may converse with sundry English Authors, whose excellent instructions will sufficiently store you in all points, and if usefully applied conferre no small benefit to your understanding. I shall not need particularly to name them to you, because I doubt not but you have made choice of such faithfull Reteiners and vertuous Bosome friends constantly to accompany you.

Hear 'Drunken Barnaby' on the dangers and disgraces of drinking

Neither onely is restraint to be used in the choice and change of meats, but in the excessive use of drinkes The reasons are two, the one is, it is an enemy to the knowledge of God, the other is this, it is held to be an enfeebler or impairer of the memorative parts, for you shall ever note that deepe drinkers have but shallow Their common saying is, Let us drowne care memories in healths which drowning of care makes them so forgetfull of themselves, as carried away with a brutish appetite, they onely intend their present delight, without reflexion to what is past, or due preparation to what O restraine then this mighty assailant may succeed of Temperance! Bee ever your selves, but principally stand upon your guard, when occasion of company shall induce you, being the last we are to speake of

This Company keeping, how much it both depraved the hopefullest and towardlest wits, daily experience can witnesse. For many wee see civilly affected and temper ately disposed, of themselves not subject to those violent or brain sicke passions which the fumes of drinke beget,

till out of a too pliable disposition they enter the lists of Good fellowship (as they commonly terme it) and so become estranged from their owne nature, to partake with Zames in their distempered humour. So as in time by consorting with evill men they become exposed to all immoderate affections, such is the strength of custome ! Whence it is that Saint Basil saith, Passions rise up in a drunken man (note the violence of this distemper) like a swarme of Bees buzzing on every side Now you shall see him compassionately passionate, re solving his humour into teares, anon like a phrenticke man, exercising himselfe in blowes, presently, as if a calmer or more peaceable humour had seized on him, he expresseth his loving nature in congres and kisses So different are the affections which this valiant Mault worme is subject to, yet howsoever out of a desperate Bravado he binde it with oathes that he will stand to his tackling, he is scarce to be credited, for he can stand on no ground

William Browne (1591-c 1643) was a pastoral and descriptive poet, who, like Phineas and Giles Fletcher, adopted Spenser for his model, but less exclusively-for he loved Chaucer and Hoccleve, and was influenced by several of his own contemporaries He was a native of Tavistock, and the beautiful scenery of Devonshire inspired his early strains From Exeter College, Oxford, Browne passed to the Inner Temple, and then was tutor to Robert Dormer, the future Earl of Carnarvon According to Anthony Wood, he was taken into the household of the Herberts at Wilton, and 'there got wealth and purchased an He was living at Dorking towards the close of 1643, and later than this we hear nothing of him A William Browne died at Tavistock in 1643, and another in 1645, but it is not known for certain that either of them was the poet Browne's works comprise Britannia's Pastorals (two books, 1613-16, third book in MS, first printed 1852) and a pastoral poem of inferior merit, The Shephiards In 1620 a masque by him was pro-Pipe (1614) duced at court, called The Inner Temph Masque, but it was not printed till 1772, from a manuscript in Emmanuel College, Cambridge As all Browne's poems were produced before he was thirty years of age, and the best when he was little more than twenty, we need not be surprised at their showing marks of juvenility and frequent echoes of previous poets, especially of Spenser His pastorals obtained the approbation of Selden, Drayton, Wither, and Ben Jonson Britannia's Pastorals are written in flowing heroic couplets, and contain much Browne had great facility fine descriptive poetry of expression, studied nature closely, and knew by heart all the features of the Devon landscape That he has fuled in maintaining his ground must be attributed to his too great expansiveness, the desultory plan of his longer poems, and the lack His shepherds and shepof human interest. herdesses have nearly as little character as the 'silly sheep' they tend, the, allegory is tedious, whilst pure description, that 'takes the place of sense,' even when inspired by a real love of nature, seldom permanently interests the larger number of readers. So completely had some of the poems of Browne vanished from memory that, but for a single copy of them possessed by Thomas Warton, and lent by him to be transcribed, little would have remained of those works which their author fondly hoped would

Keep his name enroll'd past his that shines In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves.

Warton cites the following lines of Browne as containing a group of the same images as the morning picture in L'Allegio of Milton

By this had chanticleer, the village clock,
Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock,
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stay'd,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid
The hills and valleys here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deep mouth d hound
Lach shepherd's daughter, with her cleanly peal,
Was come afield to milk the morning's meal,
And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,
To gild the mutt'ring bourns and pretty rills,
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes which in rivers dive
Began to leap, and eatch the drowned fly,
I rose from rest, not in felicity

Browne celebrated the death of a friend under the name of Philarete in a pastoral poem. Milton took thence suggestions for Lycidas, there is an obvious—perhaps inevitable—similarity in some of the thoughts and images. On the other hand, Browne has been compared with Keats amongst the moderns, and Keats is known to have admired his Elizabethan prototype.

A Descriptive Sketch.

O what a rapture have I gotten now ! That age of gold, this of the lovely brow Have drawn me from my song! I onward run Clean from the end to which I first begun But ye, the heavenly creatures of the West, In whom the virtues and the graces rest, Pardon! that I have run astray so long, And grow so tedious in so rude a song, If you yourselves should come to add one grace Unto a pleasant grove or such like place, Where here the curious cutting of a hedge There, by a pond, the trumming of the sedge Here the fine setting of well shading trees The walks there mounting up by small degrees, The grivel and the green so equal he, It, with the rest, draws on your ling'ring eye Here the sweet smells that do perfume the ur, Arising from the infinite repair Of odorifcrous buds and herbs of price, (As if it were another Paradise) So please the smelling sense, that you are fain Where last you walk'd to turn and walk again. There the small birds with their harmonions note. Sing to a spring that smileth as she float-For in her face a many dimples show, And often skips as it did dancing go Here further down an over arched alley, That from a hill goes winding in a valley,

You spy at end thereof a standing lake, Where some ingenious artist strives to make The water (brought in turning pipes of lead Through birds of earth most lively fashioned) To counterfeit and mock the sylvans all, In singing well their own set madrigal This with no small delight retains your car, And makes you think none blest but who live there Then in another place the fruits that be In gallant clusters decking each good tree Invite your hand to crop some from the stem, And liking one, taste every sort of them Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowers Thence to the walks again, thence to the flowers, Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence, Now pleasing one, and then another sense Here one walks oft, and yet anew begin'th, As if it were some hidden labyrinth

Evening

As in an evening when the gentle air Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair, I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank to hear My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine car, When he hath play'd, as well he can, some strun That likes me, straight I ask the same again, And he as gladly granting, strikes it o'er With some sweet rulish was forgot before, I would have been content if he would play In that one strain to pass the night away, But fearing much to do his patience wrong, Unwillingly have ask'd some other song So in this diff'ring key, though I could well A many hours but as few minutes tell. Yet lest mine own delight might injure you, Though loath so soon, I take my song anew

Night.

The sable mantle of the silent night Shut from the world the ever joysome light, Care fled away, and softest slumbers please To leave the court for lowly cottages, Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills, And sleightful otters left the purling rills, Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung, And with their spread wings shield their naked young, When thieves from thickets to the cross ways stir, And terror frights the lonely passenger, When nought was heard but now and then the how! Of some vild cur, or whooping of the owl

The Sirens' Song (From The Inner Lemple Masque)

Steer hither, steer, your winged pines, All beaten mariners, Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines, A prey to passengers, Perfumes far sweeter than the best Which make the Phœnix' urn and nest. Fear not your ships, Nor any to oppose you save our hps, But come on shore, Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more

For swelling waves our panting breasts, Where never storms arise, Exchange, and be awhile our guests For stars gaze on our eyes

The compass love shall hourly sing, And as he goes about the ring, We will not miss To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

Browne thus ingeniously draws illustrations from a rose

Look as a sweet rose fairly budding forth Bewrays her beauties to th' enamour'd morn, Until some keen blast from the envious North Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born Or else her rarest smells delighting Make her herself betray, Some white and curious hand inviting To pluck her thence away

So recently as 1852 a third part of Britannia's Pastorals was first printed, from the original minuscript in the library of Salisbury Cathedral Though imperfect, this continuation is in some passages fully equal to the earlier portions The following is part of a description of Psyche

Her cheekes the wonder of what eye beheld Begott betwixt a filly and a rose, In gentle rising plaines devinely swelled, Where all the graces and the loves repose Nature in this peece all her workes excelled, Yet showd her solfe imperfect in the close, For she forgott (when she soe faire did rayse her) To give the world a witt might duely prayse her

When that she spoake, as at a voice from heaven On her sweet words all eares and hearts attended, When that she sung, they thought the planetts seaven By her sweet voice might well their tunes have mended,

When she did sight, all were of joye bereaven, And when she smyld, heaven had them all befriended. If that her voice, sighes, smiles, see many thrilled, O had she kissed, how many had she killed!

Her slender fingers (neate and worthy made To be the servants to soe much perfection) Joyned to a palme whose touch woulde streight invade And bring a sturdy heart to lowe subjection Her slender wrists two diamond braceletts lade. Made richer by soc sweet a soules election O happy braceletts ! but more happy he To whom those armes shall as a bracelett be!

Aubrey said Browne was the author of the famous epitaph, 'Underneath this sable herse,' usually attributed to Ben Jonson (see above at page 411), and Mr Bullen and other critics think it is really Browne's

Browne's works were edited by Thomas Davies (1772) Mr W C Hazlitt (2 vols. Roxburghe Club, 1868) and by Goodwin, with Mr Bullen's introduction (2 vols 1894)

Lady Elizabeth Carey, or Carew, the daughter of a patroness of Spenser, Nash, and other poets, is believed to be the author of a longwinded poem, The Tragedie of Marian the faire Queene of Jewry (1613) She married Sir Thomas Berkeley, and died in 1635 But the poem is sometimes attributed to her mother, known by the same names, a daughter of Sır John Spencer of Althorpe, and wife of the heir of the first Lord Hunsdon The following chorus on revenge, from Act IV, is not without a certain noble dignity

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury,
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head

If we a worthy enemy do find,

To yield to worth it must be nobly done,
But if of baser metal be his mind,

In base revenge there is no honour won. Who would a worthy courage overthrow, And who would wrestle with a worthless for?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield,
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but seld.
The weakest him will the loudest roar
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.

To scorn to owe a duty over long,

To scorn to be for benefits forborne,

Fo scorn to he, to scorn to do a wrong,

I o scorn to bear an injury in mind,

Fo scorn a free born heart slave like to bind

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have, Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind, Do we his body from our fury save, And let our hate prevail against our mind?

And let our hate prevail against our mind? What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be, Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Marian scorned to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love,
And not have been by sullen passion swayed
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride—Had Marian thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allowed

Lord Herbert of Cherbury combined in a curious way the fame of soldier, statesman, poet, and philosopher, and though the brother of the saintly George Herbert, became notorious (after his Edward was born death) as the father of deism 3rd March 1583 at Eyton, in Shropshire before he had finally quitted his studies at University College, Oxford, he married an heiress four years older than himself At James I's coronation he was made a Knight of the Bath, in 1608 he visited France, and in 1610 was at the recapture of In 1614 he was with Maurice of Orange, travelled through Germany and Italy, and got into trouble attempting to recruit Protestant soldiers in Linguedoc for the Duke of Savoy Made a member of the Privy Council, he was sent to France as ambassador (1619), and tried negotiation between Louis XIII and his Protestant subjects in vain, was dismissed, and was sore embarrassed by debts and law-suits He was in 1624 made a peer of Ireland, and in 1629 of England with the title of Baron Herbert of Cherbury When the civil war

broke out he at first sided very half-heartedly with the royalists, but in 1644 surrendered to the parliamentarians He died in London, 20th August 1648 His De Veritate (1624) is an antiempirical theory of knowledge of four principal faculties or groups of faculties One is the internal sense or conscience, another the external sense or perception, the third, reason, and the fourth, natural instinct, the source of divinely implanted primary truths, much resembles the common-sense of the Scottish philosophy Truth is distinguished from revelation, from the probable, from the possible, and from the false His De Religione Gentilium (not published till 1663), destined to be regarded as the 'charter of the deists,' and copied by Blount and others, proves that all religious recognise five main articles—that there is a supreme God, that He ought to be worshipped, that virtue and purity are the main part of that worship, that sins should be repented of, and that there are rewards and punishments in a future state The Expeditio Buckinghami Ducis (1656) is a vindication of the ill-fated Rochelle expedition The ill-proportioned Life and Raigne of King Henry VIII (1649), digested into annuls, glorifies Henry absurdly, and is on the whole prolix, though tales of sieges and ceremonials, such as the author's soul delighted in, are rendered with much graphic detail verbatim reports of speeches whose tenor he could only guess, Herbert allowed himself an ultra-Thucydidean freedom How little modern historical canons appealed to this sincere and honest man is evident from the fact that he puts into the mouth of one of Henry's bishops, at a council held half a century ere he himself was born, a succinct and orderly statement and defence of those identical 'five articles' which it was Herbert's own especial glory to have formulated! His Autobiography, a brilliant picture of the man and of contemporary manners, is a masterpiece in its kind, but is disfigured by overweening self-glory Oddly enough, it is on his exceptionally handsome person, his Quivotic exploits of bravery in the field, his valiant duels, and the admiration accordingly bestowed on him by fair ladies that he chiefly prides himself, there is little in the record about his philosophy or his theological views, though he really attached great importance to them He was the friend of Donne, Selden, Ben Jonson, Grotius, and Gassendi The Poems, Litin and English, reveal a representative of the 'metaphysical' school. Donne was his master, and the disciple is the more rugged and But some of the lyrics suggest Herrick, obscure and resemblances to Browning and Tennyson have been pointed out. He has, according to Mr Churton Collins, the credit of having been the first to recognise (though he did not invent the measure, see Vol III p 120) the possibilities of the stanza of In Memoriam, he brought out its harmony and 'passed it almost perfect into Tennyson's hands.' The enthusiasm as well as sincerity of his nature is exemplified in the following reference to his

philosophy in the Autobiography, and suggests rather one who believes overmuch than the un believer—an inconsistency often pointed out by those who assailed his deism as an inadequate system of belief. Herbert's devout deism was of course very different from the profane and spiteful deism of Blount, who put much that was in Herbert to a use he never dreamt of

Being thus doubtful in my chamber one fine day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book De Verstate in my hands, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words 'O thou eternal God, author of this light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book De Veritate, if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven, if not, I shall suppress it!' I had no sooner spoke these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came forth from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the Eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came

In his Autobiography he tells of the close relations established between himself and the Constable of France, the Duke de Montmorency, and of his hunting in the ducal forests

That brave constable in France testifying now more than formerly his regard of me, at his departure from Merlou to his fair house at Chantilly, five or six miles distant, said, he left that castle to be commanded by me, as also his forests and chases, which were well stored with wild boar and stag, and that I might hunt them when I He told me also, that if I would learn to ride pleased the great horse, he had a stable there of some fifty, the best and choicest as was thought in France, and that his escuyer, called Monsieur de Disancour, nor inferior to Pluvenel or Labrove, should teach me. I did with great thankfulness accept his offer, as being very much addicted to the exercise of riding great horses, and as for hunting in his forests, I told him I should use it sparingly, as being desirous to preserve his game. He commanded also his escuyer to keep a table for me, and his pages to attend me, the chief of whom was Monsieur de Mennon, who, proving to be one of the best horsemen in France, keeps now an academy in Paris, and here I shall re count a little passage betwixt him and his master, that the inclination of the French at that time may appear, there being scarce any man thought worth the looking on, that had not killed some other in duel

Mennon desiring to marry a niece of Monsieur Disancour, who it was thought should be his heir, was thus answered by him 'Friend, it is not time yet to marry, I will tell you what you must do if you will be a brave man, you must first kill in single combat two or three men, then afterwards marry and engender two or three children, or the world will neither have got nor lost by you,' of which strange counsel, Disancour was no other

wise the author than as he had been an example, at least of the former part, it being his fortune to have fought three or four brave duels in his time.

And now, as every morning I mounted the great horse, so in the afternoons I many times went a hunting, the manner of which was this The Duke of Montmorency having given orders to the tenants of the town of Merlou, and some villages adjoining, to attend me when I went a hunting, they, upon my summons, usually repaired to those woods where I intended to find my game, with drums and muskets, to the number of sixty or eighty, and sometimes one hundred or more persons, they entering the wood on that side with that noise, discharging their pieces and beating their said drums, we on the other side of the said wood having placed mastiffs and greyhounds, to the number of twenty or thirty, which Monsieur de Montmorency kept near his castle, expected those beasts they should force out of the wood if stags or wild boars came forth, we commonly spared them, pursuing only the wolves, which were there in great number, of which are found two sorts, the mastiff wolf, thick and short, though he could not indeed run fast, yet would fight with our dogs, the greyhound wolf, long and swift, who many times escaped our best dogs, though when he were overtaken, easily killed by us, without making much resistance. Of both these sorts I killed divers with my sword while I stayed there

One time also it was my fortune to kill a wild boar in this manner the boar being roused from his den, fled before our dogs for a good space, but finding them press him hard, turned his head against our dogs, and hurt three or four of them very dangerously. I came on horse back up to him, and with my sword thrust him twice or thrice without entering his skin, the blade being not so stiff as it should be the boar hereupon turned upon me, and much endangered my horse, which I perceiving, rid a little out of the way, and leaving my horse with my lackey, returned with my sword against the boar, who by this time had hurt more dogs, and here happened a pretty kind of fight, for when I thrust at the boar some times with my sword, which in some places I made enter, the boar would run at me, whose tusks yet by stepping a little out of the way I avoided, but he then turning upon me, the dogs came in, and drew him off, so that he fell upon them, which I perceiving, ran at the boar with my sword agrun, which made him turn upon me, but then the dogs pulled him from me aguin, while so relieving one another by turns, we killed the boar. At this chase Monsieur Disancour and Mennon were present, as also Mr Townsend, yet so as they did endeavour rather to withdraw me from, than assist me in the danger which boar, some part being well seasoned and larded, I presented to my uncle Sir Francis Newport, in Shrop shire, and found most excellent meat

Herbert was a great stickler on the point of honour

There happened during this siege [of Juliers by the allies against the Emperor in 1610] a particular quarrel betwixt me and the Lord of Walden, eldest son to the Earl of Suffolk, lord treasurer of England at that time, which I do but unwillingly relate, in regard of the great esteem I have of that noble family, howbeit, to avoid misreports, I have thought fit to set it down truly that lord having been invited to a feast in Sir Horace Vere's quarters, where (after the Low Country manner) there was liberal drinking, returned not long after to Sir

Edward Cecil's quarters, at which time, I speaking merrily to him, upon some slight occasion, he took that offence at me, which he would not have done at another time, insomuch that he came towards me in a violent manner, which I perceiving, did more than half way meet him, but the company were so vigilant upon us that before any blow past we were separated, howbeit, because he made towards me, I thought fit the next day to send him a challenge, telling him, that if he had any thing to say to me, I would meet him in such a place as

no man should in terrupt us Shortly after this Sir Thomas Payton came to me on his part, and told me my lord would fight with me on horseback with single sword, and, said he, I will be his second, where is yours? I replied that neither his lordship nor myself brought over any great horses with us, that I knew he might much better borrow one than myself, howbeit, as soon as he shewed me the place, he should find me there on horse back or on foot. whereupon, both of us riding together upon two geldings to the side of a wood, Payton said he chose that place, and the 'time break of day the next morning I told him I would fail neither place nor time, though I knew not where to get a better horse than the



LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY
From the Portrait by Larkin in the National Portrait Gallery

nag I rid on, and as for a second, I shall trust to your nobleness, who, I know, will see fair play betwixt us, though you come on his side but he urging me again to provide a second, I told him I could promise for none but myself, and that if I spoke to any of my friends in the army to this purpose, I doubted least the business might be discovered and prevented

He was no sooner gone from me, but night drew on, myself resolving in the mean time to rest under a fair oak all night, after this, tying my horse by the bridle unto another tree, I had not now rested two hours, when I found some fires nearer to me than I thought was possible in so solitary a place, whereupon also having the curiosity to see the reason hereof, I got on horseback again, and had not rode very far, when by the talk of the soldiers there, I found I was in the Scotch quarter, where finding in a stable a very fair horse of service, I desired to know whether he might be bought for any reasonable sum of money, but a soldier replying it was their captain's, Sir James Areskin's chief horse, I

demanded for Sir James, but the soldier answering he was not within the quarter, I demanded then for his lieutenant, whereupon the soldier courteously desired him to come to me, this lieutenant was called Montgomery, and had the reputation of a gallant man, I told him that I would very fain buy a horse, and if it were possible, the horse I saw but a little before, but he telling me none was to be sold there, I offered to leave in his hands one hundred pieces, if he would lend me a good horse for a day or two, he to restore me the

money again when I delivered him the horse in good plight, and did besides bring him some present as a gratuity

The lieutenant, though he did not know me, suspected I had some private quarrel, and that I desired this horse to fight on, and there upon told me, Sir, whosoever you are, you seem to be a person of worth, and you shall have the best horse in the stable, and if you have a quarrel and want a second, I offer myself to serve you upon another horse, and if you will let me go along with you upon these terms, I will ask no pawn of you for the horse I told him I would use no second, and I desired him to accept one hundred pieces, which I had there about me, in pawn for the horse,

and he should hear from me shortly again, and that though I did not take his noble offer of coming along with me, I should evermore rest much obliged to him, whereupon giving him my purse with the money in it, I got upon his horse, and left my nag besides with him

Riding thus away about twelve o'clock at night to the wood from whence I came, I alighted from my horse and rested there till morning, the day now breaking I got on horseback, and attended the Lord of Walden with his second. The first person that appeared was a foot man, who I heard afterwards was sent by the Lady of Walden, who as soon as he saw me, ran back again with all speed, I meant once to pursue him, but that I thought it better at last to keep my place. About two hours after Sir William St Leiger, now lord president of Munster, came to me, and told me he knew the cause of my being there, and that the business was discovered by the Lord Walden's using so early that morning, and the suspicion that he meant to fight with me, and had Sir Thomas Payton with him, and that he would ride

to him, and that there were thirty or forty sent after us, to hinder us from meeting, shortly after many more came to the place where I was, and told me I must not fight, and that they were sent for the same purpose, and that it was to no purpose to stay there, and thence rode to seek the Lord of Walden, I stayed yet two hours longer, but finding still more company came in, rode back again to the Scotch quarters, and delivered the horse back again, and received my money and mag from Lieutenant Montgomery, and so withdrew myself to the French quarters, till I did find some convenient time to send again to the Lord Walden

Being among the French, I remembered myself of the bravado of Monsieur Balagny, and coming to him told him I knew how brave a man he was, and that as he had put me to one trial of daring, when I was last with him in his trenches, I would put him to another, saying, I heard he had a fair mistress, and that the scarf he wore was her gift, and that I would maintain I had a worther mistress than he, and that I would do as much for her sake as he, or any else, durst do for his Balagny here upon looking merrily upon me, said that for his part, he had no mind to fight on that quarrel I looking hereupon somewhat disdainfully on him, said he spoke more like a paillard than a cavalier, to which he answering nothing, I rode my ways, and afterwards went to Monsieur Terant, a French gentleman that belonged to the Duke of Montmorency, formerly men tioned, who telling me he had a quarrel with another gentleman, I offered to be his second, but he saying he was provided already, I rode thence to the English quarters, attending some fit occasion to send again to the Lord Walden I came no sooner thither, but I found Sir Thomas Somerset with eleven or twelve more in the head of the English, who were then draw ing forth in a body or squadron, who seeing me on horseback, with a footman only that attended me, gave me some affronting words, for my quarrelling with the Lord of Walden, whereupon I alighted, and giving my horse to my lackey, drew my sword, which he no sooner saw but he drew his, as also all the company with him, I running hereupon amongst them, put by some of their thrusts, and making towards him in particular, put by a thrust of his, and had certainly run him through, but that one Lieutenant Prichard, at that instant taking me by the shoulder, turned me aside, but I recovering myself again, ran at him a second time, which he perceiving, retired himself with the company to the tents which were near, though not so fast but I hurt one Proger, and some others also that were with him, but they being all at last got within the tents, I finding now nothing else to be done, got to my horse again, having received only a slight hurt on the outside of my ribs, and two thrusts, the one through the skirts of my doublet, and the other through my breeches, and about eighteen nicks upon my sword and hilt, and so rode to the trenches before Juliers, where our soldiers were.

Not long after this, the town being now surrendered, and every body preparing to go their ways, I sent again a gentleman to the Lord of Walden to offer him the meeting with my sword, but this was avoided not very handsomely by him (contrary to what Sir Henry Rich, now earl of Holland, persuaded him)

After having taken leave of his excellency Sir Edward Cecil, I thought fit to return on my way homewards as far as Dusseldorp I had been scarce two hours in my

lodgings when one Lieutenant Hamilton brought a letter from Sir James Areskin (who was then in town like wise) unto me, the effect wherof was, that in regard his Lieutenant Montgomery had told him that I had the said James Areskin's consent for borrowing his horse, he did desire me to do one of two things, which was, either to disavow the said words, which he thought in his conscience I never spake, or, if I would justify them, then to appoint time and place to fight with him. Having considered a while what I was to do in this case, I told Lieutenant Hamilton that I thought myself bound in honour to accept the more noble part of his proposition, which was to fight with him, when yet perchance it might be easy enough for me to say that I had his horse upon other terms than was affirmed, whereupon also giving Lieutenant Hamilton the length of my sword, I told him that as soon as ever he had matched it, I would fight with him, wishing further to make liaste, since I desired to end the business as speedily as could be Lieutenant Hamilton hereupon returning back, met in a cross street (I know not by what miraculous adventure) Lieutenant Montgomery, conveying divers of the hurt and manned soldiers at the siege of St Juliers unto that town, to be lodged and dressed by the surgeons there, Hamilton hereupon calling to Montgomery, told him the effects of his captain's letter, together with my answer, which Montgomery no sooner heard, but he replied (as Hamilton told me afterwards), I see that noble gentleman chooseth rather to fight than to contradict me, but my telling a lie must not be an occasion why either my captain or he should hazard their lives. I will alight from my horse, and tell my captain presently how all that matter past, whereupon also he relating the business about borrowing the horse, in that manner I formerly set down, which as soon as Sir James Areskin heard, he sent Lieutenant Hamilton to me presently again, to tell me he was satisfied how the business past, and that he had nothing to say to me, but that he was my most humble servant, and was sorry he ever questioned me in that

Lord Herbert's most famous poem is 'an Ode upon a question moved whether love should continue for ever,' and begins thus

Having interr'd her Infant birth,

The wat'ry ground, that late did mourn,
Was strew'd with flow'rs, for the return
Of the wish'd Bridegroom of the Earth.

The well accorded Birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time
And in a sweet consorted chime
Did welcome in the cheerful Spring

To which, soft whistles of the Wind, And warbling murmurs of a Brool, And varied notes of leaves that shook An harmony of parts did bind.

While doubling joy unto each other All in so rare consent was shown, No happiness that came alone, Nor pleasure that was not another

When with a love none can express

That mutually happy pair,

Melander and Celinda fair,

The season with their loves did bless.

The two disease the matter at some length, and il is in the concursion of the anders argument.

> Hor rere on earth then, or above, Our good at feet on ear impair, For where God down with the fire If the 101 mat he excluded fore

inch e es again il en egel shall sec. Ar i cands again trese had a enf LL, er I all chade pleasures can be told Stall it to me everlasting bea

For if no use of sense remain, V hen bod es orce this life forsal e, Or they could no delight partake, Wily hould they ever me again.

A fiferer, raperfect mird "Take low the end of knowledge nere, He / perfect will our love be, where All imperfection is relined!

Let then no doubt, Celirda, to ich, Michilas jour lairest mirel in ale Lete not our scult immortal made Our equal bies can make them such

no which were bence to a shall be got e, and be to more, nor you, nor I, to one another's requery, Lich siall a oth, jet boin hat one

This aid, in her uplift. I face, Her eyes, which did that beauty crown, Were I'e t vo stars, that ha ing fall'n down, I ook up again to fird their place.

While mich a mo el ... I lent peace Did cea c on their becalmed sence, One sould have thought some Influence Their rais and spirits did possession

Le Remauts prograph on derver (Pars, 1874), Churton C. iii. 's edition of the Perms (121), Sidney Lees edition of the Autobiography (127) and Dr. C. Chiller's Herbert can Curbury a rriti isra of his psychiang call and religious phil aspuny (170). The De Verilale was translated into French in 1600. The cris the of his proceedant or religious sorus time sur translated are Louis was the De Relig one Gentilium (range of in 1705). De Causes Errorum a d De Religione Lales were morter tracts, also po rurg in a deimical direction

George Herbert (1593-1633) was of noble birth, but It es in history as a pious country clergyman—'holy George Herbert,' who

Inclosing t duties on himself d 1 lay

His father was descended from the Earls of Pembroke, and the poet vas born at Montgomer Castle in Wiles. His elder brother was the famous and unorthodox Lord Hernert of Chernury George pa ed from Westminster in 160) to Frinity College, Cambridge, in 1614 has elected a fellor, and 115 public ora or 1619-27. He was the intimute friend of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr Donne, and Lord Bacon is said to bare entermined such a high regard for his learning and judgment that he submitted his works to him sefore publication. The poet was also in frour worth £120 per annum, which Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to Sir Philip Sidney. With inis, says Izaak Walton, 'and his annuity, and the advantages of his college, and of no oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and court-like company, and coldon looked to wards Cambridge unless the king vere there that then, he never failed.' The death of the Ling and of two powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, destroyed Herbert's court hopes, and, induced the reto by A cholas Ferrar and Laud, ne took holy orders in 163c and vas made rector of Bemerton, in Willishire where he passed the remainder of his life. After describing his marriage on the third day after his first interview with the lady, Izaak relates, vitu characteristic simplicity and minuteness, a quaint episode in the ne. incumbent's preparation for 'The third day after he as made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his so ord and silk clothes into a canonical habit, he returned so habited with his friend Mr Woodnot to Bemerton, and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her You are no v a minister's vife, and must no v so far forget your fither's nouse as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners, for you are to kno that a priest's vafe can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility, and I am sure places so purchased do best become And let me tell you, I am so good a herald no to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meck a vife as to assure him it was no veying ne is to her, and that he should see her observe it ath a cheerful willingness?

Herbert discharged his pastoral dut es with saintly real and purity, but his strength was not equal to his self-imposed tasks, and he died in I chruar, 1633. Lo e and devotion to the mother Church of England shines through all his poems His principal v ork is The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ljaculations It was not printed till the year after his death, but was so - ell received that Walton says twenty thousand copies vere sold in a few years. The poem on Virtue is one of his gems, but e en there & fird, as in all Herbert's poetry, disturbing conceits and oddities. Elser rere we even ha e

God gave th, soul brave sings, jut not thou feathers Into a bed to sleep out all ill seathers.

Less audacious than his friend Donne, he yet permitted himself a land of imagery that attracts some and repels others. James Montgomer, and his Temple vis 'decotion turned into masquerade' Dr George Macdonald, on the other hand, holds that his use of homelest imagery for highest thought ranks him the highest kind of poets. His originality, his imaginative gift, his quaint humour, are undisputed. He is less sweet, less exquisite, has less of the ecstatic temper th King James, who gave him a sinecure office I than Crashaw, but is terser more English, nore

genuine In his own way he was very fastidious his workmanship is elaborate, his rhythms are often intricate. He was a musician, and sang his own hymns to the lute or viol, one catches echoes of his music in the harmonious cadence of his verses. Crashaw and Vughan, Charles the Martyr and Baxter the Puritan, Cowper and Coleridge, were amongst the warmest admirers of the Temple—more, perhaps, for the pregnancy and devoutness of his spiritual thoughts than for the purely poetic worth of his verse. His poetry alone would not have secured him so many loving readers had it not been for his single minded and lovable character, enshrined in the pages of good old Walton,



GEORGE HERBERT From the Engraving by R. White in the British Museum.

his prose work, the *Country Parson*, and the warm and fervent piety which gave a charm to his life and breathes through all his writings

Vertue

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridall of the earth and skie,
The dews shall weep thy fall to night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angrie and brave, Bids the rish gazer wipe his eye, Thy root is ever in its grave, And thou must die

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie, Thy music shews ye have your closes, And all must die

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives

The Pulley

When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said He, 'poure on him all we can,
Let the world's riches, which dispersed he,
Contract into a span'

So strength first made a way,
Then beautic flowed, then wisdome, honour, pleasure,
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay

'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature
So both should losers be

'Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them, with repining restlessness,
Let him be rich and wearie that at least,
If goodnesse lead him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast'

Matins

I cannot ope mine eyes
But Thou art ready there to catch
My mourning soul and sacrifice,
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart? Silver, or gold, or precious stone, Or starre, or rainbow, or a part Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart, That Thou shouldst it so eye and wooe, Pouring upon it all Thy art, As if that Thou hadst nothing els to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts, and richly, to serve Thee,
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be

Teach me Thy love to know,
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman shew,
Then by a sunne beam I will climb to Thec.

Sunday

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His bloud,
The couch of Time, Care's balm and ba,
The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth shew the way

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow
The worky daies are the back part,
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appeare.

Man had straight forward gone To endlesse death but thou dost pur And turn us round, to look on One, Whom, if we were not very dull, We could not choose but look on still, Since there is no place so alone,

The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are On which heaven's palace archèd lies The other days fill up the spare And hollow room with vanities. They are the fruitfull beds and borders In God's rich garden that is bare Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of man's life Thredded together on Time's string, Make bracelets to adorn the wife Of the eternall glorious King On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope, Blessings are plentiful and rife, More plentiful than hope

This day my Saviour rose, And did inclose this light for His, That, as each beast his manger knows, Man might not of his fodder misse Christ hath took in this piece of ground, And made a garden there for those

Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation Our great Redeemer did remove With the same shake, which at His passion Did the earth and all things with it move. As Samson bore the doores away, Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation, And did unhinge that day

The brightnesse of that day We sullied by our foul offence Wherefore that robe we cast away, Having a new at His expense, Whose drops of bloud paid the full price, Fliat was required to make us gay, And fit for paradise

Thou art a day of mirth And where the week-dates trail on ground, Thy flight is higher, as thy birth O let me take thee at the bound, Leaping with thee from seven to seven, Till that we both, being tossed from earth, Flie hand in hand to heaven!

The Quip

The merrie World did on a day With his train bands and mates agree To meet together where I lay, And all in sport to geere at me.

I irst Beautic crept into a rose, Which when I pluckt not, 'Sir,' said she, 'I cll me, I pray, whose hands are those? But I hou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

icer

Then Money came, and chinking still, 'What tune is this, poore man?' said he, 'I heard in Musick you had skill ' But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me

Then came brave Glorie puffing by In silks that whistled, who but he! He scarce allowed me half an en-But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me Then came quick Wit and Conversation, And he would needs a comfort be, And, to be short, make an oration But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hours of Thy designs To answer these fine things shall come, Speak not at large, say, I am Thine, And then they have their answer home.

The Collar

I struck the board, and cry'd, 'No more; I will abroad'

What, shall I ever sigh and pine? My lines and life are free, free as the road, Loose as the winde, as large as store Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn To let me bloud, and not restore What I have lost with cordiall fruit?

Sure there was winc

Before my sighs did drie it, there was corn Before my tears did drown it, Is the yeare onely lost to me? Have I no bayes to crown it, No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted, All wasted?

Not so, my heart, but there is fruit, And thou hast hands

Recover all thy sigh-blown age On double pleasures, leave thy cold dispute Of what is fit and not, forsake thy cage, Thy rope of sands

Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee Good cable, to enforce and draw,

And be thy law.

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see

Away 1 take heed, I will abroad

Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy fears,

He that forbears

To suit and serve his need

Deserves his load

But as I rav'd and grew more herce and wilde

At every word,

Methought I heard one calling, 'Childe,' And I reply'd, 'My Lord'

Herbert was decidedly High Church in sympathies, attached importance to the things Puritains made light of, and though he does not insist on asceticism for all, gives in the Parson quite painful prescriptions as to the extent to which fasting should be carried at the specified days and seasons His native sagacity and insight are well shown in the chapter of the Country Parson suggestively called 'The Parson's Lye,' in which it will be noted that he assumes Gerson, chancellor of the University of Paris, to be the author of the Inntatio Christi

The countrey parson, at spare times from action, stand ing on a hill and considering his flock, discovers two sorts of vices, and two sorts of vicious persons are some vices whose natures are alwayes clear and evident, as adultery, murder, hatred, lying, &c. There are other vices, whose natures, at least in the beginning

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are dark and obscure, as covetousnesse and gluttony So likewise there are some persons who abstrin not even from known sins there are others, who when they know a sin evidently, they commit it not. It is true, indeed, they are long a knowing it, being partiall to themselves, and witty to others who shall reprove them from it man may be both covetous and intemperate, and yet hear sermons against both, and himselfe condemn both in good earnest And the reason hereof is, because the natures of these vices being not evidently discussed or known com monly, the beginnings of them are not easily observabled, and the beginnings of them are not observed, because of the suddain passing from that which was just now lawfull, to that which is presently unlawfull, even in one con So, a man dining eats at first lawfully tinued action but proceeding on, comes to do unlawfully, even before he is aware, not knowing the bounds of the action, nor when his eating begins to be unlawfull. So a man storing up mony for his necessary provisions, both in present for his family and in future for his children, hardly perceives when his storing becomes unlawfull vet is there a period for his storing, and a point or center when his storing, which was even now good, passeth from good to bad -Wherefore the parson, being true to his businesse, hath exactly sifted the definitions of all vertues and vices, especially canvassing those whose natures are most stealing, and beginnings uncertain Particularly, concerning these two vices not because they are all that are of this dark and creeping disposition, but for example sake, and because they are most common, he thus thinks -

First, for covetousnes he lays this ground soever, when a just occasion cals, either spends not at all, or not in some proportion to God's blessing upon him, is covetous The reason of the ground is manifest, because wealth is given to that end, to supply our occa Now, if I do not give every thing its end, I abuse the creature, I am false to my reason, which should guide me, I offend the supreme Judg, in perverting that order which He hath set both to things and to reason The application of the ground would be infinite. But in brief, a poor man is an occasion, my countrey is an occasion, my friend is an occasion, my table is an occasion, my apparell is an occasion. If in all these and those more which concerne me, I either do nothing, or pinch, and scrape, and squeeze blood, indecently to the station wherein God hath placed me, I am covetous. particularly, and to give one instance for all, If God have given me servants, and I either provide too little for them or that which is unwholsome, being sometimes baned [diseased] meat, sometimes too salt, and so not com petent nourishment, I am covetous I bring this example because men usually think that servants for their mony are as other things that they buy, even as a piece of wood which they may cut, or hack, or throw into the fire, and, so they pay them their wages, all is well -Nay to descend yet more particularly, if a man hath wherewithall to buy a spade, and yet hee chuseth rather to use his neighbour's and wear out that, he is covetous Nevertheless, few bring covetousness thus low, or consider it so narrowly, which yet ought to be done, since there is a justice in the least things, and for the least there shall be a judgment Countrey people are full of these petty injustices, being cunning to make use of another, and spare themselves And scholers ought to be diligent in the observation of these, and driving of

their generall school rules even to the smallest actions of life which while they dwell in their bookes, they will never finde, but being seated in the countrey, and doing their duty faithfully, they will soon discover, especially if they carry their cycs ever open, and fix them on their charge, and not on their preferment

Secondly, for gluttony, the parson lays this ground He that either for quantity eats more than his health or imployments will bear, or for quality is licorous after dainties, is a glutton, -as he that eats more then his estate will bear, is a prodigall, and hee that eats offensively to the company, either in his order or length of cating, is scandalous and uncharitable rules generally comprehend the faults of eating, and the truth of them needs no proof So that men must eat, neither to the disturbance of their health, nor of their affairs, (which, being over burdened or studying dainties too much, they cannot wel dispatch,) nor of their estate, nor of their brethren One act in these things is bad, but it is the custom and habit that names a glutton think they are at more liberty then they are, as if they were masters of their health, and so they will stand to the pain, all is well. But to eat to one's hurt com prehends, besides the hurt, an act against reason, because it is unnaturall to hurt oneself, and this they are not masters of Yet of hurtfull things I am more bound to abstain from those which by my own experience I have found hurtfull, then from those which by a common tradition and vulgar knowledge are reputed to be so -That which is said of hurtfull meats, extends to hurtfull As for the quantity, touching our imploy ments, none must eat so as to disable themselves from a fit discharging either of divine duties, or duties of their So that if after dinner they are not fit (or unweeldy) either to pray or work, they are gluttons. Not that all must presently work after dinner For they rather must not work, especially students, and those that are weakly But that they must rise so as that it is not meate or drink that hinders them from working guide them in this there are three rules First, the custome and knowledge of their own body, and what it can well digest. The second, the feeling of themselves in time of eating, which because it is deceitfull (for one thinks in eating that he can eat more then afterwards The third is the observation with what he finds true) appetite they sit down This last rule joyned with the first never fails For knowing what one usually can digest, and feeling when I go to meat in what disposi tion I am, either hungry or not, according as I feele myself, either I take my wonted proportion or diminish of it Yet phisicians bid those that would live in health, not keep an uniform diet, but to feed variously, now more, now lesse And Gerson, a spirituall man, wisheth all to incline rather to too much, then to too little, his reason is, because diseases of exinanition are more dangerous then diseases of repletion. But the parson distinguisheth according to his double aime, either of abstinence a morall vertue, or mortification a divine When he deals with any that is heavy and carnall, he gives him those freer rules. But when he meets with a refined and heavenly disposition, he carryes them higher, even somtimes to a forgetting of themselves, knowing there is One Who, when they forget, remembers for As when the people hungered and thirsted after our Saviour's doctrine, and tarryed so long at it that they would have fainted had they returned empty, He suffered

it not, but rather made food miraculously then suffered so good desires to miscarry

facula Prudentum is a collection of about a thousand short sayings and proverbs from various quarters, many of them, as Herbert says, 'outlandish,' but some of them no doubt his own Thus there are some from Burton (see page 440)

See Herbert's Works in Prose and Verse, with the Life by Izaak Walton and notes by Coleridge (1846), other editions by Nichol (1863), Grosart (1876), and Shorthouse (1882) and an excellent anonymous Life (S P C K, 1893)

George Wither (1588-1667) was a voluminous author, in the midst of disasters that would have damped the spirit of any but an enthusiast of his happiest strains were composed in prison, spite of stone walls and iron bars, his fancy was among the hills and plains, with shepherds hunting, or loitering with Poesy by rustling boughs and There is a delightful freshmurmuring springs ness and natural vivacity in Wither's carly poetry, though he became harsh, obscure, and affected when the brightness of youth passed from him At his best he had great diversity of style and subject, and a gift of true poetical feeling and Wither, born on the 11th of June 1588, at Bentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn For his satire Abuses Stript and Whipt (1613) he was thrown into the Marshalsea, where he composed several of his best pocms, and in particular his pastoral, The Shepheards Hunting In the civil war Wither took the popular side, and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the Parliament rose to the rank of major, and in 1642 was made governor of Farnham Castle During the struggles of that period the poet was made prisoner by the royalists and stood in danger of capital punishment, when Denham interfered for his brother-bard, alleging that as long as Wither lived he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England The joke was a good one if it saved Wither's life He was afterwards Cromwell's major-general in Surrey, and Master of the Statute Office From the sequestrated estates of the royalists Wither obtained a considerable fortunc, but the Restoration came, and he was stripped of all his possessions He remonstrated loudly and angrily, his remonstrances were voted libels, and for a satire on the Parliament of 1661 the unlucky poet was again thrown into prison. He was released, under bond for good behaviour, in 1663, and died in London on the 2nd of May 1667

Wither's fame is derived chiefly from his early poems, written before he had come under Puritan influences or been embroiled in the war. The Shepheard's Hunting (in which Willy is his friend the poet William Browne, and Philarete is himself) was issued in 1615, as was also Fulcha. His Motto, a confession in two thousand lines of verse, appeared in 1621, his Juzenilia, a reprint of all his best work, in 1622. Faire Virtue or

the Mistresse of Philarete (1622) displays Wither's genius in its transitional state Certain portions of this collection of lyrics have extraordin try beauty, such as the opening lines descriptive of the poet's home in Hampshire, but the beauties are interspersed, with long passages of the dullest and commonest kind, showing how rapidly Wither was losing his charm Much of Wither's religious poetry is sweet, tender, and devout (though as he advanced in life much of it, like his version of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, became little better than doggerel) The Hymns and Songs of the Church (1623) were set to music by Orlando Gibbons The Psalms of David translated appeared in 1632, the Limblems Ancient and Modern in 1635 Among the two hundred and thirty hymns in *Hallelujali*, another collection-designed for persons and purposes as various as members of Parliament, fullers, poets, tailors, for sheep-shearings, for house-warmings-there are two or three still found in modern hymn-books, such as 'Behold the Sun that seemed but now,' 'The Lorg is King and heareth' Wither's satirical and controversial works were numerous but without merit

Long before his death his poetry had fallen into oblivion Pope in the Dunctad stigmatised him as 'wretched Withers'-'Withers' is a rccognised spelling of the family name-and spoke of him as sleeping among the dull of ancient days, safe where no critics damn Bishop Percy was kindler, holding him 'not altogether devoid of genius' But George Ellis, in his Specimens of Early English Poets (1790), was the first to call to mind 'that playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment, which distinguish the poetry of his early youth' Sir Egerton Brydges, Southcy, Hallam, and especially Charles Lamb (in the Essay of 1818) restored him to his place in the Temple of Fame Wither's poem on Christmas affords a lively picture of the manners of the times Address to Poetry, the one cheering companion of his prison solitude, recounts the various charms and the 'divine skill' of his Muse, that had derived nourishment and delight from the 'meanest objects' of external nature—a daisy, a bush, or a tree, and, when these picturesque and beloved scenes of the country were denied him, could gladden even the vaults and shades of a prison

From 'The Shepheards' Hunting'

Philarete Cheere thee, honest Willy, then, And begin thy song agen Willy Faine I would, but I doe feare When againe my lines they heare, If they yield they are my rimes, They will faine some other crimes, And 'tis no safe ventring by Where we see Detraction ly For doe what I can, I doubt, She will picke some quarrell out, And I oft have heard defended, Little said, is soone amended Phil See'st thou not in clearest dayes, Oft thicke fogs cloud heav is rayes,

And that vapours which doe breath From the earths grosse wombe beneath, Seeme not to us with black steames, To pollute the sunnes bright beames, And yet vanish into ayre, Leaving it unblemisht faire? So (my Willy) shall it bee With Detractions breath on thee. It shall never rise so hie, As to strine thy poesie As that sunne doth oft exhale Vapours from each rotten vale, Poesie so sometime drunes Grosse concerts from muddy braines, Mists of envy, fogs of spight, I wixt mens judgements and her light But so much her power may do, That shee can dissolve them to If thy verse doe bravely tower, As shee makes wing, she gets power Yet the higher she doth sore, Shee's affronted still the more Lill shee to the high'st hath past, Then she rests with fame at last, Let nought therefore thee affright But make forward in thy flight For if I could match thy rime, To the very starres I'de clime There begin again and flye Till I reach'd Æternity But (alasse) my Muse is slow For thy place shee flags too low Yea, the more's her haplesse fate, Her short wings were clipt of late. And poore I, her fortune ruing, Am my selfe put up a muing But if I my cage can rid, I'le flye where I never did And though for her sake I'me crost, Though my best hopes I have lost, And knew she would make my trouble Ten times more then ten times double I should love and keepe her to, Spight of all the world could doe. For though banish't from my flockes, And confin'd within these rockes, Here I waste away the light, And consume the sullen night, She doth for my comfort stay, And I eepes many cares away Though I misse the flowry helds, With those sweets the spring tyde yeelds, Though I may not see those groves Where the shepheards chant their loves, (And the lasses more excell, Then the sweet voye'd Philomel,) Though of all those pleasures past Nothing now remaines at last But Remembrance (poore reliefe) That more makes then mends my griefe Shee's my mindes companion still, Maugre envies evill will (Whence she should be driven to, Wer't in mortals power to do , She doth tell me where to borrow Comfort in the midst of sorrow,

Makes the desolatest place To her presence be a grace, And the blackest discontents To be pleasing ornaments In my former dayes of blisse, Her divine skill trught me this, That from every thing I saw, I could some invention draw And raise pleasure to her height, Through the meanest objects sight. By the murmure of a spring, Or the least boughes rustching, By a dazic whose leaves spied, Shut when Tytan goes to bed, Or a shady bush or tree, She could more infuse in mee Then all Natures beautics can In some other wiser man By her helpe I also now Make this churlish place allow Some things that may sweeten gladnes, In the very gall of sadnes The dull loannesse, the blacke shade, That these hanging vaults have made, The strange musicke of the waves, Beating on these hollow cives, This blacke den which rocks embosse Over growne with eldest mosse, The rude portals that give light, More to Terror then Delight, This my chamber of Neglect, Wall'd about with Disrespect,-From all these and this dull ayre, A fit object for Despaire, She hath trught me by her might To draw comfort and delight. Therefore thou best earthly blisse, I will cherish thee for this, Poesie, thou sweet'st content That e're heav'n to mortals lent Though they as a trifle leave thee Whose dull thoughts cannot concerve thee, Though thou be to them a scorne, That to nought but earth are borne Let my life no longer be Then I am in love with thee. Though our wise ones call thee madnesse Let me never taste of gladnesse If I love not thy madd'st fits, More then all their greatest wits. And though some too seeming holy Doe account thy raptures folly, Thou dost teach me to contemne What make Knaves and Fooles of them

The Steadfast Shepherd.

Hence away, you Syrens, leave me,
And unclaspe your wanton armes,
Sugred words shall ne're deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charmes.)
Fie, fie, forbeare,
No common snare
Could ever my affection chaine
Your painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in youne.

Than

I'me no slave to such as you be, Neither shall a snowy brest, Wanton eye, or lip of ruby, Ever robb me of my rest Goe, goe, display

Your beauties ray

To some ore soone enamour'd swaine.

Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles

Are all bestowed on me in vaine

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie, Turne away thy tempting eyes. Shew not me a naked beautic, Those impostures I despise.

My spirit lothes,

Where gawdy clothes
And funed othes may love obtaine

I love her so

Whose looke sweares No, That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies Which on every brest are worne, That may plucke the spotlesse roses From their never touched thorne?

I can goe rest
On her sweet brest
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine.
Then hold your tongues,

Your mermaid songs
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine

Hee's a foole that basely dallies Where each peasant mates with him Shall I haunt the thronged vallies, Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe?

No, no, though clownes
Are skar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine
And those He prove,
So shall your love

Be all bestowed on me in vaine

Yet I would not dagne embraces With the greatest fairest shee, If another shar'd those graces, Which had beene bestowed on me

I gave that one,
My love, where none
Shall come to robb me of my game.
Your fickle hearts

Makes teares, and arts, And all, bestowed on me in vaine

I doe scorne to vow a dutie Where each lustfull lad may wooe Give me her whose sun like beautie Buzzards dare not soare unto

Shee, shee it is
Affoords that blisse,
For which I would refuse no paine.
But such as you,
I ond fooles, adue,

You sceke to captive me in vaine. Provid she seem'd in the beginning, And disdaind my looking on But that coy one in the winning, Proves a true one being wonne.

What ere betide,
Shee 'I nere divide
The favour shee to me shall daigne
But your fond love
Will fielde prove
And all that trust in you are vaine

Therefore know, when I enjoy one, (And for love employ my breath), Shee I court shall be a cov one.

Shee I court shall be a coy one, I hough I winne her with my death

A favour there I ew ayme at dare

And if perhaps some lover plaine, Shee is not wonne,

Nor I undone,

By placing of my love in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me, Seeke no more to worke my harmes Crastic wiles cannot deceive me Who am proofe against you'r charmes

You labour may
To lead astray

The heart that constant shall remaine

And I the while Will sit and smile,

To see you spend your time in vaine
(From The Mistresse of Philarete)

Christmas

So now is come our joyfulst feast, Let every man be jolly Each roome with yvie leaves is drest, And every post with holly

Though some churles at our mirth repine, Round your forheads gurlands twine, Drowne sorrow in a cup of wine

And let us all be merry

Now all our neighbours chimneys smoke, And Christmas blocks are burning, Their ovens they with bak't meats choke, And all their spits are turning

> Without the doore let sorrow he And if for cold it hap to die, Weele bury't in a Christmas pye,

And evermore be merry

Now every lad is wondrous trimin, And no man minds his labour Our lasses have provided them A bag-pipe and a tabor

Young men and mayds, and girles and boyes, Give life to one anothers joyes And you mon shall by their noyse

Perceive that they are merry

Ranke misers now doe sparing shun Their half of musicke soundeth And dogs thence with whole shoulders run, So all things there aboundeth

The countrey folke themselves advance,
For crowdy mutton's come out of Lrance
And Jack shall pipe, and Jyll shall dannee,
And all the towne be merry

Ned Swish hath fetcht his bands from piwne, And all his best appirell Brish Nell hath bought a ruff, of lange

Brisk Nell hath bought a ruffe of lawne, With droppings of the barrell. And those that hardly all the yeare
Ifad bread to eat or raggs to weare,
Will have both clothes and daintie fare
And all the day be merry

Now poore men to the justices
With capons make their arrants, errands
And if they hap to faile of these,
They plague them with their warrants
But now they feed them with good cheere,
And what they want, they take in beere
For Christmas comes but once a yeare,
And then they shall be merry

Good farmours in the countrey nurse The poore, that else were undone Some land lords spend their money worse On lust and pride at London

> There the roysters they doe play, Drabb and dice their lands away, Which may be ours another day

And therefore lets be merry

The clyent now his suit forbeares, I he prisoners heart is eased, The debtor drinks away his cares, And for the time is pleased

Though others purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,
And therefore lets be merry

Harke how the wagges abrode doe call Each other foorth to rambling Anon youle see them in the hall, For nutts and apples scambling

Harke how the roofes with laughters sound! Annon they'l thinke the house goes round For they the sellars depth have found.

And there they will be merry

The wenches with their wassell bowles, About the streets are singing The boyes are come to catch the owles, The wild mare in is bringing

Our kitchin boy hath broke his boxe, And to the dealing of the oxe, Our honest neighbours come by flocks, And here they will be merry

Now kings and queenes poore sheep cotes have, And mate with every body The honest now may play the knave, And wise men play at noddy

> Some youths will now a mumming goe Some others play at Rowland hoe, And twenty other gameboyes moe

Because they will be merry

Then wherefore in these merry daies, Should we, I pray, be duller? No, let us sing some roundelayes, To make our mirth the fuller

And whilest thus inspir'd we sing, Let all the streets with ecchoes ring Woods and hills and every thing,

Beare witnesse we are merry

(From the Miscellany appended to The Mistresse of Philarete)

In Hampshire crowdy is a kind of pie, the wild mare, a see saw in Shakespeare is here the Yule log, gamebojes is gambols

A Sonnet upon a Stolne Kisse

Now gentle sleepe hath closed up those eyes,
Which waking kept my boldest thoughts in age
And free accesse unto that sweet lip hes,
From whence I long the rosie breath to draw
Me thinkes no wrong it were, if I should steale
From those two melting rubies one poore kisse
None sees the theft, that would the thiefe reveale,
Nor rob I her of ought which she can misse
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little signe I had done so
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow
Well, if she do, He back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for lone
(From the Miscellany appended to The Mistresse of Philarete)

The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet

Shall I, wasting in despute
Dye because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be she fairer than the Day
Or the flowry Meads in May,
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I how faire she be?

Shall my seely heart be pin'd
Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed Nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle dove or Pellican
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's Vertues move
Me to perish for her Love?
Or her wel deservings knowne
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that Goodness blest
Which may merit name of best
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Cause her Fortune seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that beares a Noble mind,
If not outward helpes she find,
Thinks what with them he wold do,
That without them dares her wooe
And unlesse that Minde I see
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or faire
I will ne're the more despaire
If she love me (this beleeve)
I will die ere she shall grieve
If she slight me when I wooe,
I can scorne and let her goe,
For if she be not for me
What care I for whom she be?

(From Fidelia)

The principal editions of Wither's works are the Spenser Society's reprints (1871-83) and that edited by Mr Frank Sidgwick (2 vols. 1903). Mr Arber issued *Philarete* and *Fidelia* in his 'English Garner, and Henry Morley published a selection in 1891

Francis Rous (1579–1659), who divides with King David the honour of being the sweet psalmist of the Scottish people, was a Cornishman, born at his father's house of Halton, near Saltash Oxford he was already known as a sonneteer, and before he was twenty he had published Thule or Virtues History, a poem in imitation of Spenser He graduated at Leyden too, and entered the Temple, but, settling in the country, produced between 1616 and 1627 a series of theological and devotional works- Veditations of Instruction, The Arte of Happines, The Oyl of Scorpions, &c He was sent up to the House of Commons by Truro in 1625, was conspicuous in Parliament, and in 1643 was made provost of Eton College. He withdrew from the Presbyterian party, became a strong Independent, was a member of Cromwell's Council of State, and a month or two before his death was by Cromwell created a Lord of Parlia-He was a strenuous opponent both of popery and of Arminianism, and continued to write theological and political pamphlets and treatiseson the Mystical Marriage of the Soul to the Saviour, the Heavenlie Academie, &c , and a number of his most important speeches have been preserved His translation of the Psalms (1643) was not sanctioned by the English Parliament, but after being revised by himself (1646) and altered in a good many places by a Scottish committee, was adopted both by the General Assembly and the Scottish Parliament Like the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism, also an English production, the metrical translation of the Psalms became not merely part of the most cherished spiritual inheritance of the Scottish nation, but an important element in its intellectual education for more than two centuries It served even as a kind of model for verse-writing to those who had access to few more poetical standards, and was only gradually extruded from its supremacy as the vehicle of praise in the public worship of the chief Presbyterian communions after the middle of the nineteenth century. It is mostly in 'common' ballad metre, with some 'long' metre psalms and a few 'peculiar' metres, is literal to (often over) the verge of unintelligibility, utterly lacking the dignity of the original, and as verse is harsh, uncouth, and generally hardly befter than But it is terse, simple, sincere, has won favourable comment from critics with no predilection for things Presbyterian or Scottish, was regarded as an adequate rendering of the psalter by a nation far from illiterate, and was interwoven with the most sacred associations of many generations of earnest Christian people

Rous's version of the Psalms was printed in 1643, revised in 1646, and approved by the Long Parliament, but never came into use in England. The first metrical version used in Scotland from the Reformation till 1650 was the English 'Old Version' by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others There was a version by King James

and the Earl of Stirling (printed 1631), one by Mure of Rowallan (circulated in MS), and one by Zachary Boyd (1646), but none of these was ever adopted for public worship The General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, having Rous's version sent to them by the English Parliament, appointed a committee (including Zachary Boyd) to revise Rous's version for use in Scotland, taking advantage of Mure's and Boyd's versions, and in 1650 sanctioned the result of the committee's labours, still the standard version in Scotland We give the last three verses of the Twenty-third Psalm in Rous's two versions, and that finally adopted by the Kirk of Scotland in 1650 Boyd's is given at page 515. A comparison will show how completely the so called 'Scottish' version may still be regarded as the handswork of the old English Roundhead

Rous's Original Version, 1643

And though I were even at death's doore, yet would I feare none ill,
Thy rod, thy staffe do comfort me,
and thou art with me still

Thou hast my table richly spread in presence of my foe, My head with oile thou dost anoint, my cup doth overflow

Thy grace and mercy all my daies shall surely follow me,
And ever in the house of God my dwelling place shall be

Rous's own Revised Version, 1646

Yea though I walk in death's dark vale
I'le fear no evil thing,
Thou art with me, thy rod, thy staffa
to me do comfort bring

Before me thou a table fitt'st in presence of my foes My head thou dost with oile anoint, my cup it overflowes

Goodnesse and mercy all my life shall surely follow me, And in God's house for evermore my dwelling place shall be

Rous revised by the Scottish Committee, 1650

Yen, though I walk in death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill

For thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still

My table thou hast furnished in presence of my foes, My head thou dost with oil anoint, and my cup overflows

Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely follow me And in God's house for evermore my dwelling place shall be.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

James VI. to the Civil War.



HEN the various racial and tribal elements in North Britain had been hammered into one monarchy, it was the Anglic stock of the Lowlands and not the Scotic of the West Highlands that obtained the upper hand

under the Celtic line of kings, and it was their language-the Anglian, Northumbrian, or Northern English-spoken in the same form from the Forth to the Humber, that became the national language, and assisted in the process, not yet quite completed, of welding the several peoples of the north (Celtic, Anglic, Norse, and other) into one nation The Highlander is yet very unlike the Lowlander in many points of temperament and character, but the national type is the essentially Anglo-Savon, utterly un-Celtic Lowlander, hyper-English in his caution, 'dourness,' and undemonstrativeness In Bede's mouth Scotta-land meant the land of the Irish settlers in Argyll, of the Scoti, but byand-by the Southrons naturally came to regard as Scots all the subjects of the sovereign officially styled King of Scots, and called his whole country Scotland Inevitable, too, it was that the Lowlanders, though Anglic to the bone, should, in contradistinction to the Southern English with whom they were so often at war, at length speak of themselves as Scots But apparently they carefully avoided speaking of their language as Scottish Till the sixteenth century the Scottish tongue in Lowland usage meant the Scotic Erse or Irish Gaelic of Argyll It was not till a time of special embitterment in the long wars between the northern and southern kingdoms, when north of Tweed resentment against the Southrons had reached its highest pitch, that, as we have seen, a Lowlander was moved to speak of the Lowland vernacular as Scottis (see page 164) And long before this the influence of Southern English on this Lowland tongue was quite marked

The charm and power of the poetry of Chaucer contributed very largely to make the English of the southern Midlands the literary language for the whole of the great southern kingdom, reducing alike the tongue of the northerners in Northumbria and of the southerners in Sussex and Hampshire to the rank of provincial dialects Chaucer's power is seen in the fact that his combination of the native Midland English with the Norman-Trench, which for three hundred years had been the literary language of England, was henceforth, though to a very great extent French in vocabulary,

to be regarded as the 'well of English undefiled' In Scotland French never was the literary tongue, and though some Scots writers at times affected a pedantic Gallicism, the vernacular of the Lowlands never admitted anything like the same proportion of French words as did literary English, the words for which, in reading Lowland Scots, an Englishman requires a glossary are in the vast majority of cases words of pure English stock, fallen in England into desuetude But on the vernacular benorth the Tweed Chaucer's influence was also powerful, and southern forms became more and more frequent in Scots prose and verse. The Reformation (see page 166) gave a prodigious impulse to the Anglicising process, and the period from the first Reformation to what in Scotland is called the Second Reformation may be regarded as the last age during which the northern vernacular, the Lowland Scots, was the national tongue of the country beyond the Tweed Of Scottish national literature in the national tongue it might at the accession of James to the crown of England have been said—as a century later at the union of the kingdoms was said by the Scottish chancellor of the Scottish parliament and polity-' Now there's ane end of ane old song' For from the union of the crowns it became the ambition of educated Scotsmen to write, and to be able to speak, the literary English of the court and of the south And when in the beginning of the eighteenth century there was a revival of Lowland Scots it was not as a national tongue but as a provincial vernacular, admitted to literary use only for certain specific purposes For the general purposes of literature English remained the vehicle, nobody now wrote books in Scotch Even Burns wrote many poems in English, and his letters are invariably in English, and rather florid English' (save on the two or three occasions when he wrote a facetious and extravagant jargon) Scott made admirable use of an eclectic and partially Anglicised Lowland Scots for dialogue in his novels and in some of his songs, but even in writing the history of Scotland for a Scottish boy, he would have regarded as absurd any attempt to indite the work in the Lowland vernacular he knew and loved so well in James's reign, then during the commotions begun under his successor the Lowland Scots ceases to be the normal literary instrument of The vernacular was reserved for increasingly restricted purposes and for secondary literary uses, in conversation even the educated

went on speaking at home a mixed dialect quite is much Scottish as Lighsh. But the language of the pulpit and the bar, as well as of books, approximated very closely to English, with northern vords and frequent Scotticisms it might be, the transitional compounds of Scottish-Linglish or Finalish Scottish are many, curious, and a mously B, the middle of the seventeenth proportioned century many Scotsmen wrote passible Linglish, though when they essayed to speak it their tongue bearryed them—the Scottish accent' remained indefensible, even to this day a perfectly Lughsh tongue in a Scott sh mouth is sufficiently But with the educated it is a matter of in ton it on and utter use, hardly at all of vocabulary or dialect

The outstanding fact in the history of Scottish literative (see piges 107, 168 is that, from the later part of the sixteenth century and throughout the next, notable names are-in contrast with carlier profusion-sadly ten in number. Against scores of fimous English writers, including Spenser and Shakespeare, Sidney and Raleigh, Hooker and Brean, it is difficult to choose a dozen Scotsmen as worth naming it all, even if one includes Montgomery and Ayton, the Luds of Stirling and Ancrum. Who but specialists read even Drummond now? Sapier was a genius, but he does not belong to hierature, Rutherford and Leighton are prized for their spiritual and devotional power. We set to the national credit all the Scottish authors who-like Drummond and most of the others in verse, life the amazing Sir Thomas Urguhart, the 'Bluidy Mackenzie,' and Eletcher of Saltoun in prose-wrote no longer Scotch, but is good English is they could comprise But even so, Scotland has little or nothing to set alongside the works of Hobbes, Milton, Jeremy Li lor, Bunyan, Dryden, nothing at ill to give promise of a coming renascence—of Hume and Ad un Smith, of Dug ild Stewart, Smollett, Boswell, Henry Mackenaic, Burns, in the eighteenth century, or of Scott and Jeffrey, of Chalmers, Christopher North, Carlyle, in the nineteenth.

As Professor Masson testifies, he is but a poor Scotsman valo, noting the literary insignificance of Scotland in the seventeenth century, forgetsthat it was then precisely that Scotland exerted its most decisive influence on the general history of the British islands, or doubts that the result was largely 'traceable to Scotland's obstinate perseverance so long in her own peculiar politico coclesiastical controversy, and to what had been argued or done in the course of it, on one side or the other, by such men as Andrew Melville, Alexander Henderson, Argyle, Montrose, Claver house, and Carstares' The century may be roughly divided into two halves, and the barrenness of this most birren period is mitigated by the first appearance—or by the redaction in something like their present shape—of many of the Scottish bullads

King James VI. and I. (1566-1625), the Scottish Solomon, would have been untrue to himself had he not even in boyhood cherished the ambition of gaining fame as an author 'The wisest fool in Christendom' was exceptionally well educated, and had some literary aptitude Macaulay, exaggerating antitheses as usual, iffirmed that he was made up of two men—'a nervous drivelling fool, who acted,' and 'a witty well read scholar, who wrote, disputed, and harangued' But his writing, like his disputing and haranguing, was mostly tedious and to little purpose

He beg in to publish when a boy of eighteen, and in the Scottish vernicular An Schort Freatise of Scottis Poesie (1584) contained 'reulis and crutelis to be observit and eschewit,' absurd and irbitrary many of them, but all early literary criticism has historic value The Irealise was followed by his Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine alit of Poeste, in which he doubtless illustrated as fir as he could his rules and cautions, without too great success—the experiments comprised sonnets m Scottish, Ane Schort Poeme of Tyme, also m Scottish, The Phania, inspired by Pliny, in seven-line stanzas, and a close and fairly spirited translation of L'Uranie of Du Bartas, who, as ambassador from the King of Navarre, flattered the King of Scots to the top of his bent later volume of Poetwall Exercises contains more translations from Du Bartas, the king's extraordinary doggerel glorification of the battle of I cpanto in billad metre, ind a translation of the same into French by the admiring diplomit, as the work of 'the Apollo of our time'! This longest of James's poems (nearly a thous ind lines) runs like this

The I urquish Host in manner like
Themselves they did array,
The which two Bashaas did command
And order everic way
For Portan Basha had in charge
To governe all by land,
And Ah Basha had by sea
The only chefe command

The Schoot Poeme of Tyme belongs to a decidedly higher category

As I was pansing in a morning airc, pensing, meditating And could not sleep nor nawayis take me rest, Furth for to walk, the morning was sa faire, Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best. The Last was cleare, whereby belyee I gest guessed. That fyrie Fitan cumming was in sight, Obscuring chast Diana by his light.

Who by his rysing in the azure skyes,
Did dewlic helse all thame on earth do dwell—greet
The balmie dew through birming drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweit and smell,
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphicins heit
Up in the aire—it was so light and weit

Whose hie ascending in his purpour Sphere Provoked all from Morpheus to flee As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir, birr, noise Men to their labour, bissie as the Bee Yet ydle men devysing did I see How for to dryve the tyme that did them irk, By sindrie pastymes, quhill that it grew mirk

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle So willingly the precious tyme to tyne And how they did them selfis so farr begyle, trouble at To fashe of tyme, which of itself is fyne Fra tyme be past to call it bakwart syne Is bot in vaine therefore men sould be warr To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr

-brief ware pursue

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe, Which gives him dayis his God aright to knaw? Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe, So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw Evin from the tyme, which is on nowayes slaw To flie from us, suppose we fled it noght? More wyse we were, if we the tyme had soght.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing, I wald we sould bestow it into that Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat, idleness Bot, sen that death to all is destinat, Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us, In doing weill, that good men may commend us

James's metrical version of the Psalms (said to be mainly the Earl of Stirling's work) was not pub-In 1901 Mr R S Rait, who had lished till 1631 (in The Royal Rhetorician, 1900) reprinted the Treatise, the Essays, and the Counterblast, printed (in folio) nineteen unprinted poems and prose pieces from a volume of James's MSS found in the Bodleian in 1900

James's most noted prose publications, almost wholly in English as he understood it (not without pronounced Scotticisms), are the Damonology (1597), the Basilicon Doron (1599), and A Counterblast against Tobacco (1604), but he issued four Meditations on Scripture and a tractate on the Oath of Allegiance The *Doron* was written for the instruction of his son Prince Henry a short time before the union of the crowns Allowance being made for James's 'high' view of the royal prerogative, it is a shrewd, sensible, and well-worded treatise on the duties and responsibilities of kings He instances the evil example of James V, 'who by his adulterie bred the wracke of his lawfull daughter and heire, in begetting that bastard, who unnaturally rebelled, and procured the ruine of his owne Soverane and sister,' and he denounces 'such famous invectives as Buchanans or Knoxes Chronicles, and if any of these infamous libels remaine untill your daies, use the law upon the keepers thereof' In the preface to the Damonology the king displays his learning in maintaining the existence and criminality of witches, who he says abounded in Scotland

Sorcery and Witchcraft

The fearefull abounding at this time in this Countrey of these detestable slaues of the Diucl, the Witches or enchaunters, hath mooued mee (beloued Reader) to dispatch in post, this following Treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serue for a shew of my learning and ingine, but onely (moued of conscience) to preasse thereby, so farre as I can, to resolue the doubting hearts of many, both that such assaults of Satan are most certainely practised, and that the instruments thereof ments most seucrely to be punished against the dainnable opinions of two principally in our aage, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in publike Print to deny, that there can be such a thing as Witch craft and so maintaines the old errour of the Sadduces in denying of spirits, The other called Wierus, a German Physition, sets out a publike Apologie for all these crifts folkes, whereby, procuring for their impunitie, he plainely be wrayes himselfe to have bene one of that profession And for to make this Treatise the more pleasant and facill, I have put it in forme of a Dialogue, which I have divided into three Bookes The first speaking of Magie in generall, and Necromancie in speciall The second, of Sorcerie and Witch craft and the third containes a discourse of all these kinds of spirits, and Spectres that appeares and troubles persons, together with a conclusion of the whole worke My intention in this labour is onely to prooue two things, as I have already said The one, that such druelish artes have bene and are The other, what exact triall and seuere punishment they merit and therefore reason I, What kinde of things are possible to be performed in these Arts, and by what naturall causes they may be, not that I touch every particular thing of the Diuels power, for that were infinite but onely to speake scholastickely, (since this cannot be spoken in our language) I reason vpon genus, leauing species and differentia to bee comprehended As for example, speaking of the power of Magiciens, in the first booke and sixt Chapter, I say, that they can suddenly cause be brought vnto them all kinds of daintie dishes by their familiar spirit, since as a thiefe he delights to steale, and as a spirit he can subtilly and suddenly ynough transport the same vnder this genus may be comprehended all particulars depending thereupon, such as the bringing Wine out of a wall (as wee haue heard oft to haue bene practised) and such others, which particulars are sufficiently prooued by the reasons of the generall.

How Witches Travel

Philomathes But by what way say they, or thinke yee it possible they can come to these valuavfull conventions? Epistemon There is the thing which I esteeme their senses to be deluded in, and though they lie not in confessing of it, because they thinke it to be trew, yet not to be so in substance or effect for they say that by divers meanes they may conucene either to the adoring of their Master, or to the putting in practise any seruice of his, committed vnto their charge one way is naturall, which is naturall riding, going, or sailing, at what houre their master comes and aduertises them and this way may be easily beleeued another way is some what more strange, and yet it is possible to bee trew which is, by being carried by the force of the spirit which is their conducter, either aboue the earth, or aboue the Sea swiftly, to the place where they are to meete which I

then

do

am persuaded to bee likewise possible, in respect that as Habakkul was carried by the Angel in that forme, to the den where Daniel lay, so thinke I, the diuell will be readie to imitate God, as well in that as in other things which is much more possible to him to doe, being a Spirit, then to a mighty wind, being but a naturall Meteore, to trans port from one place to another, a solide body, as is commonly and daily seene in practise But in this violent forme they cannot be carried but a short bounds, agreeing with the space that they may retaine their breath for if it were longer, their breath could not remaine vnex tinguished, their body being carried in such a violent and forcible maner, as by example If one fall off a small height, his life is but in perill, according to the hard or soft lighting but if one fall from an high and stay [steep] rocke, his breath will be forcibly banished from the body, before he ean win to the earth, as is oft seene by experience And in this transporting they say themselues, that they are invisible to any other, except amongst themselues, which may also be possible in my opinion For if the deuil may forme what kinde of impressions he pleases in the aire, (as I have said before, speaking of Magic) why may hee not farre easilier thicken and ob scure so the aire that is next about them, by contracting it straite together, that the beames of any other mans eyes cannot pierce thorow the same, to see them? But the third way of their comming to their conventions, is that wherein I thinke them deluded for some of them say, that being transformed in the likenesse of a little beast or foule, they will come and pierce through whatsoeuer house or church, though all ordinarie passages be closed, by whatsoeuer open the aire may enter in at And some say that their bodies lying still, as in an extasie, their spirits will be raushed out of their bodies, and caried to such places, and for verifying thereof, will give evident tokens, as well by witnesses that have seene their body lying sencelesse in the meane time, as by naming persons whom with they met, and giving tokens what purpose was amongst them, whom otherwise they could not haue knowen for this forme of journeying, they affirme to use most, when they are transported from one coun trey to another

In his Counterblast James declares that many of the nobles and gentry spent three and four hundred pounds [Scots, it is to be hoped] a year on tobacco The man, he says, who introduced it was 'generally hated,' meaning Raleigh He seems to have done Raleigh an injustice (small compared with his other sins against him !) in making him It was almost certainly the introducer of tobacco Drake or Hawkins who brought tobacco hither, but Raleigh had doubtless much to do with promoting its popularity by encouraging the growth James concludes his Counterblast with these emphatic words 'Smoking is a custome loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse.'

Alexander Hume (1560?–1609), a son of Patrick Hume, Baron Polwarth, studied at St Andrews and Paris for the Scottish bar, held some court appointments, but in 1598 forsook the world to enter the Church, and died the sternly Puritan minister of Logie in 1609 He published a volume of Hymns or Sacred Songs in the year 1599 most finished poem is a description of a summer's day, which he calls the Day Estivall The natural aspects of Scottish landscape are painted with truth and clearness, and the poem is instinct with It opens as follows devout feeling

> O perfite light, which shaid away shed, divided The darkenes from the light, And set a ruler ou'r the day, over Ane uther ou'r the night,

Thy glorie, when the day foorth flies, Mair vively dois appeare, lively Nor at mid day unto our eyes The shining Sun is cleare

The shaddow of the earth anon Remooves and drawes by, Sine in the East, when it is gon, Appeares a clearer sky,

Quhilk Sunne perceives the little larks, The lapwing and the snyp, And tunes their sangs like nature's clarks, O'er midow, mure, and stryp

The summer day of the poet is one of unclouded splendour

> The time sa tranquill is and still, That na where sall ye find, Saif on ane high and barren hill, An air of peeping wind

All trees and simples, great and small, That balmy leif do beir. Nor thay were painted on a wall, Nae mair they move or steir

The rivers fresh, the callor streames cool Ou'r rocks can softlie rin, The water cleare like chrystall seames, And makes a pleasant din

The condition of the Scottish labourer would seem to have been then more comfortable than at present, and the climate of the country warmer, for Hume describes those working in the fields as stopping at midday, 'noon meat and sleep to take,' and refreshing themselves with 'caller wine' in a cave, and 'sallads steeped in oil'. As the poet lived four years in France, he was doubtless drawing on his Continental recollections for some of the features in this picture At length 'the gloaming comes, the day is spent,' and the poet concludes in a strain of pious gratitude and joy

> What pleasour were to walke and see Endlang a river cleare. The perfite forme of everie tree Within the deepe appeare

The salmon out of cruifs and creils, Uphailed into skowts, The bels and circles on the weills Through lowpping of the trouts.

leaping

Along

O then it were a seemely thing,
While all is still and calme,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With cornet and with shalme.

Throw all the land great is the gild Of rustik folks that one, Of bleiting sheep fra they be fild, Of calves and rowting ky

lowing kine

All labourers drawes hame at even,
And can till uther say,
Thankes to the gracious God of heauen,
Ouhilk send this summer day

Cruts and creels, cruives and baskets, are frames of wooden spars and wickerwork contrivances in rivers for catching hish skeruls are boats, and weills are patches of deep dead water at the bend of a stream

The Triumph of the Lord is his account of the 'defait of the Spanish Navie.' He prefixes to his poem an exhortation to the Scottish youth to forswear profane sonnets, vain ballads, and fabulous romances (which we must think were not very much in demand), denounced popery, and published some sermons and a treatise on conscience The Hymns and Songs were published by the Bannatyne Club in 1832, and there is the Rev Menzies Fergusson's Alexander Hume, an early Poet-Pastor of Logie (Paisley, 1899)

Sii Robert Ayton (1570-1638), Scottish courtier and poet, was the son of Ayton of Kinaldie, near St Andrews, graduated at St Andrews, studied law at Paris, and was ambassador to the Emperor James I appointed him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and private secretary to his queen, besides conferring upon him the honour of knighthood Ben Jonson told Drummond that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly says he was acquainted with all the wits in Engand, specially naming Hobbes of Malmesbury He was a man of culture, wrote verses in French, Latin, and Greek, and was one of the first Scotsmen to write English, prose and verse, with tolerable purity He was, indeed, one of the very earliest of the Cavalier poets, and Dryden accounted some of his verses as amongst the best of that age. He was buried in Westminster Diophanius and Charidora is not a great poem, though better than his stilted and awkward The best known of his shorter Latin verses poems-some of them wonderfully felicitous-is Inconstancy Upbraided (sometimes called To an Inconstant Mistress)

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame,
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
I'le that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine,
Yea, if thou hadst remained thine own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou mightst elsewhere enthral,
And then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,

Thy choice of his good fortune boast,
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,

To see him guin what I have lost,

The height of my disdain shall be,

To laugh at him, to blush for thee,

To love thee still, but go no more

A begging at a beggar's door

On rather slender authority another famous poem (of which Burns made a rather poor Scotch version) has been credited to him, as has also the prototype of Burns's Auld Lang Syne Probably the poem An Inconstant Mistress, given below, was confounded with Inconstancy Upbraided, given above

I do confess thou 'rt smooth and fur,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisses everything it meets,
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,
Armed with her briers, how sweet she smells!
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while
Like fair flowers to be thrown aside,
And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none

The first verse (first of six) of Old Long Synu is as follows

Should old acquaintance be forgot, And never thought upon? The flames of love extinguished, And freely past and gone? Is thy kind heart now grown so cold, In that loving breast of thine, That thou canst never once reflect On old long sync?

See an edition of the poems, with a memoir, by Dr Charles Rogers (1844 and 1871), and Professor II Walkers I hree Centuries of Scottlish Literature (1893).

The Earl of Stirling—William Alexander of Menstrie (1567?-1640), made an earl by Charles I in 1633—was a conspicuous Scottish courtier and public functionary as well as a fairly prolific poet Born at Menstric, in the house which afterwards gave buth to Sir Ralph Abercromby, he studied at Glasgow and Leyden, travelled in France, Sp iin, and Italy, and published Aurora (1604) and a series of four Monarchicke Tragedies - Darius (1603), Crasus (1604), The Alexandræan Tragedy (1605), and Julius Cæsai (1607) The theme is in all four the fall of ambition, and the method is an imitation of the Greek dramit, the plays are dignified in style and contain some fine lyrics, but they are utterly wearisome. He was knighted by 1609, in 1613 was attiched to the household of Prince Charles, in 1614 was made Master of Requests for Scotland, and published Part I of his huge poem Doomesday (not completed till He received in 1621 the grant of 'Nova Scotia,' a vist tract in Canada and what now is the United States, in 1631 he was made sole printer of King Junes's version of the Psalms From 1626 till his death he was the Secretary of State for Scotland, and in 1627-31 he was also made Keeper of the Signet, a Commissioner of Lachequer, and a Judge of the Court of Session The French pushed their conquests in America, und Alexander's grant of lands became valueless Long unpopular as too self-seeking and avaricious, he was now suspected and hated. In 1630 he was created Viscount and in 1633 Earl of Stirling, in 1639 also Earl of Dovan (Burns's 'crystal Devon'), but he died insolvent in London next year tragedies are not dramatic, but their quatrains are graceful. The songs, sonnets, elegies, and madrigals forming the Amora are marred by concerts, yet show fancy and ingenuity, his friendly rival, Drummond, said he was a better poet than Tasso His amitory poems Stirling did not include in his collected Recreations with the Muses (1637) Julius Casar play contains some passages rather noticeably resembling Shakespeare's, but as the greater drama was almost certainly written some years before, there is no ground for holding—as used to be held—that Shakespeare borrowed from Stirling I famous passage in the Tempest was supposedsomewhat hypercritically (though in this case the date of the Fen fiel, 1611 or thereabouts, would permit the derivation)—to be also derived from the I irl of Stirling In his play of Darr is the reflection,

Of glassic scepters let fruie greatnesse vaunt, Not scepters no, but reeds, which (rus dup) break, And let eve flatt'ring shows our wits enchant, All perish dure, ere of their pomp men speak Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halfs, With furniture superfluonsly faire,
Those stately courts, those skie encountring walls,
Do vanish all like vapours in the agre
O' what affliction jealous greatnesse beares,
Which still must travell to hold others downe,
Whil'st all our guards not guard us from our feares,
Such toile attends the glory of a crowne.

inevitably recalls Shakespeare's lines

 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind

The following is one of the Earl of Stirling's best sonnets

I sweare, Aurora, by thy starrie eyes,
And by those golden lockes whose locke none ships,
And by the coroll of thy rosic hippes,
And by the naked snowes which beautic dies,
I sweare by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solide judgement and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearely shin'd
I sweare by those, and by my spotlesse love,
And by my secret yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurs'd but chast desires,
And such as modestic might well approve
Then since I love those vertuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this vertuous mind in me?

See the Glasgow edition of the Earl of Stirling 5 work (1370), the Memori ils by Charles Rogers (1877), and Walker's Turce Centuries of Scottish Literatur (1893)

Robert Earl of Ancrum (1578-1654), son of Ker of Ancrum and grandson of Ker of Ferniehirst, enjoyed the favour of James and of Charles I, by whom he was promoted to various court appointments and made Larl of Ancrum On Charles's execution he retired to Amsterdam, where he died in debt. He translated the Psalms, like others of his contemporaries, and the following sonnet, addressed to Drummond of Hawthornden in 1624 (as reproduced in Ker's Correspondence, 1875), shows how since the unions of the crowns the Scottish vernacular was being supplemed by English

Sweet solitary life. Ionely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise.
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy.
Which from sore wrongs done to one shelf doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, I rath a first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broil,
When the whole day to our own use we special,
And our dear time no herce ambition spoil.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge.
I or mjuries received, nor dost icar.
The Court's great carthquake, the great d truth of charge.
Nor none of falsehoists savours like d at hear.
Nor know at Hope's sweet disease that charms car sense.
Nor it's sad cure, dear by ight I sperience.

To the content he approach that the "The date of this size of theme and the plane as the very 1 defaulter size of the very 1 temporal to the Correspondent with a sound too that Link of Lethich (1975).

William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649) rose as a poet above mere provincial fame, and was associated in friendship and genius with his great English contemporaries. His father, Sir John Drummond, was gentleman-usher to King James, and the poet seems to have inherited his reverence for royalty—few authors have been more outspoken in their loyalty. Having graduated at Edinburgh and studied civil law in France (1607–8), he succeeded his father in 1610 as second laird of Hawthornden—a perfect home for a poet. In all Scotland there are few more beautiful glens than the cliffs, caves, and wooded banks of the Esk at Hawthornden, hereafter to be known for Drum-



WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN
From the Engraving prefixed to his Works (Edinburgh, 1711)

mond's sake as 'classic Hawthornden,' and close by is the ornately sculptured Roslin Chapel, besung by Scott. Drummond was a most accomplished man, well read not merely in Greek and Latin literature, but in French, Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew In 1613 he published Tears on the Death of Maliades, or Henry, Prince of Wales In 1616 appeared a volume of Poems Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall, in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals, chiefly of love and sorrow The death of his wife (1614), within a year of her marriage, was keenly felt, he did not marry again for eighteen years Forth Feasting, a Panegyru to the King's Most Excellent Majesty (1617), congratulates James effusively and lengthily on his revisiting his native country of Scotland Drummond spent his life mainly between poetry and mechanical experiments—the poet patented a new kind of pistol, a pike, a battering-ram, a telescope, a burning glass, an anemometer, and a condenser abhorred the Covenant, but was constrained to subscribe it, relieving his feelings by bitterly sar-

castic verses His affection for the royal cause and the king's person was so keen that grief for the royal martyr's death hastened his own Flowers of Zion appeared in 1623 his prose works include a History of the Five Jameses, some royalist and polemical tracts, and The Cypresse Grove, a prose meditation on death, which Professor Masson pronounces 'superlatively excellent,' insomuch that there is, he thinks, nothing of the same length superior, if anything quite equal to it, in all Sir Thomas Browne or Jeremy Taylor-though the style is in places laboured Drummond was intimate with Drayton, and his friendship with Ben Jonson was cemented by a memorable visit paid to him by Jonson at Hawthornden in the winter of 1618 On the 25th of September the magistrates of Edinburgh conferred the freedom of the city on Jonson, and on the 26th of October following he was entertained by the civic authorities to a banquet During Jonson's stay at Hawthornden, the Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by the great dramatist, and chronicled some of his foibles and failings (see page 403) It should be remembered that his notes were private memoranda, never published by himself, and their truth has been partly confirmed from other sources mond's poetry is sweet rather than strong, many of his sonnets are admirable and exquisite, and, as compared with his other poems, have fewer conceits and more natural feeling, elevation of sentiment, and grace of expression. He wrote a number, of madrigals, epigrams, and other short pieces, some of which are rather coarse. purity of his language, the harmony of his verse, and the play of fancy, musical sweetness, and melancholy mysticism are conspicuous features, but his range was manifestly limited. With more energy and force of mind he would have been a greater favourite with Ben Jonson-and with posterity He shows pronounced traces of Italian influence, but he was more sensitive to natural scenery than any of his contemporaries, and he was one of the first to see and record the beauty of a snow-clad hill

From 'Forth Feasting'

What blustring Noise now interrupts my Sleep? What ecchoing Shouts thus cleave my chrystal Deep, And seem to call me from my wat'ry Court? What Melody? What Sounds of Joy and Sport, Are convey'd hither from each neighbouring Spring? With what loud Rumours do the Mountains ring? Which in unusual Pomp on Tip toes stand, And (full of Wonder) overlook the Land? [bright, Whence comes these glitt'ring Throngs, these Meteors This golden People glancing in my Sight? Whence doth this Praise, Applause and Love, arise? What Lord star East-ward draweth thus all Eyes? Am I awake? Or have some Dreams conspired To mock my Sense with what I most desir'd? View I that living Face, see I those Looks, Which with Delight were wont t' amaze my Brooks?

Do I behold that Worth, that Man divine, This Age's Glory, by these Banks of mine? Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain, My much beloved Prince is come again, So unto them whose Zenith is the Pole, When Six black Months are past, the Sun doth roll So after Lempost to Sea tossed Wights Taire Helen's Brothers show their chearing Lights So comes Arabia's Wonder from her Woods, And far far off is seen by Memphis Floods, The feather'd Sylvans cloud like by her fly, And with triumphing Plaudits beat the Sky, Nyle marvels, Serap's Priests (entranced) rave, And in Mygdonian Stone her Shape ingrave, In lasting Cedars they do mark the Time In which Apollo's Bird came to their Clime

Let Mother Earth now deckt with Flow'rs be seen And sweet breath'd Zephyres curl the Meadows green, Let Heaven weep Rubies in a Crimson Show'r, Such as on Indies Shoars they use to pour Or with that golden Storm the Fields adorn, Which Jove rain'd when his Blew ey'd Maid was born. May never Hours the Web of Day out weave, May never Night rise from her sable Cave Swell proud my Billows, faint not to declare Your Joys as ample us their Causes are For Murmurs hourse, sound like Arion's Harp, Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp, And you my Nymphs, rise from your moist Repair, Strow all your Springs and Grots with Lillies fair, Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and pray Our Floods and Lakes come keep this Holy day, What e're beneath Albama's Hills do run, Which see the rising or the setting Sun, Which drink stern Grampius' mists, or Ochel's Snows Stone rolling Tay, Time Tortoise like that flows, The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey Wild Neverne, which doth see our longest Day, Ness smoaking Sulphur, Leave with Mountains crown'd Strange Lowmond for his floating Isles renown'd The Irish Rian, Ken, the Silver Air, The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy Hair, The Christal streaming Nid, loud bellowing Clyde, Tweed which no more our Kingdoms shall divide Rank swelling Annan, Lid with curled Streams, The Eskes, the Solway where they lose their Names, To ev'ry one proclaim our Joys and Feasts, Our Triumphs, bid all come and be our Guests And as they meet in Neptune's azure Hall, Bid them bid Sea Gods keep this Festival, This Day shall by our Currants be renown'd, Our Hills about shall still this Day resound Nay, that our Love more to this Day appear, Let us with it henceforth begin our Year

To Virgins, Flow'rs, to Sun burnt Earth, the Rain, To Mariners fur Winds amidst the Main, Cool Shades to Pilgrims, which hot glances burn, Arc not so pleasing as thy blest Return That Day (dear Prince)

Epitaph on Prince Henry

Stry, Passenger, see where enclosed hes The Paragon of Princes, fairest Frame, Time, Nature, Place, could show to mortal Eyes, In Worth, Wit, Virtue, Miracle of Fame At least that Part the Larth of him could claim This Marble holds (hard like the Destinies)

For as to his brave Sp'rit, and glorious Name, The one the World, the other fills the Skies. Th' immortal Amaranthus, princely Rose, Sad Violet, and that sweet Flow'r that bears In Sanguine Spots the Tenor of our Woes, Spread on this Stone, and wash it with your Tears Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde, You saw where Earth's Perfections were confin'd

Milton in his Lycidas introduced in the same way the fabled origin of the hyacinth

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.

To his Lute

My Lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow With thy green Mother in some shady Grove, When immelodious Winds but made thee move, And Birds their Ramage did on the bestow Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve, Which wont in such harmonious Strains to flow, Is reft from Earth to tune those Spheres above, What are thou but a Harbinger of Woe? Thy pleasing Notes be pleasing Notes no more, But Orphans Wailings to their fainting Ear, Each Stroke a Sigh, each Sound draws forth a Tear, For which be silent as in Woods before Or if that any Hand to touch thee daign,

Like widow'd Turtle still her Loss complain

The Praise of a Solitary Life

Thrice happy he who by some shady Grove, Far from the clam'rous World, doth live his own Though solitary, who is not alone, But doth converse with that eternal Love O how more sweet is Birds harmonious Moan, Or the hoarse Sobbings of the Widow'd Dove, Than those smooth Whisperings near a Prince's Throne, Which Good make doubtful, do the Evil approve! O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome Breath, And Sighs embalm'd, which new born I low'rs unfold, Than that Applause vain Honour doth bequeath! How sweet are Streams to poyson drunk in Gold! The World is full of Horrors, Troubles, Slights, Woods harmless Shades have only true Delights.

To a Nightingale

Sweet Bird that sing'st away the early Hours, Of Winters past or coming void of Carc, Well pleased with Delights which present are, Fair sersons, budding Sprays, sweet smelling Flow'rs To Rocks, to Springs, to Rills, from leavy Bow'rs, Thou thy Creator's Goodness dost declare, And what dear Gifts on thee he did not spare, A Stain to humane Sense in Sin that low'rs What Soul can be so sick, which by thy Songs (Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven Quite to forget Larth's Furmoils, Spites and Wrongs, And lift a reverent Eye and Thought to Heaven? Sweet artless Songster, thou my Mind doest raise, To Ayres of Spheres, yea and to Angels layes

Sonnets

In Mind's pure Glass when I my self behold. And lively see how my best Days are spent, What Clouds of Care above my Head are rol'd, What coming Ill, which I cannot prevent

My course begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what Reason oft hath told,
But scarce thus think I, when Love hath control d
All the best Reasons Reason could invent
Tho sure I know my Labour's End is Gricf,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
That only Death shall be my last Relief
Yet when I think upon that Tace divine,
Like one with Arrow shot, in Laughter's place,
Maugre my Heart, I joy in my Disgrace.

I know that all beneath the Moon decays,
And what by Mortals in this World is brought,
In Time's great Periods shall return to nought,
That fairest States have fatal Nights and Days.
I know that all the Muses heavenly Lays,
With toil of Sp'rit, which are so dearly bought,
As idle Sounds of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain Praise
I know frail Beauty like the purple Flower,
To which one Morn oft Birth and Death affords,
That Love a jarring is of Minds Accords,
Where Sense and Will bring under Reason's Power
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that (alas) I both must Write, and Love

There is no ground, happily, for attributing to Drummond, as was done till quite lately, the coarse, clever, farcical macaronic, *Polemo-Muddinia*, published anonymously in 1683, and probably written by an obscure pamphleteer and rhymester, Samucl Colvill, who was publishing his things between 1670 and 1690

In this passage from the *Cypress Grove* we see Drummond dealing with one of the great problems of urn burial somewhat in the spirit and after the manner of Browne

For to easy censure it would appear that the soul, if it can fore see that divorcement which it is to have from the body, should not without great reason be thus over grieved, and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustom'd sorrow considering their near union, long familiarity and love, with the great change, pain, and ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of death

They had their being together, parts they are of one reasonable creature, the harming of the one is the weaking of the working of the other. What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses? They are the gates and windows of its knowledge, the organs of its delight. If it be tedious to an excellent player on the lute to abide but a few months the want of one, how much more the being without such noble tools and engines be painful to the soul? And if two pilgrims which have wandred some few miles together, have a hearts grief when they are near to part, what must the sorrow be at parting of two so loving friends and neverloathing lovers as are the body and soul?

Death is the violent estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from the parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interier of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows or age worn stories all strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honour into contempt, glory into baseness. It is the

reasonless breaker off of all actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures of earth, nor contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetu ally setteth, stars never rise unto us it in one moment robbeth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together by this are successions of linages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned it is not overcome by pride, soothed by flattery, tam'd by intreaties, brib'd by benefits, softned by lamentations, nor diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help every thing. By death we are exiled from this fair city of the world, it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more a people unto it runcs of phanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames, yield a sad prospect to the soul, and how should it without horror view the wrack of such a wonderful masterpicce as is the body?

Drummond's poems have been edited for the Maitland Club (1832), by Peter Cunningham (1833), W D Furnbull (1857), and W C. Ward (1894). See the Life by Professor Masson (1873) and the essay in Edinburgh Shetches also Prof H Walker's Three Centuries of Scottish Literature (1893).

John Spottiswoode, successively Archbishop of Glasgow (consecrated 1610) and of St Andrews (1615) in the reign of James VI, was born in 1565 The son of the Superintendent (practically bishop) of Lothian, he was educated at the University of Glasgow, and became a parish minister in 1583. He went to London as King James's chaplain in A strenuous and active promoter of the king's scheme for the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, he stood high in the favour of James, as well as of Charles I, by whom he was made Lord Chancellor of Scotland in 1635 He reluctantly entered into the king's unwise measures for introducing a liturgy into Scotland, and became hateful to the Covenanting party. He was present in St Giles's Church in Edinburgh during the fateful Jenny Geddes riot. The Glasgow Assembly of 1638 deposed and excommunicated the archbishop. who retired to London and died there in 1639 He wrote, at the command of James, a History of the Church of Scotland, from 203 to 1625 A.D. When the king was told that some passages in such a work might possibly bear too hard upon the memory of his mother, he desired Spottiswoode to 'write and spare not,' and yet, says Bishop Nicolson, 'the historian ventured not so far with a commission as Buchanan did without one' The history was published in London in 1655, and is fair on the whole, though not always impartial.

Destruction of Monasteries.

Whilst these things thus passed, John Knox returned from Geneva unto Scotland [1559], and joining with the Congregation, did preach to them at Perth—In his sermon he took occasion to speak against the adoration of images, shewing that the same tended to God's dishonour, and that such idols and monuments of superstition as were erected in churches ought to be pulled down, as being offensive to good and godly people. The sermon ended and the better sort gone to dinner, a priest, rather to try men's affections than out of any devotion, prepared to say Mass, opening a great case wherein was the history of divers saints exquisitely carved—A young boy that stood

by saying that such boldness was insufferable, the priest give him a blow. The boy in an anger casting a stone at the priest, happened to break one of the pictures where upon a stir was presently raised, some of the common sort falling upon the priest, others running to the altar and breaking the images, so as in a moment all was pulled down in the church that carried any mark of idolatry The people upon the noise thereof assembled in great numbers, and invading the cloisters, made spoil of all they found therein. The Franciscans had store of provi sion, both of victuals and household stuff amongst the Dominicans the like wealth was not found, yet so much there was as might show the profession they made of poverty to be feigned and counterfeit. The Curthusians, who passed both those in wealth, were used in like manner, yet was the prior permitted to take with him what he might carry of gold and silver plate spoil was given to the poor, the rich sort forbearing to meddle with any part thereof But that which was most admired was the speed they made in demolishing those edifices. For the Charter house (a building of exceeding cost and largeness) was not only ruined, but the stones and timber so quickly taken away, as in less than two days space a vestige thereof was scarce remaining to be seen They of Couper in Fife hearing what was done at Perth, went in like manner to their church, and defreed all the images, altars, and other instruments of idolatry, which the curit took so heavily, as the night following he put violent hands on himself

The noblemen remained at that time in St Andrews, and because they foresaw this their answer would not be well accepted, and feared some sudden attempt (for the queen with her I renchmen lay then at Falkland), they sent to the lairds of Dun and Pittarrow, and others that favoured religion in the countries of Angus and Mearns, and requested them to meet at St Andrews the fourth day Meanwhile they themselves went to the town of Crail, whither all that had warning came, showing great forwardness and resolution, and were not a little encouraged by John Knox, who, in a sermon made unto them at the same time, put them in mind of that he had forctold at Perth, how there was no sincerity in the queen regent's dealing, and that conditions would not be kept as they had found Therefore did he exhort them not to be any longer deluded with fair promises, seeing there was no peace to be hoped for at their hands, who took no regard of contracts and covenants solemnly sworn And because there would be no quietness till one of the parties were masters, and strangers expulsed out of the kingdom, he wished them to prepare themselves either to die as men, or to live victorious

By this exhortation the hearers were so moved, as they fell immediately to the pulling down of altars and images, and destroyed all the monuments which were abused to idolatry in that town. The like they did the next day in Anstruther, and from thence came directly to St Andrews. The bishop hearing what they had done in the coast town, and suspecting they would attempt the same reformation in the city, came to it well accompamed, of purpose to withstand them, but after he had tried the affections of the to visinen, and found them all inclining to the Congregation, he went away early the next morning towards I ilkland to the queen

that day being Sunday John Knox preached in the parish church, taking for his theme the history of the

and applying the corruption which was at that time in Terusalem to the present estate of the Church, and declar ing what was the duty of those to whom God had given authority and power, he did so incite the juditors, as, the sermon being ended, they went all and made spoil of the churches, razing the monasteries of the Black and Grey friars to the ground

James VI and a Refractory Preacher

The king perceiving by all these letters that the death of his mother was determined, called back his umbas sadors, and at home gave order to the ministers to temember her in their public prayers, which they denied to do, though the form prescribed was most christian and lawful, which was, that it might please God to illumi nate her with the light of his truth, and save her from the apparent danger wherein she was east. Upon their denial, charges were directed to command all bishops, ministers, and other office bearers in the Church to make mention of her distress in their public prayers, and commend her to God in the form appointed. Lut of all the number only Mr David Lindsay at Leith and the king's own ministers gave obedience. At Ldinburgh, where the disobedience was most public, the king, purposing to have their fault amended, did appoint the third of hebinary for solemn prayers to be made in her behalf, command ing the bishop of St Andrews to prepare himself for that day, which when the ministers understood, they stirred up Mr John Cowper, a young man not entered as yet in the function, to take the pulpit before the time and exclude the bishop. The king coming at the hour appointed, and seeing him in the place, called to him from his seat, and said, 'Mr John, that place is destined for another, yet since you are there, if you will obey the charge that is given, and remember my mother in your prayers, you shall go on.' He replying, 'that he would do as the Spirit of God should direct him,' was commanded to leave the place and making as though he would stry, the captain of the guard went to pull him out, where upon he burst forth in these speeches. 'This day shall be a witness against the ling in the great day of the Lord ' and then denouncing a wo to the inhabitants of Ldinburgh, he went down, and the bishop of 5t Andrews entering the pulpit did perform the duty required noise was great for a while amongst the people after they were quieted, and had heard the bishop (as he was a most powerful preacher) out of that text to Finiothy discourse of the duty of Christians in praving for all men, they grieved sore to see their teachers so fir overtaken, and condemned their obstinacy in that point In the afternoon Cowper was called before the conneil, where Mr Walter Balcanquel and Mr William Watson, ministers of the town, accompanying him, for some fille speeches that escaped them at this time were both discharged from preaching in I dinburgh during his imposts a pleasure, and Cowper sent prisoner to Blackness.

See the edition of the history (na derni ed) with pre ined Life published by the Spottiswoode Society in three volumes 111 47

David Calderwood (1575-1650), a minister of the Kirk of Scotland at Crailing, in Royburghshire, was in 1617 imprisoned and banished for procesting against royal encroachments on the Church's rights. In Holland he wrote in Latin Illare Damasce time, an impeachment of the Angli-Gospel touching our Saviour's purging of the Temple, I can Church polits, in virtue of which he was quoted

by Dutch divines as 'Eminentissimus Calderwood' On his return to Scotland, now minister it Pencaitland, he compiled an elaborate History of the Kirk. An abridgment, entitled The True History of the Church of Scotland, was printed in 1646, and the complete work, printed from the manuscript in the British Museum, was issued in eight volumes, Edinburgh, 1841–49, published by the Wodrow Society Calderwood, an unyielding Presbyterian, does not err on the side of tenderness to Episcopalians or Erastians This is his account of the various functions at the reception in Edinburgh of James VI's queen, Anne of Denmark, in 1590

Upon Tuisday, the 19th of May, the queene made her entrie in Edinburgh She came by the south side of the toun, by the West Port, in a coache A young boy descending in a globe, which opened, delivered certane keyes, with a Bible and a Psalme Booke Johne Russell made an harangue in Latine, and the cannons of the castell were discharged. The nobles of Scotland and the Danish road before, and a trune of laders behind The queene herself road in a coache drawin with eight hors, accompanied with the citicens in their gownes, and some of them careing a pale of purple velvet above the coache At the strait of the Bow, Mr Hercules Rollocke, Maister of the Grammar Schoole, made an oratioun At the Butter Trone, there were some young weomen coastlie apparrelled, standing upon a scaffold, playing upon organs, and singing of Mr Johne Craig's sonne, a young boy, had a short oratioun to her At the Tolbuth were five youths, clothed in gentlewomen's apparell, one having a sword, another a ballance, the thrid a booke, the fourth a target, and other two with their signes, all representing Peace, Plentie, Policie, Justice, Liberallitie, and remperance Everie one expouned the significa tioun of their owne signes Theraster, the queene went into the kirk, and satt in the east end, in the loft, under a faire cannable of velvet. Mr Robert Bruce made the sermoun, which being ended within halfe an houre, the queene is brought furth Comming by the Croce, they see there Bacchus drinking, and casting glasses, violers playing, and musicians singing At the Salt Trone was represented the king's genealogie, and at the root of the tree a young boy made an oratioun in Latine. At the port of the Nether Bow were repre sented the seven planets, and the weird givin in Latine, and a faire jewell, of a great price, called the A, was givin to the queene All the way there went, before the honest men of the toun, twentie foure youths clothed, some with cloth of silver, others with white taffetie, and golden chaines about their neckes, legges, and armes, and visoures on their faces, making them seeme Mores The fore staires were covered with tapestrie or faire coverings Mr Andrew Melvill made an oratioun to the ambassaders, to their great admiratioun The king acknowledged that he had honoured him and his countrie that day, promised never to forgett it, and commanded to print it with all diligence. The day following it was delivered to the printer, with an epigramme of dedica tioun to the king, and entituled Eteparloxion Josephus Scaliger, after the sight of it, wrote to Mr Andrew and said, 'Profecto nos talia non possumus' Lipsius reading it, said, 'Re vera Andreas Melvinus est serio doctus' Upon Saturday, the 23d, the Danish ambassaders were banketted by the toun of Edinburgh in the Coine House

The weird was a forecast of the future as indicated by the positions of the stars, the Coine or Cuinzie House was the Mint of Scotland, in a close or lane off the Cowgate.

John Row (1568–1646), minister of Carnock, in Fife, wrote a *Historie of the Kirk of Scotland* from 1588 to August 1637, which, with a continuation to July 1639, by his son, of the same name, was edited in 1842 by David Laing for the Maitland and the Wodrow Societies

Zachary Boyd (1585?-1653), a pious and learned divine of the Scottish Church, has had the unhappy fate to be handed down by tradition as the translator of Scripture into doggerel rhyme. One of the Boyds of Penkill, in Ayrshire, he studied at Glasgow, St Andrews, and Saumur (where his cousin, Boyd of Trochrig, afterwards Principal of Glasgow University, was then professor) Hc spent sixteen years in France, declined a chair at Saumur, and in 1623 became minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow, he was also rector and vice-chancellor of the university there, and to it left his books and a sum of money He was a staunch Covenanter, disapproved Cromwell's supremacy, and, preaching before the victorious general in Glasgow Cathedral, 'ruled at him to his face' He wrote incessantly, and published The Last Battell of the Soul in Death (1629, republished 1831), prose meditations for the sick, a poem on Leslie's victory at Newburn (1640), the preliminary of the great civil war, numerous sermons and pamphlets, The Garden of Zion (2 vols 1644), verse paraphrases of large parts of Scripture—the first volume mainly the Lings of Judah, the second volume containing 'the books of Job, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Songs, all in English verse,' and The Psalmes of David in Meeter (1646) Among his manuscripts are, besides sermons, miscellaneous poems more or less sacred in substance, versions of The Foure Evangels, and Zioit's Flowers, containing in 26,080 lines of verse the fall of Adam, Abel murdered, the Tower of Babel, Abraham and Israc, Joseph and his brethren, and other ten scriptural stories or episodes, down to John the Baptist and the New Jerusalem in the Revelation, together with two edifying but not quite scriptural stories of the Gunpowder Plot and the world's vanities Four of them were printed from the manuscript in 1855 The stories-belated miracle-plays or scriptural 'interludes'-are paraphrased into an imperfectly dramatic form, and are each detailed by some six or eight speakers Thus in 'Jonah' the speakers' are '1 The Lord 2 Jonah. 3 The Shipmaster 4. The Sailors 5 The King of Ninive. 6 The men of Ninive' And in 'John the Baptist' Herod, Herodias, and 'the hangman' take their respective parts as well as the Lord, Elizabeth, Gabriel, and John and his disciples Common rumour credited him with having translated the whole of the Scriptures into verse, and his versions are alluded to as 'Zachary Boyd's Bible' He was one of the committee appointed in 1648 to revise the version of the Psalms by the English Cromwellian, Francis Rous, for use in the Church of Scotland, in some points this version, sung in Scotland from that date till the present day, more closely follows Boyd's and Sir William Mure's than Rous's translation How very similar Boyd's is to Rous's and the use-and-wont 'Scotlish version' may be seen by comparing the renderings given at page 503 with Boyd's of the same three verses of Psalm xxIII

Yea though through valley of death's shade I walk, I'le fear no ill, For thou art with me, thy rod and thy staffe me comfort still.

Thou set'st in presence of my foes a table me before, Mine head with oyl thou dost anoint, my cup it runneth o're

Goodnesse and mercy all the dayes of my life surely shall Me follow, and in the Lord's house for ever I will dwell

The version, though rude, had the merit of being a pretty close translation, and is at least not grotesque. The same cannot be said for the translations in which Zachary permits himself more freedom—though even here there are scenes vividly conceived and lines not lacking in undeniable vigour and uncouth lucidity. The following part of the history of Jonah may be given as perhaps the *ne plus ultra* of unpoetic verse, a good man's efforts to make sacred story impressive becoming, for lack of humour on his part, a caricature far from solemnising in its effects

The Sailors Now over board hee throwne is by and by, Where in the waters he doth sprawling ly There Jonah is, God's wrath for to appease, Ev'n head and eares downe soused in the seas.

But what is this that near him wee doe see,
Like to a tower wambling on the sea, wallowing
A monster great, the Leviathan strong,
With beame like jawes which followes him along
A little space the whale did round him play,
To write his time, but in a short delay
He wheel'd about, and in a trice wee sawe
The living man he buri'd in his mawe

Waves rest content, the surges no more beate, The sea's growne kind, the billowes no more threate, All is made quiet, clouds no more doe frowne, Heav'ns pleased well, doe with their smiles look downe, Waves swell'd before lye levell in their place, Without a wrinkle, smooth as is the glasse No wamblings now, the sea it is tranquill, Heav'ns lowre no more, all is both calme and still.

Jonah I did rebell, heere is my day of Doome,
Feasts damty seeme until the reck'ning come
Alas' too late, it now repenteth me,
That I refus'd to goe to Ninive,
I thought to lurk, but now my miseries
Me clearely tell, God hath unvailed eyes,

And that hee will ov'rtake them by and by, Who ev'r they bee that from his face doe fly I understood that God was good and kind, But mongrell thoughts with foly pierc'd my mind, Heere apprehended, I in prison ly, What goods will ransome my captivity? What house is this, where's neither fire nor candle, Where I no thing but guts of fishes handle? I and my table are both heere within, Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine The like of this on earth man never saw, A living man within a monster's mawe, Buried under mountains which are high and steep, Plung'd under water hundrethe fathomes deep Not so was Noah in his house of tree, For through a window hee the light did see Hee sail'd above the highest waves, a wonder, I and my boat are all the waters under Hee in his ark might goe and also come, But I sit still in such a strait'ned roome, As is most uncouth, head and feet together, Among such grease as would a thousand smother I find no way now for my shrinking hence, But heere to lye and die for mine offence. Light persons were in Noah's hulk together, Comfortable they were each one to other, In all the earth like unto mee is none, Farre from all living I heere lye alone, Where I entomb'd in melancholy sink, Choak't, suffocat, with excremental stink This grieves mee most, that I for grievous sinne, Incare'rd lye within this floating in.

Within this cave with greefe my heart is gall'd, Lord heare the sighs from my heart's centre hal'd, Thou know'st how long I have been in this womb, A living man within a living tomb, O what a lodging! wilt thou in those vaults, As in a Hell most dark, correct my faults? I neither kno when day doth shine, or night Comes for my rest, I'm so depriv'd of sight, Though that the judgement's uncouth sure I share, I of God's goodnesse never will despaire.

I'le turne to him, and in those words will pray Within this whale, what God indites I'le say

By reason of my trouble, I
to God who heard me cry'd,
Out of hell's belly did I cry,
Thou heard'st my voice, I cry'd.

For thou hast cast me in the deepe, in midst ev'n of the sea, Floods compast me, thy billowes all, and waves past over me.

[Here follow, in the same common measure, seven verses more of pretty literal translation from Jonah 11. 1-9.]

Above all Gods O Lord thou dost excell,
I hope thou'lt free me from this paunch of Hell,
And that thou wilt this monster now command,
That it disgorge me out upon the land.
O draw me out of this my moving cave,
And bring thy Jonah from this living grave,
O heare my prayers from this darksome place,
I with my teares flee to thy throne of grace

It was inevitable that such poor doggerel should be parodied by still worse, especially on the part of

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writers desiring, like Samuel Colvill in *The Whitgg's Supplication* (1681), to throw ridicule on the Presbyterian clergy. And it is by the parodies falsely credited to him that poor Zachary is commonly remembered in Scotland to this day. Thus Colvill made Boyd deliberately put on record.

There was a man called Job
Dwelt in the land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the gob,
The same case happen us!

Another part of Job's story was declared to be

Job's wife said to Job,
Curse God and die
O no, you wicked scold,
No, not I

Of Jacob, they put into Boyd's mouth this version

And Jacob made for his wee Josie,
A tartan coat to keep him cosic,
And what for no? there was nae harm
To keep the lad baith saft and warm

Boyd's manuscripts are in the library of Glasgow University See the biographical notice prefixed to Neil's reprint of four of the poems from Zion's Flovers (1855)

Robert Baillie was born at Glasgow in 1599, and educated at the university of that city 1622 he received Episcopal ordination, and was shortly after presented to the parish of Kilwinning In 1637 he refused to preach in favour of Laud's service-book, in 1638 sat in the famous General Assembly of Glasgow, in 1639 served as chaplain in the Covenanting army at Duns Law, and in 1640 was selected to go to London, with other commissioners, and draw up charges against Archbishop Laud On his return to Scotland in 1642 he was appointed joint-professor of Divinity at Glasgow In 1643 he was again sent to London as a delegate to the Westminster Assembly, and in 1649 was chosen by the Church to proceed to Holland and invite Charles II to accept the Covenant and crown of Scotland He performed his mission skilfully, and after the Restoration was made Principal of Glasgow University A competent scholar, he corresponded (in Latin) with Voetius and other Continental scholars, and was master of thirteen languages, including Arabic and Ethiopic. His affectionate letters to Sharp showed that, even till after the 'great renunciation' had actually been accomplished, he refused to believe in the future archbishop's treachery to the Presbyterian A representative of all that was best and most temperate in the Covenanting Church of his age, he died July 1662 His Letters and Journals, edited by David Laing (3 vols Bannatyne Club, 1841-42), give a vivid picture of Scotland—political, ecclesiastical, academical, domestic-in a most confused and distracting time of feud, faction, and civil war, and his record of the Westminster Assembly and its proceedings is very valuable. He wrote in a Scotch which was very nearly provincial English, with many Scotticisms and not a few Scotch words His first letter from London in 1640 to his wife at Kilwinning describes Strafford's first appearance before the Long Parliament

I know thow does now long to hear from me. I wrote to thee on Saturday was eight days from Durham day we went to Darntoun, where Mr Alexander Henderson and Mr Robert Blair did preach to us on Sonday At supper, on Sonday, the post with the Great Seall of England for our safe conduct, came to us, with the Earle Bristol's letter to Lowdoun, intreating us to make haste On Monday we came, before we lighted, to Boroubrig, twentie fyve myles On Tuesday we rode three short posts, Ferribrig, Toxford, and Duncaster There I was content to buy a bobin wastcoat. On Wednesday we came ane other good journey to Newwark on Trent, where we caused Dr Moyslie sup with us On Thurs day we came to Stamfoord, on Fryday to Huntingtown, on Saturday to Ware, where we rested the Sabbath, and heard the minister, after we were warned of the ending of the service, preach two good sermons On Monday morning we came that tuentie myle to London before sun ryseing, all weell, horse and men, as we could wish, diverse merchands and their servants with us, on httle naigs, the way extreamlie foule and deep, the journies long and continued, sundrie of us unaccustomed with travell, we took it for God's singular goodness that all of us were so preserved, none in the companie held better out than I and my man, and our little noble naigs From Killwinning to London I did not so much as stumble this is the fruit of your prayers. I was also all the way full of courage, and comforted with the sense of God's presence with my spirit. We were by the way great expences, their inns are all like palaces, no marvell they extors their guests for three incalls, course enough, we would pay, together with our horses, sixteen or seventeen pound Sterling Some three dish of creevishes, like little partans, two and fourty shillings Sterling Our lodgeings here were taken in the common garden Rothes, Mr Archbald Johnstoun in one, Dumfermling, Mr Alexander Hendersoun in one, the three Barrouns in one, the three Burgesses in one, Lowdoun, whom we expect this night, in a fifth, where Mr Blair hes a chamber, I another, our men a third our house mails everie week above eleven pound Sterling. The Citie is desyreous we should lodge with them, so, to morrow I think we must flitt.

All things here goes as our heart could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland came bot on Monday to toun late, on Tuesday rested, on Wednesday came to Parliament, bot ere night, he was caged. Intollerable pryde and oppression cryes to Heaven for a vengeance. The Lower House closed their doores, the Speaker keeped the keyes till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter, Mr Pym went up, with a number at his back, to the Higher House, and, in a prettie short speech, did, in name of the Lower House, and in name of the Commons of all Eng land, accuse Thomas Earle of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of high treasone, and required his person to be arreisted till probation might be heard So Pym and his back were removed, the Lords began to consult on that strange and unexpected motion The word goes in haste to the Lord Lieutenant, where he was with the King with speed he comes to the House, he calls rudelie at the doore, James Maxwell, keeper of the Black Rod, opens, his Lordship, with a proud glouming countenance, makes towards his place at the boordhead bot at once manie bids him void the House, so he

is forced in confusion to got to doore till he was called After consultation, being called in, he stands, bot is commanded to kneell, and, on his knees, to hear the sentence Being on his knees, he is delyvered to the keeper of the Plack Rod, to be prisoner till he was cleared of these crymes the House of Commons did charge him with offered to speak, bot was commanded to be gone without In the outer roome James Maxwell required him, as prisoner, to deliver his sword, when he had gotten it, he cryes, with a loud voyce, for his man to carric my Lord Lieutenant's sword This done, he makes through a number of people towards his contch, all gazzing, no man capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest of England would have stood discovered all crying, What is the matter? He said, A small matter I warrand yow! They replyed, Yes indeed, high treason is a small matter! Coming to the place where he expected his coatch, it was not there, so he behooved to returne that same way through a world of gazeing people. When at last he had found his coatch, and was entering, James Maxwell told him, Your Lord ship is my prisoner, and must got in my coatch, so he behooved to doe ... l or some dayes too manie went to visit him, bot since, the Parliament has commanded his keeping to be straiter Pursevants were dispatched to Ireland, to open all the ports, and to proclaime that all who had grievances might come over, also to fetch over Sir George Ratcliffe, who will be caused to depone manie The chief is, his intention with the Irish armic, and so manie as the King could make, to fall on the I nglish lords, who are the countrie way, his cruell monopolies, whereby he sucked up, for his own use, the whole substance of Ireland My Lord Montnoris, Sir John Clatworthie, the Chancellor, hes been chief informers The King was much commoved, the Mar queis, by the deliverie of Pym his speech, did somewhat calme him The Parliament of Ireland is sitting a remonstrance from them, without ame knowledge of things done here, came this day to the King, which, they say, has calmed him much, and turned his minde somewhat from the Deputie

We were extreamlie welcome here The Parliament hes granted ane hundred thousand pound Sterling, whereof we shall have near fourtie in present money, to pay our armic six weekes, without prejudice to exact what, according to our bargain, is more due to us from the four shyres. Burton, I hear, is come to toun, Bustwick and Prin are coming, as they were sent for, Lightoun has been twyce heard, and on I ryday, is hoped, sall be absolved. I incolne, on Saturday, did sitt in Parliament, and his petition, to have his cause discussed in Parliament, received. The King, in his first speech, did call us rebels, bot much murmuring being at that style, he thought good, two dayes thereafter, to make a speech to excuse that phrase, and to neknowledge us his subjects, to whom he had sent his Great Seall, and with whom he was in treatie, to settle a perfect agreement, with their consent and approbation

On Luysday list was here a fast. Mr Blur and I preached to our commissioners at home, for we had no cloathes for outgoing. Mame ministers used greater freedome than ever here was heard of Episcopacie it self beginning to be cryed down, and a Covenant cried up, and the Liturgie to be scorned. The Toun of I ondon, and a world of men, minds to present a petition, which I have seen, for the abolition of Bishops, Deanes,

and all their apertcanances. It is thought good to delay it till the Parliament have pulled down Canterburie and some prime Bishops, which they minde to doe so soon as the King has a little digested the bitterness of his I ieutenant's censure. Hudge things are here in working The mighty hand of God be about this great work! We hope this shall be the joyfull harvest of the teares that thir manie yeares hes been sawin in thir kingdomes here are wearse of Bishops This day a committee of ten noblemen, and three of the most innocent Bishops, Carlile, Salisburie, Winchester, are appointed to cognosce by what meanes our pacification was broken, and who advysed the King, when he had no money, to enter in warre without consent of his State. We hope all shall goe weell above our hopes. I hope they will not neglect me, prayer is our best help for albeit all things goes on here above our expectation, yet how soone, if God would but wink, might the devill, and his manifold in struments here watching, turn our hopes in fear! When we are most humble, and dependant on God, whose hand alone has brought this great work to the present passe, we are then most safe. This day I have heard that Conterburie hes ane Apologic at the presse, if it be so, at once I will have more to doc

R BAYLIE.

London, November 18th [1640]

Darnton Derntonn, &c., are contracted forms of Darlington, erceushes is one of many former English spellings of erayfish, all derived from the old French word now spelt tereusses, partons in Scotch for crabs, the Marquess is the Marques of Hamilton, Lightonn, Archbishop Leighton and Canterbure, Archbishop Land

William Lithgow, born at Lanark in 1582, had already visited the Shetlands, Bohemia, Switzerland, &c, when, in 1610, he set out on foot from Paris to Palestine and Egypt His second tramp (1614-16) led him through North Africa from Tunis to Fez, and home by way of Hungary and In his last journey (1619-21) to Spain viâ Ircland he was seized as a spy at Miliga and tortured At London, Gondomar, the Spanish am bassador, promised him reparation, but contented himself with promising So Lithgow assaulted, or by another account was assaulted by, him in the king's anteroom, for which he was clapped into the Marshalsea. He died it Lanirk, perhaps in 1645 He claimed to have wilked more than 36,000 miles, and was as Protestant as he was greedy of money His interesting but euphuistic Rare Adventures and Paineful Peregrinations was published in a complete form in 1632 (12th ed 1814), incompletely in 1614 Besides he wrote The Stage of Breda (1637), Siege of Newcastle (1645), Poems (ed. by Mudment, 1863), &c Lithgow, like the Earls of Ancrum and Stirling and Drummond of Hawthornden, belonged to the first generation of Scotsmen who wrote, or aimed to write, English rather than the contemporary form of Scotch

Sicilian Duellists

And now having followed the Italian saying St me, her a s'ar so'o come mala accompani to [sie']. It is better for a man to be alone than in ill company, I traversed the kingdome to Trapundie [Trapani], seeking transportation for Africke, but could get none, and returning thence

overthwart the iland, I call to memory being lodged in the bourge of Saramutza belonging to a young baron, and being bound the way of Castello Francko, eight miles distant and appertaining to another young noble youth, I rose and marched by the breach of day, where it was my lucke, half way from either towne, to find both these beardlesse barons lying dead and new killed in the fields, and their horses standing tyed to a bush beside them, whereat being greatly moved, I approached them, and perceiving the bodies to be richly cled with silken stuffes, facily [facilely, easily] conjectured what they might be, my host having told me the former night that these two barones were at great discord about the love of a young noble woman, and so it was for they had fought the combat for her sake, and for their own For as fire is to gunpowder, pride lay slaine here so is ambition to the heart of man, which, if it be but touched with selfe love, mounteth aloft and never bendeth downward till it be turned into ashes. here it proved, for that ladies sake, that troppo amore turned to presto dolore Upon which sight, to speake the truth, I searched both their pockets, and found their two silken purses full loaden with Spanish pistolls, whereat my heart sprung for joy, and taking five rings off their foure hands, I hid them and the two purses in the ground, half a mile beyond this place, and returning againe, leaped to one of their horses, and came galloping back to Saramutza, where, calling up my host, I told him the accident, who, when he saw the horse, gave a shout for sorrow, and running to the castle, told the lady the Baron's mother, where, in a moment, she, her children, and the whole town, runne all with me to the place, some cled, some naked, some on footte, and some on horse, where when come, grievous was it to behold their woful and sad lamentations thus seeing them all mad and distracted of their wits with sorrow, left them without good night, and coming to my treasure, made speedy way to Castello Francko, where bearing them the like news, brought them all to the like distraction and flight of feet.

Ireland in 1619

I remember I saw in Irelands North-parts two re markable sights. The one was their manner of tillage, ploughs drawne by horse tayls, wanting garmshing, they are only fastened with straw or wooden ropes to their bare rumps, marching all side for side, three or foure in a ranke, and as many men hanging by the ends of that untoward labour It is as bad a husbandry, I say, as ever I found among the wildest savages alive, for the Cara mins, who understand not the civill form of agriculture, yet they delve, hollow, and turn over the ground with manuall and wooden instruments but they the Irish have thousands of both kingdomes daily labouring beside them, yet they can not learne, because they will not learne, to use garnishing, so obstinate they are in their barbarous consuetude, unless punishment and penalties were inflicted, and yet most of them are content to pay twenty shillings a yeare, before they wil change their custome.

The other as goodly-sight I saw was women travayling or toyling at home, carry their infants about their necks and laying their dugges over their shoulders, would give sucke to the babes behinde their backes, without taking them in their armes. Such kind of breasts, me thinketh, were very fit to be made money bags for East or West-

Indian merchants, being more than halfe a yard long, and as well wrought as any tanner, in the like charge, could ever mollific such leather

As for any other customes they have, to avoyd pro haitie I spare, onely before my pen fice over seas I would gladly shake hands with some of our churchmen there, for better are the wounds of a friend, than the sweet smile of a flatterer, for love and trueth cannot dis semble. Many dissembling impudents intrude themselves in this high calling of God, who are not trucky neither worthily thereunto called, the ground here arising either from a carnall or carelesse presumption, otherwise from needy, greedy, and lacke of bodily maintenance Such is now the corruption of time, that I know here even mechanick men admitted in the place of pastors, yea, and rude bred souldiers, whose education was at the musket-mouth, are become there both Lybian, grave, and unlearned church men Nav, besides them [un]professed, indeed professed schollers whose warbling mouthes, ingorged with spoonefuls of bruised Latine, seldonie or never expressed, unless the force of quaffing spew it forth from their empty sculles, such, I say, interclude their doctrine between the thatch and the church walls tops, and yet their smallest stipends shall amount to one, two, three, or foure hundred pounds a year

Whereupon you may demand mee, how spend they, or how deserve they this? I answer, Their deserts are nought, and the fruite thereof as naughtily spent, for sermons and prayers they never have any, neither never preached any, nor can preach. And although some could, as perhaps they seeming would, they shall have no auditour (as they say) but bare walls, the plants of their parishes being the rootes of mere. Insh. As concerning their carrage in spending such sacrilegious fees, the course is thus

The alehouse is their church, the Irish priests their consorts, their auditors be, Fill and fetch more, their text Spanish sack, their prayers carrousing, their singing of psalmes the whiffing of tobacco, their last blessing aqua vita, and all their doctrine sound drunkenness. And whensoever these parties meete, their parting is Dane like, from a Dutch pot, and the minister still purse bearer, defrayeth all charges for the priest ments of religion, like Podolian Polonians, they succumbe, their conference only pleading mutuall forbearance, the minister affrayed of the priests' wood carnes, and the priests as fearfull of the minister's apprehending or denoting them, contracting thereby a Gibconized covenant, yea, and for more submission's sake, hee will give way to the priest to mumble masse in his church, where in all his life he never made prayer nor sermon.

Loe there are some of the abuses of our late weak and stragling ecclesiasticks there, and the soule sunke sorrow of godless epicures and hypocrites. To all which, and much more, have I been an ocular testator, and sometimes a constrained consociat to their companeonry, yet not so much inforced, as desirous to know the behaviour and conversation of such mercenary Jebusites Great God amend it, for it is a great pity to behold it, and if it continue so still, as when I saw them last, O farre better it were, that these ill bestowed tythes, and church wall rents, were distributed to the poore and needy, than to suffocate the swine fed bellies of such idle and prophane parasites

And here another general abuse I observed, that whensoever any Irish dye, the friend of the defunct (besides other fccs) paying twenty shillings to the English curate, shall get the corpse of the deceased to be buried within the church, yea often even under the pulpit foot, and for lucre interred in God's sanctuary when dead, who, when alive, would never approach nor enter the gates of Sion, to worshipe the Lord, nor conforme themselves to true religion. Truely such, and the like abuses, and evill examples of lewd lives, have been the greatest hinderance of that land's conversion, for such, like wolves, have been from time to time but stumbling blocks before them, regarding more their own sensuall and licentious ends, than the glory of God, in converting of one soul unto his church

Now as concerning the unconscionable carriage of the Hybernian clergy, ask mee, and there my reply As many of them (for the most part) as are Protestant ministers have their wives, children, and servants in vested Papists, and many of these church men at the houre of their death, like dogges return back to their Witness the late Viccar of Calin (be former vomit longing to the late and last Richard Larl of Desmond, who being on his deathbed, and having two hundred pounds a year, finding him selfe to forsake both life and stipend, sent strught for a Romish priest, and received the Papall sacrament confessing freely in my audience that he had been a Romane Catholick all his life, dissembling onely with his religion for the better muntaining of his wife and children And being brought to his buriall place, he was interred in the church, with which he had played the ruffian all his life, being openly carried at mid-day with Jesuits, priests, and friers of his own nation, and after a contemptible manner, in derision of our profession and lawes of the kingdoin

Elsewhere in his travels he has described the Caramins as a tribe of savage Lybians in the north of Africa, hence Lybian applied to the Irish clergy is uncomplimentary. And in his sojourn in Poland, he has explained what the inhabitants of the province of Podolia had suffered from their next neighbours, the heathen Fartars. Wood carnes, wild Irish Lernes.

John Barclay, author of the Argenis, was born in 1582, at Pont-'t- Yousson, in Lorraine, where his father, a Scotsman, was professor of Law Owing, it is said, to persecution on the part of the Jesusts, he came with his father to England about 1603, and either in that year or two years later he published his Euphormionis Satyricon, a politicosatirical romance, chiefly directed against the Jesuits, supplements to which were the second part (1607), the Apologia (1611), and the Icon Antmorum (1614) In 1616 he left England and went to Rome, where he died, a good Catholic, in In the same year appeared his Argenis, according to Cowper 'the best romance that ever was written' It was written in Latin, and was translated into French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Polish, &c There are three English versions, besides one entered at Stationers' Hall by Ben

Jonson in 1623, but never published. published was by Le Grys and May in 1628, the last was by Clara Recve in 1772 It resembles the Arcadia in its romantic adventures, the Utopia in its discussion of political problems, and, a seventeenth - century roman a clef, under disguised names and circumstances reviews the events and personages of European history during the later half of the sixteenth century. The story of the loves of Polyarchus and Argenis is really i political allegory, containing clever allusions to the state of Europe, more particularly of Ir ince during the time of the League, to Queen Elizabeth, Henri IV, and Philip II It influenced I'cnelon's Télémaque, may be said to have led the way to Calprenede, Scudery, and Madame de la Fayette, and has merited the admiration of readers as dissimilar as Richelieu, Leibnitz, and Coleridge See Dupond, L'Argénis de Barclai (1875)

Arthur Johnston (or Jonston, Latinised Jonstonus, c 1587-1641), remarkable among Scotsmen, along with George Buchanan, as a writer of Latin poetry who attained to European reputation Born at Caskieben, near Aberdeen, he studied at Aberdeen, graduated in medicine at Padui (1610), and resided for about twenty years in France. On his return to Britain he obtained the patronage of Archbishop Laud, was appointed physician to Charles I, and became rector of King's College, Aberdeen He wrote Latin clegies and epigrams, a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, a collection of short poems (published in 1637) entitled Musa Aulicæ, and (his greatest work) a complete version of the Psalms He also edited and contributed to the Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum, Litin poems by various Scottish authors In Hallam's opinion 'The Scots certainly wrote Latin with a good cir and considerable elegance of phrase inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac inetre, do not fall short of those of Buchanan, either in clegince of style or correctness of Latinity' Sir William Geddes is content to rank Johnston after, but close to, his great countryman. Editing a collection of the writers of Latin verse in Aberdeen, especially during the reigns of James I and Charles I - the period when such verse was in Scotland the normal and recognised vehicle of poetic expression'-Sir Willium accounts Johnston as foremost 'of a cultured group of scholars such as no other city in Scotland, or even in the British Isles, could match at the period when they appeared?

Principal Sir William Goddes edited a magnifice it edit on of the works of Johnston for the New Spilding Club (1998) 410, 10,205, in the Wina Latina Perdo ensity.

THE BALLADS SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH

BALLAD is, in ordinary use, a term for any narrative poem, usually in the simple measure of which a notable example is

Lord William was buried in St Mary's kirk, Ludy Margret in Mary's quire, Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose, And out o' the knight's a briar

Such poems may be written in the most civilised ages, by the most cultivated authors-by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Sir Charles Hanbury But these and similar compositions Williams are mere mimicries of what is more technically styled the ballad - the narrative lolks lied, or popular tale in verse. Every Volks-lied, of course, or traditional poem is not a narrative ballad, it may be a personal lyric, or a begging song (quîte), as in our songs of the Hogmanay season, the ancient Rhodian swallow song, and many French examples The word 'ballad,' then, is here used for a traditional and popular narrative poem, usually of unknown authorship

The sources whence we derive the Scottish and English ballads may be either printed books, or broadsheets, or manuscripts, or oral tradition Very old printed sources of certain ballads exist. 'A Gest of Robyn Hode' may be 'anywhere from 1492 to 1534, the year of the death of Wynkyn de Worde,' the printer Even after the renovations of printers and reciters, 'a considerable number of Middle English forms remain,' and Professor Child conceived that 'the little epic' may have been 'put together' (out of ballads) 'as early as 1400, or There are no firm grounds on which to base an opinion' Nothing is certainly known as to the date of Robin Hood himself, if he was a In Piers Plowman (c. 1377) Sloth real character says that he knows rhymes of Robin Hood better than his paternoster. It is not, then, perhaps, too arbitrary to regard Robin Hood ballads as a popular genre, and of considerable antiquity, in the middle of the fourteenth century, though the ballads as extant are later Printed as early as the end of the fifteenth century, ballads continued to be published and hawked about, as by Shakespeare's Autolycus, to clowns who 'loved ballads but even too well' Many of these would be modern, things written on public events and prodigies by persons of the lowest literary standing would be really ancient traditional ballads, of unknown date and authorship Collections of the broadsheets were made by amateurs, as by Mr Pepys, and there were manuscript collections, such as the famous folio edited with elegance by Bishop Percy, and with accuracy by Mr Furnivall eighteenth century saw the collections of Allan Ramsay, Herd, Pinkerton, and others (the editors often altering at will, except Ritson and, probably, Herd), while the inineteenth century opened with Scott's Border Muistrelsy, followed by Motherwell, Buchan, Jamieson, Kinloch, and others Foreign savants have also made vast collections in almost every European land, and to these have been added gatherings out of Asiatic and savage regions

The authorship of the traditional ballads has been matter of controversy The present writer's contribution on ballads to the Encyclopædia Britannica was written in 1875, and has been criticised by Mr 7 F Henderson in Scottish Vernacular Literature (1898) Space does not afford room for a reply, nor is it necessary to specify the modifications which are here made in the older We must begin by discriminating between at least three classes (1) The historical ballads of relatively modern date, such as 'The Bonny Earl o' Moray' and 'The Queen's Marie,' which cannot be earlier than the reigns of James VI and Mary Stuart respectively (2) Such ballads as 'The Boy and the Mantle,' 'King Arthur and King Cornwall,' and 'The Marriage of Sir Gawain' Concerning these, Professor Child says that they 'are clearly not of the same rise, and not meant for the same ears, as' the ballads in his first volume 'They would come down by professional rather than domestic tradition, through ministrels rather than knitters and weavers' Thus Professor Child distinguishes between ballads chanted by professional minstrels and ballads chanted by the populace for the populace As to the authorship of the ballads of professional minstrels, it was more or less literary 'The Boy and the Mantle' implies knowledge of a romance extant in three MSS of the thirteenth century, a piece translated into Norse prose in 1217-63 The data occur in 'Perceval le Gallois' of the second half of the twelfth century, and also in the Welsh Triads These data, briefly, are magical tests of chastity, and one of them is as old as an Egyptian popular tale recounted by Herodotus (11 111) Such magical tests are, of course, in origin purely popular, or even savage, but the setting and circumstances of this ballad are literary, being directly derived from the early mediæval Arthurian From the same sources, and with adaptations from a chanson de geste of Charlemagne's voyage to Jerusalem, come 'Sır Gawaın's Marriage' and 'King Arthur and King Cornwall' There are in these pieces popular data of worldwide diffusion, such as impossible feats to be performed under peril of death, but the source of the ballads, as they stand, is literary they are based

on romances widely circulated in manuscript. Some lowly professional immstrel was doubtless the author of ballads in this category

The third class is more puzzling it is the large class of traditional bailed narrative poems, such as 'The Elfin Knight,' 'Riddles,' 'Willie's Lady,' 'Young Tamlane,' and very many others fessor Child does not attribute the diffusion of these to professional minstrels, and their data are popular, and underived (as in the second class) from known romances What marks them as popular is their wonderfully wide diffusion, their close resemblance to prose Marchen (which are found all over the world, and are certainly not of literary authorship), with their folklore incidents, based on universal superstitions and Despite their general uniformity and common character, these ballads occur in numerous variants, fragments of one being embedded in another, after the manner of Marchen, so that it is not possible to discover any one absolutely original form and type. This is the natural result of centuries of oral tradition, reciters had omitted, iltered, transposed, modified, and modernised the language, introduced modern details of weapons. costume, and the like Consequently, though there must have been an original author-literary or popular, amateur or professional - of each ballid, his date and name and condition remain unknown these ballads as they exist are popular patchwork. As they exist they are the work of this, that, and the other maker and reciter things fishioned by men of the people for the people, and by the people altered into scores of In some cases a prose tale has been versified, in others, fragments of prose alternating with verse leave dubious the original shape, whether verse or prose, or a medley of both, as in 'Aucassin and Nicolete,' and in many East African ballad stories (see Motherwell, 'Young Berchan and Susy Pie,' Minstrelsy, 1827, p 15, and Steere's Swalult Tales, 1870, p 7) in this sense that the so-called 'communistic' source of certain ballids is to be understood, in this sense they were made 'by the people, for the people' They stand on much the same footing is the Marchen or popular tales of the world, to which no one dreams of assigning a professional or literary origin, for they are found in countries where there is no literature and no class of professional narrators or poets From these tales the ballads only vary by the vehicle of verse The date when they were first circulated in one kind of verse or another is not to be ascertained, though the familiar ballad measure is not certainly known to be older than the early fifteenth century

The objection that the people does not versify applies only to the modern populate of civilised Europe. Mr Henderson says that 'the heart of the people—is now, and probably ever was, wholly untrained in the art of poetical expression'. This opinion is based on neglect of

popular and savage literature. That the people does compose in poetry, from the Australian, African, and American tribes to the Gypsies of Spain and the Finns, is matter of indisputable The sagas prove the same fact for certainty the Scandinavian race, and very old I rench writers speak of purely popular dittics on Roland That the peasantry of early medieval Scotland and England were inerprishe of what the peasants of modern Greece can do, or could do at the time of the War of Independence, it is hard to They certainly preserved, recited, altered, mingled, and modernised ballads which are full of universal popular ideas and situations—ballads which are merely popular Marchen in rhymc These processes of popular alteration and combination lasted, historically, at least till the end of the seventeenth century, as is proved by the numerous variants of the 'Queen's Maric,' bised, with great departure from fact, on an historical incident of 1563. It is true that Professor Child regarded this as one of the latest of all ballads, and based, not on a tragedy of the court of Mary Stuart, but on an event of 1719 at the court of Peter the Great The present writer, by arguments published in Blackwood's Magazine (vol clviii), was fortunate enough to alter Professor Child's theory, as he was so kind as to state in a private letter Mr Henderson also accepts (as regards the date and place of the events out of which this ballad arose) the arguments which thus influenced Professor Child

The theory of the large popular share in the origin and development of many ballids has its adversary in the hypothesis that most billads are degraded adaptations, by professional minstrels, of literary chansons de geste (heroic early mediaval French epics) and of literary lays and romances Scott himself wrote, as regards 'Lord Thomas and Fur Annie,' that, in his opinion, 'the further our researches are extended, the more we shall see ground to believe that the romantic ballads of later times are, for the most part, abridgments of the ancient metrical romances, narrated in a smoother stanza and a more modern lan-This corresponds with Scott's theory that Marchen are the residuum of higher and more literary mights, whereas many mights are Marchen organised and decorated by literary art, as in the Odyssey and the Argonautica

Akm to Scott's is the view of Professor Courthope, who writes, in his History of English Poetry (1 445). 'A vague idea prevails that, as the balled is before all things popular in its character, it was evolved in some mysterious way out of the genius and traditions of the people themselves. But this was by no means the case. What the people contributed to the making of the balleds was no more than the taste and sentiment which characterise them.' And that is conceding a great deal. Mr. Henderson says. In many ways the ballads bring us into immediate contact with the antique, pagan,

savage, superstitious, elemental characteristics of our race' If these characteristics are not 'popular,' not 'primitive,' what can be called primitive and But Mr Henderson seems to regard these characteristics as merely carried on from 'old forgotten romances,' which (though certainly composed by men of letters in full mediæval Christianity) somehow 'embalm the sentiments, passions, beliefs, forms of thought, and imaginative wonder and dread of our pagan ancestors' What romances do all this? To do this is the function of the Folk, not of mediæval romancers Mr Courthope goes on 'They preserved them, it is true, in their memories, after they had been composed, but the matter not less than the form of the poem was, as a rule, furnished exclusively by the minstrel, who adapted the ancient traditions of the art, originally intended to please the tribal chieftain, or the feudal lord, to the temper of a popular audience.

The English ballads that have come down to us fall naturally into three classes those which reflect the characteristics of the ancient chanson de geste, those which combine the features of the chanson de geste and the literary romance, and those which have a purely literary origin in the romance, lay, or fablian' Mr Courthope chooses 'The Battle of Otterburn' as an example of his first class, the Robin Hood ballads of the second, and in the third set he places 'Sir Aldingar,' 'Sir Cauline,' 'Earl Brand,' 'Child Waters,' and the In all these classes are 'plain traces of decline from a more ancient and nobler model' 'As an almost invariable rule, the ballad, when composed in the first place for the purposes of amusement, reproduces, in a mould peculiar to itself, the subject-matter of the older gests, romances, or lays The tales on which it is founded are rarely, if ever, the legacy of long oral tradition ' Again 'The ballad was usually a pricis ' Mr Gregory Smith also 'must of a romance. consider the ballad as part of the literary débris of the Middle Ages' (The Transition Period, p. 186)

We have already remarked on a few samples of that class of ballads which may be regarded as précis of literary romances or chansons de geste But the matter even of these is 'the legacy of oral tradition,' as Professor Child shows, contrary to the opinion of Mr Courthope, whose chapter on ballads does not display any special acquaintance with the comparative study of the world's ancient, traditional, and popular narratives in verse and prose. The fictitious literature, in prose or verse, of the Middle Ages is, we maintain, like the epics of Homer, really based throughout on popular tales, much older, and much more widely diffused, than written manuscripts Often the professional and literary poet borrows, like Homer and the authors of the chansons de geste and the romances, from popular tales peculiar to no race of mankind. Occasionally the authors of ballads for the people have 'taken back their own' (as Molière said) from the hands of the professional literary class.

In perhaps more numerous cases the popular ballad does not 'reproduce, in a mould peculiar to itself, the subject-matter of the older gests, romances, or lays' The ballad-maker works on the original data of world-wide popular tradition Thus Professor Child writes (1 98) 'The idea of the love-animated plants has been thought to be derived from the romance of Tristan, where it also occurs, agreeably to a general principle, somewhat hastily assumed, that when romances and popular ballads have anything in common, priority belongs to the romances? Courthope's principle, but too often it contains the reverse of the truth The popular Marchen on which the Odyssey is based are found all over the world, and cannot have been derived by savages and peasants from the Odyssey, which Homer wove, as Fenelon remarks, out of old wives' Thus, while old literature has borrowed from popular fancy, popular fancy now reclaims its own from literature, now works on original data There is not, as that literature has neglected Mr Courthope holds, anything 'mysterious' in this theory, beyond the unsolved mystery of the remote origin and evolution of popular tales, and their wide Given the regular stock of the incidents of Marchen, and given the primitive ideas and customs on which they rest, any member of the people, illiterate but poetical, could turn these data into rhyme. No professed literary man was needed. Once composed and chanted, the ballad became the property of the people, and was altered to taste by reciters, and broken into a crowd of variants. Nothing, of course, prevented a professed minstrel, or the author of the legend of a saint, from making prize either of the original data or of the ballad, and if the minstrel did so, his poem, in turn, might be corrupted and altered by popular reciters

There has, in fact, been a come and go of popular data, of literary handling, and of degradation, especially notable in Cruikshank's 'Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman,' a cockney variant of a ballad really ancient, and of a still older legend (see Child's variants under 'Young Beichan') The two schools of opinion-the popular, as represented here, and the literary, as represented by Mr Courthope - have both right on their The process favoured by Mr Courthope —namely, the popularisation of literary romances and chansons de geste-did exist But these literary works were themselves elaborations of popular traditions, and in many cases the popular ballad author seems to have worked on popular materials, unhelped by any literary handling of them. good example of the process is afforded by the familiar contes or popular tales of Charles Perrault, 'Cinderella,' and the rest. They were gathered by Perrault, under Louis XIV, from oral tradition, and were recast by him into literary shape. But his literary handling has hardly affected the surviving oral and popular forms of the same tales, as current either in France or other countries, European,

African, or Asiatic On the other hand, French popular tales have been adapted to their own habits and minners by Rcd Indians, just as some ballad-makers adapted literary romances to popular taste

One or two examples of ballads apparently quite popular in origin may be given. Thus we have Professor Child's first ballad, 'Riddles Wisely Expounded.' A girl lies with a knight, and then asks him to marry her He will do so if she can answer certain riddles, and she succeeds idea is as old, and as popular, as the story of Samson or of Œdipus, and the riddles (devinettes) are of the kind familiar to Basutos and Fijians They can be made the pivot of any sort of Marchen, and the Marchen may, anywhere, be turned into verse—as it is among Celts, Russians, Germans, No literary intervention is required and Scots A similar donnée (in 'The Elfin Knight') occurs in the Irish saga of 'Graidhne and Diarmaid,' but not thence did it find its way into the Gesta Romanorum, a literary work which, again, can hardly be the source of the Turkish variant, the Magyar, the Sanskrit, or the Tibetan The Gesta may, conceivably, be the source of our ballad, but the data of the Gesla were contributed by popular 'Lady Isabel,' again, is of wonderfully wide distribution, and exists in mingled prose and verse. As a woman saves her own life by ingeniously slaying her would-be murderer, who has already slain several women, there is an element of the 'Bluebeard' Marchen But Professor Bugge derives the main idea from the tale of 'Judith and Holofernes' in the Apocrypha. That tale may conceivably have contributed, but is itself probably only a literary adaptation of a Marchen Holofernes is human, the villain of the ballads is an elf most there is the usual come and go of literary and popular handling and data. 'Willie's Lady' turns on a piece of popular magic as old in literature as Theocritus in Idyll ii, or as Ovid (Metam If the idea is found in a romance (and we do not know that, it is) the ballad maker need not have borrowed from the romance a notion still familiar in everyday folklore magic donnée of the 'Fairy Queen' and 'Famlane' does occur in romance, but it is also an article of worldwide popular belief The retrieval of a lover lost in Fairyland appears in the literary romance of 'Orfeo,' where the lady, not the knight as in ' \Gamlane,' is won back But the notion still persisting in Ireland, as it recently did in Scotland, there is no reason for holding that the romance of 'Orfco' suggested the ballad of 'Tamlane' On the other side, the analogous adventure of Thomas the Rhymer, in the ballad of that name, is clearly based, in part, on the literary romance of 'Ogier le Danois,' which itself, again, has a popular foundation We might illustrate, at any length, this va et-yient of the literary and popular elements In 'Tamlanc' some local poet or ın ballads reciter has added local touches The scene is Carterhaugh, where Ettrick and Yarrow meet,

and in one version the Earls of Moray (Randolph) and of March are parents of the lovers. But such localisations (which are common) are not usually original parts of the story. Nor do they fix a date Randolph and the Cospatricks were well-known historical figures, and, at almost any time, might be accommodated to any romantic legend.

By a similar early accommodation does William of Malmesbury (ob 1143) tell a story of Gunhild, daughter of King Cnut, which recurs in the ballad of 'Sir Aldingar' William's version is adapted in a French metrical life of Edward the Confessor But we are not to infer that the source of the ballad is necessarily literary, for, as Professor Child remarks, 'we cannot well doubt that William of Malmesbury is citing a ballad. A ballad is known to have been made on a similar and equally fabulous adventure which is alleged in chronicle to have occurred to Gunhild's mother' Mr Courthope (vol 1 p 450) is apparently following Professor Child's historical account of the ballad of 'Sir Aldingar,' but in place of saying with Professor Child that William is 'citing a ballad,' he writes, 'William of Malmesbury perhaps derived his account from a Latin poem on the subject' He gives no reason for preferring the hypothesis of 'a Latin poem' to Professor Child's theory of a ballad as William's source Professor Child next gives analogous Marchen about illustrious ladies, running back as far as the middle of the seventh century, and suggests that this very ancient popular tale, intruded into history, 'is the root of the Scandinavian-English story' Thus 'Sir Aldingar' does not, as Mr Courthope thinks, support his theory of the literary origin of ballads and of the absence of popular data. It does precisely the reverse, it is an example of the process by which a popular fable is attached to a series of historical characters, and is finally adopted by so respectable an historian as William of Malmesbury Meanwhile the authority of Professor Child confirms our theory that, far from the literary history being the source of our ballad, a ballad is the source of the literary history in William of Malmesbury. The author of our 'Sir Aldingar' may have known and used the French 'Life of St Edward,' but the whole fable is popular and ancient. 'There is little or nothing in all these tales that can be historically authenticated, and much that is in plain contradiction with history Putting history out of the question, there is no footing firmer than air for him who would essay to trace the order of the development' Given the institution of trial by battle-a woman being represented by her champion-and given the worldwide delight in the success of weakness over strength (David and Goliath), then the data of 'Sir Aldingar' exist, and the legend is applied to many historical queens long before Gunhild Whether our 'Sir Aldingar' has borrowed literary elements or not is unimportant

There remain the historical ballads. Of these, such things as 'Kinmont Willie,' 'The Fire o'

Frendraught,' 'Edom o' Gordon,' 'The Queen's Marie,' 'The Bonny Earl o' Moray,' 'Jamie Telfer,' 'Johnnie Armstrong,' and many others cannot be earlier than the events which they celebrate, between the reign of James V and George II, when we have a ballad on Robin Oig Macgregor, a son of Rob Roy They rest on recent history, handled with fair accuracy in 'Kinmont Willie,' with romantic distortion in 'The Queen's Marie,' 'The Bonny Earl o' Moray,' 'Edom o' Gordon,' and the lost ballad on the death of the Black Knight of Liddesdale (under David II), cited by Hume of Godscroft. As to 'Johnnie Armstrong,' with its tale of royal treachery, it is probably the source of the account offered by Pitscottie and other Scottish The tendency of the ballad maker is to historians give apocryphal but romantic motives—jealousy and treachery, or revenge, as of Claverhouse for his kinsman at Drumclog-for real actions, and to exaggerate the rank of the characters the Queen's Maries is substituted for an historical waiting-maid, Darnley takes the part actually played by a French apothecary Tags and formulæ are introduced from older ballads In the famous case of 'Sir Patrick Spens,' it is impossible to say certainly what historical event, of what date, is the basis of the poem, or whether Spens or Vans is the name of the hero, if hero there was (see Mr Henderson's Vernacular Scottis Poetry, pp 'The actual name of the hero of a ballad affords hardly a presumption as to who was originally the hero' (Child), and therefore is of little or no value, in itself, as to date only another proof of the popular and mythopæic nature of the ballads as they have reached us, commonly in shapes later than the original, and altered, adapted, and interpolated by reciters Whoever made them, the populace, by scores of touches, remade them, and made them its own, as the number of variations attests

As to the literary merits of the best ballads, praise is superfluous they charm all ranks in all The vast superiority of the Scottish over the English ballads in vigour, poetic touch, and the moving of supernatural awe is the more remarkable as in literary poetry England proved no less superior to Scotland There is but one England has no rival of Burns, who represents the peasant element in song-to be sure, with the advantage of education and of familiarity with educated society But, curiously, Burns had little appreciation of the ballads as distinct from the old lyrics of his countrymen It was left for Scott, a man of gentle birth, to feel as his fathers had felt during the long centuries of war, and to recover the magnificent poetry of the men who kept the marches in old times

It is unnecessary to indicate more than one authority on the subject of ballads Professor Child, of Harvard, in his *English* and *Scottish* Popular Ballads (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co,

Boston, 1883-98), has collected all known ballads, with all accessible variants, and has illustrated them with an extraordinary wealth of knowledge of many literatures It might be suggested that he had rather less than his usual knowledge in the matter of savage poetry and Marchen, and that, in criticising the historical ballads, he made insufficient use of the MS sources, and printed State papers of Scotland and England matters, and in minute local topography, he welcomed such crumbs of knowledge as fell from poor men's tables, and industriously added notes and rectifications Alas! he did not live to compose an essay on the general problems of ballad From casual remarks, of which and Marchen many have been cited, we gather that he was a moderate and judicious friend of the popular rather than of the literary theory of the origins of the ballad, while fully recognising the many cases in which the ballad, as it stands, is a popularisation of literary chansons de geste and literary romances. Professor Child accumulated at Harvard a rich library of popular literature He has erected his own enduring memorial, but to this one of his learned countrymen might add a volume on the problems of the ballad These could not be solved, nor even perceived in their proper light, till the popular literature of all ages and of all mankind, civilised, barbaric, and savage, had been collected and compared by the industry of European, Oriental, and American men of learning Literary origins can only be studied, like all other origins, in the light of a wide knowledge of the popular literature of the world, peasant, barbaric, and savage The fallacy of supposing that a rite, or myth, or custom, or belief, or romantic incident is necessarily derived from its civilised or literary counterpart, and that popular examples of the same ideas are necessarily later, borrowed, and degenerate, has long been abandoned by anthropologists, and ought not to be accepted by literary students

Several ballads which follow are taken from Scott's Border Ministrelsy. They are confessedly composed out of many variants, and patched, but they are the versions most familiarly known, and, again, all versions are patched and composite. We have no traditional ballad in its original shape Meanwhile Scott's versions are arranged by a poet, as the rest are arranged by reciters. The first is one of the longer of fifteen (more or less complete) variants given by Professor Child

Young Beichan

In London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see,
But he was taen by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie,

For he viewed the fashions of that land, Their way of worship viewed he, But to Mahound, or Termagant, Would Beichan never bend a knee.

maid

So in every shoulder they've putten a bore, fastening
In every bore they've putten a tree, wooden shackle
And they have made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair bodie.

They've easten him in a dungeon deep, Where he could neither hear nor se., For seven years they kept him there, Till he for hunger's like to die

This Moor he had but at daughter, Her name was called Susie Pye, And every day as she took the air, Near Beichan's prison she passed by

O so it fell, upon a day
She heard voung Beichan sadly sing,
'My hounds they all go masterless,
My hawks they flee from tree to tree,
My younger brother will heir my land,
Fair England again I'll never see!'

All night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on,
She's stown the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone

And she has open'd the prison doors,
I wot she open'd two or three,
Lee she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curiouslic

But when she came young Beichan before, Sore wonder'd he that may to see, He took her for some fair captive,— 'Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie?'

'O have ye any lands,' she said,
'Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye could give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free?'

'Near London town I have a hall, With other eastles two or three, I'll give them all to the lady fair That out of prison will set me free'

'Give me the truth of your right hand,
I'he truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me'

'I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,
The truth of it I'll freely gie,
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost show to me.

And she has brib'd the proud warder
Wi' mickle gold and white monie,
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free

She's gr'en him to ent the good spice cake, She's gr'en him to drink the blood red wine, She's bidden him sometimes think on her, I hat sae kindly freed him out of pine

She's broken a ring from her finger, And to Beichan half of it gave she Keep it, to mind you of that love The lady bore that set you free. 'And set your foot on good ship board, And haste ye back to your own countrie, And before that seven years have an end, Come back again, love, and marry me'

But long erc seven years had an end,
She long'd full sore her love to see,
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, 'Beichan has broke his vow to thee'
So she's set her foot on good ship board,
And turn'd her back on her own countrie

She sailed east, she sailed west,

fill to fur England's shore she came,
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

'What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?
What news hast thou to tell to me?'
'Such news I hear, ladie,' he says,
'The like was never in this countric

'There is a wedding in yonder hall,
II as lasted these thirty days and three,
Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,
For love of one that's youd the sea'

She's put her hand in her pocket, Gi'en him the gold and white monic, 'He, take ye that, my bonny boy, For the good news thou tell'st to me.'

When she came to young Berchan's gate, She tirled softly at the pin, So ready was the proud porter To open and let this lady in.

'Is this young Beichan's hall,' she said,
'Or is that noble lord within?'
'Yea, he's in the hall among them all,
And this is the day o' his weddin'

'And has he wed another love?

And has he clean forgotten me?'

And, sighin', said that gay ladie,

'I wish I were in my own countrie.'

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free,
Says, 'Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me.'

When the porter came his lord before, He kneeled down low on his knee— 'What aileth thee, my proud porter, I hou art so full of courteste?'

'I've been porter at your gate,
It's thirty long years now and three,
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o' her did I never see,

'For on every finger she has a ring, And on her mid finger she has three, And as mickle gold aboon her brow As would buy an earldom to me'

Its out then spak the bride's mother,
Ase and an angry woman was shee,
'Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie'

'O hold your tongue, thou bride's mother, Of all your folly let me be, She's ten times fairer nor the bride, And all that's in your companie

'She begs one sheave of your white bread, shave, shee But and a cup of your red wine, And to remember the lady's love, That last reliev'd you out of pine'

'O well a day' said Beichan then,
'That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but Susie Pye,
That sailed the sea for love of me.'

And quickly hied he down the stair, Of fifteen steps he made but three, He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms, And kist, and kist her tenderlie

'O hae ye ta'en anither bride?

And hae ye quite forgotten me?

And hae ye quite forgotten her,

That gave you life and libertie?'

She looked o'er her left shoulder,

To hide the tears stood in her e'e
'Now fare thee well, young Beichan,' she says,
'I'll try to think no more on thee'

'O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be,
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dree'd so much for me.

borne

Then out and spak the forenoon bride,—
'My lord, your love it changeth soon,
This morning I was made your bride,
And another chose ere it be noon'

chosen

'O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride Ye're ne'er a whit the worse for me, And when ye return to your own countrie, A double dower I'll send with thee

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the white hand, And gently led her up and down, And ay as he kist her red rosy lips, 'Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own.'

He's taen her by the milk white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane,
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he's called her his bonny love, Lady Jane

1 Mohammed and a (supposed) Mohammedan deity2 Variants are

They made him draw the carts o wine, Which horse and owen were wont to drie

They we made him to draw carts and wains Till he was sick and like to dee.

3 Rattled with a ring on a toothed iron peg attached to a door of gate.

This ballad is not selected for its poetical merit, but for its curious and instructive history. A little controversy has long existed as to the authorship of a cockney ditty, 'The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman,' published for and illustrated by George Cruikshank. The ballad or parts of it have been claimed for Dickens or Thackeray, while the same

doubt exists as to the authorship of the prose notes. Happily Thackeray left, in manuscript, a version of 'Lord Bateman' which is almost verbally the same as a version lent by Lady Rosalind Northcote, taken from the recitation of a blind old woman in Devonshite. Again, the verses regarded as peculiarly Thackerayan exist in a Scots version, preserved by Child (vol 1 p 476). Thus the 'Loving Ballad' is purely popular, with cockney pronunciation indicated, and with one or two slight changes.

'The ballad story has beautiful repetitions in the ballads of other nations,' Norse, Spanish, and All turn on the forgetfulness of a lover who has loved in a far country, and the return of his lady just as he is about wedding a new love at home Now, this is the donnée of the world-wide Marchen which, in Scotland, is 'The Black Bull o' Norroway,' and the idea may even be detected in the story of Jason and Mcdea (see 'A Far travelled Tale' in the author's Custom and Myth) The donnee, then, is of unknown age and is purely popular Now, this donnée intruded itself (c 1300) into a late poetical legend of St Thomas of Canterbury, and was applied to his father, Gilbert Becket Professor Child concludes that our ballad has probably been 'affected' by the Becket form of the legend, 'but the ballad, for all that, is not derived from The legend lacks some of the main points of the stories, and the ballad, in one version or other, has them! Thus 'Young Beichan' illustrates the come and go of popular motive and literary handling, while the many variants show how generations of the people made the ballad their own The literary school of critics would, if consistent, derive the ballad forms of 'Young Beichan' from the late and literary legend of Gilbert Becket.

Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead.

It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The Captain of Beweastle hath bound him to ryde.
And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey

The first ae guide that they met wi',

It was high up in Hardhaughswire!

The second guide that they met wi',

It was high down in Borthwick Water

'What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'—
'Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee,
But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's cauf I'll let thee see'

And when they cam to the fair Dodherd,
Right hastily they claim the peel,
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
And runshackled the house right weel

climbed into the tower

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear 13c rowing in his be
He pled wi' the Captain to hae his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The Captain turned him round and leugh, Said—'Man, there's nacthing in thy house, But ac auld sword without a sheath, Fhat hardly now would fell a mouse'—

The sun wasne up, but the moon was down,

It was the gryming of a new-fa'n snaw, sprinkling
Jamie Telfer has run ten myles a foot,

Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'

And when he cam to the fur tower sate,

He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,

Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot—

'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'—

'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead, And a harried man I think I be ' There's naething left at the fair Dodhead, But a waefu' wife and bairnies three'

'Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
For succour ye'se get nane frac me'
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black mail,
For, man, ye ne'er paid money to me'—

Jamie has turned him round about,
I wat the tear blinded his ec—
'I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!

'My hounds may a' rin masterless, My hawks may fly frac tree to tree, My lord may grip my vassal lands, For there again maun I never be!'—

IIe has turn'd him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could drie,
Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh,
And there he shouted bath loud and hie.

Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve—
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me!'
'It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be

'There's nacthing left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
And sax poor ca's stand in the sta', calves—stall
A' routing loud for their minnie.'— lowing—mother

'Alack a wae!' quo' auld Jock Grieve,
'Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of a' the three'

Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,
Was right weel fed with corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Felfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak the fray

And when he cam to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out and spak him William's Wat—
'O whae's this brings the fray to me?'—

'It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, A harried man I think I be! The captain of Beweastle has driven my gear, For God's sake rise, and succour me! 'Alas for wae!' quoth William's Wat,
'Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
I never cam by the fair Dodhead,
That ever I fand thy basket bare'—

He's set his twa sons on coal black steeds, Himsell upon a freekled gray, And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer, To Branksome He' to tak the fray

And when they can to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' batth loud and hie,
Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,
Said—' Whae's this brings the fray to me?'—

'It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, And a harried man I think I be! There's naught left in the fair Dodhead, But a greeting wife and bairnies three'—

'Alack for whe!' quoth the gude auld lord,
'And ever my heart is was for thee!

But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie!

'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!

'Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons, Wi them will Borthwick Water ride, Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh, And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

'Ride by the gate of Priesthaughswire, And warn the Currors o' the Lea, As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack, Warn doughty Willic o' Gorrinberry'—

The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran, Sae starkly and sae steadilie! And aye the ower word o' the thrang Was—'Rise for Branksome readilie!'

The gear was driven the Frostylee up, Frae the Frostylee unto the plain, Whan Willie has look'd his men before, And saw the kyc right fast drivand.

'Whae drives thir kye?' 'gan Willie say,
'To make an outspeckle o' me?' laughing stock
'It's I, the captain o' Beweastle, Willie,
I wanna layne my name for thee'— deny, hide

'O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or by the faith of my body,' quo' Willie Scott, spend my
'I'se ware my dame's cauf skin on thee!' wife a shorter

'I winn let the kye gae back, Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear, But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye, In spite of every Scott that's here'—

'Set on them, lads!' quo' Wilhe than,
'Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
Mony a toom saddle there sall be!'—

empty

[Then til't they gaed, wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell fast as bickering hail,
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale]

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And thro' the knapscap the sword has gane, head
piece
And Harden grat for very rage,
Whan Willie on the grund lay slane

[But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair]

bleached

'Revenge! revenge!' auld Wat 'gan cry,
'Fye, lads, lay on them crucllie!'
We'll ne'er see Teviotside aguin,
Or Willie's death revenged sall be.'

O mony a horse ran masterless,

The splinter'd lance flew on hie,
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scotts had gotten the victory

John o' Brigham there was slane, And John o' Barlow, as I heard say, And thirty mae o' the Captain's men Lay bleeding on the grund that day

more

The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh, And broken was his right leg bane, If he had lived this hundred years, He had never been loved by woman again.

'Hae back the kye!' the Captain said,
'Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
For gin I suld live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me.'—

Then word is gone to the Captain's bride, Even in the bower where that she lay, That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land, Since into Tividale he had led the way

'I wad lourd have had a winding sheet, rather And helped to put it ower his head, Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scott Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!'—

There was a wild gallant amang us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs, Mad spurs
Cried—'On for his house in Stanegirthside,
If ony man will ride with us''

When they cam to the Stanegirthside,

They dang wi' trees, and burst the door,
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,

And set them forth our lads before

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,

A wee bit o' the Captain's kin—

'Whae dare loose out the Captain's kye,

Or answer to him and his men?'—

'It's I Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frac thee'
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he.'—

Whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,

They were a wellcum sight to see!

For instead of his ain ten milk kye,

Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' gowd and white monie,
And at the burial o' Wilhe Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping ec

Scott is responsible for this fine riding ballad, but probably did no more than add touches This is probable, because he here and there represents the Dodhead as being near Singlee Now, Telfer could not have covered in Ettrick in time the great distance from Singlee to Bransholme, and he would probably have applied for aid to Scott of Tushielaw and Scott of Thirlestane, his neighbours, not to Elliot of Stobs, who was very remote. In fact there is a Dodburn (and therefore a Dodhead) on the southern side of Teviot, within touch of Stobs, but Scott was obviously unaware of the fact which makes the events in the ballad possible It may therefore be inferred that he really received the ballad from tradition, had he invented it he would have made the topography plausible. No English reivers would ride on a hasty foray from the Marches to Dodhead in Ettrick Telfer would still find the kin of Jock Grieve on the old farms in Teviotdale

The Young Tamlane

'O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That we'r gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Famlane is there

'There's nane that gres by Carterhaugh,
But maun leave him a wad,
Either gowd rings or green mantles,
Or else their maidenheid.

pledge

'Now gowd rings ye may buy, maidens, Green mantles ye may spin, But gin ye lose your maidenheid, Ye'll ne'er get that agen'—

But up then spake her, fair Janet,
The fairest o' a' her kin,
'I'll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' him.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle, A little abune her knee, And she has braided her yellow hair, A little abune her bree

brow

And when she came to Carterhaugh, She gaed beside the well, And there she fand his steed standing. But awa was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose, A rose but barely three, Till up and starts a wee wee man, At lady Janet's knee Says—'Why pu' ye the rose, Janet? What gars ye break the tree? Or why come ye to Carterhaugh, Withouten leave o' me?'—

Says—' Carterhaugh it is mine ain, My daddie gave it me I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh, And ask nae leave o' thee'

He's taen her by the milk-white hand, Among the leaves sae green And what they did, I cannot tell— The green leaves were between

He's ta'en her by the milk white hand, Among the roses rcd, And what they did I cannot say— She ne'er return'd a maid

When she cam to her father's ha',

She looked pale and wan,

They thought she'd dreed some sair sickness, borne

Or been with some leman

She didna comb her yellow hair, Nor make meikle o' her head, And ilka thing that ladye took Was like to be her deid.

death

It's four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba',
Janet, the weightiest of them anes,
Was faintest o' them a'

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess,
And out there came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass

Out and spake an auld grey headed knight, Lay o'er the castle wa'—
'And ever, alas' for thee, Janet, But we'll be blamed a'!'—

'Now haud your tongue, ye auld grey knight,
And an ill deid may ye dec,
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee.'—

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meik and mild—
'And ever, alas! my sweet Janet,
I fear ye gae with child'—

'And if I be with child, father, Mysell maun bear the blaine, There's ne'er a knight about your ha' Shall hae the bairnie's name

'And if I be with child, father,
'Twill prove a wondrous birth,
For weel I swear I'm not wi' bairn
To any man on earth

'If my love were an earthly knight, As he's an elfin grey, I wadna gie my ain true love For nae lord that ye hae'— She prink'd hersell and prinn'd hersell, By the ac light of the moon, And she's away to Carterhaugh, To speak wi' young Tamlane

And when she cam to Carterhaugh, She gaed beside the well, And there she saw the steed standing, But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a double rose, A rose but only twae, When up and started young Tamlane, Says—'Lady, thou pu's nae mae!

'Why pu' ye the rose, Janet, Within this garden grene, And a' to kill the bonny babe That we got us between?'

'The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane
A word ye mauna lie,
Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,
Or sained in Christentie?' blessed, baptised

'The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet, A word I winna lee A knight me got, and a lady me bore, As well as they did thee

'Randolph, earl Murray, was my sire, Dunbar, earl March, is thine, We loved when we were children small, Which yet you well may mind

'When I was a boy just turn'd of nine, My uncle sent for me, To hunt and hawk, and ride with him, And keep him companie

'There came a wind out of the north,
A sharp wind and a snell,
And a deep sleep came over me,
And frae my horse I fell

'The queen of fairies keepit me
(And I'm a fairy, lyth and limb),
In you green hill to dwell,
Fair ladye, view me well.

joint

'But we, that live in fairy land, No sickness know nor pain, I quit my body when I will, And take to it again

'I quit my body when I please, Or unto it repair, We can inhabit at our case, In either earth or air

'Our shapes and size we can convert
To either large or small,
An old nut shell's the same to us
As is the lofty hall

'We sleep in rose buds soft and sweet, We revel in the stream, We wanton lightly on the wind, Or glide on a sunbeam 'And all our wants are well supplied From every rich man's store, Who thankless sins the gifts he gets, And vainly grasps for more

'Then would I never tire, Janet,
In Elfish land to dwell,
But aye, at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell,
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysell

tithe

'This night is Hallowe'en, Junet, The morn is Hallowday, And, gin ye dare your true love win, Ye na hae time to stay

'The night it is good Hallowe'en, When fairy folk will ride, And they that wad their true love win, At Miles Cross they maun bide'—

'But how shall I thee ken, famline? Or how shall I thee knaw, Amang so many unearthly knights, The like I never saw?'—

'The first company that passes by, Say na, and let them gae, The next company that passes by, Say na, and do right sae, The third company that passes by, Then I'll be ane o' thae

'First let pass the black, Janet, And syne let pass the brown, But grip ye to the milk white steed, And pu' the rider down

'For I ride on the milk white steed, And aye nearest the town, Because I was a christen'd knight, They gave me that renown

'My right hand will be gloved, Janet, My left hand will be bare, And these the tokens I gie thee, Nae doubt I will be there.

'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake,
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad buy me maik.

buy me back
to be your mate

They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask,
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast

fire, brand

'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet, A red hot gad o' airn, But haud me fast, let me not pass, For I'll do you no harm

'First dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water,
But haud me fast, let me not pass—
I'll be your bairn's father

'And, next, they 'il shape me in your arms, A tod, but and an cel, But haud me fast, nor let me gang, As you do love me weel

'They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan,
And, last, they'll shape me in your arms
\(\) mother naked man
Cast your green mantle over me—
I'll be myself again'—

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
And eiry was the way,
As fair Janet in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae

The heavens were black, the night was dark,
And dreary was the place,
But Janet stood, with eager wish,
Her lover to embrace

Betwirt the hours of twelve and one,
A north wind tore the bent,
And strught she heard strange elritch sounds,
Upon that wind which went

About the dead hour o' the night, She heard the bridles ring, And Janet was as glad o' that As any earthly thing

[Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear,
And louder notes from hemlock large,
And bog reed, struck the ear,
But solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,
The fairies cannot bear

They sing, inspired with love and joy, Like skylarks in the air, Of solid sense, or thought that's grave, You'll find no traces there.

Fair Janet stood, with mind unmoved, The dreary heath upon, And louder, louder wax'd the sound, As they came riding on

Will 'o Wisp before them went, Sent forth a twinkling light, And soon she saw the fairy bands All riding in her sight]

And first gaed by the black, black steed, And then gaed by the brown, But fast she gript the milk white steed, And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk white steed,
And loot the bridle fa',
And up there ruse an erlish cry—
'He's won among us a'!'—

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms, An esk but and an adder, She held him fast in every shape— To be her bairn's father

est, newt

let-fall

They shaped him in her arms at last, A mother naked man, She wrapt him in her green mantel, And sae her true love wan!

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies, Out o' a bush o' bloom— 'She that has borrow'd young Tamlane, Has gotten a stately groom'—

Up then spake the Queen o' Γairies, Out o' a bush o' rye— 'She's ta'en awa the bonniest knight In a' my cumpanie

But had I kenn'd, I amlane,' she says, 'A ladye wad borrow'd thee— I wad ta'en out thy twa grey een, Put in twa een o' tree.

wood

'Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane,' she says,
'Before ye came free hame —
I wad ta'en out your heart o' flesh,
Put in a heart o' stane

'Had I but had the wit yestreen
That I hae cost the day—
I'd paid my kane seven times to hell
Ere you'd been won away!'

tribute, customary payment

This version is Scott's, a compound, as usual, of various oral or manuscript variants with some weak modern stanzas. The ideas, the winning of a mortal from Fairyland and the process of holding him, or her, through a series of metamorphoses, are extremely incient (Apollodorus, Bibliothicia, iii 13, 5, 6, the case of Peleus and Thetis). An instance of the fury adventure is remembered in Glencoe, the events being of the nineteenth century. A tale, in prose or verse, on Tamlane was known to the author of The Complayat of Scotlande (1549).

Robin Hood and the Curtal Frier

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play

Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use artillery,
'Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?

'Which of you can kill a buck, Or who can kill a doc? Or who can kill a hart of greece I ise hundred foot him fro?'

a fat hart

Will Scadlocke he killd a buck, And Midge he killd a doc, And Little John killd a hart of greece, Five hundred foot him fro.

'Gods blessing on thy heart,' said Rohin Hood,
'That hath such a shot for me,
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
Fo find one could match with thee.'

I his caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,
He laught full heartily
There lives a curtal frier in Fountains Abby frocker
Will beat both him and thee

'The curtal frier in Fountains Abby Well can a strong bow draw, He will beat you and your yeomen, Set them all on a row'

Robin Hood he took a solemn oath, It was by Mary free, That he would neither eat nor drink Fill the frier he did see

Robin Hood put on his harness good, On his head a cap of steel, Broad sword and buckler by his side, And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand, It was made of a trusty tree, With a sheaf of arrows at his belt, And to Fountains Dale went he

And comming unto Fountains Dale, No farther would he ride, There he was aware of a curtal frier, Walking by the water side.

The frier had on a harness good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel

Robin Hood lighted off his horse, And tyed him to a thorn 'Carry me over the water, thou curtal frier, Or else thy life's forlorn'

The frier took Robin Hood on his back, Deep water he did bestride, And spake neither good word nor bad, Till he came at the other side

Lightly leapt Robin off the friers back,
The frier said to him again,
'Carry me over this water, fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thy pain'

Robin Hood took the frier on's back, Deep water he did bestride, And spake neither good word nor bad, Till he came at the other side

Lightly leapt the frier off Robin Hoods back, Robin Hood said to him again, 'Carry me over this water, thou curtal frier, Or it shall breed thy pain'

The frier took Robin on's back again, And stept up to the knee, Till he came at the middle stream Neither good nor had spake he

And coming to the middle stream,
There he threw Robin in,
'And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim'

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The frier to a wicker wand,
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand

One of his best arrows under his belt
To the frier he let fly
The curtal frier with his steel buckler
Did put that arrow by

'Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow, Shoot as thou hast begun, If thou shoot here a summers day, Thy mark I will not shun'

Robin Hood shot passing well,

Till his arrows all were gone,

They took their swords and steel bucklers,

They fought with might and main,

From ten o' th' clock that day
Till four i' th' afternoon,
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
Of the frier to beg a boon

'A boon, a boon, thou curtal frier,
I beg it on my knee
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three'

'That I will do,' said the curtal frier,
'Of thy blasts I have no doubt,
I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes fall out.'

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
He blew but blasts three,
Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,
Came raking over the lee

'Whose men are these,' said the frier,
'That come so hastily?'
'These men are mine,' said Robin Hood,
'Frier, what is that to thee?'

'A boon, a boon,' said the curtal frier,
'The like I gave to thee,
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whutes three.'

'That will I do,' said Robin Hood,
'Or else I were to blame,
Three whutes in a friers fist
Would make me glad and fain.'

The frier set his fist to his mouth, And whited whites three, Half a hundred good ban dogs Came running over the lee

mastiffs, or bloodhounds

hoot

'Here's for every man of thine a dog, And I my self for thee '
'Nay, by my faith,' said Robin Hood,
'Frier, that may not be.'

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did go, The one behind, the other before, Robin Hoods mantle of Lincoln green Off from his back they tore. And whether his men shot east or west, Or they shot north or south,

The curtal dogs, so taught they were,

They kept their arrows in their mouth

cur tailed '

'Take up thy dogs,' said Little John, 'Frier, at my bidding be,'

'Whose man art thou,' said the curtal frier,
'Comes here to prate with me?'

'I am Little John, Robin Hoods man, Frier, I will not lie, If thou take not up thy dogs soon, I'le take up them and thee'

Little John had a bow in his hand, He shot with might and main, Soon half a score of the friers dogs Lay dead upon the plain

'Hold thy hand, good fellow,' said the curtal frier,
'Thy master and I will agree,
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the haste that may be'

'If thou wilt forsake fair Fountains Dale, And Fountains Abby free, Every Sunday throghout the year, A noble shall be thy fee

'And every holy day throughout the year, Changed shall thy garment be, If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham, And there remain with me.'

This curtal frier had kept Fountains Dale Seven long years or more, There was neither knight, lord, nor earl, Could make him yield before

This ballad is from a 'Garland' of 1663, the version in Percy's folio being fragmentary. The piece, says Professor Child, 'is in a genuinely popular style, and was made to sing, not to print' There are traces of an earlier ballad as the common basis of the version given here and of that in the Percy folio

Sir Patrick Spens

The king sits in Dunsermline towne,
Drinking the blude red wine,
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine?'

O up and spake an eldern knight, Sat at the king's right knee,— 'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor, That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter, And seal'd it with his hand, And sent it to sir Patrick Spens, Was walking on the strand

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem,
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame'

The first word that sir Patrick read, Sae loud loud laughed he, The neist word that sir Patrick read, The tear blinded his ee.

next

uct

'O wha is this has done this deed, And tould the king o' me, To send us out, at this time of the year, To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet, Our ship must sail the facm, The king's daughter of Noroway, 'I is we must fetch her hame.'—

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn, hoisted Wi' a' the speed they may,
They had landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday

They hadna been a week, a week, In Noroway, but twae, When that the lords o' Noroway Began aloud to say—

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud, And a' our queenis fee '— 'Ye he, ye he, ye hars loud! Fu' loud I hear ye he

'For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half fou of gude red goud, half measure
Out o'er the sea wi' me

'Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn,'—
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen, Wi' the auld moon in her arm, And, if we gang to sea, master, I fear we'll come to harm'

They hadna sailed a lengue, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brah, and the top masts lap,

It was sie a deadly storm,

And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,

Till a' her sides were torn

'O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top mast,
To see if I can spy land?'—

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
I'ill you go up to the tall top mast,
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely one,
When a bout fley out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam in

'Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in '---

They fetch'd a web o' the silken clatth,
Another o' the twine,

And they wrapp'd them round that gude ship's side, But still the sea cam in

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
Fo weet their cork heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon

And mony was the feather-bed
That flatter'd on the faem, tossed
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nac mair

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit, Wi' their fans into their hand, Before they see sir Patrick Spens Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nair

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet

This ballad was first printed by Percy (1765), and then by Herd ('Sir Andrew Wood') in 1769 Scott's version is a blend of two variants Andrew Wood has only been casually introduced, he being the most famous mariner under James III and James IV That the ballad is really traditional is proved by a fragment of a variant collected in 1829, which contains a formula found also in 'I he Bonny Earl o' Moray '-an example of the popular method of diffusing and intermingling ballads The expedition to Norway, under Sir Patrick, is not historical, and yields no date, though conccivably it may be a refraction from the wellremembered fact of the death of the Maid of Norway on her way to Scotland (1290) marringe of James III with a Danish princess (1469) involved no kind of tragedy. If one might conjecture, the death of the Maid, with its terrible consequences, floated vaguely in the popular memory, as did the Danish marriage of James III A poet unconsciously 'combined his informition,' altering the characters of the tragedy, or accepting the wreck from erroneous tradition This may have occurred in the sixteenth century, and the Danish marriage of James VI may have recalled the vague legends and prompted the poet. Like Professor Child, we 'do not feel compelled to regard the ballad is historical?

Sir Aldingar

Our king he kept a false stewarde, Sir Aldinger they him call, A falser's eward than he was one, Service not in lower nor hall. He wolde have layne by our comelye queene, Her deere worshippe to betraye Our queene she was a good woman, And evermore said him naye '

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind, With her hee was never content, Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse, In a fyer to have her brent

There came a lazar to the kings gate, A lazar both blinde and lame He tooke the lazar upon his backe, Him on the queenes bed has layne

'Lye still, lazar, wheras thou lyest, Looke thou goe not hence away, Ile make thee a whole man and a sound In two howers of the day '

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar, And hyed him to our king 'If I might have grace, as I have space, Sad tydings I could bring'

- 'Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar, Saye on the soothe to mee.'
- 'Our queene hath chosen a new new love, And shee will have none of thee
- 'If shee had chosen a right good knight, The lesse had beene her shame, But she hath chose her a lazar man. A lazar both blinde and lame,'
- 'If this be true, thou Aldingar, The tyding thou tellest to me, Then will I make thee a rich rich knight, Rich both of golde and fee.
- 'But if it be false, Sir Aldingar, As God nowe grant it bee! Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood, Shall hang on the gallows tree.'

He brought our king to the queenes chamber, And opend to him the dore 'A lodlye love,' king Harry says, loathly 'For our queene dame Elinore '

'If thou were a man, as thou art none, Here on my sword thoust dye, But a payre of new gallowes shall be built, And there shalt thou hang on hye'

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse, And an angry man was hee, And soone he found queene Elinore, That bride so bright of blee hue, complexion

'Now God you save, our queene, madame, And Christ you save and see, Here you have chosen a newe newe love, And you will have none of mee

'If you had chosen a right good knight, The lesse had been your shame But you have chose you a lazar man, A lazar both blinde and lame.

- 'Therfore a fyer there shall be built, And brent all shalt thou bee '-'Now out alacke!' said our comly queene,
 - 'Sir Aldingar's false to mee
- 'Now out alacke!' sayd our comlye queene, 'My heart with griefe will brast burst I had thought swevens had never been true, dreams I have proved them true at last.
- 'I dreamt in my sweven on thursday eve, I my bed wheras I laye, I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast Had carryed my crowne awaye,
- 'My gorgett and my kirtle of golde, And all my faire head geere And he wold worrye me with his tush And to his nest y beare

'Saving there came a little gray hawke, A merlin him they call, Which untill the grounde did strike the grype, That dead he downe did fall

tusk

'Giffe I were a man, as now I am none, A battell wold I prove, To fight with that traitor Aldingar, Att him I cast my glove

'But seeing Ime able noe battell to make, My liege, grant me a knight To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar, To maintaine me in my right '

'Now forty dayes I will give thee To seeke thee a knight therin If thou find not a knight in forty dayes Thy bodye it must brenn'

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west, forthwith By north and south bedeene But never a champion colde she find, Wolde fight with that knight soe keene

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone, Noe helpe there might be had, Many a teare shed our comelye queene And aye her hart was sad

Then came one of the queenes damselles, And knelt upon her knee, 'Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame, I trust yet helpe may be.

'And here I will make mine avowe, And with the same me binde, That never will I return to thee, Till I some helpe may finde.'

Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye Oer hill and dale about But never a champion colde she finde, Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on apace, When our good queene must dye, All woe begone was that faire damselle, When she found no helpe was nye

All woc begone was that faire damselle, And the salt teares fell from her eye When lo! as she rode by a rivers side, She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boy she mette, God wot, All clad in mantle of golde, He seemed noe more in mans likenesse, Then a childe of four yeere olde.

'Why grieve you, damselle faire,' he sayd,
'And what doth cause you moane?'
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on

'Yet turne againe, thou faire damselle, And greete thy queene from mee, When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest, Nowe helpe enoughe may bee

'Bid her remember what she dreamt In her bedd wheras shee laye, How when the grype and the grimly beast Wolde have carried her crowne awaye

'Even then there came the little gray hawke, And saved her from his clawes Then bidd the queene be merry at hart, For heaven will fende her cause'

Back then rode that faire damselle, And her hart it lept for glee And when she told her gracious dame A gladd woman then was shee

But when the appointed day was come, No helpe appeared nye Then woeful, woeful was her hart, And the teares stood in her eye

And nowe a fyer was built of wood,
And a stake was made of tree,
And now queene Llinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see

Three times the herault he waved his hand, And three times spake on hye 'Giff any good knight will fende this dame, Come forth, or shee must dye'

No knight stood forth, no knight there came, No helpe appeared nye And now the fyer was lighted up, Queen Elinor she must dye

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee,
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tinye boy they see

'Away with that stake, away with those brands, And loose our comelye queene I am come to fight with Sir Aldingur, And prove him a traitor keene'

Forthe then stood Sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scotted, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguvide

'Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar, And eyther fighte or flee, I trust that I shall avenge the wronge, Thoughe I am so small to see'

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde, So gilt it dazzled the ce, The first stroke stricken at Aldingar Smote off his leggs by the knee.

'Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor, And fight upon thy feete, For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st, Of height wee shall be meete.'

മന, ദ ഭവവി

'A priest, a priest,' sayes Aldingar,
'While I am a man alive

A priest, a priest,' sayes Aldingar,
'Me for to houzle and shrive Give me the Sacra ment and absolution

'I wolde have laine by our comble queene, But shee wolde never consent, Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge, In a feer to have her brent

'There came a lazar to the kings gates, A lazar both blind and lame I tooke the lazar upon my backe,

I tooke the lazar upon my backe, And on her bedd had him layne

'Then ranne I to our combye king, These tidings sore to tell But ever alacke!' sayes Aldingar, 'Falsing never doth well,

'Forgive, forgive mc, queenc, madame,
The short time I must live'

'Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar, As freely I forgive'

'Here take thy queene, our king Harrye,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye
A truer and fairer wife'

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene, And loosed her full some Then turnd to look for the tinye boye, —The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man, And stroakt him with his hand The lazar under the gallowes tree All whole and sounde did stand

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall,
King Henrye made him his head stewarde
To wayte within his hall

Concerning this ballad, as of literary origin, see the article above on Ballads (page 523)

Clerk Saunders

Clerk Stunders and May Margaret Walked ower you garden green, And sad and heavy was the fove That fell thir two between

'A bed, a bed, Clerk Saunders said,
'A bed for you and me!'—
'Fve na, fye na,' said May Margaret,
'Till anes we married be,

- 'For in may come my seven bauld brothers, Wi' torches burning bright, They'll say—"We hae but ae sister, And behold she's wi' a knight!"'—
- 'Then take the sword from my scabbard, And slowly lift the pin, And you may swear, and safe your aith, Ye never let Clerk Saunders in
- 'And take a napkin in your hand, And tie up baith your bonny een, And you may swear, and safe your aith, Ye saw me na since late yestreen.'
- It was about the midnight hour,
 When they asleep were laid,
 When in and came her seven brothers,
 Wi' torches burning red
- When in and came her seven brothers,
 Wi' torches burning bright,
 They said, 'We hae but ae sister,
 And behold her lying with a knight!'
- Then out and spake the first o' them,
 'I bear the sword shall gar him dee!'
 And out and spake the second o' them,
 'His father has nae mair than he!'
- And out and spake the third o' them,
 'I wot that they are lovers dear!'—
 And out and spake the fourth o' them,
 'They hae been in love this mony a year'
- Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
 'It were great sin true love to twain!'—
 And out and spake the sixth of them,
 'It were shame to slay a sleeping man!'
- Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
 And never a word spake he,
 But he has striped his bright brown brand
 Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye
- Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd Into his arms as asleep she lay, And sad and silent was the night That was atween thir twae
- And they lay still and sleeped sound,
 Until the day began to daw,
 And kindly to him she did say,
 'It is time, true love, you were awa.'
- But he lay still, and sleeped sound,
 Albeit the sun began to sheen,
 She looked atween her and the wa',
 And dull and drowsie were his een.
- Then in and came her father dear,
 Said—'Let a' your mourning be,
 I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
 And I'll come back and comfort thee.'—
- 'Comfort weel your seven sons,
 For comforted will I never be,
 I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
 Was in the bower last night wi' me.'

- The clinking bell gaed through the town,

 To carry the dead corse to the clay,

 And Clerk Saunders stood at May Margaret's window,

 I wot, an hour before the day
- 'Are ye sleeping, Margaret?' he says,
 'Or are ye waking presentlie?
 Give me my faith and troth again,
 I wot, true love, I gied to thee'
- 'Your faith and troth you sall never get, Nor our true love sall never twin, Until ye come within my bower, And kiss me cheik and chin '—
- 'My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
 It has the smell, now, of the ground,
 And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
 Thy days of life will not be lang
- 'O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight, I wot the wild fowls are boding day, Give me my faith and troth again, And let me fare me on my way'—
- 'Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
 And our true love sall never twin,
 Until ye tell what comes of women,
 I wot, who die in strong traivelling?
- 'Their beds are made in the heavens high,
 Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
 Weel set about wi' gillyflowers!
 I wot sweet company for to see.
- 'O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight, I wot the wild fowl are boding day; The psalms of heaven will soon be sung, And I, ere now, will be miss'd away'
- Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
 And she has stroken her troth thereon,
 She has given it him out at the shot-window,
 Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.
- 'I thank ye, Marg'ret, I thank ye, Marg'ret, And aye I thank ye heartilie, Gin ever the dead come or the quick, Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee.'—
- It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
 She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,
 Until she came to the green forest,
 And there she lost the sight o' him
- 'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
 Is there ony room at your feet?
 Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
 Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?'—
- 'There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
 There's nae room at my feet,
 My bed it is full lowly now,
 Amang the hungry worms I sleep
- 'Cauld mould is my covering now, But and my winding sheet, The dew it falls nae sooner down, Than my resting place is weet

But plait a wand o' bonny birk, And lay it on my breast And shed a tear upon my grave, And wish my saul gude rest.

'And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret, And Marg'ret o' veritie, Gin e'er ye love another man, Ne'er love him as ye did me '—

Then up and crew the milk white cock, And up and crew the gray, Her lover vanish'd in the air, And she gaed weeping away

This ballad is cited from Scott, whose version is a patchwork, but classical The sequel is from 'Sweet William's Ghost,' but this ballad may once have had a similar sequel. The return of the dead lover (or brother) has Scandinavian, Romaic, and English analogies Compare also 'The Clerks I'wa Sons o' Owsenford' and 'The Wife o' Usher's Well'

The Wife o' Usher's Well.

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,

A week but barely ane,

When word came back to the carline wife

I hat her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her, A week but barely three, When word came to the carline wife That her sons she'd never see.

'I wish the wind may never cease, Nor fishes in the flood, Till my three sons come hame to me, In earthly flesh and blood!'—

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons cam hame,
And their hats were o' the birk

It neither grew in syke nor ditch, drain
Nor yet in ony sheugh, water furrow
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair encuch

'Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well'
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well'—

And she has made to them a bed, She's made it large and wide, And she's ta'en her mantle her about, Sat down at the bedside

Up then crew the red red cock, And up and crew the gray, The eldest to the youngest said, 'Is time we were away'— The cock he hadna craw'd but ance,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest sud,
'Brother, we must awa.—

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide, complaining
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear'
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire'

This poem of the return of the dead, disturbed by the grief of the living, was obtained, Scott says, from the recitation of an old woman at Kirkhill in West Lothian

The Battle of Otterburn.

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey

He chose the Gordons and the Gremes, With them the Lindesays, light and gry, But the Jardines wald not with him ride, And they rue it to this day

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire,
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire

And he march'd up to Newcastle, And rode it round about, 'O wha's the lord of this castle, Or wha's the lady o't?'

But up spake proud lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
'I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay'—

'If thou'rt the lord of this castle, Sae weel it pleases me' For, ere I cross the Border fells, The tane of us shall dee'—

He took a lang spear in his hand, Shod with the metal free, And for to meet the Douglas there, He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'

'Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell,
But your sword sall gre wi' me'—

'But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there days three,
And, if I come not ere three days end,
A fause knight ca' ye me'—

'The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn,
"Tis pleasant there to be,
But there is nought at Otterbourne
To feed my men and me

'The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree,
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me

serve for

'Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be,
And, if you come not at three days end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee'—

'Thither will I come,' proud Percy said,
'By the might of Our Ladye''
'There will I bide thee,' said the Douglas,
My troth I plight to thee'—

They lighted high on Otterbourne, Upon the bent sae brown, They lighted high on Otterbourne, And threw their pallions down

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass,
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand '—

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud '
Sae loud I hear ye lie
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

deal with

'But I have dreamed a dreary dream, Beyond the Isle of Skye, I saw a dead man win a fight, And I think that man was I'

He belted on his guid braid sword, And to the field he ran, But he forgot the helmet good, That should have kept his brain

When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat, swagged,
And the blood ran down like rain

But Percy, with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground

Then he called on his little foot page, And said—'Run speedilie, And fetch my ain dear sister's son, Sir Hugh Montgomery'

'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,
'What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

'My wound is deep, I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder hlye lee

'O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tears in his ee,
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew

The Gordons good, in English blood They steep'd their hose and shoon, The Lindsays flew like fire about, Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,

That either of other were fain,

They swapped swords, and they twa swat,

And age the blood ran down between.

'Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,
'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!'—
'To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,
'Now that I see it must be so?'—

'Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me,
But yield ye to the braken bush,
That grows upon you hlye lee!'—

'I will not yield to a braken bush, Nor yet will I yield to a brier, But I would yield to Earl Douglas, Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.'

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,

He struck his sword's point in the gronde,
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne
About the breaking of the day,
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away

Scott's version, though confessedly a blend of two variants, is followed as the most classical. The battle occurred on August 19, 1388, and Froissart's account is easily accessible. A ballad on the theme is remarked on in The Complaynt of Scotlande (1549). This probably had affinities with our ballad. It seems probable that a furresounding event may often have been circulated, and of course altered, in oral tradition, before it found its ballad poet, but, as daily experience shows, oral tradition alters events of newspaper record with amazing rapidity. A notable example is Mr Alfred Austin's poem on Jameson's Ruid—eminently unhistorical though contemporary

Much more did fancy change facts in days before the printing-press

Kinmont Willie

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Hairibee to hang him up?

Had Wilhe had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his cumpanie

They band his legs beneath the steed,

They tied his hands behind his back,

They guarded him, fivesome on each side,

And they brought him ower the Liddel rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands,
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands

'My hands are tied, but my tongue is free And whae will dare this deed avow? Or answer by the Border law? Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?'—

'Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me.'

'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo' Willie
'By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope,' he said,
'I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed' score

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper, In Branksome Ha', where that he lay, That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie, Between the hours of night and day

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he said,
'But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be'

'O is my basnet a widow's curch? helmet, cap
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me? slight

'And have they ta'en him, Kimmont Willie, Against the truce of Border tide? And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

'And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie, Withouten either dread or fear? And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch Can back a steed or shake a spear?

'O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Tho' it were builded of marble stone

'I would set that castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood! slake
There's nevir a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

'But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,
I'll neither harin English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!'—

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld, I trow they were of his ain name, Except Sir Gilbert Elliot call'd, The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld, Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch, With spur on heel, and splent on spauld, And gluves of green, and feathers blue.

armour on shoulder

There were five and five before them a', Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright, And five and five came wi' Buccleuch, Like warden's men, array'd for fight

And five and five, like a mason gung,
That carried the ladders lang and hie,
And five and five, like broken men,
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land, When to the English side we held, The first o' men that we met wi', Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'
Quo' fause Sakelde, 'come tell to me''
'We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie'

'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?'
Quo' fause Sakelde, 'come tell me true!'
'We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch'

'Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?'
'We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee'

'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'
Quo' fause Sakelde, 'come tell to me!'
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' lear had he.

Instruction,
culture

'Why tresspass ye on the English side?
Row footed outlaws, stand!' quo'he, rolling footed
The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw bank the Eden we cross'd,
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie,
And there the Laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw,
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'

We crept on knees, and held our breath,

Till we placed the ladders against the wa',

And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell

To mount the first, before us a'

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
'Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!—

'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo' Buccleuch,
'Let's waken Lord Scroope, right merrihe!'
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
'O wha dare meddle wi' me?'

Then speedilie to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole thro' a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'

They thought King James and a' his men Had won the house wi' bow and spear, It was but twenty Scots and ten That put a thousand in sic a stear!

stir, panic

Wi' coulters, and wi' fore hammers,
We garr'd the bars bang merrile,
Untill we cam to the inner prison,
Where Wilhe o' Kimmont he did he.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?'

O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It's lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me! frightened
away
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me.'
ask

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell

'Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!

My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he cried—
'I'll pay you for my lodging mail!

When first we meet on the Border side'—

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang,
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang!

'O mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood mad
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

'And mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I've pricked a horse out ower the furs,
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!'

We scarce had won the Staneshaw bank, When a' the Carlisle bells were rung, And a thousand men, in horse and foot, Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
'If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!'

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane,
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

'He is either himsell a devill frae hell, Or else his mother a witch maun be, I wad na have ridden that wan water For a' the gowd in Christentie'

The date of the event is April 13, 1596 (Tytler's History of Scotland, in. 430, Lord Scroope's Dispatch) Scott of Satchells (History of the Name of Scott, 1688) either borrowed from the ballad, or, if any one distrusts Sir Walter Scott, then he borrowed from Satchells! Sir Walter confessedly combined and emended versions, and the present writer, like Professor Child, recognises his hand in stanzas 10, 11, 12, perhaps we may add 17, 31, 39, if not 46

Mary Hamilton.

Marie Humilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair,
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than ony that were there

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast,
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listen'd to the priest

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands,
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than the Queen and a' her lands

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court,
And the King the only man

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durst na be

The King is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
But the thing it wadna be.

O she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea—
'Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye's get na mair o' me.'

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Amang the ladyes a',

That Mane Hamilton's brought to bed, And the bonny babe's mist and awa'

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'n asleep,
When up then started our gude Queen,
Just at her bed feet,
Saying—'Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?
For I am sure I heard it greet.'

'O no, O no, my noble Queen?

I hink no such thing to be,
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me.'

'Get up, gct up, Marie Hamilton Gct up, and follow me, For I am going to Edinburgh town. A rich wedding for to sec'

O slowly, slowly, raise she up, And slowly put she on, And slowly rode she out the way, Wi' mony a weary groan

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green,
And every town that they cam to,
Hey took Marie for the Queen

'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen, Ride hooly now wi' me! For never, I am sure, a wearier burd Rade in your cumpanie!

gently

damsel

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down

'Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives, Why look ye so on me? O, I am going to Edinburgh town, A rich wedding for to see'

When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs, toll house, jail
The corks frae her heels did fice,
And lang or e'er she cam down again,
She was condemn'd to die

When she cam to the Netherbow port, She laughed loud laughters three, But when she cam to the gallows foot, The tears blinded her e'e

'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three,
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me

'O, often have I dress'd my Queen, And put gold upon her hair, But now I've gotten for my reward The gallows to me my share 'Often have I dress'd my Queen,
And often made her bed,
But now I 've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the facm,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I'm coming hame

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog's death I'm to die

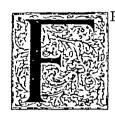
For if my father and mother got wit, And my bold brethren three, O mickle wad be the gude red blude. This day wad be spilt for me!

'O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to trivel in,
Or the death I was to die!'

Professor Child (vol iii 382-384) regarded this as 'one of the very latest of the Scottish ballads,' yet 'one of the very best' Like Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and Mr Courthope, he thought that it was based on the death of a Mary Hamilton for child-murder, at the court of Peter the Great, in March 1719 Professor Child's later published remarks on the objection of the present writer to this theory are in vol v 299 (compare Blackwood's Magazini, September 1895, p 381 et seq) The facts of the Scottish case—an apothecary and a French maid of Mary's being the culprits-are in Stite Papers (Foreign), Elizabeth, December 21, 1563, p 637 The apothecary occurs in a variant in the Abbotsford MSS This could hardly have happened if, for some unknown reason, our ballad was based, about 1720, on a report of a contemporary event in Russii, and yet accommodated to the circumstances of Mary Stuart's The apothecary is a clear trace of the historical facts of 1563 Professor Child therefore thinks the improbability of the modern date and origin of the ballad 'considerably greater' than the improbability of the chance coincidence of a child murder by a real Mary Hamilton, a Russian maid of honour There was no Hamilton among the Queen's Maries, who were Mary Seton, Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingstone, and the scandal about one of those ladics, circulated by John Knox, has been dis proved by contemporary documents. Scott's patched version is selected as classical extraordinary number of variants, with the Duke of York and the Duke of Argyll introduced as fathers of the heroine, demonstrate the wide circulation, antiquity, and manifold corruption of the ballad These things do not suit a bill id of 1720 based on a Russian scandal.

THE CIVIL WAR AND THE COMMONWEALTH.

The Pulitan Movement.



ROM Shakespeare to Milton—
from Elizabeth to Cromwell
—the parallelism of the two
changes at once suggests
the influence exercised upon
literature by the external
forces which control the re-

ligious and political life of the time Whatever be the causes which lead to the production of great literature or great art at a given place or time, it may safely be averred that it demands the concurrence of a virile energy, strung to its highest pitch, with the moderating influence of ideas which impose limitations on the worker or the thinker, and preserve the sanity of those who act upon their contemporaries in the world of external achievement as well as in the world It was this combination of mental conception which, on the one hand, sent forth the members of a single Athenian tribe to fight in one year in Cyprus, in Egypt, in Phænicia, and on the soil of Greece itself, at a time when the most thorough political revolution had been carried out by constitutional methods unstained by the horrors of civil war, and, on the other hand, manifested itself alike in the counsels of Pericles, the graving-tool of Phidias, and the written word of Sophocles

The Elizabethan age in England showed an energy as intense as that of Athens, displaying itself in a far wider field With an outlook upon a new world still to be won to the use of civilised mankind, a religion—or rather, more than one religion—claiming not to be national but universal, the nobler Elizabethan found the boundary lines of thought and of moral rectitude pushed forward beyond the limits which had satisfied his ancestors It is hardly strange that these 'spacious times' gave birth to the greatest of dramatists, who worked, 'not only for an age, but for all time,' and who, whilst he gave with unerring touch vitality to all his characters, limited their action by nothing less than the forces of nature herself, whether acting by external compulsion or by the influence of ındıvıdual character

Shakespeare's largeness of view was shared by

the greatest of his contemporaries. It was on nature and her material laws that Bacon strove to found the new science. It was on nature and her moral laws that Hooker strove to found ecclesiastical peace One voice, however, in the Elizabethan choir sounded a note apart. Shakespeare, Bacon, and Hooker alike deal with men and things as they are Spenser aimed at depicting men as they ought to be, and it was the Spenserian tradition which was taken up by Milton in his earlier poems With Milton, from the beginning, it is not the real individual man, acting in harmony with his own nature and controlled by the forces of the external world, but the individual man idealised looking forth on a world also idealised. So it is with the verses on the deaths of Bishops Andrewes and Felton (1626), with L'Allegro and Il Penscroso (1632?), and with Comus (1634) last-named poem is especially characteristic of Milton's frame of mind at this period of his life. In it not merely is virtue evalted and vice scorned, but the inward purity of mind is represented, as by Plato and Spenser, as holding sway over the outward appearance

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence
Till all be made immortal

The change in the poet's point of view from Perdita and Miranda to the lady of the Comus is obvious, and it is no less obvious that it is no mere deflection in the stream of literary taste with which we have to reckon. Milton was other than Shakespeare, primarily, of course, because the two men were born different, but also because the times in which they lived were different. The world was no longer in the Miltonic age a mystery and a wonder. The Western Continent was no longer

the home of men whose heads grow beneath their shoulders, but the abode of very prosaic English colonists in Virginia and New England England no longer confronted the world in arms, but was called on to work out her own domestic problems at home The world had grown smaller, and the boundary of political action had been drawn closer Puritanism, which had furnished to the Elizabethan one of the phenomena of which he had to take account, threatened in the reign of Charles to absorb all others It is unnecessary to argue that Puntanism, conceived as an ecclesiastical system, with its unbending theology and its strict discipline, was hostile to literary effort No great work was ever inspired by the tone of thought which expressed itself in the Admonition to Parliament or in the West-Even the moral restricminster Confession tions of Puritanism were too sternly pressed to be congenial to the artistic nature not, taste not, handle not,' seems best answered by the flippant comment, 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?' Yet the essence of Puritanism did not lie in its prohibitions but in its aspirations, in its desire to avoid the excess and riot of the world around It was this, for instance, that imposed on men like Baxter the name of Baxter, as he himself tells us, 'never scrupled common prayers or ceremonies, nor spoke against Bishops, nor ever so much as prayed but by a book or form, being not even acquainted then with any that did otherwise, but only for reading Scripture when the rest were dancing on the Lord's Day, and for praying—by a form out of the end of the Common Prayer Book—in his house, and for reproving drunkards and swearers, and for talking sometimes a few words of Scripture and the life to come, he was reviled commonly by the name of Puritan, precisian, and hypocrite'

The aims of such men were of necessity individualistic. They sought to strengthen and purify the soul rather than to increase the power of their country or to spread its influence abroad. For such the imposition of the stern Puritan discipline upon the conscience was almost a necessity lest, becoming merely self-centred, they should loosen the bonds which imposed some check on the divergencies of thought and action and hindered the dissolution of the nation into a thousand hostile sects. Yet, checked as it might be, the sense of individuality was there, and bore with increasing

force upon the art as well as upon the mind of Milton

Such a system of thought could not fail to be as repulsive to one order of minds as it was attractive to another Hostility, not to the moral tendencies but to the intellectual fetters of Puritanism, developed itself amongst scholars at the universities, where the students of Patristic literature were familiarised with thoughts very different from those which inspired Calvinistic theology The attack on that theology led to a somewhat uncertain progress in the direction of intellectual freedom, whilst those who carried it on sought, in their reverence for external forms of worship, for that fixed order which was accepted by their opponents as residing in the sphere of intellectual belief English world was entering on a period of unrest and controversy, and for the first time religious controversy, which had found its way into Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, left its mark on a truly great poem in Lycidas (1637) The lines in which the Laudian system is attacked can hardly be regarded as enhancing the merits of that splendid verse, yet it must be acknowledged that in introducing them Milton had too fine an artistic sense to take notice of the more prominent subjects under discussion at the time, and contented himself with dwelling on the neglect of duty which he ascribed to a hireling clergy The highest poetry refused to touch satirically on such topics as the position of the communion table or the wearing of the surplice

Yet, on the other side, reverence rendered it possible to touch on them, if only by a tour de force The tendency to subordinate thought to words had shown itself in the quaintness of Donne and Andrewes, and it was but a step further in George Herbert when he subordinated thought to symbolism

Mark you the floor? That square and speckled stone

Which looks so firm and strong
Is Patience

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one

Is checkered all along, Humility

The gentle rising, which on either hand Leads to the Quire above, Is Confidence

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band Ties the whole frame, is Love

And Charity

Such lines appeal to a restricted audience. Later generations find more sympathy with the tolerant spirit of such men as Chillingworth or John Hales, but their writings are too far involved in the special controversies of the day to give them a hold on the universal intelligence of mankind. Sir Thomas Browne, on the other hand, rises into a higher atmosphere, and aims at reconciling faith and thought in words which find an echo in later times.

Deleterious as was the effect of controversy on the literature of the time, the individualistic tendency of the day was favourable to the production of work that has lived The poetry of the second and third quarters of the seventeenth century is remarkable for its panegyrics on individual personages, of which Lycidas furnishes an early and perhaps the best example handling of the subject by Milton is as unlike what Shakespeare's would have been as it is possible to be The personality of Edward King, the hero of the piece, is more than idealised, as it is not in any way brought before our eyes, and the beauty of his character is left to be inferred from its effect upon the mind of the poet, as the beauty of Helen was left to be inferred from the passion it excited with Lycidas, so with the sonnets, the controversial and the panegyrical are found in close connection with one another, but fortunately Milton for the most part reserved his most transient contentions for his prose and the more permanent for his poetry. The arguments about the abominations of Episcopacy or the dements of King Charles-still more, the scurrilous assaults on his literary opponentsfall dead on the ear, whilst the proclamation of the principles of freedom which lighten up the sonnets On the new Forcers of Conscience, To the Lord General Cromwell, or To Sir Henry Vane, is of universal application, and is as fresh now as on the day when they were Not, indeed, that Milton kept his higher thoughts always in abeyance when he addressed himself to political or ecclesiastical argument, as is witnessed by many passages which might be selected out of works otherwise scurrilous and forbidding, and especially by the noble Areopagitica, in which reason appears instinct with imagination

The tendency to idealise individuals was not of any sect or party. It is to be found as strongly on the Royalist as on the Parliamentary side—with this difference, that whereas Royalists preferred to make woman the theme of their verse,

more especially by reason of her physical charms, the Parliamentarians preferred to dwell on the heroism and virtue of men. We have to set Carew's

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a corol lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never dying fires—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes,

or even Herrick's worship of the 'tempestuous petticoat,' against Milton's

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by futh and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
ploughed,

And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud

Hast reared God's trophies, and this work
pursued,

While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy pruses loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath yet much remains
To conquer still, Peace both her victories
No less renowned than War new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw

The echo in the concluding lines, written in 1652, of the scathing attack in the *Lyculas*, fifteen years before, on those who

For their bellies' sake, Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold,

shows us Milton unchanging and unchangeable in his belief that it was possible to free the nobler work of men from earthly complications. So too, in 1654, a few months after the establishment of the Protectorate, he strove in his Second Defence of the English People to invest the coming Parliament in the ideal robes which he found suitable to the Protector. The character of his appeal to the voters on the eve of a general election is surely unparalleled before or since

'Unless by true and sincere piety towards God and man,' he tells them, 'not vain and wordy, but efficacious and active, you drive from your souls all superstitions sprung from ignorance of true and solid religion, you will always have those who will

make you their beasts of burden and sit upon your backs and necks, they will put you up for sale as their easily gotten booty, all your victories in war notwithstanding, and make a rich income out of your ignorance and superstition Unless you expel avarice, ambition, luxury from your minds, aye, and luxurious living also from your families, then the tyrant you thought you had to seek externally in the battlefield you will find in your own home-you will find within yourselves a still harder taskmaster, nay there will sprout daily out of your own vitals a numerous brood of intolerable tyrants fallen into such an abyss of easy self-corruption, no one-not even Cromwell himself, nor a whole host of Brutuses, if they could come to life again, could deliver you if they would, or would deliver you if For why should any one then assert they could for you the right of free suffrage, or the power of clecting whom you will at the Parliament? Is it that you should be able, each of you, to elect in the cities men of your faction, or that person in the boroughs, however unworthy, who may have fcasted yourselves most sumptuously or treated the country-people and the boors to the greatest quantity of drink? Then we should have our members of Parliament made for us, not by prudence and authority, but by faction and feeding, we should have vintners and hucksters for city taverns, and graziers and cattle men for the country districts Should one entrust the Commonwealth to those to whom nobody would entrust a matter of private business? Know that as to be free is the same thing exactly as to be pious, wise, just, temperate, self-providing, abstinent from the property of other people, and, in fine, magnanimous and brave, so to be the opposite of all that is the same thing as being a slave, and by the customary judgment of God, and a thoroughly just law of retribution, it comes to pass that a nation that cannot rule and govern itself, but has surrendered itself in slavery to its own lusts, is surrendered also to other masters whom it does not like, and made a slave not only with its will, but also against its will?

One reads no such election addresses now For all that, Milton's burning words—a paraphrase of the saying in Conius, 'Love virtue, she alone is free'-are not for an age but for all time The outward vestments of Puritanism were The strict theologies of Calvin dropping away ism were growing less in repute, and those who most firmly advanced the Puritan standard were growing weary of the doctrine of Parliamentary sovereignty under which its tender years had sheltcred themselves The assurance that constitutions, and, above all, success military and civil, are of small avail to a nation corrupt in heart and self-seeking in its aims is never out of place.

It is this which gives to Milton's political verse and to the better part of his prose a

dignity and value which is shared by none of his contemporaries. In 1655, the year after this appeal was penned, Waller wrote of the external glories of the Protector

The sea's our own, and now all nations greet, With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet, Your power resounds as far as winds can blow,' Or swelling sails upon the globe may go,

or, better still, of Oliver's desire to succour others than those under his own government

Whether this portion of the world were rent By the rude ocean from the continent, Or thus created, it was sure designed To be the sacred refuge of mankind

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort, Justice to crave and succour at your court, And then your Highness, not for ours alone, But for the world's protector shall be known.

So too in Marvell's three panegyrics the first, An Horatian ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland, written in 1650, combines a strong appreciation of Cromwell's intellectual qualities, whilst retaining the belief that he had tricked Charles to his confusion, the second, The first Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector, written probably in the opening weeks of 1655, is an encomium upon Cromwell's character as well as a defence of his political system, whilst the third, A poem upon the death of his late Highness the Lord Protector, written after Cromwell's death in 1658, treads in Waller's steps, giving honour to the man

Who planted England on the Flandrick shore, And stretched our frontier to the Indian ore

It is possible that disappointment at the course taken by popular feeling drove Milton back into more ideal work Paradise Lost, taken up seriously about the time of the great Protector's death, resumes the burden of Comus central thought is the temptation of a single human soul-a masculine soul drawn down to its fate by woman's weakness In Samson Agonistes and Paradise Regained we find the theme of temptation successfully resisted, which is, after all, no other than the theme of the triumphant virtue of the lady of the Comus the former poem the wiles of an evil-minded woman are defied In the latter such influences, by the nature of the case, do not enter into consideration In Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress we have once more attention called to the struggle of the individual against evil and his escape therefrom, the man painfully emerging—the woman lingering behind and only freeing herself

under the conduct of Greatheart, whose character is said—and probably with truth—to have been moulded on that of Cromwell The surroundings of the personages concerned are those of the Calvinistic theology, but the book lives, in spite of this, by the life-like presentation of the allegorical personages which enter upon the stage

The Puritan manifestation in literature, like the Puritan manifestation in the State and nation, had run its triumphant course, though in literature as well as in the nation it was to continue to exercise, when mingled with other elements, a powerful influence. Its decline may be traced to many causes, but above all to the growth of a conviction that it evalted the few at the expense of the many. The

highest aim of the Protectorate was the defence of the so-called 'people of God' The highest aim of Puritan literature was the exaltation of the strong at the expense of the weak-of the pre-eminently good at the expense of the more moderately virtuous. It was not Milton's personal misogyny resulting in the substitution of Eve or Dalıla for Juliet and Rosalind, it was the habit of looking for more than was to be achieved by human nature, till the search for ideal beauty and goodness led to contemptuous blindness to the beauty and goodness inherent in our mingled nature Human nature took its revenge both in politics and literature age of Cromwell and Milton passed away, to be succeeded by the rule of Charles II and the dramatists of the Restoration

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

John Selden.

John Selden (1584-1654) was one of the most illustrious scholars of his time, a learned jurist, a powerful publicist, and a conspicuous political personage He was born 16th December 1584, of a respectable family, at Salvington, near Worthing, in Sussex. After being educated at Chichester and Oxford, he studied law in London, at Clifford's Inn and the Inner Temple Here his learning secured for him the friendship of Camden, Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Ben Jonson, Browne, and also of Drayton, to whose Polyolbion he furnished notes By Milton he is spoken of as 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land' As a conveyancer and chamber-counsel he acquired wealth, yet found time for studies at once profound and wide in He wrote his first treatise, Analecton Anglo Britannicon (1606), on the civil government of Britain before the Norman Conquest, when only twenty-two years of age In 1610 appeared his Jana Anglorum Facies Altera (Eng trans 1683), on the history of the laws of England to the death of Henry II, and also The Duello or Single Combat, a history of trial by battle His largest English work, A Treatise on Titles of Honour, was published in 1614, and still continues an authority In 1617 his fame was extended, both at home and abroad, by his Latin work on the gods of the Syrians and the heathen deities mentioned in the Old Testament. In his History of Tythes (1618), by demolishing the divine right of the Church to that tax he gave great offence to the He was summoned to the king's presence, reprimanded, and (no doubt) confuted He was, moreover, called before several members of the formidable High Commission Court, who extracted from him a written declaration of regret for what he had done, but without any retractation of his opinion Several replies appeared, but to these he was not allowed to publish a rejoinder, and the Privy Council suppressed the work itself. In 1621 he suffered a brief imprisonment for advising the Parliament to repudiate King James's doctrine that their privileges were originally royal grants. In 1623 he was elected member for Lancaster, in 1626 for Great Bedwin, and in 1628 for Ludgershall, both in Wilts, and henceforward till his death he took a considerable part in public affairs.

He was sincerely attached to the cause of the Parliament, and as sincerely opposed to the views of the court party and the king, but he was above all things a constitutional lawyer, and derived his ideas of the rights of the subject from the history of the nation, and not from religious fanaticism or metaphysical considerations. Still, he 'loved his ease,' as Clarendon says, and so let things be done without protest of which he did not approve. Yet he often stood up to defend the liberty of the subject In 1628 he was active in the proceedings of the Commons that issued in the Petition of Right, and the year after he was committed to the Tower with Eliot, Holles, and the rest. eight months' rigorous imprisonment he was transferred to the Marshalsea, but soon after was released In 1640 he was chosen member of the Long Parliament for the University of Oxford, and now, when the struggle between the king and the nation began to point towards the fatal rupture, he was suspected of not being zealous enough by such as were themselves perhaps over-zealous Already in 1636 he had dedicated to the king his Mare Clausum (an answer to the Mare Liberum of Grotius and the Dutch claims to fish off the British coasts), and there is evidence that Charles personally looked on him with favour Selden was one of the committee of twenty-four appointed to draw up a remonstrance, and at this point his path first diverged from that of Hyde, yet without their friendship being impaired. He vigorously opposed the policy that led to the expulsion of the bishops from the House of Lords, and finally to the abolition of Episcopacy. Yet he adhered in the main to the cause of the Parliament, driven by the arbitrariness of the king's later measures. He took no part in the impeachment of Strafford, and voted against the Attainder Bill, and, though he furnished precedents for the measures taken against Laud, had no share in his prosecution.

He was as hostile to the 'jure divinoship' of Presbytery as to the high claims of Episcopacy, and was reputed an Erastian He sat as a laymember in the Assembly of Divines at Westminster (1643), and perplexed his clerical colleagues sadly with his irony and his learning Whitelocke records that in the debates he 'spake admirably, and confuted divers of them in their own learning, and sometimes when they had cited a text of Scripture to prove their assertion he would tell them "Perhaps in your little pocket Bibles with gilt leaves (which they would often pull out and read) the translation may be thus, but the Greek or Hebrew signifies thus and thus," and so would silence them? He was reported to have said 'he trusted he was not mad enough or foolish enough to deserve the name of Puritan?

He was appointed keeper of the rolls and records in the Tower in 1644, in 1645 he was appointed one of the twelve commissioners of the Admiralty, and elected master of Trinity Hall at Cambridge, an office he declined. In 1646 he subscribed the Covenant, and the year after the sum of £5000 was voted to him by Parliament in consideration of his services and sufferings, but it seems doubtful if the money was paid He constantly employed his influence in behalf of learning and learned men, and performed great service to both universities, as one of the university visitors (from 1647), he dways used his influence to moderate the tyranny of his fantical colleagues. One of his last public acts was to join in the last effort for a reconciliation between, the king and the Parliament the execution of Charles, of which it is certain he strongly disapproved as both unlawful and inexpedient, he took little share in public matters, and when requested by Cromwell to answer the Eilon Basilike, he refused He died at Whitefriars, 30th November 1654, and was buried in the Temple Church, London

In 1689 i collection of his sayings, entitled Table talk, was published by his amanuensis, who claimed to have enjoyed for twenty years the opportunity of hearing his master's discourse, and to have committed futhfully to writing 'the excellent things that usually fell from him'. It is more by his Table talk than by the works published in his lifetime that Selden is now generally known as a writer. The eulogy by Clarendon shows how

highly Selden was respected even by his opponents, and emphasises the contrast between the embarrassed style of his published works and the ease of his spoken utterances 'He was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit any expressions' equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous a learning in all kinds and in all languages—as may appear in his excellent writings—that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing, yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good



JOHN SELDEN
From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery

exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes obscure, which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity, but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty of making hard things casy and present to the understanding, of any man that hath been known?

Many of the sententious remarks in Selden's Table-tall are exceedingly acute, others are humorous, while some embody propositions which, though affirmed in familiar conversation, he probably would not have seriously maintained Marriage he pronounces 'a desperate thing the frogs in Esop were extreme wise, they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get

out again' There are not a few satirical observations on the clergy, and plentiful indications of that cautious spirit which distinguished him throughout his career. Johnson, speaking of French Ana, said 'A few of them are good, but we have one book of that kind better than any of them—Selden's Table-talk' Coleridge declared, not without exaggeration, 'There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I can find in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer' The following are extracts from the Table-talk

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against, for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language

A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, fool, the lord complains, and has Stone whipped, Stone cries 'I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have had me whipped'

Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying, his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell, the Spaniard replying, called the devil my lord. 'I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel.' His confessor reproved him. 'Excuse me,' said the Don, 'for calling him so, I know not into what hands I may fall, and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.'

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

There is humilitas quadam in vitio [a faulty excess of humility]. If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and man

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking, 'tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking, that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness sake. Just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat—if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree, one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion But that charge being committed to one, he according to his discretion pleases all—If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

It is a vain thing to talk of an heretic, for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the primitive times there were many opinions, nothing scarce, but some or other held. One of these opinions being embraced by some prince, and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies, and his religion, which i as but one of the several opinions, first is said to be orthodox, and so to have continued ever since the apostles.

No man is wiser for his learning it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit and wisdom are born with a man. Most men's learning is nothing but history duly taken up. If I quote Thomas Aquinas for some tenet, and believe it because the school men say so, that is but history. Few men make themselves masters of the things they write or speak.

Oracles ceased presently after Christ, as soon as nobody believed them just as we have no fortune tellers, nor wise men [wizards], when nobody cares for them. Sometimes you have a season for them, when people believe them, and neither of these, I conceive, wrought by the devil.

Dreams and prophecies do thus much good they make a man go on with boldness and courage upon a danger or a mistress. If he obtains, he attributes much to them, if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself

Nothing is text but what is spoken of in the Bible, and meant there for person and place, the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well, but 'tis his scripture, not the Holy Ghost's

First, in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.

Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits as take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.

A person of quality came to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head (I wondered what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me With that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the meantime I got a card, and lapped it up hand some in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta, and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his neck, withal charged him that he should not disorder himself neither with eating nor drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly

well, for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me, he had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still 'Well,' said I, 'I am glad two of them are gone, I make no doubt to get away the other two likewise' So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after, he came to me to my chamber, and profest he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure the devils in the head, and that was Dr Harvey, whom I had prepared, and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself The gentle man lived many years, and was never troubled after

To quote a modern Dutchman where I may use a classic author, is as if I were to justify my reputation, and I neglect all persons of note and quality that know me, and bring the testimonial of the scullion in the litchen.

They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is president of their general councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost

To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a sore leg, and he should go to an honest judicious chirurgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm, and anoint with such an oil (an oil well known) that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, Your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die, unless you do something that I could tell you, what listening there would be to this man! Oh, for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is, I will give you any content for your pains

What a gentleman is, 'tis hard with us to define. In other countries he is known by his privileges, in Westminster-Hall he is one that is reputed one, in the court of honour, he that hath arms. The king cannot make a gentleman of blood. What have you said? Nor God Almighty but he can make a gentleman by creation. If you ask which is the better of these two, civilly, the gentleman of blood, morally, the gentleman by creation may be the better, for the other may be a debauched man, this a person of worth

Gentlemen have ever been more temperate in their religion than the common people, as having more reason, the others running in a hurry

The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corruntoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ccremony, at length to Trenchmore and the cushion dance, and then all the company dance, lord and groom, lidy and kitchen maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well.

But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but Trenchmore and the cushion-dance, omnum gatherum, tolly-polly, hoite come toite.

'Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse, but when they come to be men, they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at 'Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely, but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go

'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses, 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public is foolish. If a man in a private chamber twirls his band strings, or plays with a rush to please himself, 'tis well enough, but if he should go into Fleet street, and sit upon a stall, and twirl a band string, or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him

Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty reasons why he should grant this or that, he knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give you reasons, 'otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he will discredit you,' would you endure it? You know it better than he, let him ask a suit of clothes

If a servant that has been fed with good beef, goes into that part of England where salmon is plenty, at first he is pleased with his salmon, and despises his beef, but after he has been there a while, he grows weary of his salmon, and wishes for his good beef again. We have a while been much taken with this praying by the spirit, but in time we may grow weary of it, and wish for our Common Prayer.

The presbyter with his elders about him, is like a young tree fenced about with two, or three, or four stakes, the stakes defend it, and hold it up, but the tree only prospers and flourishes it may be some willow stake may bear a leaf or two, but it comes to nothing Lay elders are stakes, the presbyter the tree that flourishes

Religion is like the fashion one man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain, but every man has a doublet. So every man has his religion. We differ about trimming

Men say they are of the same religion for quietness sake, but if the matter were well examined you would scarce find three anywhere of the same religion in all points

There's all the reason in the world divines should not be suffered to go a hair beyond their bounds, for fear of breeding confusion, since there now be so many religions on foot. The matter was not so narrowly to be looked after when there was but one religion in Christendom the rest would cry him down for an heretic, and there was nobody to side with him

The following passage on the value of doubt and free inquiry is from the preface to Selden's *History of Tythes*

For the old sceptiques that never would profess that they had found a truth, yet shewed the best way to search for any, when they doubted as well of what those of the dogmatical sects too credulously received for infallible principles, as they did of the newest con clusions they were indeed questionless too nice, and deceived themselves with the numbleness of their own sophisms, that permitted no kind of established truth But plainly he that avoids their disputing levity, yet, being able, takes to himself their liberty of inquiry, is in the only way that in all kinds of studies leads and lies open even to the sanctuary of truth, while others, that are servile to common opinion and vulgar suppositions, can rarely hope to be admitted nearer than into the base court of her temple, which too speciously often counterfeits her impost sanctuary

The chief of Selden's twenty seven separate publications, besides those already mentioned, are Marmora Arundelian's (1624), on the marbles brought that year from Smyrna and Greece by the Earl of Arundel's agents, and three books on Hebrew law and usages in which as in all his biblical studies, he is inevitably more learned than critical. His works were collected by Dr Wilkins, and published in 1726 in three folio volumes. See the biography prefixed to that edition, Aiken's Lives of Selden and Usher (1811) G. W. Johnson's Memoir (1835), and S. H. Reynolds's introduction to the Clarendon Press edition of the Table talk (1892).

John Hales (1584-1656), 'the Ever-memorable,' is usually classed with Chillingworth as a prominent defender of rational and tolerant principles in religion Born at Bath, he was bred at Corpus Christi, Oxford, and became a fellow of He was highly distinguished for his knowledge of Greek, on which he was appointed lecturer at Oxford in 1612 Four years afterwards he went to Holland as chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador at The Hague, and on this occasion he attended for four months the meetings of the famous Synod of Dort (November 1618-May 1619), the proceedings of which are recorded in his published letters to Sir Dudley Till this time he held the Calvinistic opinions in which he had been educated, but the arguments of the Arminian champion Episcopius, or his view of contentious orthodoxy and the conviction that neither side possessed a monopoly of truth, made him, in his own phrase as reported by the editor of the Golden Remains, 'bid John Calvin good-night' His letters from Dort are characterised by Lord Clarendon as 'the best memorial of the ignorance, and passion, and animosity, and injustice of that convention? Although the eminent learning and abilities of Hales would certainly have led to high preferment in the Church, he chose rather to live in studious retirement, and accordingly withdrew to Eton College, where he had a private fellowship under his friend Sir Henry Savile as provost was no recluse he delighted in the conversation of Chillingworth and Falkland, of Ben Jonson and His famous Tract concerning Schism and Schismatics (c. 1636), in which the bad effects of episcopal ambition are freely discussed, greatly displeased Laud, but Hales defended himself so well in a letter and at a conference that Laud in 1639 gave him a prebendal stall at Windsor 1649 he was deprived of his offices for refusing to take the 'engagement,' or oath of fidelity to the

Commonwealth of England, as then established without a king or House of Lords His ejection reduced him to such straits that at length he was under the necessity of selling for £700 the greater part of his library, on which he had expended £2500, though from a spirit of independence he refused to accept the bounty of his The learning, abilities, and amiable disposition of John Hales are spoken of in the highest terms not only by Clarendon, but by Pearson, Heylin, Marvell, and Stillingfleet He is styled by Anthony Wood 'a walking library,' and Pearson considered him to be 'a man of as great a sharpness, quickness, and subtilty of wit as ever this or perhaps any nation bred. His industry did strive, if it were possible, to equal the largeness of his capacity, whereby he became as great a master of polite, various, and universal learning as ever yet conversed with books' His extensive knowledge he cheerfully communicated to others, and his liberal, obliging, and charitable disposition made him a determined foe to intolerance in religious matters. Clarendon says that 'nothing troubled him more than the brawls which were grown from religion, and he therefore exceedingly detested the tyranny of the Church of Rome, more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men, than for the errors in their own opinions' Aubrey, who saw him at Eton after his sequestration, describes him as 'a pretty little man, sanguine, of a cheerful countenance, very gentle and courteous?

The following is a fragment of a sermon, preached at The Hague in 1619, on the folly and wickedness of duelling, a subject on which Hales was in advance of some eminent Continental Christians of the present day

Murther, though all be abominable, yet there are degrees in it, some is more hamous then other Gross, malicious, premeditated, and wilful murther are by our laws, so far as humane wisdom can provide, sufficiently prevented but murders done in haste, or besides the intent of him that did it, or in point of honour, and reputation, these find a little too much favour, or laws in this respect are somewhat defective, both in preventing that it be not done, and punishing it when it is done, men have thought themselves wiser then God, presuming to moderate the unnecessary severity (as they seem to think) of his laws And hence it comes to pass, that in military companies, and in all great cities and places of mart and concourse, few moneths, yea, few weeks pass without some instance and example of bloudshed, either by sudden quarrel, or by challenge to duel and single combat How many examples in a short space have we seen of young men, men of hot and fiery disposition, mutually provoking and disgracing each other, and then taking themselves bound in high terms of valour and honour, to end their quarrels by their swords? That therefore we may the better discover the unlawfulness of challenge and private combat, let us a little enquire and examine in what cases bloud may lawfully, and without offence, be shed, that so we may see where, amongst these, single combat may find its place.

To come then unto the question of duels, both by the light of reason and by the practise of men it doth appear that there is no case wherein subjects may privately seek each others lives there are extant the laws of the Jews, framed by God himself, the laws of the Roman Empire, made partly by the Ethnick, partly by Christian princes, a great part of the laws of Sparta and Athens (two warlike common wealths, especially the former) lie dis persed m our books yet amongst them all is there not a law or custom that permits this liberty to subjects the reason of it, I conceive, is very plain, the principal thing, next under Go I, by which a common wealth doth stand, is the authority of the magistrate, whose proper end is to compose and end quarrels between man and man, upon what occasion soever they grow, for were men peaceable, were men not injurious one to another, there were no use of government wherefore to permit men in private to try their own rights, or to avenge their own wrongs, and so to decline the sentence of the magistrate, is quite to cut off all use of authority deed it hath been sometimes seen that the event of a battel, by consent of both armies, hath been put upon single combat, to avoid further effusion of bloud, but combats betwixt subjects for private causes, till these latter ages of the world, was never allowed yet, I must confess, the practise of it is very ancient for Cain, the second man in the world, was the first duelist, the first that ever challenged the feild. In the fourth of Genesis the text saith, that Cun spake unto his brother, and when they were in the feild, he arose and slew him Septuagint, to make the sense more plain, do add another clause, and tell us what it was he said unto his brother, διήλθωμιν εί τὸ πιδίεν, Let us go out into the feild, and when they were in the feild, he arose and slew him Let us go out into the feild, it is the very form and proper language of a challenge. Many times indeed our gallants can formalize in other words, but evermore the substance and usually the very words are no other but these of Cain, Let us go out into the feild. Abel I perswade my self understood them not as a challenge, for had he so done, he would have made so much use of his discretion as to have refused it, yet can we not chuse but acknowledge a secret judgment of God in this, that the words of Cain should still be so religiously kept till this day, as a proem and introduction to that action, which doubtless is no other then what Cain's was. When therefore our gallants are so ready to challange the feild, and to go into the feild, let them but remember whose words they use, and so accordingly think of their action Again, notwithstanding duels are of so antient and worshipful a parentage, yet could they never gain so good acceptance as to be permitted, much less to be counted lawful in the civil part of the world, till barbarism had over ran it About five or six hundred years after Christ, at the fall of the Roman Empire, aboundance of rude and barbarous people brake in and possest the civiller part of the world, who abolishing the ancient laws of the empire, set up many strange customs in their rooms. Amongst the rest, for the determining of quarrels that might arise in case of doubtful title, or of false accusation, or the like, they put themselves upon many unusual forms of trial, as, to handle red hot iron, to walk bare foot on burning coals, to put their hands and feet in scalding water, and many other of the like nature, which are reckoned up by Hottoman, a French lawyer for they presumed so far on Gods providence, that if the party accused were innocent, he might do any of these without any smart or harm. In the same cases, when by reason of unsufficient and doubtful evidence, the judges could not proceed to sentence, as sometimes it falls out, and the parties contending would admit of no reasonable composition, their manner was to permit them to try it out by their swords, that so the conquerour might be thought to be in the right. They permitted, I say, thus to do, for at the best 'twas but a permission to prevent farther mischeif, for to this end sometimes some known abuses are tolerated so God permitted the Jews upon sleight occasions to put their wives away, because he saw that otherwise their exorbitant lusts would not be bounded within these limits which he in Paradise in the beginning had set.

There is an air of modernity in his essay on 'The Method of Reading Profane History,' from which this is a paragraph

One thing more, ere I leave this head, I will admonish you of It is a common scholical errour to fill our papers and note books with observations of great and famous events, either of great battels, or civil broiles and The expedition of Hercules his off spring contentions for the recovery of Pcloponnese, the building of Rome, the attempt of Regulus against the great serpent of Bagradas, the Punick Wars, the ruine of Carthage, the death of Cresar, and the like Mean while things of ordinary course and common life gain no room in our paper books. Petronius wittily and sharply complain'd against scholemasters in his times, in which he wiselyreproves the errour of those, who truining up of youth in the practise of rhetorick never suffered them to practise their wits in things of use, but in certain strange supralunary arguments, which never fell within the sphere This complaint is good against of common action. divers of those who travel in history For one of the greatest reasons that so many of them thrive so little, and grow no wiscr men, is because they sleight things of ordinary course, and observe onely great matters of more How doth it benefit a man who note, but less use. lives in peace to observe the art how Casar managed wars? or by what cunning he aspired to the monarchy? or what advantages they were that gave Scipio the day against Hannibal? These things may be known, not because the knowledge of these things is useful, but because it is an imputation to be ignorant of them, their greatest use for you being onely to furnish out your dis-Let me therefore advise you in reading to have a care of those discourses which express domestick and private actions, especially if they be such wherein your self purposes to venture your fortunes. I or if you rectific a little your conceit, you shall see that it is the same wisdome which manages private business and State affairs, and that the one is acted with as much folly and ease as the other. If you will not believe men, then look into our colledges, where you shall see that I say not the plotting for an Headship (for that is now become a court business), but the contriving of a bursership of twenty nobles a year is many times done with as great a portion of suing, siding, supplanting, and of other courtlike arts, as the gaining of the secretary's place, onely the difference of the persons it is which makes the one comical, the other tragical To think that there is more visdom placed in these specious matters then in private carriages, is the same errour as if you should think there

were more art required to paint a king then a country gentleman whereas our Dutch pieces may serve to con fute you, wherein you shall see a cup of Rhenish-wine, a dish of radishes, a brass pan, an Holland cheese, the fisher men selling fish at Scheveling, or the kitchen maid spitting a loin of mutton, done with as great delicacy and choiceness of art as can be expressed in the delincation of the greatest monarch in the world

This is his account of a breeze (threatening to issue in a duel) in the Synod of Dort

Upon Tuesday the 13 of this present in the evening, for the debating of certain particular points of controversy belonging to the first Article, the Synod came together in private It hath been lately questioned how Christ is said to be fundamentum electionis doctrine generally received by the Contra Remonstrant in this point is that God first of all resolved upon the salvation of some singular persons and in the second place upon Christ as a mean to bring this decree to pass. So that with them God the Father alone is the author of our election, and Christ only the executioner Others on the contrary teach that Christ is so to be held funda mentum elections as that he is not only the executioner of election, but the author and the procurer of it for proof of which they bring the words of the Apostle to the Ephesians the first chapter, elegit nos in Christo ante jacia mundi fundamenta. The exposition of this text was the especial thing discust at this tening and some taught that Christ was fundamentum electionis because he was primus electorum, or because he is fundamentum electorum, but not electionis, or because he is fundamentum beneficiorum, which descend upon us, others brookt none of those restraints. D Gomarus stands for the former sentence, and in defence of it had said many things on Friday This night Martinius of Breme being required to speak his mind, signified to the Synod, that he made some scruple concerning the doctrine pas sant about the manner of Christs being fundamentum electionis, and that he thought Christ not only the effector of our election, but also the author and procurer Gomarus, who owes the Synod a shrewd turn, and then I fear me began to come out of debt, presently, as soon as Martinius had spoken, starts up and tells the Synod, ego hanc rem in me recipio, and therewithall casts his glove, and challenges Martinius with this proverb, Ecce Rhodum, ecce saltum, and requires the Synod to grant them a duel, adding that he knew Martinius could say nothing in refutation of that doctrine Martinius, who goes in æquipace with Gomarus in learning and a little before him for his discretion, easily digested this affront, and after some few words of course, by the wisdom of the præses matters seemed to be a little pacified, and so according to the custom the Synod with prayer con-Zeal and devotion had not so well allayed Gomarus his choler, but immediately after prayers he renewed his challenge and required combat with Martinius again, but they parted for that night without blowes Martinius, as it seemes, is somewhat favourable to some tenents of the Remonstrants concerning repro bation, the latitude of Christs merit, the salvation of infants, &c., and to bring him to some conformity was there a private meeting of the forreign divines upon Wednesday morning in my Lord Bishops lodging, in which thus much was obtained, that though he would not leave his conclusions, yet he promised moderation and

temper in such manner, that there should be no dissention in the Synod by reason of any opinion of his

His principal work, the Golden Remans, mainly sermons and miscellanies, was edited with a Life by Bishop Pearson (1657), reprinted and extended in 1673 and 1683. In 1765 an edition of his works was published by Lord Hailes, who modernised the language, greatly to the disgust of Dr Johnson. 'An author's language, sir,' said he, 'is a characteristical part of his composition, and is also characteristical of the age in which he writes. Be sides, sir, when the language is changed, we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, sir, I am sorry Lord Hailes has done thus.' See Tulloch's Rational Theology in England, vol. 1. (1872).

Robert Sanderson (1587-1663), the son of the squire of Gilthwaite Hall, was born more probably at Sheffield than at Rotherham, was cducated anyhow at Rotherham and at Lincoln College, Oxford (where he became fellow and reader in logic), and held the living of Boothby-Pagnell for forty years in spite of sequestration and a short imprisonment during the Civil War In 1642 he was made Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, was ejected by the Parhamentary visitors of 1648, but was reinstated after the Restoration, and in October 1660 became Bishop of Lincoln His Logica Artis Compendium (1615) was often reprinted, and was praised by Sir William Hamilton as 'the excellent work of an accomplished logician' The Sermons of Sanderson are also admired for vigour and clearness of thought, he is the author of the second preface to the Prayer-Book ('It bath been the wisdom'), and in virtue of his Nine Cases of Conscience Resolved (1678) Sanderson has been ranked as the greatest of English The cases selected are questions of casuists the Sabbath, the engagement (the royalist compact of 1647 between the king and the Scots against the Parliament), the liturgy, a rash vow, marrying with a recusant (i.e. a Roman Catholic), a bond taken in the king's name, unlawful love, a military life (under what conditions it is lawful), a matrimonial contract, and of usury On some of these points most reasonable Christians would agree, as on some of them High Churchmen and Puritans would inevitably differ widely. He denies that marrying a daughter to a 'professed Papist' is in itself unlawful, but points out the many 'evil consequents' which render it inexpedient to conclude such a marriage, affirming that in one respect the danger is greater to marry with a Papist than with one of a worse religion, for that the main principle of his religion as a Papist is more destructive of the comfort of a conjugal society than are the principles of most heretics, 'yea, than those of Pagans or atheists' (viz the doctrine that there is no salvability but in the Church) How far the Churchman of that date might differ from the Puritan may be seen from his answer to two of the questions raised about the Sabbath

I Concerning the name Sabbatum or Sabbath I thus conceive I That in Scripture, antiquity, and all ecclesiastical writers, it is constantly appropriated to the

day of the Jews' Sabbath or Saturday, and not at all till of late years used to signify our Lord's Day or Sunday 2 That to call Sunday by the name of the Sabbath day, rebus sie stantibus, may for sundry respects be allowed in the Christian Church without any great inconveniency, and that therefore men otherwise sober and moderate ought not to be censured with too much severity, neither charged with Judaism, if sometimes they so speak. 3 That yet for sundry other respects it were perhaps much more expedient if the word Sabbath in that notion were either not at all or else more sparingly used

II Concerning the name *Dominica*, or the Lord's Day 1 That it was taken up in memory of our Lord Christ's resurrection, and the great work of our redemption accomplished therein 2 That it hath warrant from the Scripture, Apoc 1 10, and hath been of long continued use in the Christian Church, to signify the first day of the week or Sunday

III Concerning the name Dies Solis or Sunday I That it is taken from the courses of the planets, as the names of the other days are the reason whereof is to be learned from astronomers 2. That it hath been used generally, and of long time, in most parts of the world 3. That it is not justly chargeable with heathenism, and that it proceedeth from much weakness at the least, if not rather superstition, that some men condemn the use of it as profane, heathenish, or inclayful

IV Of the fitness of the aforesaid three names com pared one with another First, that according to the several matter or occasions of speech each of the three may be fitter in some respect, and more proper to be used than either of the other two As, viz I The name Sabbath, when we speak of a time of rest induterminate and in general, without reference to any particular day, and the other two, when we speak determinately of that day which is observed in the Christian Church Of which two again, 2 That of the Lord's Day is fitter in the theological and ecclesi astical, and, 3 That of Sunday in the civil, popular, and common use Secondly Yet so as that none of the three be_condemned as utterly unlawful, whatso ever the matter or occasion be, but that every man be left to his Christian liberty herein, so long as superior authority doth not restrain it. Provided ever, that what he doth herein, he do it without vanity or affectation in himself, or without uncharitable judging or despising his brother that doth otherwise than him self doth

To the Third Question. In this matter, touching recreations to be used on the Lord's Day, much need not be said, there being little difficulty in it, and his Majesty's last declaration in that behalf having put it past disputation. I say then,

I For the thing That no man can reasonably condemn the moderate use of lawful recreations upon the Lord's Day, as simply and de toto genere unlawful

2 For the kind Albeit there can be no certain rules given herein, as in most indifferent things it cometh to pass by reason of the infinite variety of circumstances to fit with all particular cases, but that still much must be left to private discretion yet for some directions in this matter, respect would be had in the choice of our recreations, I To the public laws of the state Such

games or sports as are by law prohibited, though in themselves otherwise lawful, being unlawful to them that are under the obedience of the law 2 Fo the condition of the person. Walking and discoursing with men of liberal education is a pleasant recreation, it is no way delightsome to the ruder sort of people, who scarce account any thing a sport which is not loud and boisterous 3. To the effects of the recreations themselves. Those being the meetest to be used which give the best refreshing to the body, and leave the least impression in the mind. In which respect, shooting, leaping, pitching the bar, stool ball, &c. are rather to be chosen than dicing, carding, &c.

3 For the use. That men would be exhorted to use their recreation and pastimes upon the Lord's Day in godly and commendable sort. For which purpose, amongst others, these cautions following would be remembered I That they be used with great moderation, as at all other times, so especially and much more upon the Lord's Day 2 That they be used at seasonable times, not in time of divine service, nor at such hours as are appointed by the master of the house whereunto they belong for private devotions within his own house His Majesty's declaration limiteth men's liberty this way till after evensong be ended 3 That they be so used as that they may rather make men the fitter for God's service the rest of the day, and for the works of their vocations the rest of the week, than any way hinder or disable them there unto, by over wearying the body or immoderately affecting the mind 4. That they use them not doubtingly, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin. He there fore that is not satisfied in his own judgment that he may lawfully and without sin use bodily recreations on the Lord's Day, ought by all means to forbear the use thereof, lest he should sin against his own con 5 That they be severer towards themselves than towards other men in the use of their Christian liberty herein, not making their own opinion or practice a rule to their brethren. In this as in all indifferent things a wise and charitable man will in godly wisdom deny himself many times the use of that liberty, which in a godly charity he dare not deny to his brother

Thomas Hobbes.

Thomas Hobbes, called from his birthplace 'the Malmesbury philosopher,' was born 5th April Of him it may safely be said that no thinker or writer of the seventeenth century attracted more attention in his own time, and that few exercised a wider or more marked influence on speculation in the following age. His mother's alarm at the approach of the Spanish Armada is said to have hastened his birth and to have been the cause of a constitutional timidity which beset him through After stüdying for five years at Magdalen Hall in Oxford, where his mind was not stirred by the usual courses of Aristotelian logic and physics, he travelled in 1610 through France, Italy, and Germany as tutor to Lord William Cavendish, afterwards second Earl of Devon-On returning to England he continued to reside with him as his secretary, and he became intimate with Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of

Cherbury, and Ben Jonson He now studied the classical historians and poets, and produced a translation of Thucydides (1628) His pupil and friend dying in 1628, two years after his father, Hobbes spent eighteen months at Paris, and perhaps also at Venice, as tutor to the son of Sir Gervase Clifton In 1631 he undertook to superintend the education of his first pupil's son, the third Earl of Devonshire, with whom he set off in 1634 on a three years' tour through France and

Italy At Florence he became intimate with Galileo, astronomer the and elsewhere held communication with notable scholars and After thinkers. his return to England in 1637 he resided in the Earl's family at Chatsworth in Derbyshire. He now devoted himself to study, interrupted, however, by the political contentions of the times. His pamphlet De Corpore Politico seemed to 'bring him into danger of his life,' and he deemed it necessary in the autumn of 1640 to retire to Paris, where he lived on terms of intimacy with Mersenne, Gassendi, and other learned men of the day



THOMAS HOBBES
From the Picture by J. M. Wrigh in the National Portrait Gallery

Here he engaged in a controversy about the quadrature of the circle, and in 1647 he was appointed mathematical instructor to Charles, Prince of Wales, then in the French capital. Already he had commenced the publication of those works which he sent forth in succession with the view of curbing the spirit of freedom in England by showing the philosophical foundation of despotic monarchy. The first of them was originally printed in Latin at Paris, in 1642, under the title of Elementa Philosophica de Cive, and was translated into English, in 1650, as Philosophical Ruaiments concerning Government and Society The principles maintained in it were more fully discussed in his larger work, Leviatian or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil (1651). Man is here represented as a selfish and ferocious animal, requiring the strong hand of despotism to keep him in check, and all notions of right and wrong are made to depend upon views of self-interest alone. Of this Selfish System of moral philosophy Hobbes was indeed the great champion, both in the Leviathan and more particularly in his small Treatise on Human Nature, published in 1650 The freedom with which theological subjects were handled in the Leviathan, its rationalistic criticism

of Scripture, and its reduction of religion to a department of state morality, as well as its offensive political views occasioned a great outcry against the author, particularly among the royalist clergy This led Charles to dissolve his connection with the philosopher, who, according to Lord Clarendon, 'was compelled secretly to fly out of Paris, the justice having endeavoured to apprehend him, and soon after escaped England into (1651), where he never received any disturbance.' 1653 he resumed his relations with Devonshire household, but remained always in London, and be-

came intimate with Selden, Cowley, and Dr Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood In 1054 he published a short but admirably clear and comprehensive Letter upon Liverty and Necessity, where the doctrine of the self-determining power of the will is opposed with a subtlet and profundity unsurpassed in any subsequent writer on that much agreated question-indeed, he was one of the first to expound clearly the doctrine of philosophical necessity. On this subject a long controversy took place between him and Bishop Bramhall of Londonderry Here he fought with the skill of a master, but in a mathematical dispute with Dr Wallis, professor of geometry at Oxford, which lasted twenty years, he fairly went beyond his depth; he had not begun to study mathematics till the age of forty, and, like other late learners, greatly overestimated his

knowledge. He supposed himself to have discovered the quadrature of the circle, and dogmatically upheld his claim in the face of the clearest refutation. In this controversy personal feeling, according to the custom of the time, appeared without disguise Hobbes having published a sarcastic piece entitled Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford, Wallis retorted by administering, in 1656, Due Correction for Mr Hobbes, or School-discipline for not Saying Here he debates with the his Lessons Right philosopher in this unceremonious strain seems, Mr Hobbes, that you have a mind to say your lesson, and that the mathematic professors of Oxford should hear you You are too old to learn, though you have as much need as those that be younger, and yet will think much to be What moved you to say your lessons in English, when the books against which you do chiefly intend them were written in Latin? Was it chiefly for the perfecting your natural rhetoric, whenever you thought it convenient to repair to Billingsgate? You found that the oyster-women could not teach you to rail in Latin persons needed not a sight of your ears, but could tell by the voice what kind of creature brayed in your books you dared not have said this to their faces' When Charles II was restored to the throne he conferred on Hobbes an annual pension of £100, very irregularly paid, but, notwithstanding this and other marks of the royal favour, much odium continued to prevail against him and his doctrines The Leviathan and De Cive were censured in Parliament in 1666, and also drew forth many printed replies Among the authors of these the most distinguished was Lord Clarendon, whose Brief View and Survey of the Dangerous and Pernicious Errors to Church and State, in Mr Hobbes's Book, entitled Leviathan, was posthumously published in 1676 In 1672, in his eighty fifth year, Hobbes wrote his own Life in Latin verse! He next appeared as a translator of Homer, publishing a version of four books of the Odyssey, which was so well received that in 1675 he completed his translation, as well as one of the whole Iliad, Here, according to Pope, 'Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general, but for particulars and circumstances, he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful' Yet three large editions were required within less than ten years His prose version of Thucydides—his first work, and awkwardly literal-was long the standard English translation This work was undertaken by him 'from an honest desire of preventing, if possible, those disturbances in which he was apprehensive that his country would be involved, by shewing, in the history of the Peloponnesian war, the fatal consequences of intestine troubles' At Hardwick and Chatsworth, where he spent the remainder of his days, Hobbes continued to write books, the principal of which, Behemoth, or a History of the Civil Wars from 1640 to 1660, issued surreptitiously from the press just before his death at Hardwick Hall, 4th December 1679, in his ninety-second year. He is buried in the chancel of Hault-Hucknall church, near Chesterfield

Hobbes is described by Lord Clarendon as one for whom he 'had always had a great esteem, as a man who, besides his eminent parts of learningand knowledge, hath been always looked upon as a man of probity and a life free from scandal' It was a saying of Charles II in reference to the opposition which the doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy, that 'he was a bear against whom the Church played their young dogs in order to exercise them' In his later years he became morose and impatient of contradiction, growing infirmities and too much solitude increasing his natural arrogance and contempt for the opinions of other men. He at no time read extensively Homer, Virgil, Thucydides, and Euclid were his favourite authors, and he used to say that, 'if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant as they' Macaulay pronounced his style 'more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer' In date Hobbes falls between Bacon and Locke, but in philosophic ideas and temper he is widely separated from either is by his contributions to scientific psychology, ethics, and political theory that he takes rank as a profound original thinker His ethical theory, based on pure selfishness and the arbitrary prescriptions of a sovereign power, negatively determined ethical speculation in England for a hundred years, all the great moralists wrote, directly or indirectly, as his opponents But his political absolutism is the most famous part of his specula-The state of nature, he argues, is a state of war and insecurity Moved by a desire to escape from the intolerable evils of such a condition, human beings enter into a species of contract by which they surrender then individual rights, and constitute a state under an absolute sovereignty The sovereign power need not be monarchical, but, whatever form it assumes, it is absolute and irresponsible Hobbes was regarded by his contemporaries and the writers of the next age as the prince of unbelievers, a sort of father of lies, and even, erroneously, as an atheist. Among those who ranged themselves against his philosophy were Cumberland, Cudworth, Shaftesbury, Clarke, Butler, Hutcheson, Lord Kames, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Stewart's successor, Thomas Brown

From the Introduction to 'Leviathan.'

Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the 'art' of man, as in many other things, so in this also imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of limbs, the beginning whereof is in some principal part within, why may we not say that all 'automata' (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch) have an artificial life? For what is

the heart but a 'spring,' and the nerves but so many 'strings,' and the joints but so many 'whicels,' giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer? 'Art' goes yet further, imitating that rational and most excellent work of nature, 'man' For by art is created that great 'Leviathan' called a 'Commonwealth,' or 'State,' in Latin Civitas, which is but an artificial man, though of greater stature and strength than the natural, for whose protection and defence it was intended, and in which the sovereignty is an artificial 'soul,' as giving life and motion to the whole body, the magistrates, and other officers of judicature and execution, artificial 'joints,' reward and punish ment, by which fastened to the sent of the sovereignty every joint and member is moved to perform his duty, are the 'nerves,' that do the same in the body natural, the wealth and riches of all the particular members are the 'strength,' salus populi, the people's safety, its business,' counsellors, by whom all things needful for it to know are suggested unto it, are the 'memory,' equity, and laws, an artificial 'reason' and 'will,' con cord, 'health,' sedition, 'sickness,' and civil war, 'denth' Lastly, the pacts and covenants, by which the parts of this body politic were at first made, set together, and united, resemble that 'fiat,' or the 'let us make man,' pronounced by God in the creation. To describe the nature of this artificial man, I will consider-First, the matter thereof, and the artificer, both which is 'min' Secondly, how and by what covenants it is made, what are the rights and just power or authority of a 'sovereign,' and what it is that 'preserveth' or 'dissolveth' it Thirdly, what is a 'Christian common wealth', Lastly, what is the 'kingdom of darkness'

On the State of War Universal.

So that in the nature of man, we find three principal causes of quarrel First, competition, secondly, dishdence, thirdly, glory The first maketh men invade for gain, the second for safety, and the third for reputation The first use violence, to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle, the second, to defend them, the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons, or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name

Hereby it is manifest that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war, and such a war as is of every man, against every man For 'war' consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known and therefore the notion of 'time' is to be considered in the nature of war, as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is 'peace.'

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same is consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such con

dition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth, no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea, no commodious building, no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force, no knowledge of the face of the earth, no account of time, no arts, no letters, no society, and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of yiolent death, and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short

It may seem strange to some man that has not well weighed these things, that Nature should thus dissociate and render men apt to invade and destroy one another, and he may therefore, not trusting to this inference, made from the passions, desire perhaps to have the same confirmed by experience Let him therefore con sider with himself, when taking a journey, he arms himself, and seeks to go well accompanied, when going to sleep, he locks his doors, when even in his house, he locks his chests, and this when he knows there be laws, and public, officers, armed, to revenge all injuries shall be done him, what opinion he has of his fellow subjects, when he rides armed, of his fellow citizens, when he locks his doors, and of his children and ser vants, when he locks his chests Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words? But neither of us accuse man's nature in it. The desires and other passions of man are in themselves no No more are the actions that proceed from those passions, till they know a law that forbids them, which till laws be made they cannot know, nor can any law be made till they have agreed upon the person that shall make it

It may peradventure be thought there was never such a time nor condition of war as this, and I believe it was never generally so over all the world, but there are many places where they live so now. For the savage people in many places of America, except the govern ment of small families, the concord whereof dependeth on natural lust, have no government at all, and live at this day in that brutish manner, as I said before Howsoever, it may be perceived what manner of life there would be where there were no common power to fear, by the manner of life which men that have formerly lived under a peaceful government, use to degenerate into in a civil war.

But though there had never been any time wherein particular men were in a condition of war one against another, yet in all times kings and persons of sovereign authority, because of their independency, are in continual jealousies and in the state and posture of gladiators, having their weapons pointing, and their eyes fixed on one another, that is, their forts, garrisons, and guns upon the frontiers of their kingdoms, and continual spies upon their neighbours, which is a posture of war But because they uphold thereby the industry of their subjects, there does not follow from it that misery which accompanies the liberty of particular men.

To this war of every man, against every man, this also is consequent—that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Where there is no common power, there is no law where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties neither of the body nor mind. If they were, they might be in a man

that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition, that there be no propriety, no dominion, no 'mine' and 'thine' distinct, but only that to be every man's that he can get, and for so long as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill condition which man by mere nature is actually placed in, though with a possibility to come out of it, consisting partly in the passions, partly in his reason.

The passions that incline men to peace are fear of death, desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living, and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement. These articles are they which otherwise are called the Laws of Nature whereof I shall speak more particularly in the two following chapters (From Leviathan)

On Antiquity

In that part which treateth of a Christian commonwealth there are some new doctrines which, it may be, in a state where the contrary were already fully determined, were a fault for a subject without leave to divulge, as being an usurpation of the place of a teacher. But in this time, that men call not only for peace, but also for truth, to offer such doctrines as I think true, and that manifestly tend to peace and loyalty, to the consideration of those that are yet in deliberation, is no more but to offer new wine to be put into new casks, that both may be preserved together. And I suppose that then, when novelty can breed no trouble nor disorder in a state, men are not generally so much inclined to the reverence of antiquity as to prefer ancient errors before new and well proved truth

There is nothing I distrust more than my elocution [1 e power of literary expression, style], which never theless I am confident, excepting the mischances of the press, is not obscure That I have neglected the ornament of quoting ancient poets, orators, and philosophers, contrary to the custom of late time, whether I have done well or ill in it, proceedeth from my judgment, grounded on many reasons. For first, all truth of doctrine dependeth either upon reason or upon Scripture, both which give credit to many, but never receive it from any writer Secondly, the matters in question are not of fact, but of right, wherein there is no place for witnesses. There is scarce any of those old writers that contradicteth not sometimes both himself and others, which makes their testimonies insufficient Fourthly, such opinions as are taken only upon credit of antiquity are not intrinsically the judgment of those that cite them, but words that pass, like gaping, from mouth to mouth Tifthly, it ismany times with a fraudulent design that men stick their corrupt doctrine with the cloves of other men's Sixthly, I find not that the ancients they cite took it for an ornament to do the like with those that wrote before them Seventhly, it is an argument of indigestion, when Greek and Latin sentences unchewed come up again, as they use to do, unchanged Lastly, though I reverence those men of ancient time that either have written truth perspicuously, or set us in a better way to find it out ourselves yet to the antiquity itself I think nothing due. For if we will reverence the age, the present is the oldest. If the antiquity of the

writer, I am not sure that generally they to whom such honour is given were more ancient when they wrote than I am that am writing. But if it be well considered, the praise of ancient authors proceeds not from the reverence of the dead, but from the competition and mutual envy of the living

To conclude, there is nothing in this whole discourse, nor in that I writ before of the same subject in Latin, as far as I can perceive, contrary either to the Word of God or to good manners, or to the disturbance of the public tranquillity Therefore I think it may be profitably printed, and more profitably taught in the universities, in case they also think so to whom the judgment of the same belongeth. For seeing the universities are the fountains of civil and moral doctrine, from whence the preachers and the gentry, drawing such water as they find, use to sprinkle the same (both from the pulpit and in their conversation) upon the people, there ought certainly to be great care taken to have it pure, both from the venom of heathen politicians and from the incantation of deceiving spirits. And by that means the most men, knowing their duties, will be the less subject to serve the ambition of a few discontented persons in their purposes against the state, and be the less grieved with the contributions necessary for their peace and defence, and the governors them selves have the less cause to maintain at the common charge any greater army than is necessary to make good the public liberty against the invasions and encroach ments of foreign enemies

And thus I have brought to an end my Discourse of Civil and Ecclesiastical Government, occasioned by the disorders of the present time, without partiality, without application, and without other design than to set before men's eyes the mutual relation between protection and obedience, of which the condition of human nature and the laws divine, both natural and positive, require an inviolable observation. And though in the revolution of states there can be no very good constellation for truths of this nature to be born under (as having an angry aspect from the dissolvers of an old government, and seeing but the backs of them that erect a new), yet I cannot think it will be condemned at this time either by the public judge of doctrine or by any that desires the continuance of public peace. And in this hope I return to my interrupted speculation of bodies natural, wherein, if God give me health to finish it, I hope the novelty will as much please as in the doctrine of this artificial body it useth to offend For such truth as opposeth no man's profit nor pleasure is to all men welcome (From the conclusion of Leviathan.)

Pity and Indignation

Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us, for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less And therefore men are apt to pity those, whom they love, for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also that men pity the vices of some persons at the first sight

only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinion of their own exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men.

Indignation is that grief which consisteth in the, con ception of good success happening to them whom they think unworthy thereof. Seeing therefore men think all those unworthy whom they hate, they think them not only unworthy of the good fortune they have, but also of their own virtues. And of all the passions of the mind, these two, indignation and pity, are most raised and increased by eloquence, for the aggravation of the calamity, and extenuation of the fault, augmenteth pity, and the extenuation of the worth of the person, together with the magnifying of his success, which are the parts of an orator, are able to turn these two passions into fury (From Himian Nature)

Emulation and Envy

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own ability. But carry is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill fortune that may befall him (From Human Nature)

Laughter

There is a passion that hath no name, but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth, for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected Men laugh often-especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well-at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations, as also at their own jests and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated laugh at jests the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another, and in this case also the passion of laughter proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency, for what is else the re commending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat I may therefore conclude that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly, for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take hemously to be laughed at or derided-that is, triumphed over Laughing without offence must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh to gether, for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into

jealousy and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph

(From Human Nature)

The Necessity of the Will

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear, speak or be silent, according to his will, but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power I acknowledge this liberty, that I can do if I will, but to say, I can will if I will, I take to be an absurd speech

[In answer to Bishop Bramhall's assertion, that the doctrine of free will 'is the belief of all mankind, which we have not learned from our tutors, but is imprinted in our hearts by nature ']-It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will, nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the pocts chant in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto-namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will, but whether he hath freedom to will is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. A wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargun, and troubles the world with writing errors and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will?

(From Of Liberty and Necessity)

On Precision in Language

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime twigs—the more he struggles, the more belimed. And there fore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words, which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors, and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them him self. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdations, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that east up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly east up or not, and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their

books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names hes the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse, from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true For between true science and science are above it erroncous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity Nature itself cannot err, and as men abound in copious ness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish For words are wise men's counters-they do but reckon by them-but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man (From Leviathan)

Cognate is the famous saying, 'Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them, but they are the money of fools' A very short specimen of Hobbes's poetry may suffice. His translation of the *Iltud* begins thus "

O Goddess, sing what woe the discontent
Of Thetis' son brought to the Greeks, what souls
Of heroes down to Erebus it sent,
Leaving their bodies unto dogs and fowls,
Whilst the two princes of the army strove,
King Agamemnon and Achilles stout
That so it should be was the will of Jove,
But who was he that made them first fall out?
Apollo, who, incensed by the wrong
To his priest Chryses by Atrides done,
Sent a great pestilence the Greeks among,
Apace they died and remedy was none

The standard edition of Hobbes is that by Sir W Molesworth (16 vols., 1839-46), Professor II Morley published editions of Leviathan in 1881, and again in 1885. See the monograph by Professor Croom Robertson (1886), and three papers in Sir J Fitzjames Stephens 5 Horæ Sabbaticæ (1891-93).

Sir Robert Filmer (1590?-1653) is for all time the classical representative-in England, if not for all the world-of the extreme theory of the divine right of kings. One finds him referred to in this capacity where one least expects itin Gustave Flaubert's Bouvard et Pécuchet, for example. He was the son of a Kentish knight. and was born at East Sutton, and studied at Cambridge He published a series of political treatises in favour of extreme or unlimited monarchical power The first of these seems to have appeared in 1646, and the latest and most celebrated, the Patriarcha, in 1679 The germ of his theory is the proposition that the father of a family is the divinely ordained type of a ruler, and that his power is Accordingly, Filmer taught, a king's acts should be subject to no check or control whatsocver, his will is the only right source of law Hence he is not in any sense answerable to his

subjects for his doings, for them either to depose him or even to criticise his conduct is criminal and iminoral His argument was answered by Algernon Sidney and by John Locke, who says that so much 'glib nonsense was never put together in wellsounding English' It cannot certainly be said that the ability of Filmer's statement covers the monstrousness of his thesis But Dr Gairdner holds that his view of English constitutional history is more correct than that of his chief opponents, and that his fundamental doctrine is not more absurd than Rousseau's of a social compact it should be remembered to his credit that, unlike many of his contemporaries who held similar views of government, he protested against the abomina-The following is part of tions of the witch mania the argument of the Patriaicha

If any desire the direction of the New Testament, he may find our Saviour limiting and distinguishing royal power, by giving to Cresar those things that were Cæsar's, and to God those things that were God's Obediendum est in quibus mandatum Dei non impeditur We must obey where the commandment of God is not hindered, there is no other law but God's law to hinder our obedience.

When the Jews asked our blessed Saviour whether they should pay tribute, he did not first demand what the law of the land was, or whether there was any statute against it, nor enquired whether the tribute were given by consent of the people, nor advised them to stay their payment till they should grant it, he did no more but look upon the superscription, and concluded, This image you say is Cresar's, therefore give it to Cresar. Nor must it here be said that Christ taught this lesson only to the conquered Jews, for in this he gave direction for all nations, who are bound as much in obedience to their lawful kings as to any conquerour or usurper whatsoever

Whereas being subject to the higher powers, some

have strained these words to signific the laws of the land, or else to mean the highest power, as well aristocratical and democratical as regal it seems St Paul looked for such interpretation, and therefore thought fit to be his own expositor, and to let it be known that by power he understood a monarch that carried a sword Wilt thou not be afraid of the power? that is, the ruler that carrieth the sword, for he is the minister of God to thee for he beareth not the sword in vain. It is not the law that is the minister of God, or that carries the sword, but the ruler or magistrate, so they that say the law governs the kingdom, may as well say that the carpenters rule builds an house, and not the carpenter, for the law is but the rule or instrument of the ruler And St Paul concludes, for this cause pay you tribute also, for they are God's ministers attending continually upon this very thing Render therefore tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom He doth not say, give as a gift to God's minister, but dπάδοτε, render or restore tribute, as a due. Also St Peter doth most clearly ex pound this place of St Paul, where he saith, Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governours, as unto them that are sent by him Here the very selfsame word (supreme, or υπερεχούσαις) which St Paul coupleth with power, St Peter conjoyneth with the king, βασιλεί ως υπερέχοντι, thereby to manifest that king and power are both one

Robert Herrick.

One of the most exquisite of our lyrical poets 15 Robert Herrick, born in Cheapside, London, in August 1591, fifteen months later his father, a goldsmith, died of a fall from a window, not without suspicion of suicide He was put to school probably at Westminster, and in 1607 was apprenticed to an uncle, also a goldsmith, but during 1613-20 he was at Cambridge, migrating in 1616 from St John's to Trinity Hall Classical influences, especially of Martial, are to be traced in much of his work. He associated in London with the jovial spirits of the age He 'quaffed the mighty bowl' with Ben Jonson, but could not, he tells us, 'thrive in frenzy' like rare Ben, who seems to have excelled all his 'fellow-compotators' at the Mermaid in deep drinking as in high thinking The recollection of these 'brave translunary scenes' inspired Herrick to this effect

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyrich feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tunne?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad,
And yet each verse of thine
Out did the meate, out did the frolich wine

My Ben!
Or come agen,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great over plus.
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that tallent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world sho'd have no more

Having taken holy orders, he was presented by Charles I in 1629 to the vicarage of Dean Prior, near Totnes, in Devonshire. After eighteen years' residence in this sequestered parish, he was ejected from his living by the storms of the Civil War, which, as Jeremy Taylor says, 'dashed the vessel of the Church and State all in pieces' Whatever regret the poet may have felt on being turned adrift on the world, he could have experienced little on parting with his parishioners, for he describes them much as Crabbe does the natives of Suffolk, among whom he was cast, as a 'wild amphibious race,' rude 'almost as salvages,' and 'churlish as the seas' Herrick gives us a glimpse of his own character

Borne I was to meet with age, And to walke life's pilgrimage Much I know of time is spent, Tell I can't what's resident. Howsoever, cares adue, Ile have nought to say to you, But Ile spend my comming houres Drinking wine & crown'd with flowres

This light and genial temperament would enable the poet to ride out the storm in composure. Many of his lighter pieces were written as early as 1610-12, a large proportion of them before 1629 Some of his pieces may have seen the light as carly as 1635, in a miscellaneous collection-Wit's Recreations-without assignment of authorship, published in 1640, are sixty-two pieces that he subsequently included in Hesperidis the time that he lost his vicarage Herrick appears to have published his works His Noble Numbers, or Pious Pieces, are dated 1647, his Hespirides, or, the Works, both Humane and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esquire, 1648, and both came out in the same volume early in the latter year. The clerical prefix to his name seems now to have been abandoned, like the clerical habit, by the poet, and there are certainly many pieces in the second volume which, even in that lax age, could not be considered to become one ministering at the altar Herrick lived in Westminster, and may have been supported or subsidised by the wealthy royalists, in 1662 he was restored to Dean Prior, and there he was buried on 15th October 1674. How he was received by the 'rude salvages,' or how he felt on quitting the gaieties of the capital to resume his clerical duties and seclusion, is not recorded, but, being over seventy, he may well have grown tired of canary sack and tavern jollities He had an open eye for the pleasures of a country life, if we may judge from his works and the fondness with which he dwells on old English Yet on the whole festivals and rural customs he wearied of the country, even 'loathed' Devonshire, and pined for the town and its pleasures Though his rhymes were sometimes wild, he says his life was chaste, and he repented of his errors

For those my unbaptized rhimes,
Writ in my wild unballowed times,
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with thee, (my Lord)
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine,
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work, and me

The poet might have evinced the depth of his contrition by blotting out the unbaptised rhymes himself, or by not reprinting them, but the vanity of the author seems to have triumphed over the penitence of the Christian. The religious poems may have been written later than the least decorous verses, though we cannot be sure of it. Even in the secular section the arrangement is chaotic, and there is no chronological sequence whatever. There may be some slight significance in the fact that the 'Welcome to Sack' stands after the 'Farewell to Sack,' while the 'Welcome' seems the more

hearty outcome, illustrates the more perminent Though some of the religious pieces -' The Litany,' 'Jephthah's Daughter,' and 'A Thanksgiving, for example—are masterpieces, most of the sacred poems are weak The special charm of Herrick lies in his secular poems, and his most secular poems are sheer paganism and epicureanism Depth and passion are not his forte Mr Gosse has to admit that Herrick approaches the mysteries of life and death with 'airy frivolity, easy-going callousness of soul' His careless gaiety ind sensuousness are at least genuine, are his natural clement, his pictures of English life are unforced, fresh, and natural, his love-poems are tender, seem heartfelt and natural, and reveal a real undertone of inelancholy, the conceits and similes are sometimes overstrained, and the humour forced, but in sweetness of inclody and in harmony of sound with sense Herrick has no equal amongst his Caroline contemporaries. Only his epigrams are poor and gross and thoroughly unworthy of him

The arrangement of the secular pieces is chaotic and incongruous, offering to us a medley of poems to friends, amatory poems, epigrams, fairy fancies, odes, and short poems on all manner of subjects. Some of them are so difficult to harmonise with the devotional vein of his sacred pieces, even if we conceive the author a man of very varied moods, that it has been argued the sacred poems were in time of writing separated by a quarter of a century from his less decorous ones. But they were all published together

Herrick's poems by neglected for many years, were republished at the very end of the eighteenth century, but were hardly re established in general esteem till well on in the nineteenth century, many of his shorter lyrics are now known to everybody, and some of them have been set to modern music 'Cherry Ripe' (the idea and words of which are partly Campion's—see page 401) and 'Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may' delightfully combine playful fancy and natural feeling Those 'To Blossoms,' 'To Daffodils,' and 'To Primroses' have even a touch of pathos that wins its way to the heart. Other gems are 'To Anthea,' 'The Mad Maid's Song,' 'The Night-piece to Julia' ('Her eyes the glow worm lend thee'), and 'To Electra' ('Tis evening, my sweet') speare and Jonson had scattered such delicate funcies and snatches of lyrical melody among then plays and masques, and Herrick may have been directly influenced by the songs of Marlowe, Greene, and Fletcher It has been debated whether he formed himself after any classical There is in his songs and anacreontics an unforced gatety and natural tenderness that show he wrote chiefly from the spontaneous impulses of his own thoroughly artistic, pleasure loving temperament. Herrick's choice of words, when he is in his happiest vein, is perfect, his

versification is hirmony itself. His verses bound and flow like some exquisite lively melody that echoes nature by wood and dell, and presents new beauties at every turn and winding. The strain is short and sometimes fantastic, but the notes linger in the mind, and take their place for ever in the memory.

Mr Swinburne has pointed out that the first great age of lyric poetry in England was the one great age of our dramatic poetry, but that the lyric school advanced as the dramatic school declined, 'the lyrical record that begins with the author of Euphnes and Endymion grows fuller if not brighter through a whole series of constellations till it culminates in the crowning star of Herrick,' whose master was undoubtedly Marlowe last of his line, Herrick is the first of English songwriters, 'he lives simply by virtue of his songs, his more ambitious or pretentious lyrics arc merely magnified and prolonged and elaborated songs Elegy or litany, epicede or epithalamium, his work is always a song-writer's nothing more but nothing less than the work of the greatest song-writer ever born of English race' 'Ye have been fresh and green' is a sweeter and better song than 'Gather vc Rose-buds,' 'The Mad Maid's Song' can only be compared with William Blake's poems Yet Herrick has his 'brutal blemishes,' and scems to have deliberately relieved the monotony of 'spices and flowers, condiments and kisses,' by admitting rank and intolerable odours Though his 'sacred verse at its worst is as offensive as his secular verse at its worst,' 'neither Herbert nor Crashaw could have bettered'-

> We see Him come and know Him ours, Who with His sunshine and His showers Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

To Meadows

Ye'have been firsh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld how they With wicker arks did come, To kiss and beare away The richer couslips home.

Y' ave heard them sweetly sing, And seen them in a round, Each virgin, like a spring, With hony succles crown'd.

But now, we see none here, Whose silv'rie feet did trend, And with dishevell'd haire Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent Your stock, and needs grown, Y'are left here to lament Your poore estates alone.

To Blossoms

Faire pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last

What! were yee borne to be
An houre or half's delight,
And so to bid goodnight?

'Twas pitic nature brought yee forth
Meerly to shew your worth,
And lose you quite



ROBER F HERRICK.
From Frontispiece to the Hesperides (1648).

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

To Daffodils.

Faire daffadills, we weep to see You haste away so soone, As yet the early-rising sun Has not attained his noone Stay, stay,
Untill the hasting day

Has run
But to the even song,
And having prayd together, we
Will go with you along

We have short time to stry, as you
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything
We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away
Like to the summers raine,
Or as the pearles of mornings dew,
Ne'r to be found againe.

To the Virgins, to make much of their Time

Gather ye rose buds while ye may,
Old I ime is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles to day,
To morrow will be dying

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to setting

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer,
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, goe marry,
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry

To Anthea, who may command him any thing

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be
Or bid ine love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou caust find,
That heart Ile give to thee

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay, To honour thy decree Or bid it languish quite away, And't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep, While I have eyes to see And having none, yet I will keep A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and He despaire, Under that cypresse tree Or bid me die, and I will dare E'en death, to die for thee

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee

Cherry Ripe

Cherrie ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and faire ones—come and buy
If so be you ask me where
They doe grow?—I answer There,
Where my Julia's lips doe smile,
There is the land, or cherry ile,
Whose plantations fully shew
All the yeare where cherries grow

The Rock of Rubles and the Quarrie of Pearls

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew, And nothing did I say, But with my finger pointed to The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girle,
To part her lips, and show'd them there
The quarrelets of pearl

Upon Julia's Recovery

Droop, droop no more, or hing the head, Ye roses almost withered, New strength and newer purple get Each here declining violet, O primroses! Let this day be A resurrection unto ye, And to all flowers ally'd in blood, Or sworn to that sweet sister hood, For health on Juha's check hath shed Clarret and creame commingled, And these her hips doe now appeare As beames of coral, but more cleare

The Bag of the Bee

About the sweet bag of a bee,

I'wo Cupids felf at odds,

And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,

They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came, And for their boldness stript them, And taking thence from each his flame, With rods of mirtle whipt them

Which done, to still their wanton cries, When quiet grown sh'ad seen them, She kist and wip'd their dove like eyes, And gave the bag between them.

The Kiss–A Dialogue

- 1 Among thy fancies, tell inc this What is the thing we call a kisse?
- 2 I shall resolve ye, what it is,

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, (all cherric red,)
By love and warme desires fed,

Chor —And makes more soft the bridal bed

- 2 It is an active flame, that flics
 First to the babies of the eyes,
 And charms them there with lullables,
 Chor —And stils the bride too, when she cries
- 2 Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare
 It frisks and flyes now here, now there,
 'Tis now farre off, and then 'tis nere,
 Chor—And here, and there, and every where

- I Has it a speaking virtue?-2 Yes.
- I How speaks it, say?—2 Do you but this, Part your joyn'd hips, then speaks your kisse, Chor —And this loves sweetest language is.
- 1 Has it a body?—2 Ay, and wings, With thousand rure encolourings, And as it flies, it gently sings, Chor—Love home yeelds, but never stings.

Corinna's going a Maying

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne
See how Aurora throwes her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the aire,
Get up, sweet slag a bed, and see
The dew bespangling herbe and tree
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an houre since, yet you are not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have mattens said,
And sung their thankfull hymnes 'tis sin,
Nay, profunction to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May

Rise, and put on your folinge, and be seene
To come forth, like the spring time, fresh and greene,
And sweet as Flori Fake no care
Tor jewels for your gowne or haire,
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you,
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew locks of the night
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying,
Tew beads are best when once we goe a Maying

Come, my Corinna, come, and, comming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green, and trimm'd with trees, see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch, each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly enterwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obay
The proclamation made for May
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying

There's not a budding boy or girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May
A deale of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home
Some have despatcht their cakes and creame
Before that we have left to dreame,
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth
Many a green gown has been given,

Many a green gown has been given, Many a kisse, both odde and even, Many a glance too has been sent From out the eye, love's firmament, Many a jest told of the keyes betraying This night, and locks pickt, yet w' are not a Maying

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime, And take the harmlesse follie of the time

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne,

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine Once lost, can ne'er be found againe,

So when or you or I are made A fable, song, or fleeting shade, All love, all liking, all delight Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night

Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying, Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying

Twelfth-night, or King and Queen.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where beane's the king of the sport here,
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revel as queene in the court here.

Begin (then to chuse,
(This night as ye use)
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe day queene for the night here

Which knowne, let us make
Joy sops with the cake,
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drinke,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queene here.

Next crown the bowle full
With gentle lamb's wooll
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale, too,
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger,

Give them to the king
And queene wassailing,
And though with ale ye be wet here,
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

The Bellman.

Along the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light,
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and thus I tell
Death and dreadfulnesse call on
To the gen'rall session,
To whose dismall bare, we there
All accompts must come to cleere.
Scores of sins w'ave made here, many,
Wip't out few (God knowes) if any
Rise, ye debters, then, and fall
To make paiment while I call

Ponder this, when I am gone, By the clock 'tis almost one

Upon a Child that Died.

Here she lies, a pretty bud, Lately made of flesh and blood, Who as soone fell fast asleep, As her little eyes did peep Give her strewings, but not stir The earth that lightly covers her

Epitaph upon a Child.

Virgins promis'd, when I dy'd, That they wo'd each primrose tide Duely morne and ev'ning come, And with flowers'dresse my tomb Having promis'd, pay your debts, Maids, and here strew violets

To finde: God.

Weigh me the fire, or canst thou find A way to measure out the wind, Distinguish all those floods that are Mixt in the watrie theater, And taste thou them as saltlesse there, As in their channell first they were Tell me the people that do keep Within the kingdomes of the deep, Or fetch me back that cloud again, Beshiver'd into seeds of rame Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and speares Of corn, when summer shakes his ears, Shew me that world of starres, and whence They noiselesse spill their influence This if thou canst, then shew me Him That rides the glorious cherubim

To Primroses, filled with Morning Dew

Why doe ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak griefe in you,
Who were but borne
Just as the modest morne
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower

That marres a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worne with yeares,
Or warpt as we,

Who think it strange to see Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young, To speak by teares before ye have a tongue

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known

The reason why
Ye droop and weep,
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullable?
Or that ye have not seen as yet

The violet?
Or brought a kisse
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no, this sorrow shewn
By your teares shed,

Would have this lecture read

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth, Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth

Grace for a Child.

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand,
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
I or a benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all Amen

A Thanksgiving for his House.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell Wherein to dwell, A little house, whose humble roof Is weatherproof, Under the spars of which I he Both soft and dric. Where Thou my chamber for to ward Hast set a guard Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep Me while I sleep Low is my porch, as is my fite, Both void of state, And yet the threshold of my doore Is worn by th' poorc, Who lither come, and freely get Good words or ment Like as my parlour, so my hall, And kitchin's small, A little butterie, and therein A little byn, Which keeps my little loafe of bread Unchipt, unflead Some brittle stiel's of thorne or briar Make me a fire, Close by whose living coale I sit, And glow like it Lord, I confesse, too, when I dine, The pulse is Thine, And all those other bits that bee There plac'd by Thee The worts, the purslain, and the messe Of water cresse, Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent And my content Makes those, and my beloved beet To be more sweet 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth With guiltlesse mirth, And giv'st me wassail bowles to drink, Spic'd to the brink

Lord, 'tis 1 hy plenty dropping hand

manures

I hat soiles my land:

And giv'st me for my bushell sowne

Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay

Me twins each yeare

The while the conduits of my kine

Me to this end

That I should render for my part

A thankful heart,

Run creame (for wine)

All these, and better, Thou dost send

I wice ten for one

Her egg each day
Besides my healthfull cwes to beare

Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne As wholly Thine But the acceptance—that must be, My Christ, by Thee

His Litanie, to the Holy Spirit

In the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit, coinfort me!

When I he within my bed, Sick in heart and sick in head, And with doubts discomforted, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep, And the world is drown'd in sleep, Yet mine eyes the watch do keep, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artlesse doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potton and his pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth tole, And the furies in a shole.

Come to fright a parting soule,

Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burne blew, And the comforters are few, And that number more then true, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath praid, And I nod to what is said, 'Cause my speech is now decaid, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When (God knowes) I 'm tost about, Lither with despaire, or doubt, Yet before the glasse be out, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe dumns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
I night mine eares, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprize,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd, And that open'd which was seal'd, When to thee I have appeal'd, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Herrick's Poems have been edited by Nott (1810), T Maitland (Lord Dundrennan, 1823), Dr Grosart (3 vols. 1876), Pollard (1891, with a preface by A. C. Swinburne), and Professor Saintsbury (1893). See also F T Palgrave's Chrysomela (a selection, 1877), Gosse's Seventeenth Century Studies (1883), and a German monograph by E Hale (Halle, 1892)

Francis Quarles (1592-1644) wrote more like a divine or contemplative recluse than a busy man of the world who held various public posts Born at the manor-house of Stewards, Romford, he took his B.A in 1608 from Christ's College, Cambridge, and then entered Lincoln's Inn He was cup-bearer at Heidelberg to Elizabeth of Bohemia 1613-19, secretary to Archbishop Ussher 1629-33, and chronologer from 1639 to the city of London He espoused the cause of Charles I, and was so harassed by the Roundhead party, who injured his property and plundered him of his books and rare manuscripts, that his death was attributed to the affliction and ill-health caused



FRANCIS QUARLES
From the Picture by W Dobson in the National Portrait Gallery

by these disasters Notwithstanding his loyalty, the works of Quarles have a tinge of Puritanism and ascetic piety that might have mollified the rage of his persecutors His poems include AFeast for Wormes set forth in a Poeme of the History of Jonali (1620), Hadassa History of Queene Ester (1621), Job Militant (1624), Sion's Elegies (1625), Argalus and Parthenia (1629, on the story from Sidney's Arcadia), Historie of Samson (1631), Divine Emblems (1635), and Hieroglyphikes of the Life of Man (1638), the two last quaintly illustrated The Emblems were wonderfully popular, but rather with the people than the cultured or well-born Even in his own time Anthony Wood sneered at him, though a staunch royalist, as 'an old puritanicall poet the sometime darling of our plebeian judgments.' After the Restoration, when things sacred and serious were usually neglected or made the subject of ribald jests, Quarles seems to have been entirely lost to the public Even Pope, who had |

he really studied him, could not have overlooked his vivid fancy and point, notices only his bathos and absurdity, and says, referring to the engraved emblems, that he '15 saved by beauties not his own' The more catholic taste of modern times has, not without recalcitrants, admitted the divine emblemist into the 'laurelled fraternity of poets,' where, if he does not occupy a conspicuous place, he is at least sure of his due measure of attention. Charles Lamb hesitated whether Quarles was not to be preferred to Wither, and did not hesitate to rank him as the wittier of the two Thoreau said he 'uses language sometimes as greatly as Shakespeare' Yet he is not quoted or discussed at all in such a representative work as Ward's English Poets 'Emblems,' combining the graphic and poetic arts, to inculcate lessons of morality and religion, had been tried with success by Henry Peacham (c 1576-1643), author of the Compleat Gentleman, by Wither, and by others Quarles found his model in Hermann Hugo (1588–1629), a Jesuit of Brussels, who was almoner to Spinola on the battlefield, and died of plague in the Spanish camp From Hugo's Pia Desideria Quarles directly copied a great part of his prints and mottoes, and inevitably followed the thought to some extent, in the later books mainly paraphrising Hugo, but the best in his verses is all his own His style is that of his age-studded with conceits, often extravagant, outre, and ridi-But amidst his contortions he shows culous real power, and true wit mixed with the false. His epigrammatic union of wit and devotion made him in some measure a precursor of Young and his Aught Thoughts

Flowers

As when a lady, walking Flora's bowre, Picks here a pinke, and there a gillyflowre, Now plucks a violet from her purple bed, And then a primrose, the yeere's maiden head, There mips the bryer, here the lover's pansy, Shifting her dainty pleasures with her fancy, This on her arms, and that she lists to weare Upon the borders of her curious haire, At length a rose bud, passing all the rest, She plucks, and bosoms in her hilly brest (From the History of Ester)

The Shortness of Life

And what s a Life?—a weary pilgrimage, Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what 's a life?—the flourishing array Of the proud summer meadow, which to day Wears her green plush, and is to morrow hay

Reade on this diall how the shades devour My short liv'd winter's day! houre eats up houre, Alas, the totall's but from eight to foure

Behold these lilies (which thy hands have made Fair copies of my life, and open laid To view) how soon they droop, how soon they fade. Shade not that diall, night will blind too soon, My nonag'd day already points to noon, How simple is my suit! how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while The time away, or falsely to beguile My thoughts with joy here's nothing worth a smile.

Mors Tua.

Can he be faire that withers at a blast?

Or he be strong that avery breath can cast? Can he be wise that knowes not how to live? Or he be rich that nothing hath to give? Can be be young that's feeble, weake, and wan? So faire, strong, wise, so rich, so young is min So faire is man, that Death (a parting blast) Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last, So strong is man, that with a gasping breath He totters, and bequeathes his strength to Death, So wise is man, that if with Death he strive, His wisedom cannot teach him how to live So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid) His wealth's the winding sheet wherein he's laid So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow, He's old enough to day to due to morrow Why brag'st thou, then, thou worm of five foot long? Th'art neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young (From A Feast for Wormes)

The Vanity of the World.

False world, thou ly'st, thou canst not lend
The least delight
Thy favours cannot gain a I riend,
They are so slight
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night
Poore are the wants that thou supply'st,

Poore are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st [ly'st.
With heaven, fond earth, thou boasts, false world, thou

Thy babbling tongue tels golden tales
Of endlesse treasure,
Thy bountie offers easie sales

Of lasting pleasure, k'st the conscience what she ail

Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her
There's none can want where thou supply'st

There's none can give where thou deny'st Alas! fond world, thou boasts, false world, thou ly'st

What well advised eare regards

What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards

Are painted clay

Thy cunning can but pack the cards,

The game at weakest, still thou vy'st

Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st,

If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st

Thou art not what thou seem'st, false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsil bosome seems a mint

Of new comed treasure,

A paradise, that has no stint,

No change, no measure,

A painted cask, but nothing in 't,

Nor wealth, nor pleasure

Vun earth! that falsely thus comply'st With man, vain man! that thus rely'st

On earth, vain man, thou dot'st, vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure, To haberdash

In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is drosse and trash?

The height of whose inchaunting pleasure
Is but a flash?

Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortalls with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordiall peace? false world, thou ly'st
(From the Emblems)

Delight in God only

I love—and have some cause to love—the earth
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good
She is my mother, for she gave me birth,
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food,
But what 's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what 's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the aire—her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me,
Her shrill mouthed quire sustains me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me
But what 's the airc or all the sweets that she
Can blesse my soul withall compared to Thee?

I love the sea she is my fellow creature,
My carefull purveyer, she provides me store
She walls me round, she makes my diet greater,
She walts my treasure from a forrein shore
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high citic I direct my journey,
Whose spingled suburbs entertain mine eye,
Mine eye, by contemplation's great atturney,
Transcends the crystall pavement of the skie
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection, Without thy presence set affords no treasure, Without thy presence air's a rank infection, Without thy presence heaven it self's no pleasure:

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

Fine highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects farre too low for my desire,
The hightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of thy living fire

The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow worms, if compared to Thee

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares, Wisdome but folly, joy, disquict sadnesse, Friendship is treason, and delights are snares, Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madnesse, Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be, Nor have they being, when compared with Thee

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what farther crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land, nor would I be
Possesst of heaven, heaven unpossest of Thee

(From the Emblems)

Decay of Life

The day grows old, the low pitcht lamp hath made
No lesse than treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
To uncurl bright Titan's hair,
Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold,
Her purples, fringed with gold,
To cloath his evening glory, when the alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in restlesse Thetis' arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh,
The toyling plowman drives his thirsty teams,
To taste the shippery streams
The droyling swineheard knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests
The boxbill ouzle and the dappled thrush
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To cobweb every green,
And by the low shorn rowins doth appear aftermath
The fast declining year
The saplesse brunches doff their summer suits
And wain their winter fruits, garner
And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy freez
(From the Hieroglyphikes.)

In an elegy on a friend he has these fine lines

No azure dapples my bedarkened skies,

My passion has no April in her eyes.

See Dr A G Grosart's complete edition of Quarles's Works (3 vols., Chertsey Worthies Library, 1874).

Hemy King (1592-1669), born at Worminghall, Bucks, and educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, was the son of a Bishop of London, and himself in 1642 became Bishop of Chichester He was expelled by the Parliament in 1643, his estates were sequestrated and his library seized, but he was reinstated at the Restoration His poems are largely elegiacon his wife, Prince Henry, King Charles I and 'murdered' Royalists, Gustavus Adolphus, 'my ever desired friend Dr Donne,' 'my dead friend Ben Jonson,' and other less-known intimates and There are also translations of the contemporaries Psalms and devotional poems His Poims and Psalms, edited by Archdeacon Hannah (1843), was but a selection, a promised volume to contain the rest of the English poems was never published

The Dirge

What is th' existence of mans life But open war, or slumber'd strife? Where sickness to his sense presents The combat of the elements And never feels a perfect peace Till deaths cold hand signs his release

It is a storm, where the hot blood Out vies in rage the boyling flood, And each loud passion of the mind Is like a furious gust of wind, Which beats his bark with many a wave, Till he casts anchor in the grave It is a flower, which buds, and growes, And withers as the leaves disclose, Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep, Like fits of waking before sleep Then shrinks into that fital mold Where its first being was enroll'd

It is a dream, whose sceming truth Is moraliz'd in age and youth, Where all the comforts he can share, As wandring as his fancies are, Till in a mist of dark decay The dreamer vanish quite away

It is a diall, which points out.
The sun set as it moves about,
And shadowes out in lines of night.
The subtile stages of times flight,
Till all obscuring earth hath laid.
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary enterlude
Which doth short joyes, long woes include.
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hope and vary'd fears
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death

Some poems attributed to him were really by Quarles The following little poem, printed and long accepted as his, appears also among the poems of Francis Beaumont, but is more in King's characteristic vein

Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a starre,

Or as the flights of eagles are,

Or like the fresh springs gawdy hew,

Or silver drops of morning dew,

Or like a wind that chafes the flood,

Or bubbles which on water stood

Even such is man, whose borrow'd lightist streight call'd in, and paid to night

The wind blowes out, the bubble dies,

The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,

The dew dries up, the starre is shot,

The flight is past, and man forgot.

Thomas Carew (c. 1594-1639) was the forerunner of a numerous class of poets-courtiers of a gay and gallant school, who to personal accomplishments, rank, and education united a taste and talent for the conventional poetry then most popular and cultivated A taint of sensuality and irreligion often lurked under the flowery surface of their poetry Carew was capable, indeed, of far higher things, in him, as in Suckling, we see glimpses of real poetic gift, and he was much more careful of the form and finish of his verses than Suckling Of Cornish ancestry, the younger son of Sir Matthew Carew, a master in Chancery, Carew was sent to Merton College, Oxford, and passed thence to the Middle Temple. He was sent to be with Sir Dudley Carleton in Florence and afterwards at The Hague; he visited the French court with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and finally he became gentleman of the privychamber and sewer in ordinary to Charles I His after-life was that of a courtier—witty, affable, accomplished, heedless, and epicyrean Clarendon says—charitably and hopefully—that he 'died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire.' His poems were not collected until after his death, which probably occurred in 1630

The poems of Carew are short and occasional The only exception is a masque, written by command of the king, entitled Calum Britannicum This is partly in prose, the lyrical pieces were set to music by Dr Henry Lawes, the poetical musician of that age, and the scenery was designed by Inigo Jones Carew's short amatory lyrics were exceedingly popular, and are now the only things of his that are read. Thirty or forty years later he would have fallen into the frigid style of the court poets after the Restoration, but at the time he wrote the passionate and imaginative vein of the Elizabethan period was not vholly This main quality is a certain Rubensexhausted like intensity and glow of colour The 'genial and warm tints' of the clder muse still coloured the landscape, and these were reflected back by Carew, who forms a very interesting link between the Elizabethans and the age after himself. He came under the influence of Donne, and he abounds in extravagant conceits, even on grave elegiac subjects. In his Epitaph on the Daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth he says

> And here the precious dust is Inid, Whose purely temper'd clay was made So fine that it the guest betray'd Else the soul grew so fast within, It broke the outward shell of sin,

So though a virgin, yet a Bride Lo every grace, she justified A cluste Polygamy, and died

And so was hatch'd a Cherubin

Archbishop French protested against Carew's being grouped with Waller but below him 'he is immensely his superior,' he thinks, 'in many of Carew's lighter pieces there is an underlying vein of carnestness which is wholly wanting in the other' Even those who deny him pathos or natural feeling admit him to have been at least a most accomplished writer of polished vers docusion. The following famous song, Edward FitzGerald said, is 'exaggerated, like all in Charles's time, but very beautiful'. It was extensively imitated, answered, and argued out in similar strains, and even burlesqued—there is a long series of songs beginning 'Ask me no more,' 'Tell me no more,' 'I tell you true,' I ask thee whence,' and the like

Song

Ask me no more where Jove bestows, When June is past, the fading rose? For in your Beauty's orient deep, These flowers, as in their causes, sleep

Ask me no more, whither do stray The golden atoms of the day? For in pure love heaven did prepare Those powders to enrich your hair

Ask me no more, whither doth haste The Nightingale, when May is past? For in your sweet dividing throat She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars 'light That downward fall in dead of night? For in your eyes they sit, and there Fixed become as in their sphere

Ask me no more, if east or west. The Phænix builds her spicy nest? For unto you at last she flies, And in your fragrant bosom dies.

The Compliment

I do not love thee for that fur Rich fan of thy most curious hair, Though the wires thereof be drawn I incr than the threads of lawn, And are softer than the leaves

And are softer than the leaves On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers Growing on thy cheeks—Love's bowers, Though such cunning bath them spread, None can part their white and red Love's golden arrows thence are shot, Yet for them I love thee not

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kissed so oft,
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard,
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Would Tyrants melt, and Death awaken

I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
I or that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder,
I hough that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polish'd ivory are.

I love not for those eyes, nor hair, Nor checks, nor hps, nor teeth so rare,

> Nor for thy hand nor foot so small, But wouldst thou know, dear Sweet?—for All!

Song

Would you know what's soft? I dare Not bring you to the down or air, Nor to stars to shew what's bright, Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would Music hear, Call the Orbs to take your car, Nor to please your sense bring forth Bruised Nard or what's more worth

Or on food were your thoughts placed, Bring you Nectar, for a taste Would you have all these in one? Name my Mistress, and 'tis done

Mediocrity in Love Rejected

Give me more Love, or more Disdain,
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
I he temperate affords me none
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm, if it be Love,
Like Danne in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure, if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour



THOMAS CARFW

By permission, from the Portrait of 'Two Centlemen in the Royal

Collection at Windsor

My vulture hopes, and he's possessed Of Heaven that's but from Hell released Then crown my joys or cure my pain, Give me more Love, or more Disdain.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return,
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.

Some Power, in my revenge, convey That Love to her I cast away

The Spring

Now that the Winter's gone, the Earth hath lost Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream Upon the silver lake or crystal stream, But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth, And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree The drowsy Cuckoo and the Humble bee Now do a choir of chirping ministrels sing, In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array, Welcome the coming of the long'd for May

Now all things smile only my Love doth lour,
Nor hath the scalding noon day Sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold
The ox, which lately did for shelter flie
Into the stall, doth now securely he
In open field, and love no more is made
By the fire side, but in the cooler shade.
Amyntas now doth by his Cloris sleep
Under a Sycamore, and all things keep
I'me with the season only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January

Carews Poems (1640) have been edited by W. C. Hizlitt (1870). J. W. Ebsworth (1893) and Arthur Vincent ("Muses Library, 1895).

William Strode (1602-45), born near Plympton, Devon, from Westminster passed to Christ Church, Oxford, and became canon thereof and public orator, as well as doctor of divinity. He must have known Lyly's 'Cupid and my Campaspe' (page 315)

Answer to 'The Lover's Melancholy'

Return, my joys! and hither bring A tongue not made to speak, but sing, A jolly spleen, an inward feast, A causeless laugh without a jest, A face which gladness doth anoint, An arm for joy, flung out of joint . A sprightful gait that leaves no print, And makes a feather of a flint, A heart that 's lighter than the air, An eye still dancing in its sphere; Strong mirth which nothing shall control, A body nimbler than a soul, Free wandering thoughts not tied to muse, Which, thinking all things, nothing choose. Which, ere we see them come, are gone These life itself doth feed upon Men take no care but only to be jolly. To be more wretched than we must, is folly

Kisses.

My love and I for kisses played
She would keep stakes—I was content,
But when I won, she would be paid,
This made me ask her what she meant
'Pray, since I see,' quoth she, 'your wrangling vein.
Take your own kisses, give me mine again'

William Habington (1605-54) was born and lived at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, a house with more priest's holes than any other in England His life presents few incidents, though he came of a race of Catholic conspirators. His father lay for six years in the Tower over Babington's conspiracy, his uncle was hanged for his share in the The poet's mother atoned in some same plot measure for this disloyalty, for she is said to have been the writer of the famous letter to Lord Monteagle which averted the execution of the Gunpowder Plot. The poet was educated at St Omer's, but declined to become a Jesuit. About 1631 he married Lucy Herbert, youngest daughter of the first Lord Powis, whom he had celebrated under the name of Castara. His collected poems-also entitled Castara-were published in 1634-40, the volume consisting of 'The Mistress,' 'The Wife,' and 'The Holy Man' These titles include each several copies of verses, and the same design was The short life of afterwards adopted by Cowley the poct seems to have glided quietly away, cheered by the society and affection of his Castara had no stormy passions to agitate him, and no unruly imagination to control or subdue. poetry is of the same unruffled description-placid, tender, and often elegant, but studded with conceits to show his wit and fancy When he talks of meadows wearing a 'green plush,' of the fire of mutual love purifying an infected city, and of a luxurious feast so rich that heaven must have rained showers of sweetmeats, as if

Heaven were Blackfriars, and each star a confectioner—

we are astonished to find one who could ridicule the 'madness of quaint oaths' and the 'fine rhetoric of clothes' in the gallants of his day, fall into such absurd and tasteless puerilities Habington had all the vices of the 'metaphysical' school, excepting its occasional and sometimes studied licentiousness He tells us himself (in his preface) that 'if the innocency of a chaste muse shall be more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the balance of esteem, than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave no hope of competition' And of a pure attachment he says that 'when Love builds upon the rock of Chastity, it may safely contemn the battery of the waves and threatenings of the wind, since Time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall itself be ruinated before that be demolished?

Description of Castara.

Like the violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
to no looser eye betrayed,
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view

Such is her beauty, as no arts Have enriched with borrowed grace, Her high birth no pride imparts, For she blushes in her place Folly boasts a glorious blood, She is noblest, being good

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant,
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands,
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts nor understands
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft Honour splits her mast,
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor east
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight,
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer, and sleep oft governs lust

She her throne makes reason climb, While wild passions captive he And each article of time. Her pure thoughts to heaven fly All her yows religious be, And her love she yows to me.

Epistle to a Friend.

I hate the country's dirt and manners, yet I love the silence, I embrace the wit And courtship, flowing here in a full tide, But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride. No place each way is happy Here I hold Commerce with some who to my care unfold. After a due oath ministered, the height And greatness of each star shines in the state, The brightness, the eclipse, the influence. With others I commune who tell me whence The torrent doth of foreign discord flow, Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow, Soon as they happen, and by rote can tell Those German towns even puzzle me to spell. The cross or prosperous fate of princes they Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay, And on each action comment, with more skill Than upon Livy did old Machiavel O busy folly! Why do I my brain Perplex with the dull policies of Spain, Or quick designs of France? Why not repair To the pure innocence o' th' country air, And neighbour thee, dear friend? who so dost give Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live Blest, is to trace thy ways There might not we Arm against passion with philosophy,

And by the aid of leisure so control Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul? Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when We study mysteries of other men, Do but in thy own shade-And foreign plo s Thy head upon some flowery pillow laid, Kind nature's 'housewifery-contemplate all His stratagems, who labours to enthral The world to his great master, and you'll find Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind Not conquest makes us great Blood is too dear A price for glory Honour doth appear To statesmen like a vision in the night, And, juggler like, works o' th' deluded sight Th' unbusied only wise for no respect Endangers them to error, they affect Truth in her naked beauty, and behold Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold Or tall in title, so much him they weigh As virtue raiseth him above his clay Thus let us value things and since we find Time bend us toward earth, let's in our mind Create new youth, and arm against the rude Assaults of age, that no dull solitude O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care O' th' town make us to think, where now we are, And whither we are bound Time ne'er forgot His journey, though his steps we numbered not

Thomas Randolph (1605-35) wrote miscellaneous poems and six plays, all edited by W C Hazlitt in 1875 He was born at Newnham-cum-Badby, near Daventry, Northamptonshire, from Westminster passed in 1623 to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1629 was elected a fellow He was early distinguished for talents that procured him the friendship of Ben Jonson and the Ben enrolled him among other wits of the day his adopted sons, but Randolph fell into intemperate habits, and the fine promise of his genius was cut short by his death in his thirtieth year at Blatherwick, in his native county His poems are bright and sometimes humorous Aristippus and The Concerted Peddler are academic interludes, The Jealous Lover is a cleverly written but very artificial comedy, The Muse's Looking-glass is a satire, in pseudo-dramatic form, on the several vices, and the virtues find occasion to join in a dance, Amyntas is a pastoral play on materials derived from Tasso and other Italians, though the plot is Randolph's own

Upon his Picture.

When age hath made me what I am not now, And every wrinkle tells me where the plough Of time hath furrowed, when an ice shall flow Through every vein, and all my head be snow, When Death displays his coldness in my cheek, And I myself in my own picture seek, Not finding what I am, but what I was, In doubt which to believe, this or my glass, Yet though I alter, this remains the same As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame And first complexion, here will still be seen Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin

Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye, The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye. Behold what frailty we in man may see, Whose shadow is less given to change than he!

To a Lady admiring herself in a Looking-glass.

Fair lady, when you see the grace Of beauty in your looking glass, A stately forehead, smooth and high, And full of princely majesty, A sparkling eye, no gem so fair, Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star, A glorious cheek, divinely sweet, Wherein both roses kindly meet; A cherry lip that would entice Lven gods to kiss at any price, You think no beauty is so rare That with your shadow might compare That your reflection is alone The thing that men most dote upon Madam, alas ' your glass doth lie, And you are much deceived, for I A beauty know of richer grace-Sweet, be not angry-'tis your face Hence, then, O learn more mild to be, And leave to lay your blame on me If me your real substance move, When you so much your shadow love, Wise nature would not let your eye Look on her own bright majesty, Which had you once but gazed upon, You could except yourself love none What then you cannot love, let me, That face I can, you cannot see.

'Now you have what to love,' you'll say,
'What then is left for me, I pray?'
My face, sweet heart, if it please thee,
That which you can, I cannot see
So either love shall gain his due,
Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

James Howell (1594?-1666), whose collection of Familiar Letters is still an English classic, was the son of the minister of Abernant, in Caermarthenshire, and having been educated at Hereford and Jesus College, Oxford, went to London in quest of employment. Appointed steward to a patent-glass manufactory, he went abroad in 1616 to procure materials and engage workmen. In the course of his four years' travels he visited Holland, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy, brought capable workmen from Middelburg, Venice, and elsewhere, and, being of an acute and inquisitive turn, laid up a store of useful observations on men and manners, besides acquiring an extensive knowledge of modern languages His connection with the glass company soon after ceased, and he again visited France as the travelling companion of a young gentleman After this he was sent to Spain (1622) as agent for the recovery of an English vessel which had been seized in Sardinia on the charge of smuggling, but his good hopes of obtaining redress being destroyed by the breaking off of Prince Charles's proposed marriage with the Infanta, he returned to England in 1624

next office was that of secretary to Lord Scrope. Lord-President of the North, and in 1627 he was chosen by the corporation of Richmond in Yorkshire to be one of their representatives in Parlia-In 1632 he visited Copenhagen as secretary to the English ambassador, and prepared the Latin orations of condolence with the Danish king on the loss of his mother At Nottingham in 1642 he was appointed a clerk to the Privy Council, but being 'prodigally inclined,' according to Anthony Wood, 'and therefore running much into debt,' he was imprisoned eight years in the Fleet, by order of a committee of Parliament. Here he remained, supporting himself by translating and composing In 1661 he became historioga variety of works rapher-royal, the first who ever enjoyed that title, and having continued his literary vocation till his death on 3rd November 1666, he may be accounted after Markham (page 398) as one of the earliest Englishmen to make a livelihood by his pen. His fortyone publications comprise translations from Italian, French, and Spanish, controversies, pamphlets, and books on history, politics, and philological questions His Instructions for Forreine Travel (1642) was reprinted by Professor Arber in 1869, his new editions of Cotgrave's French dictionary are interesting to lexicographers, he published a description of London and a history of all the battles between England and Scotland, apologues, A Trance or News from Hell, and The Party of Beasts (an allegory) But this witty and entertaining writer is now chiefly remembered for his Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, or Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, divided into Sundry Sections, partly Historical, Political, and Philosophical (published in four instalments, in 1645, 1647, 1650, and 1655) The letters are dated from various places at home and abroad, but most of them seem to have been composed as a deliberate literary undertaking in the Fleet Prison, though many of them were no doubt based on his actual letters or notes of some kind, and not solely drawn from memory marks on the leading events and characters of the time, as well as the description of what he saw in foreign countries, and the reflections with which his letters abound, are entertaining reading, though a large proportion of his learning is second hand, many of his most interesting facts are taken straight from books, and inaccurate statements are frequent, and the interest is rather autobiographical than historical They set a fashion of fictitious letterwriting, and Defoe seems to have known them The letters are marked by lucidity, vivacity, and variety, are quite exceptional in that or any age, and have generally been voted one of the most amusing volumes extant Montaigne's essays and Howell's letters were Thackeray's 'bedside books,' constantly in use Hallam judged Howell rather harshly, declaring he 'had no wit, but abundance of conceit, flat and commonplace enough? Certainly the letters are extraordinarily unequal in interest, some being obviously mere compendiums

of such books as he could lay hands on at the time

Letter from Venice

These wishes come to you from Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish renowned Venice, the admiredst city in the world, a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant, the Turk, by sea, else I believe he had over run all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath perform'd notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers others she hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her gallies often preserv'd St Peter's bark from sinking for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espous'd her to the sea, which marriage is solemnly renew'd every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galeass, call'd the Bucen toro, wherein the first ccremony was perform'd by the pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self same vessel still, tho' often put upon the careen and trimm'd. This made me think on that famous ship at Athens, nav, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and con sequently requiring, ever and anon, a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into a blood and fleshy substance, which, as in all other sublunary bodies that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through in visible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nounture I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this Bucentoro, which, tho' it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I believe there's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pierced. In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sus tenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and, I may say, new flesh, the old, by continual dependition and insensible transpirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh, so that I make a question whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about with him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb I make a doubt whether I had the same identical individually numerical body, when I carried a calf leather sachel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lambskin hood in Oxford, or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh now in Venice, which I carry'd about me three years since, up and down London streets, having, in lieu of beer and ale, drunk wine all this while, and fed upon different yiands. Now, the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical kind of vertue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us but the' it be question able whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same, for you may remember

I went flaxen haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food But you will say that hair is but an excrementatious thing, and makes not to this purpose, morcover, me thinks I hear you say that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts. But I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion, which the sight of Bucentoro infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I fear me, to trespass too much upon your patience, I leave the further dis quisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into and drank more of Aristotle's well But, to conclude, tho' it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no in all points that I had in England, I am well assur'd I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse

'Calum non annuum mutant qui trans mare currunt'

'The air but not the mind they change,
Who in outlandish countries range'

For what alterations soever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—the very same

Venice, 25th June 1621

Letter from Rome

I am now come to Rome, and Rome, they say, is every man's country, she is called *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city, and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices, both in church and state, according to merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself, since she was made a Christian, and descended from those hills to Campus Martius, with Trastevere, and the suburbs of Saint Peter, she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in Claudius his time, for Vopiscus writes she was then of fifty miles' circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous cense that was made, which, allowing but six to every family in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls, but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number The pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the State of the Church extends above 300 miles in length, and 200 miles in breadth, it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagnia, the Marquisate of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the patrimony, Rome herself, and In these there are above fifty bishoprics, the pope hath also the duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchate of Ravenna, he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Venisse, called Avignon, in France He hath title also good enough to Naples itself, but, rather than offend his champion, the king of Spain, he is contented with a white mule, and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every year for a herriot or homage, or what you will call it, he pretends also to be lord paramount of Sicily, Urbin, Parma, and Mascran, of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our crown at Pandulfo his legate's feet

The state of the apostolic see here in Italy lieth 'twist two seas, the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene, and it runs through the midst of Italy, which makes the pope power ful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an umpire or an enemy. His authority being mixed 'twist temporal and spiritual, disperseth itself into so many members, that a young man may grow old here before he can well understand the form of government.

The consistory of cardinals meet but once a week, and once a week they solemnly wait all upon the pope am told there are now in Christendom but sixty eight cardinals, whereof there are six cardinal bishops, fifty one cardinal priests, and eleven cardinal deacons cardinal bishops attend and sit near the pope, when he celebrates any festival, the cardinal priests assist him at mass, and the cardinal deacons attire him A cardinal is made by a short breve or writ from the pope in these words Creamus te socium regious, superiorem ducibus, et fratrem nostrum 'We create thee a companion to kings, superior to dukes, and our brother' If a cardinal bishop should be questioned for any offence, there must be twenty four witnesses produced against him The Bishop of Ostia hath most privilege of any other, for he consecrates and instals the pope, and goes always next to All these cardinals have the repute of princes, and besides other incomes, they have the annats of benefices to support their greatness

For point of power, the pope is able to put 50,000 men in the field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in gallies We read how Paul III sent Charles III 12,000 foot and 500 horse Pius V sent a greater aid to Charles IX, and for riches, besides the temporal dominions he hath in all the countries before named, the datary or despatching of bulls. The triennial subsidies, annats, and other ecclesiastical rights mount to an un known sum, and it is a common saying here, that as long as the pope can finger a pen, he can want no pence. Plus V notwithstanding his expenses in buildings, left four millions in the Castle of Saint Angelo in less than five years, more, I believe, than this Gregory XV will, for he hain many nephews, and better is it to be the pope's nephew, than to be a favourite to any prince in Christendom

Touching the temporal government of Rome, and op pidan affairs, there is a pretor and some choice citizens, who sit in the Capitol Among other pieces of policy, there is a synagogue of Jews permitted here (as in other places of Italy) under the pope's nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their hats, they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein the Jews are wonder ful dexterous, though most of them be only brokers and Lombardeers, and they are held to be here, as the cynic held women to be, malum necessarium

Present Rome may be said to be but a monument of Rome past, when she was in that flourish that St Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world, tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a prey to time, yet there is a providence seems to have a care of her still, for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly as it was, yet

she hath wherewith to keep life and soul together still, by her ecclesiastical courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now, so that it may be said, when the pope came to be her liead, she was reduced to her first prin ciples, for as a shepherd was founder, so a shepherd is still governor and preserver

13th Sept 1621

Howell tells the story of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelen' much as it is given by Browning, who may have taken it hence of from Verstegan, he shows in two letters that popular opinion in England inclined to the belief that Raleigh had deliberately fibbed about the gold-mines he pretended to go in search of on that last disastrous expedition, he reports the murder of Buckingham by Felton when the news reached him, describes the languages and religions of all countries in the world, as far as he could find out about them, has many pious and theological reflections, some naughty stories, and many statements as facts which are manifest fables (as of the lady, commemorated by Corvate also, who as a punishment for discourtesy to a poor woman bore 365 children at a birth), gives a complete statistical account of the Low Countries, and a history of the Inquisition, propounds a scheme of spelling reform, and intersperses not a few poems and hymns, most highly unpoetic. His notion of tolerance may be seen from his saying, 'I pity rather than hate Turk or Infidel if I hate any, 'tis those Schismaticks that puzzle the sweet peace of our Church, so that I could be content to see an Anabaptist go to Hell on a Brownist's back.' An account of the wine countries of the world begins with Greece, Spain, and Portugal, and then goes on to France

On Wines

I rance, participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly, as, to wards the Alps and Italy, she hath a luseious rich wine called Frontiniac In the country of Provence, towards the Pyrenees in Languedoc, there are wines congustable with those of Spain one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaume, and of clarets, that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it, in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France, so in all other wine-countries, the white is called the scmale, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because commonly it hath more sulphur, body, and heat in't the wines that our merchants bring over upon the river of Garonne, near Bordeaux, in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France. The Scot, because he hath always been a useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre emption of first choice of wines in Bordeaux, he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town, whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blay, a good way distant down the river is a hard green wine, that grows about Rochelle, and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometime used to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions, into it—as he doth brim stone in Rhenish-to give it a whiter tincture and more sweetness, then they re embark it for England, where it

passeth for good Bachrag [Bacharach], and this is called stuming of wines. In Normandy there's little or no wine at all grows, therefore the common drink of that country is cider, specially in low Normandy. There are also many beer houses in Paris and elsewhere, but though their barley and water be better than ours, or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine. specially in the Psalts [Pfalz] or Lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from Bacchi ara, for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines Here, and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married. as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes or to paint till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into a hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owls' eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after From Bachrag the first stock of vines which grow now in the Grand Canary Island were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied, and lastingst wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever, it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess French wines may be said but to pickle meat in the stomachs, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutrifieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, 'that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven-ergo, good wine carrieth a man to heaven' If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other, for I think there's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides I think also, there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine than there is brought in, for Sherries and Malagas, well mingled, pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself, else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it, or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in aqua vita measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanae in their bones, but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking are Spain and Italy If a woman can prove her husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him. Nor indeed can the Spainard, being hot brained, bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondomar was once too hard for the king of Denmark, when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flan ders will take their cups freely, and the Italians also When I hved t'other side the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier, who had got drunk in

Genoa, and Prince Doria going a horseback to walk the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle, and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a The prince, seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a house and put to sleep In the morning he sent for him, and asked him what he would give for his horse 'Sir,' said the recovered soldier, 'the merchant that would have bought him last night of your Highness went away betimes in the morn ing' The boonest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans, but the Greek is the merriest of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next companions, but the other will drink as deep as he. If the Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name, the other will drink the number of his years, and though he be not apt to break out in singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these six notes, ut, re, m, fa, sol, la, which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter

'Ut relivet miserum fatum solitosque labores.'

The fewest draughts he drinks are three—the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep, that beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round, they thought verily they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship, insomuch that, it being foul windy weather, they fell to throw the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck

On Tobacco

To usher in again old Janus, I send you a parcel of Indian perfume which the Spaniard calls the holy herb, in regard of the various virtues it hath, but we call it tobacco, I will not say it grew under the King of Spain's window, but I am told it was gather'd near his gold mines of Potosi (where they report that in some places there is more of that ore than earth), therefore it must needs be precious stuff if moderately and seasonably taken (as I find you always do), 'tis good for many things; it helps digestion taken a while after meat, it makes one void rheum, break wind, and keeps the body open a leaf or two being steeped o'er night in a little white wine is a vomit that never fails in its operation it is a good companion to one that converseth with dead men, for if one hath been poring long upon a book, or is toil'd with the pen, and stupified with study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those clouds that usually o'erset the brain The smoke of it is one of the whole somest scents that is, against all contagious airs, for it o'er masters all other smells, as K. James, they say, found true, when being once a hunting, a shower of rain drove him into a pig sty for shelter, where he caus'd a pipe full to be taken on purpose it cannot endure a spider or a flea, with such like vermin, and if your hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his feathers, it frees him it is good to fortify and preserve the sight, the smoke being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a week, and frees them from all rheums, driving them back by way of repercussion, being taken backward 'tis excellent good against the cholique, and taken into the stomach, 'twill heat and cleanse it, for I could instance in a great lord (my Lord of Sunderland, Presi dent of York), who told me, that he taking it downward into his stomach, it made him cast up an imposthume, bag and all, which had been a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at football, and so preserv'd his life for many years. Now to descend from the sub stance of the smoke to the ashes, 'tis well known the medicinal virtues thereof are very many, but they are so common, that I will spare the inserting of them here but if one would try a petty conclusion how much smoke there is in a pound of tobacco, the ashes will tell him for let a pound be exactly weigh'd, and the ashes kept charily and weigh'd afterwards, what wants of a pound weight in the ashes cannot be deny'd to have been smake, which evaporated into air I have been told that Sir Walter Rawleigh won a wager of Queen Elizabeth upon this nicety. The Spaniards and Irish take it most in powder or smutchin, and it mightily refreshes the brain, and I believe there's as much taken this way in Ircland as there is in pipes in England, one shall commonly see the serving maid upon the washing block, and the swain upon the plough share, when they are tir'd with labour, take out their boxes of smutchin and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them with a fresh vigour to fall to their work again. Barbary and other parts of Afric, 'tis wonderful what a small pill of tobacco will do, for those who use to ride post thro' the sandy desarts, where they meet not with anything that's potable or edible, sometimes three days together, they use to carry small balls or pills of tobacco, which being put under the tongue, it affords them a per petual moisture and takes off the edge of the appetite for some days

If you desire to read with pleasure all the virtues of this modern herb, you must read Dr Thorus's Paciologia [Raphael Thorius, Hymnus Tabaci sive de Pacto, 1644], an accurate piece couch'd in a strenuous heroic verse, full of matter, and continuing its strength from first to last, insomuch, that for the bigness it may be compar'd to any piece of antiquity, and, in my opinion, is beyond βατραχομυσμαχία [The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice, erroneously attributed to Homer] or γαλεωμισμαχία [The Battle of the Cats and the Mice, a burlesque poem by the twelfth century Greek, Theodorus Prodromus]

So I conclude these rambling notions, presuming you will accept this small argument of my great respects to you if you want paper to light your pipe, this letter may serve the turn, and if it be true what the poets frequently sing, that affection is fire, you shall need no other than the clear flames of the donor's love to make ignition, which is comprehended in this distich

'Ignis amor si fit, tolaccim accendere nostrum, Nulla petenda tibi fax nisi dantis amor'

'If love be fire, to light this Indian weed, The donor's love of fire may stand instead' FLEET, 1 Jan. 1646

On Learning in England.

The subject of this letter may peradventure seem a paradox to some, but not, I know, to your lordship, when you have pleased to weigh well the reasons. Learning is a thing that hath been much cried up and coveted in all ages, especially in this last century of years, by people of all sorts, tho' never so mean and mechanical every man strains his fortunes to keep his children at school, the cobler will clout it till midnight, the porter will carry burdens till his bones crack again, the plough man will pinch both back and belly to give

son learning, and I find that this ambition reigns where so much as in this island But under favour s word learning is taken in a narrower sense among its in among other nations, we seem to restrain it only the book, whereas, indeed, any artisan whatsoever he know the secret and mystery of his trade) may be led a learned man a good mason, a good shocmaker, at can manage St Crispin's lance handsomely, a skil yeoman, a good shipwright, &c., may all be called rned men, and indeed the usefullest sort of learned en, for without the two first we might go barefoot, d he abroad as beasts, having no other canopy than e wild air, and without the two last we might starve bread, have no commerce with other nations, or ever able to tread upon a continent These, with such like xtrous artisans, may be termed learned men, and the ore behaveful for the subsistence of a country, than ose Polymathists that stand poring all day in a corner on a moth eaten author, and converse only with dead The Chinese (who are the next neighbours to e rising sun on this side of the hemisphere, and con quently the acutest) have a wholesome piece of policy, at the son is always of the father's trade, and 'tis all e learning he aims at which makes them admirable tisans, for, besides the dextrousness and propensity of e child, being descended lineally from so many of the me trade, the father is more careful to instruct him, id to discover to him all the mystery thereof. This neral custom or law keeps their heads from running at ndom after book-learning, and other vocations ad a tale of Rob Grosthead [Grosseteste], Bishop of Lin oln, that being come to this greatness, he had a brother ho was a husbandman, and expected great matters from m in point of preferment, but the bishop told him that he wanted money to mend his plow or his cart, or to my tacklings for his horses, with other things belonging his husbandry, he should not want what was fitting, at wish'd him to aim no higher, for a husbandman he ound him, and a husbandman he would leave him.

The extravagant humour of our country is not to be together commended, that all men should aspire to ook learning there is not a simpler animal, and a more iperfluous member of state, than a more scholar, than any a self pleasing student, he is——Tellar is mutile popular.

From Howell's Instructions for Foreine Travel, which, like his Letters, contains many acute obserations on men and things, we extract this on the

Tales of Travellers

Others have a custom to be always relating strange nings and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Man eville), and they usually present them to the hearers irough multiplying glasses, and thereby cause the thing appear for greater than it is in itself, they make nountains of mole hills, like Charenton Bridge echo, thich doubles the sound nine times Such a traveller vas he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a ox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their nice to be as big as monkeys, but they have the wit o fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may ather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had een a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers vere sheltered from a shower of rain. Another who was no triveller, yet the wiser man, said he had passed by a place where there were 400 brasiers making of a caldron—200 within and 200 without, beating the nails in, the traveller asking for what use that huge caldron was, he told him 'Sir, it was to boil your cabbage'

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolise and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long, his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied 'But a yard broad, and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it foursquare for you'

The following may serve as a specimen of his poetry, from a farewell letter to a dying friend

This Life's at longest but one Day,
He who in youth posts hence away,
Leaves us i' th' morn—He who hath run
His race till Manhood parts at Noon
And who at seventy odd forsakes this Light,
He may be said to take his leave at Night

See Arber's edition of the *Instructions* (1869), and the edition of the *Epistolia* by Joseph Jacobs (1890).

John Earle (1601?-65), a native of York, studied at Oxford, was deprived of his living in 1643, was Chaplain and Clerk of the Closet to Charles II in exile, became successively Bishop of Worcester and of Salisbury, and was a very successful miscellaneous writer He had great learning and eloquence, was extremely agreeable and facetious in conversation, and was a man of so many excellences that, in the language of, Walton, there had lived since the death of Richard Hooker no man 'whom God had blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper? He dealt very tenderly with the Nonconformists, and, according to Clarendon, he was among the few excellent men who never had and never could have an enemy. He wrote some poems, but his principal work is Microcosmographie, or a Peece of the World Discovered in Essayes and Characters (1628), a marvellous storchouse of wit and humour Collections of 'characters' were long exceedingly common and popular-some two hundred such have been catalogued—and form a link between the 'humours' of the old comedy on the one hand, and the familiar essay and novel of the eighteenth century on the other Earle's is by far the most notable 'An undeniable wit, a real gift of finished if biting satire, a constant rittle of telling epigrim, make him at his best-and he often is at his bestas good reading as the heart of man can desire,' so said the Athenaum criticising a recent edition of the Microcosmographie, and pointing out at the same time Earle's skill in handling senument and his touches of poetry Among the characters

drawn are those of a raw preacher, an antiquary, a reserved man, a college butler, a carrier, a player, a pot-poet, a university dun, and a plain country fellow

A Pot-Poet

Is the dreggs of wit, yet mingled with good drinke may have some relish. His inspirations are more reall then others, for they doe but faine a God, but hee has his by him. His verses run like the tap, and his invention as the barrell, ebs and flowes at the mercy of the spiggot. In thin drinke hee aspires not above a ballad, but a cup of sacke inflames him, and sets his Muse and nose a fire together The presse is his mint, and stamps him now and then a sixe pence or two in reward of the baser coyne his pamphlet. His workes would scarce sell for three halfe pence, though they arc given oft for three shillings, but for the pretty title that allures the country gentleman and for which the printer maintaines him in ale a fortnight. His verses are like his clothes, miserable cento's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether so hobling as an almanacks. The death of a great man or the burning of a house furnish him with an argument, and the nine Muses are out strut in mourning gowne, and Melpomine cryes Fire, His other poems are but briefs in rime, and like the poore Greekes collections to redeeme from captivity He is a man now much imploy'd in commendations of our navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard His frequent'st workes goe out in single sheets, and are chanted from market to market, to a vile tune, and a worse throat whilst the poore country wench melts like her butter to heare them And these are the stories of some men of Tiburne, or a strange monster out of Germany or sitting in a baudy house, hee writes Gods judgements Hee ends at last in some obscure painted cloth, to which himselfe made the verses, and his life like a canne too full spils upon the bench He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my hostesse looses.

A Plain Country Fellow

Is one that manures his ground well, but lets himselfe he fallow and until'd Hee has reason enough to doe his businesse, and not enough to bee idle or melancholy Hee seemes to have the judgement of Nabuchadnezar for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eates not grasse, because hee loves not sallets His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land marke is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oven very understandingly, and speaks Gee and Ree better then English IIIs mind is not much dis tracted with objects but if a goode fat cowe come in his way, he stands dumbe and astonisht, and though his haste bee never so great, will five here halfe an houres contemplation His habitation is some poore thatcht roofe, distinguisht from his barn by the loope holes that let out smoak, which the raine had long since washt thorow, but for the double seeling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsires time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other worke, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour, he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beefe, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner religion is a part of his copy-hold, which hee takes from his land lord, and referres it wholly to his dis cretion. Yet if hec give him leave, he is a good

Christian to his power, that is, comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable onely of two prayers, for raines and faire Hee apprehends Gods blessings onely in a good yeere or a fat pasture, and never praises him Sunday he esteemes a day to but on good ground make merry in, and thinkes a bag pipe as essentiall to it as evening prayer, where hee walkes very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dauncing of his parish. His complement with his neighbour is a good thumpe on the backe, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. Hee thinks nothing to bee vices but pride and ill husbandric, for which hee wil gravely disswade youth, and has some thriftie hobnayle proverbes to clout his discourse is a niggard all the weeke except onely market day, where if his corne sell well, hee thinkes hee may be drunke with a good conscience His feete never stincke so unbecomingly as when hee trots after a lawyer in Westminster hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping, in beseaching his worship to take his money Hee is sensible of no calamitie but the burning of a stacke of come or the over flowing of a medow, and thinkes Noahs flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoyl'd the grasse. For Death hee is never troubled, and if hee get in but his Harvest before, let it come when it wil he cares not.

A Criticke

Is one that has speld over a great many of bookes, and his observation is the orthographie. Hee is the surgeon of old authors, and heales the wounds of dust and ignorance. He converses much in fragments and Desunt multa's, and if he piece it up with two lines, he is more proud of that booke then the authour runnes over all sciences to peruse their syntaxis, and thinkes all learning compris'd in writing Latine. Hee tastes styles, as some discreeter palats doe wine, and tels you which is genuine, which sophisticate and bas tard. His owne phrase is a miscellary of old words, deceas'd long before the Cesars, and entoomb'd by Varro, and the modern'st man hee followes is Plautus writes omners at length, and quicquid, and his gerund is most inconformable. Hee is a troublesome vever of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgement of his castigations. He is one that makes all bookes sell dearer, whilst he swels them into folios with his comments

The Microcosmographie passed through three editions in 1628, was often reprinted, was edited by Dr Philip Bliss in 1811, reprinted by Arber in 1868 and 1891, by Irwin in 1897, edited by West in 1898, and for the Cambridge Press in 1904. The first edition has but fifty four characters, the sixth (1635) had seventy eight

Owen Felltham, or FELTHAM (1602-78), author of Resolves, Divine, Morall, and Politicall, was of a good Suffolk family, and lived for some years as chaplain in the Northamptonshire house of the Earl of Thomond at Great Billing, where Felltham died and was buried. The Resolves, appeared about 1620, being a hundred short essays. To the second edition (1628) a 'seconde centurie' was added. He wrote an account of the Low Countries in 1652, and some rather interesting poems. His Resolves fell almost completely into oblivion from 1709 (the date of the twelfth edition)

till 1806, when they were reprinted by Cumming Hallam and others have condemned Felltham's prose as obscure and affected, he strains after conceits, and the comparison with Bacon's Essays, often made, is not to the advantage of Felltham But he has a fine vein of observation and reflection, not without frequent felicities of expression

Of Thoughtfulness in Misery

I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend, when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he brds him think how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing, how many are and how many will be, then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all were endless The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

Silence was a full answer in that philosopher, that being asked what he thought of human life, said nothing, turned him round, and vanished

Of Curiosity in Knowledge

Nothing wraps a man in such a mist of errors as his own curiosity in searching things beyond him happily do they live that know nothing but what is necessary! Our knowledge doth but shew us our ignorance, we see the effect but cannot guess at the Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little and easily viewed. but still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees and the beauties of various flowers But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis, till at last it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean, there you see more water, but no shore, no end of that liquid, fluid vastness In many things we may sound Nature in the shallows of her revelations We may trace her to her second causes, but beyond them we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty But when we come to metaphysics, to long buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition, but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover

Against Readiness to take Offence

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us, they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good in matters of discourtesy to dive into a man's mind beyond his own comment, nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one, and

after that repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended, so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness

Of Thinking

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby in her long remove she discerneth God as if he were nearer hand I persuade no man to make at his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls, and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements, so is man when contemplation is seconded by action Contempla tion generates, action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective, without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous St Bernard compares contemplation to Ruchel, which was the more fair, but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking

Sir Kenelm Digby [1603-65] was born at Gothurst or Gayhurst, near Newport Pagnell, the son of the Sir Everard Digby who in 1592 came into a large estate, but seven years later turned Catholic, and was hanged for his part in the Gunpowder Plot Kenelm himself was bred a Catholic, but in 1616 was sent to a Protestant tutor, the future Archbishop Laud, and in 1618, after seven months in Spain, entered Gloucester Hall, Oxford (now Worcester College) He left it in 1620 without a degree, and spent nearly three years abroad, in Florence chiefly At Madrid he fell in with Prince Charles, and following him back to England, was knighted, and entered his service In 1625, after a singular courtship, he secretly married 'that celebrated beautie and courtezane,' Venetia Stanley (1600-33), who had been his playmate in childhood With two privateers he sailed in 1628 to the Mediterranean, and on 11th June vanguished a French and Venetian squadron off Scanderoon, in August, on the island of Melos, he began and wrote most of his Memoirs On his beloved wife's death he withdrew to Gresham College, and there passed two hermit-like years, diverting himself with chemistry and the professors' good conversation Meanwhile he had professed the Protestant faith, but, 'looking back,' in 1636 he announced his reconversion to Archbishop Laud. and his tortuous conduct during the Great Rebellion was dictated, it seems, by his zeal for Catholicism He was imprisoned by the Parliament (1642-43), and had his estate confiscated. was at Rome (1645-47), where he finished by 'hectoring at his Holiness,' and thrice revisited England (1649-51-54), the third time staying two years, and entering into close relations with Cromwell. At the Restoration, however, he was well received, and retained his office of chancellor to Queen Henrietta Maria. He was one of the first members of the Royal Society (1663)

'The very Pliny of our age for lying,' said Stubbes of Digby, whom Evelyn terms 'an arrant mountebank.' Yet he was a friend of Descartes and Sir Thomas Browne, he could appreciate the discoveries of Harvey, Bacon, and Galileo Dictionary of National Biography (vol v 1888) Mr S Lee points out that 'as a philosopher—an Aristotelian-Sir Kenelm undoubtedly owed much to Thomas White,' and he questions whether his much-vaunted 'powder of sympathy' was not really invented by Sir Gilbert Talbot. This powder-Digby professed to have learned the secret from a Carmelite who had travelled in the farthest Eastwas 'powder of vitriol'—that is, a sulphate of one of the metals powdered (presumably copperas)and had this convenience, that it did not require to be applied to the wound itself. A bandage or anything that had the blood of the wound on it could be carried to the medicine-man, and by him hopefully immersed in sympathetic mixtures, at any distance from the sufferer Anyhow, Digby's Discourse thereon (1658), like his treatise Of Bodies and of Man's Soul (1644), contains much that is curious, if little of real value, whilst in his Discourse concerning the Vegetation of Plants (1660), the chief of his other fifteen works, he 'is said to have been the first to notice the importance of vital air or oxygen to plants' See his bombastic Memoirs, dealing with his courtship (ed Nicolas, 1827), his Scanderoon Voyage (Camden Society, 1868), and his Life 'by one of his descendants' (1896)

The extracts are all from the book *Of Bodius* save the last, which is from the appended discourse on Digby's patent medicine

One full example this age affords us in this kind, of a man whose extremity of fear wrought upon him to give us this experiment. He was born in some village of the countrey of Liege and therfore among strangers he is known by the name of John of Liege. I have been informed of this story by several (whom I dare confidently believe) that have had it from his own mouth, and have question'd him with great curiosity particularly about it.

When he was a little boy, there being wars in the countrey (as that state is seldom without molestations from abroad, when they have no distempers at home, which is an inseparable effect of a countries situation upon the frontiers of powerful neighbouring princes that are at variance), the village of whence he was had notice of some unruly scatter'd troups that were coming to pillinge them which made all the people of the village flie hastily with what they could carry with them, to hide themselves in the woods, which were spacious enough to afford them shelter, for they joyn'd upon the Forrest of Ardenne There they lay till some of their scouts brought them word that the souldiers, of whom they were in such apprehension, had fired their town and quitted it Then all of them return'd home excepting this boy who, it seems, being of a very timorous nature, had images of fear so strong in his phantasie, that first he ran further into the wood then any of the rest, and afterwards apprehended that every body he saw through the thickets, and every voice he heard, was the souldiers, and so hid himself from his parents, that were in much distress seeing him all about, and calling his name as loud as they could. When they had spent a day or two in vain, they return'd home without him, and he lived many years in the woods, feeding upon roots and wild fruits and maste.

He said that, after he had been some time in this wilde habitation, he could by the smel judge of the tast of any thing that was to be eaten and that he could at a great distance wind by his nose where wholsom fruits or roots In this state he continu'd (still shunning men with as great fear as when he first ran away, so strong the impression was, and so little could his little reason master it) till, in a very sharp winter, when many beasts of the forrest perish'd for want of food, necessity brought him to so much confidence, that, leaving the wild places_ of the forrest, remote from all peoples dwellings, he would in the evenings steal among cattel that were fothered, especially the swine, and among them glean that which serv'd to sustain wretchedly his miserable life He could not do this so cunningly but that, returning often to it, he was on a time espied and they who saw a beast of so strange a shape (for such they took him to be, he being naked and all overgrown with hair), believing him to be a satyre or some such prodigious creature as the recounters of rare accidents tells of, laid wait to apprehend him But he, that winded them as far off as any beast could do, still avoided them, till at length they laid snares for him, and took the wind so advan tagiously of him that they caught him and then soon perceiv'd he was a man, though he had quite forgotten the use of all language, but by his gestures and cries he express'd the streatest affrightedness that might be. Which afterwards he said (when he had learn'd anew to speak) was because he thought those were the souldiers he had hidden himself to avoid, when he first betook himself to the wood, and were alwayes lively in his phantasie, through his fears continually reducing them

This man, within a little while after he came to good keeping and full feeding, quite lost that acuteness of smelling which formerly govern'd him in his taste, and grew to be in that particular as other ordinary men were. But at his first living with other people, a woman (that had compassion of him, to see a man so near like a beast, and that had no language to call for what he wish'd or needed to have) took particular care of him, and was alwayes very sollicitous to see him furnish'd with what he wanted which made him so apply himself unto her in all his occurrents, that whenever he stood in need of ought, if shee were out of the way, and were gone abroad in the fields, or to any other village near by, he would scent her out presently by his scent, in such sort as with us those dogs use to do which are taught to draw dry foot. I imagine he is yet alive, to tell a better story of himself then I have done, and to confirm what I have here said of him for I have from them who saw him but few years agone, that he was an able strong man, and likely to last yet a good while longer

The Spanish Lord was born deaf, so deaf, that, if a Gun were shot off close by his ear, he could not hear it, and consequently he was dumb, for not being able to hear the sound of words, he could never imitate nor understand them. The loveliness of his face, and

especially the exceeding life and spiritfulness of his eyes, and the combiness of his person & whole com posure of his body throughout were pregnant signs of a well temper'd mind within and therfore all that knew him lamented much the want of means to cultivate it, and to imbue it with the motions which it scem'd capable of, in regard of its self, had it not been so cross'd by this unhappy accident. Which to remedy, Physitians and Chyrurgians had long imploy'd their skil, but all in viin at last, there was a Priest who undertook the teaching him to understand others when they spoke, and to speak himself that others might What at the first he was laught at understand him for, made him, after some yeers, he looked on as if he had wrought a miracle. In a word, after strange patience, constancy and pains, he brought the young Lord to speak as distinctly as any man whoever, and to understand so perfectly what others said, that he would not lose a word in a whole days conversa

To this purpose the subtilities of the Fox are of most note. They say, he uses to lie as if he were dead, therby to make Hens and Ducks come boldly to him. That, in the night when his body is unseen, he will fix his eyes upon poultry, and so make them come down to him from their roost. That, to rid himself of the fleas that afflict him in the Summer, he will sink his body by little and little into the water, while the fleas creep up to his head (to save them selves from drowning), and from thence to a bough he holds in his mouth, and will then swim away, leaving them there.

'Is said, that, in Thracia, the Countrey people know whether the rivers, that are frozen in the winter, will bear them or no, by marking whether the Foxes venture boldly over them, or retire, after they have Ini'd their ears to the Ice, to listen whether they can hear the noise of the water running under it from whence (you may imagine) they collect, that, if they hear the current of the stream, the Ice must needs be thin, and consequently dangerous to trust their weight to it

And, to busic my self no longer with their subtilities, I will conclude with a famous tale of one of these crafty animals, that, having kill'd a Goose on the other side of the river, and being desirous to swim over with it, to carry it to his den, before he would attempt it (lest his prey night prove too heavy for him to swim withal, and so he might lose it) he first reigh'd the Goose with a piece of wood, and then tri'd to carry that over the river, whiles he left his Goo e behind in a safe place which when he per ciev d he was able to do with case, he then came back again, and ventured over with his heavy bird.

They say it is the nature of the Jacatray [the Jacate, an American kind of alligator] to hide it self, and imitate the voice of such beasts, as it uses to prey upon—which makes them come to him, as to one of their own fellows, and then he seizes on and devours them

The Jaccal, that has a subtile sent, hunts after beasts, and, in the chase, by his barking, guides the Lion, (whose nose is not so good,) till they overtake what they hunt, which perulventure would be too strong for the Jaccall but the Lion kills the quarry,

and, having first fed himself, leaves the Jaccal his share, and so between them both, by the ones dexterity and the others strength, they get meat for nourishment of them both

He that should tell an Indian what feats Banks's Horse would do, how he would restore a glove to the due owner, after his Master had whisper'd that man's name in his ear, how he would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coyn, barely shew'd him by his master, and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his exerciments, when ever he bad him (so great a power art may have over nature) would make hun, I believe, admire more at this learned beast, than we do at their docile Llephants, upon the relations we have of them Wheris, every one of us knows, by what means his painful Tutor brought him to do all his tricks, and they are no whit more extraordinary, than a Tawkners manning of a Hawk, and training her to kill Partridges, and to flie at the retrive but do all of them (both these, and all other jugling artifices of beasts) depend upon the same or like principles, and are known to be but directions of nature, order'd by one that composes and levels her operations to another end further off (in those actions) than she of her self would aim at The particulars of which we need not trouble our selvs to meddle with

The great fertility and riches of England consists chiefly in pasturage for Cattle, wherof we have the fairest in the world, principally of Oven and Kine Ther's not the mannest Cottager, but hath a Cow to furnish his Family with milk 'tis the principal susten ance of the poorer sort of people, as 'tis also in Switzerland, which makes them very careful of the good keeping and health of their Cows. Now, if it happen that the Milk boil over, and so comes to fall into the fire, the good woman or maid presently gives over whatever she is adoing and runs to take the Vessel off the fire and, at the same time, she takes a handful of Salt, which uses to be commonly in the corner of the Chimney to keep it dry, and throws it upon the cinders where the milk was shed. Ask her, wherfore she doth so? and she will tell you, 'tis to prevent a mischief to the Cows Udder, which gave this milk

Thomas May (1595-1650), poet and historian, was the son of Sir Thomas May of Mayfield, Sussex, was educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and admitted to Gray's Inn, but devoted himself to literature. He was much favoured by Charles I and the court, but, according to Clarendon, 'fell from his duty and all his former friends' because of his not receiving a pension he expected, he became the secretary and apologist of the Parliament, and continued in the Parliamentary service till his death. He was somewhat of a freethinker, and was dissipated in his habits His poems comprise a comedy, The Heir (1622), and tragedies on Anticone, Igrippina, Cleopitra and Julius Cusar, a better play on Nero has been, on very doubtful grounds, ascribed to him. At the king's command he wrote narrative poems on the reigns of Henry II and Edward III But he is best known as the translator and continuator of Lucan (1627-30), he brought down the history of the period from the battle of Pharsalia to the death of Julius Cæsar, and then translated the 'Supplement to Lucan,' as it was called, into the language and verse of Anthony Wood and Clarendon, both the original of whom despised the man, highly commended his The translation was warmly praised by Ben Jonson, the continuation is respectable, and the Latin version of the continuation more than Dr Johnson held that May's Latin respectable poetry was superior to either Cowley's or Milton's, and the best England could till then show also translated the Georgics, some of Martial's epigrams, and part of Barclay's Argenis chiefly remembered as the historian of the Long The History of the Parliament of Parliament England, which began November 3, 1640, published by him as 'Secretary for the Parliament' in 1647, has a prefatory 'view' which comprises characters of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I, and the narrative closes in 1643, at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. He laments that the Civil War has divided 'the understandings of men as well as their affections in so high a degree that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any reason give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit unless amongst men of the same side,' professes impartiality, and seldom expressly passes judgment But though not merely those of his own way of thinking praised the *History*, though Warburton approved its penetration and candour, and the Earl of Chatham recommended it as honester and more instructive than Clarendon's, most of his own contemporaries doubted or denied his impartiality and suspected his honesty Firth says that, while in the History he is merely the official apologist of the Parliament, in the abridged form of it, published 1650, he has become the panegyrist of the army and the Independents The style of the History is smooth and well written, and full of Latin quotations and illustrations from Latin history The picture May gives us of the social state of the times seems more like what we conceive of the reign of Charles II than that of the grave and decorous First Charles

Profanenesse too much abounded everywhere, and which is most strange, where there was no religion, yet there was superstition Luxury in diet and excesse both in meat and drinke was crept into the kingdome in a high degree, not only in the quantity but in the wanton And in abuse of those good creatures which curiosity God had bestowed upon this plentifull land, they mixed the vices of divers nations, catching at everything that was new and forraigne.

'Non vulgo nota placebant Gaudia, non usu plebeio trita voluptas.' (PETRONIUS)

'Old knowne delight

They scorne, and vulgar bare-worne pleasure sleight.'

As much pride and excesse was in apparell, almost among all degrees of people, in new fangled and various

their forraigne patterns, and in fantastical gestures and behaviour, the petulancy of most nations in Europe The serious men groaned for a parliament, but the great statesmen plied it the harder, to compleat that work they had begun, of setting up prerogative above all lawes The Lord Wentworth (afterwards created Earle of Strafford for his service in that kinde) was then labour ing to oppresse Ireland, of which he was deputy, and to begin that worke in a conquered kingdome which was intended to be afterward wrought by degrees in Eng land and indeed he had gone very farre and prosper ously in those waies of tyranny, though very much to the endammaging and setting backe of that newly established kingdome. He was a man of great parts, of a deepe reach, subtle wit, of spirit and industry, to carry on his businesse, and such a conscience as was fit for that work He understood the right way, and he was designed to the liberty of his country, as well as any man, for which in former parliaments he stood up stiffely, and seemed an excellent patriot For those abilities he was soon taken off by the king, and raised in honour, to be imployed in a contrary way, for inslaving of his country, which his ambition easily drew him to undertake.

The court of England, during this long vacancy of parliaments, enjoyed itself in as much pleasure and splendour as ever any court did. The revels, triumphs, and princely pastimes were for those many yeares kept up at so great a height, that any stranger which travelled into England would verily believe a kingdom that looked so cheerefully in the face could not be sick

See Clarendon and Wood, the edition of May's History by Lord Maseres (1812, reprinted 1854) and Mr Firth's article in the Dictionary of National Biography (1894).

Peter Heylyn (1599–1662) was one of the clerical adherents of the king despoiled of their goods by the Parliament. Born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, he studied at Oxford, was deprived of his living under the Commonwealth, and after the Restoration was made Dean of Westminster A strong supporter of Laud, he was a vehement and acrimonious controversialist on the anti-Puritan Amongst some forty publications are a Life of Laud, a geography and cosmography, histories of the Reformation and of the Presbyterians (in England), and a history of Sabbath observance in favour of the less strict view In a narrative of a six weeks' tour to France in 1625, not published till 1656, and then without his consent, he gives an Englishman's (not too complimentary) description of

The French

The present French, then, is nothing but an old Gaule moulded into a new name as rash he is, as headstrong, and as hare brained A nation whom you shall winne with a feather and lose with a straw, upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing In one hour's conference you may indear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceale them sub sigillo confessionis ['under the seal of confession'], when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, fashioned attire, they not only imitated but excelled I for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any

humor in holding him in a further acquaintance (a favour which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of), himself will make the first separation he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeate it Fare him well, he is a garment whom I would be lorth to wear above two dayes together, for in that time he will be thred bare. Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere ['It is usual for men to overlook their own faults'], saith Velleius of all, it holdeth most properly in this people Find hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full, so much he hath in him the nature of a Chynois [Chinese], that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German, himself is the only courtier and compleat gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in " Out of this conceit of his own excellencie, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very lyable to exceptions, the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minutes pause sheatheth it to your hand, afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry Serviteur In this one thing they are wonderfully like the Devil, meckness or submission makes them inso lent, a little resistance putteth them to their heeles, or makes them your spaniels. In a word (for I have held him too long) he is a walking vanitic in a new

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished (I speak not of the parsant), but not with so full a manner as with us Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three rostings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump Fowl also they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland, to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchin wench I have heard much fame of the French cookes, but their skill lyeth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton They have (as generally have all this nation) good fancies, and are speciall fellowes for the making of puff pastes, and the ordering of banquets Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the pallat is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them That done, fall to where you like best, they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are riscn, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery, which is most abominable at first sight, I dare trust you in a garrison Follow him to church, and there he will shew himself most irreligious and irreverent, I speak not of all, but the general At a mass in Cordchiers' church in Paris I saw two French papists, even when, the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnick would have hated it, it was well they were Catholiques, otherwise some French hot head or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto

The French language is indeed very sweet and delect able it is cleared of all harshness by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly, yet in my opinion it is rather elegant than copious, and therefore is much troubled for want of words to find out periphrases - It expresseth very much of itself in the action, the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it, and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace must have something in him of the mimick. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humor in scoffing, and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimental, the poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes and his cau béniste de cour, his court holy water, as per fectly as the Prince of Condé

French Love of Dancing

At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who doe naturally affect it And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevaile against it For on this dancing green there assembleth not only youth and gentry, but also age and beggery, old wives, which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets, had here taught their feet to amble, you would have thought by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies that they had beene troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport as if their dancing dayes should never be done. Some there was so ragged, that a swift gilliard would almost have shaked them into nakednesse, and they also most violent to have their car casses directed in a measure To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the perswading of them to work when they heard the fiddle, had been a task too unweildy for Hercules. In this mixture of age and condition, did we observe them at their pastime, the rags being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled brows so interchangeably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes, as for those of both sexes which were alto gether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chairs, and trod the measures with their eyes

Goldsmith in the next century dwelt in the Traveller on the same national characteristic

Alike all ages dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lorc,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore

At Orleans, Heylyn found a large number of learned Germans resident, mainly for the study of law, and having a regular corporation, with a procurator, quæstor, assessors, and librarians

If it happen that any of them dye there, they all accompuny him to his grave, in a manner mixt so orderly of griefe and state that you would think the obsequies of some great potentate were solemnizing, and to say truth of them, they are a hearty and loving nation, not to one another onely, but to strangers, and especially to us of England Onely I could wish that in their speech and complement they would not use the Latine tongue, or else speak it more congruously you shall hardly finde

a man amongst them which can make a shift to expresse himselfe in that language, nor one amongst an hundred that can doe it Latinely Galleriam, Compaginem, Gardinum and the like are as usuall in their common discourse, as to drinke at three of the clock, and as Had they bent their study familiar as their sleep that way, I perswade my self they would have been excellent good at the common lawes, their tongues so naturally falling on these words which are necessary to a declaration but amongst the rest, I took especiall notice of one Mr Gebour [?], a man of that various mixture of words, that you would have thought his tongue to have been a very Amsterdam of languages, Cras mane our bia nous irons ad magnam Galleriam, was one of his remarkable speeches when we were at Paris but here at Orleans we had them of him thick If ever he should chance to dye in a and threefold strange place, where his countrey could not be knowne but by his tongue, it could not possibly be but that more nations would strive for him than ever did for Homer I had before read of the confusion of Babel, in him I came acquainted with it

William Prynne, born in 1600 at Swanswick, near Bath, graduated from Oriel College, Oxford, Admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar, but was early drawn into theological controversy, and during 1627-30 published The Unlovelinesse of Love-lockes, Healthes Sicknesse (against drinking of healths), and three other Puritan and anti-Arminian diatribes 1633 appeared his Histrio-Mastix the Players Scourge, a bulky and scurrilous pamphlet of 1040 small quarto pages, essaying to prove that playwriting, play-acting, and play-going are unlawful and immoral, are in defiance of Scripture and the Church-fathers, and are condemned by the wisest of the heathen The book was dedicated to the masters of Lincoln's Inn, as the one of the Inns of Court that had not permitted the acting of interludes in its halls Several passages in the work, summarised in the index as 'women-actors notorious whores,' were held to be a reflection on the virtue of Queen Henrietta Maria, who with her ladies had in the same year taken part in the performance of a play nunciation of magistrates who failed in the duty of suppressing theatres, and unpleasant allusions to Nero, were held to point at the king So Prynne, arraigned in the Star Chamber, was, after a year's imprisonment, in 1634 sentenced to have his book burnt by the hangman, pay a fine of £5000, be expelled from Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, lose both his ears in the pillory, and suffer perpetual imprisonment. Three years later, for assailing Laud and the hierarchy in two more pamphlets, a fresh fine of £5000 was imposed, he was again pilloried, and was branded on both cheeks with S L ('seditious libeller,' 'stigmata Laudis' in Prynne's own interpretation) He remained a prisoner till, in 1640, he was released by a warrant of the House of Commons He acted as Laud's bitter prosecutor (1644), and in 1647 became recorder of Bath, in 1648 member for Newport in Cornwall But opposing the Independents and Charles I's execution, he was one of those of whom the House was 'purged,' and was even imprisoned (1650-52) On Cromwell's death he returned to Parliament as a royalist, and after the Restoration Charles II 'kept him quiet' by making him keeper of the Tower records He died 24th October 1669 He wrote in all some two hundred pamphlets and books, remarkable for vehemence and violence rather than for any merit of style. He assailed with equal vehemence the tyranny of the king's government and of the Commonwealth, wrote against prelates, papists, Quakers, and Jews, and attacked with equal vigour Laud, the Puritan Goodwin, Lilburne, Milton, and the Protector After the Restoration none was more savage against the regicides or more eager for retaliatory measures Some of his polemical pamphlets were even couched in verse of a kind, one of these being elegantly named A Pleasant Purge for Roman Catholics Withal he did good service as a compiler of constitutional history, his best works the Calendar of Parliamentary Writs and his Records See Documents relating to Prynne, edited by S R Gardiner (Camden Society, 1877)

The principal part of the comprehensive titlepage of Prynne's famous book is as follows

Histrio Mastin The Players Scourge or Actors Tra gedie, Divided into Two Parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of Sundry texts of Scrip ture, of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell, of 55 Synodes and Councels, of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the yeare of our Lord 1200, of above 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors, since, of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets, of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republiques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates, of sundry Apostolicall, Canonicall, Imperiall Constitutions, and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers popular Stage playes (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleeve the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spec tacles, and most pernicious Corruptions, condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Re publickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men And that the Profession of Play poets, of Stage players, together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage playes, are unlawfull, infamous, and misbeseeming Christians All pretences to the contrary are here like wise fully answered, and the unlawfulnes of acting, of beholding Academicall Enterludes, briefly discussed, besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health drinking, &c. of which the Table will ınforme you By William Prynne, an Vtter-Barrester of Lincolnes Inne.

Still in the title-page and before the imprint are a series of Latin citations, with full references, from Cyprian's De Spectaculis, Lactantius's De Vero Cultu, Chrysostom's Homilies on Matthew, and Augustine's De Civitate Dei

From 'Histrio-Mastix.'-Actvs I Scæna Prima

That all popular and common Stage Playes, whether omicall, Tragicall, Satyricall, Mimicall, or mixt of ther, (especially as they are now composed and isonated,) are such sinfull, hurtfull, and permicious ecreations as are altogether unseemely and unlawfull ito Christians, I shall first of all evidence and proove from their originall parents, and primary Inventors high were no other but the very Devill himselfe, or leastwise, Idolatrous and Vojuptuous Pagans, im regnated with this infernall issue from Hell it selfe, om whence I argue in the first place thus

That which had its birth and primarie conception om the very Devill himselfe, who is all and onely rill, must needes be Sinfull, Permicious, and altogether iscemely, yea, Unlawfull unto Christians

But Stage Playes had their birth and primary con eption from the very Devill himselfe, who is all and acly evill

Therefore they must needes bee Sinfull, Pernicious, ad altogether unseemely, yea, Unlawfull unto Christians The Minor, (which is onely hable to exception,) I all easily make good, First, by the direct and pune all testimony of sundry Fathers.

But now a dayes Musicke is growne to such and so reat licentiousnesse, that even at the ministration of the oly Sacrament all kinde of wanton and lewde trifling ongs, with piping of Organs, have their place and As for the Divine Service and Common prayer, is so chaunted and minsed and mangled of our costly ired, curious, and nice Musitiens (not to instruct the udience withall, nor to stirre up mens mindes unto evotion, but with a whorish harmony to tickle their ares) that it may justly seeme not to be a noyse nade of men, but rather a bleating of bruite beasts, vhiles the Coristers ney descant as it were a sort of lolts, others bellowe a tenour, as it were a company of Oxen others barke a counter point, as it were a ennell of Dogs others rore out a treble like a sort of Buls others grunt out a base as it were a number of Hogs, so that a foule cvill favoured noyse is made, out as for the wordes and sentences and the very matter t selfe, is nothing understanded at all, but the authority ind power of judgement is taken away both from the nind, and from the cares utterly Erasmus Roterodamus expresseth his minde concerning the curious manner of anging used in Churches on this wise, and saith, Why loth the Church doubt to follow so worthy an Author Paul), yea, how dare it be bold to dissent from? What other thing is heard in monasteries, in Colledges, in femples almost generally, then a confused noyse of oyces? But in the time of Paul, there was no singing out saying onely

For the Minor, that Stage playes unavoydably produce an intollerable mispence of much pretious time, Sc, it is most apparant if we will but summe up all those dayes, those houres which are vainely spent in the composing, conning, practising, acting, beholding of every publike or private Stage play. How many golden dayes and houres, I might say weekes, may moneths, and I had almost said whole yeeres, doe most Play poets spend in contriving, penning, polishing their new invented. Playes, before they ripen them for the Stage. When these their Playes are brought unto

maturity, how many houres, evenings, halfe dayes, and sometimes weekes, are spent by all the Actors (especially in solemne academicall Enterludes) in copying, in conning, in practising their parts, before they are ripe for publike When this is finished, how many men are action vainely occupied for sundry dayes (yea sometimes years) together, in building Theaters, Stages, Scenes and Scaffolds, in making theatricall Pageants, Apparitions, Attires, Visars, Garments, with such like Stage appur tenances, for the more commodious pompous acting and adorning of these vaine glorious Enterludes When all things requisite for the publike personating of these Playes are thus exactly accommodated, and the day or night approcheth when these are to be acted, how many hundreds of all sorts vainely if not ridiculously spend whole dayes, whole afternoones and nights ofttimes, in attyring themselves in their richest robes, in providing seates to heare, to sec and to be seene of others, or in hearing, in beholding these vain lascivious Stage playes, (which last some three or fourc houres at the least, yea sometimes whole dayes and weekes together, as did some Roman Playes, and yet seeme too short to many, to whom a Lecture, a Sermon, a Prayer, not halfe'so long, is over tedious) who thinke themselves well imployed all the while they are thus wasting this their pretious time (which they scarce know how to spend) upon these idle Spectacles Adde we to this, that all our common Actors consume not oncly weekes and yeeres, but even their whole lives, in learning, practising, or acting Playes, which besides nights and other seasons, engrosse every afternoone almost thorow out the yeere, to their peculiar service, as wee see by daily experience here in London, where thousands spend the moitie of the day, the weeke, the yeere in Playhouses, at least wise far more houres then they imploy in holy duties, or in their lawfull callings. If we annex to this the time that divers waste in reading Play bookes, which some make their chiefest study, preferring them before the Bible or all pious Bookes, on which they seldome scriously east their eyes, together with the mispent time which the discourses of Playes, either seene or read, occasion and then summe up all this lost, this mispent time together, we shall soone discerne, we must needs acknowledge, that there are no such Helluoes, such canker wormes, such theevish Devourers of mens most sacred (yet undervalued) time, as Stage playes

Not to mention the over prodigall disbursements upon Playes and Masques of late penurious times, which have beene wel nigh as expensive as the Wars, and I dare say more chargable to many then their soules, on which the most of us bestow least cost, least time and care How many hundreds, if not thousands, are there now among us, (to their condemnation, if not their reformation be it spoken,) who spend more, daily, weekely, monethly, if not yearely at a Play house to maintaine the Devils service and his instruments, then they disburse in pious uses, in reliefe of Ministers, Schollers, poore godly Christians, or maintenance of Gods service, all their life How many assiduous Play haunters are there who contribute more liberally, more frequently to Play houses, then to Churches, to Stage playes, then to Lectures, to Players, then to Preachers, to Actors, then to Poore mens Boxes? being at far greater cost to promote their owne and others just damnation, then themselves or

others are to advance their owne or others salvation How many are there, who can bee at cost to hire a Coach, a Boate, a Barge, to carry them to a Play house every day, where they must pay deare for their admission, Seates and Boxes, who will hardly be at any cost to convey themselves to a Sermon once a weeke, a moneth, a yeere, (especially on a weeke day) at a Church far nearer to them then the Play-house, where they may have Seates, have entrance, (yer spirituall Cordials, and celestial Dainties to refresh their soules,) without any money or expence. How many are there, who according to their severall qualities spend 2d 3d 4d 6d 12d 18d 2s and sometimes 4 or 5 shillings at a Play house, day by day, if Coach hire, Boate hire, Tobacco, Wine, Beere, and such like vaine expences which Playes doe usually occasion, be cast into the reckoning, and that in these penurious times, who can hardly spare, who can never honestly get by their lawfull callings, How many prodigally consume not halfe so much onely their charity, apparell, diet, bookes, and other necessaries, but even their annuall Pensions, Revenues and Estates at Picke purse Stage playes, which are more expensive to them then all their necessary dis If we summe up all the prodigall vaine expenses which Play houses and Playes occasion every way, we shall finde them almost infinite, wel nigh in credible, altogether intollerable in any Christian frugall state, which must needs abandon Stage playes as the Athenians and Romans did at last even in this regard that they impoverish and quite ruine many, as the fore quoted testimonies, with many domestique experi ments, daily testifie

Edmund Calamy (1600-66), born in London, studied at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and became chaplain to Felton, Bishop of Ely In 1626–36 he was lecturer at Bury St Edmunds, but resigned when the order to read the Book of Sports was enforced, in 1639 he was chosen minister of St Mary Aldermanbury, London He had a principal share in Smectymmuus (1641), a reply to Bishop Hall's Divine Right of Episcopacy called from the initials of the names of the writers-Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow (the 'uu' standing for the 'w' of 'William') Calamy was much in favour with the Presbyterian party, but was, on the whole, a moderate man, and disapproved of those measures which ended in the death of the king Having exerted himself to promote the restoration of Charles II, he received the offer of the bishopric of Coventry and Lichfield, but, after much deliberation, it was rejected The passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662 made him retire from his ministerial duties, and he died heart-broken by the Great Fire of London sermons were of a plain and practical character, and five of them, published under the title of The Godly Man's Ark, or a City of Refuge in ' the Day of his Distress, acquired much popularity -His grandson, EDMUND CALAMY, D.D. (1671-1732), studied three years at Utrecht, and declining Carstares' offer of a Scotch professorship, from 1694 vas a Nonconformist minister in London.

forty-one works include an Account of the Ejected Ministers (1702) and an interesting Autobiography, first published in 1829

William Chillingworth (1602-44), a famous polemic, was born at Oxford, and was distinguished as a student there Hales and Falkland were amongst his friends An early love of disputation, in which he possessed eminent skill, developed a A Jesuit named Fisher consceptical temper verted him to the Church of Rome-his chief argument being the necessity of an infallible living guide in matters of faith. He then studied at the Jesuits' College at Douay, and having been, imprudently, requested to write down the reasonings that led to his conversion, he studied anew the whole controversy and became 'a doubting Papist' Laud, his godfather, wrote a weighty series of letters to him, and his friends induced him to return to Oxford, where, after additional study of the points of difference, he declared in favour of the Protestant faith His change of creed drew him into several controversies, in which he employed the arguments that were afterwards methodically stated in his famous work, entitled The Religion of the Protestants a safe way to Salvation, published in 1637 This treatise, which placed its author in the first rank of religious controversialists, is now, in spite of its following the line of argument of a now forgotten book attacking him, hailed as a model of perspicuous reasoning, and one of the ablest defences of the Protestant faith author maintains that the Scripture is the only rule to which appeal ought to be made in theological disputes, that no Church is infallible, and that the Apostles' Creed embraces all the necessary points of faith The Arminian opinions of Chillingworth brought upon him the charge of latitudinarianism, and his character for orthodoxy was still further shaken by his refusal to accept of preferment on condition of subscribing the Thirtynine Articles His scruples having at length been overcome, he was promoted, in 1638, to the chancellorship of Salisbury During the Civil War he zealously adhered to the royal party, and even assisted as engineer at the siege of Gloucester in He died in the bishop's palace in Chichester in the succeeding year Lord Clarendon, who was one of his intimate friends, has drawn the following character of this eminent divine 'He was a man of so great a subtilty of understanding, and so rare a temper in debate, that, as it was impossible to provoke him into any passion, so it was very difficult to keep a man's self from being a little discomposed by his sharpness and quickness of argument, and instances in which he had a rare facility, and a great advantage over all the men I ever knew' Writing to a Roman Catholic, in allusion to the changes of his own faith, Chillingworth says

I know a man, that of a moderate Profestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so, was convicted in

conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes, than a traveller who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far, as to maintain that his alterations, not only to you, but also from you, by God's mercy, were the most satis factory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself and his affections, in those things which in this world are most precious.

The following passages from his great work show a like spirit

The Bible the Religion of Protestants

Know then, sir, that when I say the religion of Protestants is in prudence to be preferred before yours, as, on the one side, I do not understand by your re ligion the doctrine of Bellarmine or Baroninus, or any other private man amongst you, nor the doctrine of the Sorbonne, or of the Jesuits, or of the Dominicans, or of any other particular company among you, but that wherein you all agree, or profess to agree, 'the doctrine of the Council of Trent,' so accordingly on the other side, by the 'religion of protestants,' I do not under stand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon, nor the Confession of Augusta, or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Church of England, no, nor the harmony of Protestant confessions, but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, as a perfect rule of their faith and actions, that is, the BIBLE BIBLE, I say, the BIBLE only, is the religion of protes-Whatsoever else they believe besides it, and the plain, irrefragable, indubitable consequences of it, well may they hold it as a matter of opinion, but as matter of faith and religion, neither can they with coherence to their own grounds believe it themselves, nor require the belief of it of others, without most high and most schismatical presumption. I for my part, after a long and (as I verily believe and hope) impurial search of 'the true way to eternal happiness,' do profess plainly that I cannot find any rest for the sole of my foot but upon this rock only I see plainly and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, a consent of fathers of one age against a consent of fathers of another age, the church of one age against the church of another age Tradi tive interpretations of scripture are pretended, but there are few or none to be found no tradition, but only of scripture, can derive itself from the fountain, but may be plainly proved either to have been brought in, in such an age after Christ, or that in such an age it was In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of scripture only for any considering man to This therefore, and this only, I have build upon reason to believe this I will profess, according to this I will live, and for this, if there be occasion, I will not only willingly, but even gladly, lose my life, though I should be sorry that Christians should take it from me

Reason in Religion

But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow? their passions? or pluck out their eyes, and go blindfold? No, you say, you would have them follow authority In God's name, let them, we also would have them follow authority, for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture But then, as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it. And is not this to go a little about?—to leave reason for a short turn, and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others? It being indeed a plain impossibility for any man to submit his reason but to reason, for he that doth it to authority, must of necessity think himself to have greater reason to believe that authority

There is a Life by Des Maizeaux (1725) and one by Birch pre fixed to his edition of the works (1742), which includes also nine sermons. Another edition was published in 1838 in 3 vols. See Tulloch's Rational Theology in England

John Gauden (1605-1662) was born at Mayland, near Maldon, in Essex, was educated at Bury St Edmunds and St John's College, Cambridge, and on the commencement of the Civil War complied with the Presbyterian party He received several church preferments, which he continued to hold even after the Parliament proceeded against When the army resolved to impeach and try the king, in 1648, he published A Religious and Loyal Protestation against their purposes and proceedings, and other polemical tractates his grand service to the royal cause consisted in his writing Elkur Basilikn, the Pourtraicture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings, a work which bears to be from the pen of Charles I himself, and to contain the devout meditations of his later days There appears to have been an intention to publish this Pourtraicture before the execution of the king, as an attempt to save his life by working on the feelings of the people, but it did not make its appearance till a day or two after His Majesty's death. The sensation which it produced in his favour was extraordinary 'It is not easy,' says Hume, 'to conceive the general compassion excited towards the king by the publishing, at so critical a juncture, a work so full of piety, meckness, and humanity Many have not scrupled to ascribe to that book the subsequent restoration of the royal family Milton compares its effects to those which were wrought on the tumultuous Romans by Antony's reading to them the will of Cresar' So engerly and universally was the book perused by the nation that it passed through forty-seven editions in a year Milton, in his Eikonoclustes, alludes to the doubts which prevailed as to the authorship of the work, but at this time the real history was unknown The first statements that it was by Gauden seem to have been made, by persons well qualified to know, as early as 1674, and rumours were plentifully current when in 1692 the book was expressly said to be Gauden's composition in a circumstantial

narrative published by Gauden's former curate, Walker Several writers then entered the field on both sides of the question, the principal defender of the king's claim being Wagstaffe, a nonjuring clergyman, who published an elaborate Vindication of King Charles the Martyr in 1693 For ten years subsequently the literary war continued, but after this there ensued a long interval of repose When Hume wrote his History, the evidence on the two sides appeared so equally balanced that, 'with regard to the genuineness of that production, it is not easy,' says he, 'for a historian to fix any opinion which will be entirely to his own satisfaction' In 1786, however, the scale of evidence was turned by the publication, in the third volume of the Clarendon State Papers, of some of Gauden's letters, the most important of which are six addressed by him to Loid Chancellor Clarendon after the Restoration He there complains of the poverty of the see of Exeter, to which he had already been appointed, and urgently solicits a further reward for the important secret service which he had performed to the royal cause Some of these letters, containing allusions to the circumstance, had formerly been printed, though in a less authentic form, but now for the first time appeared one, dated the 13th of March 1661, in which he explicitly grounds his claim to additional remuneration, 'not on what was known to the world under my name, but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the Eikon or Portraiture of his Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings This book and figure,' he adds, 'was wholly and only my invention, making, and design, in order to vindicate the king's wisdom, honour, and piety' He professed to have begun it in 1647, and to have submitted a MS copy to the king in the Isle of Wight. Clarendon seems to have spoken in the last year of his life as if he did not admit Gauden's authorship, but in his History of the Rebellion, undertaken at the desire of Charles I and avowedly intended as a vindication of the royal character and cause, he maintains the most rigid silence with respect to the Eikon Basilike The troublesome solicitations of Gauden were so effectual as to lead to his promotion, in 1662, to the bishopric of Worcester, a dignity, however, which he did not long enjoy, for he died in the same year The controversy as to the authorship of the Ethon Basilike is by some still decided in favour of the king Such was the conclusion arrived at in a work published in 1824 by Dr Wordsworth, Master of Tranity College, Southey took the same_view, which was energetically maintained in Mr E J L Scott's edition of the Ethon (1880) But the arguments of Malcolm - Laing, Todd, Sir James Mackintosh, Hallam, Lingard, and most historians down to Green accept Gruden's claim (acquiesced in by many of his royalist contemporaries) to be considered the author Doble in the Academy for May and June 1883 makes out a strong case for Gauden's author-Internal evidence supports Gauden's claim, the style is much too measured and rhetorical for that of Charles, who was a careless, confused, and inexact writer. There is A Bibliography of the King's Book by Edward Almack (1896). The Eikon thus reflects on the events of the Civil War.

The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Some times God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsting my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and use his power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able when he pleases to represse the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number,

From small beginnings on my part, he let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or his protection. Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of My sins sometimes preflesh, but in the living God vailed against the justice of my cause, and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for his just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies lesse punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unparliamentary tumults. There is no doubt but personall and private sins may ofttimes overbalance the justice of public engagements, nor doth God account every gallant man (in the world's esteeme) a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valour, and strength, the lesse doth God ordinarily work by them for his own glory I am sure the event or successe can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their soules

Those with me had (I think) clearly and undoubtedly for their justification the Word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oathes, all requiring obedience to my just commands, but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising Those on the other side are forced to flie to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals of state (as they call them) which actually overthrow the present fabrick both of church and state, being such imaginary reasons for self defence as are most impertment for those men to alledge, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the lawes first by unsuppressed tumults, after by listed forces The same allegations they use, will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present lawes and gover nours, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them parasitick preachers have dared to call those martyrs who died fighting against me, the lawes, their oathes, and the religion established

Arthur Wilson (1595–1652), born at Yarmouth, became secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, afterwards Parliamentary general in the Civil Wars, whom he accompanied on his Continental campaigns (1620–25), and in 1633, after two years' study at Oxford, entered the service of the second Earl of Warwick, colonial adventurer and Parliamentary admiral Wilson too was hostile to the

Stewart régime, and his Life and Reign of King fames I, published in 1653, was called by Heylyn 'a most fumous pasquil' The Inconstant Lady, his only extant drama, was printed in 1814

Sir Anthony Weldon gives an even more unfavourable picture of the same period in his Court and Character of King James. Having as Clerk of the Kitchen accompanied the king to Scotland in 1617, Weldon wrote a highly depreciatory account of Scotland, and was dismissed from office. He revenged himself by drawing up this sketch of the court and its monarch, in which a graphic but bitterly overcharged description of James's personal appearance, habits, and oddities is given. Weldon seems to have died about 1649.

Baker's Chronicle, long the standard English history, takes its name from Sir Richard Baker (1568-1645), who, born in Kent and educated at Oxford, was knighted in 1603. High Sheriff of Oxfordshire in 1620, in 1635 he was thrown for debt into the Flect Prison, where he died he wrote his famous but far from accurate Chronicle of the Kings of England unto the Death of King James (1643) Other works penned in prison were Meditations and Disquisitions on portions of Scripture, translations of Balzac's Letters and Malvezzi's Discourses on Tacitus, and two pieces in defence of the theatre. Probably no part of Baker's own Chronicle was more popular with country gentlemen than its continuation by Edward Phillips (1630-96?), Milton's nephew, who, carefully trained by the poet, became a hack writer, producing poems, dictionaries, bombastic novels, an edition of Drummond's poems, &c considerable effort was his continuation of the Chronicle to the coronation of Charles II The critical period of the civil troubles was wholly the work of Phillips, who wrote from the standpoint of a decided royalist, for the Restoration he had the help (if not the MS) of Monk's brother-in-law, Sir The fourth edition (1662) be-Thomas Clarges came the standard one, the eighth appeared in 1684. Addison makes the Chronicle the favourite reading of Sir Roger de Coverley, who kept it lying in his hall window Doubtless Sir Roger often read the story of the king's execution (much 'contracted' in the 1730 and later editions)

On lucedry the 30th of January, which was the fital day on which the king was put to death, the Bishop of London did in the morning read divine service in his presence, to which duty the xxvii chapter of St Matthew, being the history of our Saviours passion, was appointed by the Church Calendar for the second lesson—but he, supposing it to have been selected on purpose, thanked him afterwards for his seasonable choice. But the bi-hop modestly declining those undue thanks, told him that it came by course to be read on that day, which very much comforted His Majesty, who proceeded to the remaining duties of receiving from the bishop the holy sacrament, and the other preparations for his approaching passion

His devotions being ended, about ten a clock he was brought from St James's to White hall by a regiment of

foot, with colours flying, and drums beating (through the Park), part marching before and part behind, with a private guard of partisans about him, the bishop on the one hand and Colonel Tomhinson (who had the charge of him) on the other bare he ided. The guards marching a slow pace, as on a solemn and sad occasion to their ill tuned drums, he bid them go faster (as his usual manner of walking was), saying, That he now went before them to strive for an heavenly crown with less sollicitude than he had often encouraged his souldiers to fight for an earthly diadem

Being come to the end of the Park, he went up the stairs leading to the Long Gallery in White Hall, where he used formerly to lodge. There finding an unexpected delay in being brought upon the scaffold, which they had begun but that morning, he past the most of that time (having received a letter from the prince in the interim by Mr Seymor) in prayer.

About twelve a clock, His Majesty (refusing to dine) cat onely a bit of bread, and drank a glass of claret, and about an hour after Colonel Hacker, with other officers and souldiers, brought him with the bishop and Colonel Tomlinson through the banquetting house to the scaffold, whereto the passage was made through a window strong guard of several regiments of horse and foot were placed on all sides, which hindred the near approach of his miserable and distracted subjects (who for manifest ing their sorrow, were most barbarously used), and the king from speaking what he had designed for their cars whereupon finding himself disappointed, he omitted much of his intended matter, but having viewed the scriffold (which had irons driven in it to force him down to the block by ropes, if that he should have resisted) and the ax (of whose edge he was very careful), having minded one present of touching it with his cloak [sic].

Being upon the scaffold, he looked very carnestly upon the block, and asked Colonel Hacker if it could be no higher and then spoke thus (directing his speech chiefly to the bishop and Colonel Tombinson)

[Then follows the king's speech in full]

Bishop Though your Majesties affections may be very well known to religion, yet it may be expected that you should say somewhat thereof for the worlds satisfaction

Aing I thank you very heartily, my lord, for that I had almost forgotten it, in troth, sirs, my conscience in religion I think is very well known to all the world, and therefore I declare before you all that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father, and this honest man I think will witness it. Then speaking to the executioner he said, I shall say but very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—let that be your sign

Then he called to the bishop for his might cap, and having put it on, he said to the executioner, Does my hair trouble you? who desired him to put it all under his cap, which the ling did accordingly by the help of the executioner and the bishop—then the king turning to the bishop said, I have a good cause and a gricious God on my side

Bisnot There is but one stage more, this stage is turbulent and troublesome, it is a short one but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you will find a great deal of condial joy and comfert.

King I go from a corruptible to an incerniptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world

Bishop You are exchanged from a temporary to an eternal crown, a good exchange

The king then said to the executioner, Is my hair well? and took off his cloak and his George, giving his George to the bishop, saying, Remember Then he put off his doublet, and being in his wastcoat, he put his cloak on again, then looking upon the block, he said to the executioner, You must set it fast

Executioner It is fast, sir

King When I put my hands out this way—stretching them out—then do your work

After that, having said two or three words (as he stood) to himself, with hands and eyes lift up, imme diately stooping down, he laid his neck upon the block and then the executioner again putting his hair under his cap, the king (thinking he had been going to strike) said, Stay for the sign

Executioner Yes, I will, and it please your Majesty And after a very little pause, the king stretching forth his hands, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body, the head being off, the executioner held it up, and shewed it to the people, which done, it was with the body put in a coffin covered with black velvet for that purpose, and conveyed into his lodgings at White Hall, and from thence it was carried to his house at Saint James's, where his body was embalmed and put in a coffin of lead, and laid there a fortnight to be seen by the people and on Wednesday seven night after, his corps embalmed and coffin'd in lead, was delivered chiefly to the care of four of his servants, viz. Mr Herbert, Capt Anthony Mildmay, his sewers, Captain Preston, and John Joyner (formerly cook to his Majesty), who with others in mourning, accompanied the herse that night to Windsor, and placed it in that which was formerly the kings bed whence it was next day removed into the Deans Hall, and from thence by the Duke of Richmond, the Marquess of Hertford, the Marquess of Dorchester, and the Earl of Lindsey, conveyed to St George his chappel, and the corps there interred in the vault (as is supposed) of King Henry the VIII and Queen Jane, with this inscription upon the cossin,

CHARLES KING OF ENGLAND
M DC YL.VIII

Apropos of the carp Izaak Walton quoted the Chronicle to this effect

Hops and turkeys, carps and beer, Came into England all in a year

Sir William Dugdale (1605-86), antiquary, was born at Shustoke, near Coleshill, in Warwick-He studied law and history under his father, soon after whose death he purchased the neighbouring manor of Blythe (1625) Created Rouge Croix pursuivant (1640), he during the Great Rebellion adhered to the royalist cause, and from 1642 to 1646 was at Oxford, the king's headquarters, being made M.A. and Chester He lived in obscurity during the Commonwealth, but on the Restoration received the office of Nor10y, and in 1677 was promoted to be Garter Principal King of Arms and knight His works are the Monasticon Anglicanum (1655-61-73), a Latin history of English religious foundations (Eng ed 6 vols 1817-30), Antiquities of Warwickshire (1656, 3d ed 1763-65), History of St Paul's Cathedral (1658), History of Imbanking and Drayning (1662), Origines Juridiciales (1666), and Baronage of England (3 vols 1675-76) See his Life, Diary, and Correspondence, edited by William Hamper (1827)

Elias Ashmole (1617-92), antiquary, was born at Lichfield, and became a solicitor, but, a hearty royalist, entered Brazenose College, Oxford, where he applied himself to mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, astrology, and alchemy 1646 he became acquainted with Lilly and other astrologers, and in 1650 he edited a work of Dr Dee's, to which he subjoined a treatise of his own. In 1652 he issued his Theatrum Chymicum, and in 1672 his magnum opus, a History of the Order of At the Restoration various honours were conferred upon him, and thenceforward he mainly devoted himself to heraldic and antiquarian In 1682 he presented to the University of Oxford a fine collection of rarities, bequeathed him by his old friend John Tradescant (1608-62), gardener to Charles I, which, originally the Museum Tradescantianum, was thereafter known as the Ashmolean Museum Among his friends were Selden and Dugdale, whose daughter became his third wife His Diary (1717) is entertaining

Sir Thomas Blowne,

the learned, desultory, eloquent writer of the Religio Medici, was born in London in 1605, and after being educated at Winchester and Oxford, travelled in Ireland, and also in France, Italy, and Holland took his doctor's degree at Leyden, and settled in 1637 as a medical practitioner at Norwich knighted by Charles II on his visit to Norwich in 1671 Browne's first and greatest work, Religio Medici ('The Religion of a Physician'), written about 1635, was published surreptitiously in 1642, and next year a perfect copy was issued by himself, this, his confession of faith, revealing a deep insight into the mysteries of the spiritual life, immediately rendered the author famous in the literary world Here he gives a minute account of his opinions, not only on religion, but on an endless variety of philosophical and abstruse questions, besides affording the reader glimpses into the eccentricities of his personal character The language of the work is bold and poetical, adorned with picturesque imagery, though frequently pedantic, rugged, and obscure His most elaborate work, Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into Vulgar Errors, appeared in 1646, and is a strange and discursive amalgam of humoui, acuteness, learning, and credulity The following enumeration of some of the errors which he endeavours to dispel will serve both to show the kind of subjects he was fond of investigating, and to exemplify the notions which prevailed in the seventeenth century

I hat crystal is nothing else but ice strongly con gealed, that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat, that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them, that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder, that an elephant bith no joints, that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him, that inoles are blind, that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not, that storks will only live in republics and free states, that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg, that men weigh heavier dead than alive, that the for bidden fruit was an apple, that there was no rainbow before the Flood, that John the Baptist should not die

He treats also of the ring-finger, saluting upon sneezing, pigmies, the canicular or dog days, the picture of Moses with horns, the blackness of negroes, the river Nilus, Gypsies, Methuselah, the food of John the Baptist, the cessation of oracles, Friar Bacon's brazen head that spoke, the poverty of Belisarius, and the wish of Philosenus to have the neck of a crane 1658 Browne published his Hydriotaphia, Urn Burial, or a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk, mainly a discussion of burial-customs Here the author's learning appears in the details which he gives concerning the modes in which the bodies of the dead have been disposed of in different ages and countries, while his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality are, for soleninity and grandeur, unsurpassed in English literature, and are set forth in language of rich and gorgeous eloquence In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns, containing the remains of human bones, some small brass instruments, boxes, and other fragmentary relics Coals and burnt substances were found near the same plot of ground, and hence it was conjectured that this was the Ustrina, or place of burning, or the spot whereon the Druidical sacrifices were made Thus furnished with a theme for his philosophic musings, Sir Thomas Browne comments on that vast charnelhouse the earth The Hydriotaphia commences

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some enquirers, who if two or three yards were open above the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi and regions towards the centre Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties, which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery That great antiquity, America, lay burned for a thousand years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them, not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might he soft, and the earth be light upon them, even such as hope to rise again

would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relies as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again, which happy contrivance hath made communication with our fore fathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.

He then successively describes and comments upon the different modes of interment and decomposition—whether by fire ('some apprehending a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser com



SIR THOMAS BROWNE
After an Engraving from the Original in the Royal College of
Physicians.

mixture, and firing out [expelling by means of fire] the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it'), by making their graves in the air like the Scythians, 'who swore by wind and sword,' or in the sea, like some of the nations about Egypt

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs, and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration, that they washed their bones with wine and milk, that the mother wrapt them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part, and place of their nourishment, that they opened their eyes towards heaven, before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body That in strewing their tombs the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks amar anthus and myrtle, that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larry, yew, and trees perpetually

werdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes, wherein Christians, who deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem, for that tree seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again, which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture

Among felicitous brevities may be quoted

Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In belief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God. He who discommendeth others obliquely commendeth him self. I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk than in the fury of a merciless pen. A good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

To the *Hydriotaphia* is appended a small treatise, the most whimsical and not the least laborious of his works-The Garden of Cyrus, or the Quincuncial Lozenge, Network Plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, and mystically consulered It aims to prove that the mystical number five pervaded not only ancient horticulture, but that it recurs through plant and animal life. Coleridge says Browne 'finds quincunves in heaven above, quincunves on earth below, quincunves in the mind of man, quincunves in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything' One of the most striking of these fancies has been often quoted to denote that it is late, or that he was writing at a late hour, he says that 'the quincung of heaven [the Hyades] runs low, and unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep, to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes, the huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' Among Browne's posthumous pieces are Miscellany Tracis (1683), A Letter to a Friend (1690), and a collection of aphorisms or jottings, entitled Christian Morals, apparently intended as a kind of continuation of the Religio Medici He left in MS also various essays on antiquarian and other Sir Thomas Browne died in 1682, at the age of seventy-seven, in 1840 his skull was stolen out of its grave in St Peter's Mancroft, and placed in the hospital museum He was of a modest, simple, and cheerful disposition, retiring in his habits, and sympathised little with the pursuits and feelings of the busy multitude. He sided with the king in the Civil War, and was knighted by Charles II Though he made it his business to combat 'vulgar errors,' his own mind was deeply tinged with the credulity of his age He clung to the discredited Ptolemaic system, believed in astrology and alchemy, in witchcraft, apparitions, and diabolical illusions, and gravely observes, 'that to those who would attempt to teach animals the art of speech, the dogs and cats that usually speak unto witches may afford some encouragement.' In 1664 at Bury St Edmunds he gave cyldence against two 'witches,' and helped towards their conviction and burning

Though Browne's works are unsystematic, desultory, unequal, his thought, like his style, is strikingly original, marked by high and occasionally transcendent intellectual power, often expressed with quaint humour or, searching pathos, and always carrying with it a strange impressiveness. His favourite theme throughout all his books is ever the mystery of death and what lies beyond the grave, and the visible signs of mortality mean as much to him as they did to Shakespeare himself as a text from which to descant on what transcends the little His style is too peculiar, sphere of human life idiomatic, and difficult ever to be generally popular, and it must be admitted that his studious brevity often lapses sadly into obscurity his own words, 'the quality of the subject will sometimes carry us into expressions beyond mere English apprehensions,' and indeed no writer has equalled him in the free coinage of Latinisms Thus, speaking in his Vulgar Errors of the nature of ice, he says 'Ice is only water congealed by the frigidity of the air, whereby it acquireth no new form, but rather a consistence or determination of its diffluency, and amitteth not its essence, but condition of fluidity Neither doth there anything properly congluciate but water, or watery humidity, for the determination of quicksilver is properly fixation, that of milk, coagulation, and that of oil and unctuous bodies, only incrassation? He employs abundantly such words as dilucidate, ampliate, resipiency, opinionatry, manuduction, indigitate, reminiscential, evocation, farraginous, advenient, ariolation, lapifidical He also uses words of Latin origin in their etymological sense, deals freely in technical terms from the sciences, and does not hesitate to coin Grecisms or use modern French and Italian words Latinisms and innovations seem rhetorically in harmony with the rolling rhythm of his marvellous prose

Dr Johnson's style shows obvious resemblances to Browne's, especially in its Latinistic vocabulary. There can be no doubt that the author of the Rambler acquired much of his fondness for grandiloquent and sonorous words and expressions from the writings of the learned knight of Norwich, the Life of Browne prefixed to an edition of the Christian Morals (1756) was by Johnson. It is needless to say that Johnson's clear and graceful use of his much less audaciously Latinist vocabulary differs from Browne's abstruse and often involved and obscure style of disquisition perhaps more than it resembles it. It is inevitable that Browne's con-

templative, inquisitive, fantastic pensiveness should be compared and contrasted with the more sombre and less poetical but equally humorous temperament of his earlier contemporary, Burton, the anatomist of melancholy Cowper's Task shows many traces of the Morals Coleridge, who was so well qualified to appreciate the writings of Browne, has numbered him among his first favourites 'Rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits, contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though, doubtless, too often big, stiff, and He is a quiet and sublime hyper-Latinistic enthusiast, with a strong tinge of the fantast the humorist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot-silk play upon the main dye? Coleridge insists, too, on the entireness of Browne in every subject before him He never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander, for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all To this should be added the nature into it complete originality of his mind He is manifestly like no other writer, and his quaint, profound, and mystical abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, carry the imagination by an inevitable fascination back into the primeval ages of the world, or forward into the depths of eter-Browne's influence on English literature has been deep and lasting, if not very wide in extent No writer bears the impress of his influence more strongly marked, alike in style and cast of thought, than Charles Lamb, who indeed boasted that he was the first 'among the moderns' to discover his excellences Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Pater paid their tribute to him De Quincey ranked him with Jeremy Taylor as the richest and most dazzling of rhetoricians, and Lowell called him 'our most imaginative mind since Shakespeare, ' perhaps it is truer to say that his supremest merit rests in his being the highest type of the profound humorist, to whom 'all existence had been but food for contemplation?

Oblivion.

What song the syrens song, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and coun sellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprictance of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism, not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relicks, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and seves, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices Pagan vain glories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never dampt with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglories, who acting early and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out lasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mumines unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles V can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons, one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other 'Tis too late to be ambitious The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs Wc whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations, and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bure inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by eniginatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan, dis paraging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the entelectia and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamious history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit or perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since

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bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man Twenty seven names make up the first story [before the Flood], and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetick, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die, since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we he down in darkness, and have our light in ashes, since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration, diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings, we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart. upon us Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls-a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and The Egyptian mummies, which Cambises or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon, men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations, Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog star

While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth,—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts, whereof, beside cometsand new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of noend (all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction), which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself, all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus, but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves, at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder When many that feared to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned, when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah

Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities

of vain glory, and wild enormities of ancient magna nimity. But the most inagnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters and be poorly seen in angles of contingency

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre ordination and night of their fore beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstacies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them

Fo subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimæras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysicks of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocents' churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt, ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus. (From the fifth and last chapter of Hydriotaphia)

Ossuaries, receptacles for the bones of dead men, the prophecy of Elias, a Talmudical tradition of the house of Elijah that the world should last but six thousand years, the mortal right lined circle is the Greek letter Θ , instead of thanatos, 'death, and used on Roman gravestones as the symbol of death, the Inscriptiones Antiques (1602) of the Antwerp scholar Janus Gruter was long the standard collection, a list of a number of Hippocrates' patients has been preserved, the Aristotelian entelechia here means 'perfection or 'ideal centre, angles of contingence are the infinitesimally small angles between the circle and its tangent, exolution is a shortened form of exsolution the special virtue of the earth in the churchyard of the Holy Innocents Church in Paris is referred to by Bishop Corbet above at page 457, Adrian's Mole or Hadrian's Mausoleum, now the Castle of St Angelo, is the vast pile built by the Emperor Hadrian for the imperial tombs

' Light the Shadow of God.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of the creation had remained unseen and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adum bration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubims shadowing the mercy seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark simulacrum, and light but the shadow of God.

(From Cyrus & Garden)

The Study of God's Works

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man, it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts. Without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives

small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works, those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration

(From Religio Medici)

Ghosts

I cannot believe the wisdom of Pythagoras did ever positively and in a literal sense affirm his metempsychosis or impossible transmigration of the souls of men into beasts. Of all metamorphoses or transmigrations I believe only one, that of Lot's wife, for that of Nebuchodonosor proceeded not so far, in all others I conceive there is no further verity than is contained in their implicite sense and morality. I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialled into life, that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption, that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the priviledge of their proper natures, and without a miracle, that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven, that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandring souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villany, instilling and stealing into our hearts, that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander sollicitous of the affairs of the world But that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the Devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophics of his victory over Adam (From Religio Medici.)

Browne on Himself

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital, and a place not to live but to die in The world that I regard is my self, it is the microcosm of my own frame that I can cast mine eye on, for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my con dition and my fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas his shoulders The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us-something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man

(From Religio Medici)

Oharity

But to return from philosophy to charity I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is onely to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity \(^1\) Divinity

hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and bath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable, there are infirmities not onely of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to cloath his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecu-To this, as calling myself a scholar, I niary avarice. am obliged by the duty of my condition I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge, I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning, I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his, and in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out, or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection, for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity In all disputes so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose, for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined, for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they do so swell with unnecessary digressions, and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse on the subject. The foundations of religion are already established, and the principles of salvation subscribed unto by all, there remains not many controversies worth a passion, and yet never any disputed without, not only in divinity but inferior arts (From Religio Medici)

Browne's 'Evening Hymn' evidently suggested some of the thoughts in Bishop Ken's

The night is come, like to the day, Depart not Thou, great God, away Let not my sins, black as the night, Eclipse the lustre of Thy light Keep still in my horizon, for to me The sun makes not the day, but Thee Thou, whose nature cannot sleep, On my temples sentry keep, Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes Whose eyes are open while mine close Let no dreams my head infest But such as Jacob's temples blest While I do rest, my soul advance, Make my sleep a holy trance That I may, my rest being wrought, Awake into some holy thought,

And with as active vigour run My course as doth the nimble sun Sleep is a death,—O make me try, By sleeping, what it is to die! And as gently lay my head On my grave as now my bed Howe'er I rest, great God, let me Awake again at last with 1 hee, And thus assured, behold I he Securely, or to wake or die These are my drowsy days, in vain I do now wake to sleep again O come that hour when I shall never Sleep again, but wake for ever

There is a monumental edition of the works by Simon Wilkin (4 vols. 1835-36), reprinted incompletely in 3 vols. in 1852 Dr Greenhill's scholarly edition of the *Religio Medici* appeared in 1881, and that by him and Marshall of the *Hydriotaphia* and *Cyrus's Gardeu* in 1896 See Gosse's *Browne* ("Men of Letters, 1995).

Thomas Fuller

was the son of the rector of Aldwinkle St Peter's in Northamptonshire (as Dryden was son of the rector of Aldwinkle All Saints) He was born in Quick intelligence made him a scholar in boyhood, and at Queen's College, Cambridge, he attained the highest honours Eminently popular as a preacher in Cambridge, he passed through a rapid succession of promotions to the lectureship of the Savoy in London His first work was a tedious poem (1631) - David's Hainous Sinne, Heartie Repentance, Heavie Punishment In 1640 he published his History of the Holy Warre, on the Crusades, and in 1642 his Holy and Prophane During the Civil War he attached himself to the king's party at Oxford, and accompanied the army for some years as chaplain to Sir Ralph For his men, apparently, he wrote and published Good Thoughts in Bad Times (1645), Better Thoughts in Worse Times (1647) was followed by The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience (1647), and in 1660 by Mixt Contemplations ın Better Times A Pisgah-View of Palestine appeared in 1650. His company was much courted both for his learning and for his irrepressible humour He would sit patiently for hours listening to the prattle of old women, in order to obtain snatches of local history, traditionary anecdote, and proverbial wisdom, and these he wrought up in The Worthies of England, which is a strange melange of topography, biography, and popular antiquities In 1647 he returned to London. His Church History of Britain was given to the world in 1656 (1 vol folio), and Heylyn denounced it as a rhapsody with three hundred and fifty errors, and full of 'impertinencies and scraps of trencherjests interlaced in all parts of the book' Fuller next devoted himself to the preparation of his Worthies, which was not completed till 1660, nor published till after his death in 1661 passed through various situations in the Church, the last of which was that of chaplain to Charles II By Charles II he was restored to his preferments,

and it was thought he would have been made a bishop had he not been prematurely cut off by fever the year after the Restoration He was twice As proofs of his wonderful memory, it was fabled that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal thoroughfare of London after once passing through it and back again. His chief work, the Worthies, is rather a collection of brief memoranda than While a modern reader a regular composition marvels at the vast quantity of gossip which it contains, he realises that it has preserved much curious information which would have otherwise been lost. It may be described as a magnificent miscellany about the counties of England and their illustrious natives, lightened up by unrivalled wit and felicity of illustration, and aglow with The style, as in his other works, shows a nervous brevity and point almost new to English, and a homely directness strangely shrewd and never vulgar The eminent men whose lives he records are arranged by Fuller according to their native counties, of which he mentions also the natural productions, manufactures, medicinal waters, herbs, wonders, buildings, local proverbs, sheriffs, and modern battles Fuller's Holy and Prophane State contains admirably drawn characters, which are held forth as examples to be respectively imitated and avoidedsuch as the Good Father, the Good Soldier, the Good Master, and so on In this and the other productions of Fuller there is a vast fund of sagneity and good sense, his conceits, as Charles Lamb says, are oftentimes 'deeply steeped in human feeling and passion' Thus he says 'The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders,' and negroes he characterises as 'the image of God cut in ebony' And as smelling 'a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul? The first six extracts are from the Holy State, the next five from the Worthies

The Good Schoolmaster

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these. First, young scholars make this calling their refuge, yea perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing clse were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one and betake themselves to some more grunful calling Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miscrible reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. I ourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession Some men had as heve be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein, and though great scholars and skilful in other arts, are But God of his goodness hath fitted bunglers in this several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state in all conditions may be provided for So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with desterity and happy



THOMAS FULLER
After an Engraving

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules.

- I Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death, yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after Such natures he useth with all gentleness.
- 2 Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with smalls (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O' a good rod would finely take them napping!
- 3 Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol

diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless, whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature light appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching, not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod (to live as it were in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others

5 He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name saidstriphs; than saidstriphs, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains de insolenti carmficina of his schoolmaster, by whom conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos. Yea hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own Life

'From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty three stripes given to me
At once I had

'For fault but small or none at all
It came to pass that beat I was,
See, Udal, see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad'

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence, and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master

6 He makes his school free to him who sues to him in formâ pauperis. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the

scholar in his whipping, rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar, such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues, to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnest ness (however privately charitable unto him) lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary

'7 He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before

8 Out of his school he is no way pedantical in carriage or discourse, contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminencies of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Burnley School, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him

Bristol diamonds are transparent rock-crystals found thereabouts. Patdotribes, in paragraph 5, is 'boy thrasher, paidagogos, liter ally 'boy leader Junius is Francis Junius or De Jon (see page 30) For Udall, see page 155, and for Lancelot Andrewes, page 388

The Good Yeoman.

The good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a genteel [gentle] impression, when the prince shall stamp Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man for living privately on his own lands, would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry 'a fortunate condition,' living in the temperate zone between greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England France and Italy are like a die which hath no points between cinque and ace, nobility and peasantry Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling stones. Iudecd, Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen, but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue, nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves him He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons and silver in his pocket If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery Otherwise, he is the surest landmark whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs, the gentry more floating after foreign fashions. In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and poor people Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan And still at our yeo amongst the yeomen of Kent man's table you shall have as many joints as dishes, no meat disguised with strange sauces, no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side, but solid, substantial No servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it. He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn By marl and limestones burned he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread

Recreations

Recreations is a second creation, when weariness liath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the lawyer, as against the statutes, physician, as against health, divine, as against conscience

- I Be well satisfied in thy conscience of the lawfulness of the recreation thou usest. Some fight against cock fighting, and baitbull and bearbaiting, because man is not to be a common barretour [raiser of strife] to set the creatures at discord, and seeing antipathy betwixt creatures was kindled by man's sin, what pleasure can be take to see it burn? Others are of the contrary opinion, and that Christianity gives us a placard to use these sports, and that man's charter of dominion over the creatures enables him to employ them as well for pleasure as necessity. In these as in all other doubtful recreations, be well assured first of the legality of them. He that sins against his conscience sins with a witness.
- 2 Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations. For sleep itself is a recreation, add not therefore sauce to sauce, and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly entrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports, this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb
- 3 Let thy recreations be ingenious [ingenious], and bear proportion with thine age If thou sayest with Paul, When I was a child, I did as a child, say also with him, but when I was a man, I put away childish things Wear also the child's coat, if thou usest his sports.
- 4. Take heed of boisterous and over violent exercises. Ringing offtimes hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that by overheating themselves they have rung their own passing-bell.
- 5 Yet the ruder sort of people scarce count any thing a sport which is not loud and violent. The Muscovite women esteem none loving husbands except they heat their wives. It is no pastime with country clowns that cracks not pates, breaks not shins, bruises not limbs,

tumbles and tosses not all the body. They think them selves not warm in their geerst [gearings] till they are all on fire, and count it but dry sport till they swim in their own sweat. Yet I conceive the physician's rule in exercises, Ad ruborem, but non ad sudorem, is too scant measure.

6 Refresh that part of thyself which is most wenned If thy life be sedentary, exercise thy body, if stirring and active, recreate thy mind. But take heed of cozening thy mind, in setting it to do a double task under pretence of giving it a playday, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games

Books

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels [chimney cans], as knowing that many of them, built merely for uniformity, are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over, secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions, thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied

Education confined too much to Language

Our common education is not intended to render us good and wise, but learned it hath not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but hath im printed in us their derivation and etymology, it hath chosen out for us not such books as contain the soundest and truest opinions, but those that speak the best Greek and Latin, and, by these rules, has instilled into our fancy the vainest humours of antiquity But a good 'Tis a silly education alters the judgment and manners conceit that men without languages are also without It's apparent in all ages, that some such have been even prodigies for ability, for it's not to be believed that Wisdom speaks to her disciples only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew

Marriage

Deceive not thyself by over expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, "he law fig.," without clouds, yea, expect both wind and storms sometimes, which when blown over, the air is the clearer and wholesomer for it. Make account of certain cares and troubles which will attend thee Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones

Decline of Great Families

It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry Earl of Huntingdon was lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son in that country was pressed into the wars-as I take it, to go over with Count Mansfield The old man at Leicester requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother The earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loath to tell, as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to tell the truth. At last he told his name was Hastings. 'Cousin Hastings,' said the earl, 'we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root, your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed' So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honourable person, and gentry I believe in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly own the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets, though ignorant of their own extraction, are hid in the heap of common people. where they find that under a thatched cottage which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded [leadcovered] castle, contentment, with quiet and security

Henry de Essex. He was too well known in our English chronicles, being baron of Raleigh in Essex and standard bearer of England It happened in the reign of this king [Henry II] there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, at Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex animum et signum simul abject (betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together), occasioning a great over throw of English. But he that had the baseness to do had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact, until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

Richard Hackluit was born of an ancient extract in this county, whose family hath flourished at in good esteem. He was bred a student in Christ Church in Oxford, and after was prebendary of Westminster His genius inclined him to the study of history, and especially to the marine part thereof, which made him keep constant intelligence with the most noted seamen of Wapping, until the day of his death

He set forth a large collection of the English sea voyages, ancient, middle, modern, taken partly out of private letters which never were, or without his had not been, printed, partly out of small treatises, printed and since irrecoverably lost, had not his providence preserved them. For some pamphlets are produced which for their cheapness and smallness men for the present neglect to buy, presuming they may procure them at their pleasure, which small books, their first and last edition being past (like some spirits that appear but once), cannot afterwards with any price or pains be recovered. In a word, many of such useful tracts of sea adventures, which before were scattered as several ships, Mr Hackluit hath embodied into a fleet, divided into three squadrons, so many several volumes a work of great honour to England, it being possible that many ports and islands in America, which, being base and barren, bear only a bare name for

the present, may prove rich places for the future. And then these voyages will be produced, and pleaded, as good evidence of their belonging to England, as first discovered and denominated by Englishmen Mr Hackluit died in the beginning of king James's reign, leaving a fair estate to an unthrift son, who embezzled it on this token, that he vaunted, 'that he cheated the covetous usurer, who had given him spick and span new money, for the old land of his great great grandfather'

Sir Henry Sidney I will close his life with this encomium which I find in a worthy author [Naunton] 'His disposition was rather to seek after the antiquities and the weal publick of those countries which he governed, than to obtain lands and revenues within the same, for I know not one foot of land that he had either in Wales or Ireland'

Sir Philip Sidney Reader, I am resolved not topart him from his father, such the sympathy betwixt them, living and dying both within the compass of the same year Otherwise this knight, in relation to my book, may be termed an ubiquitary, and appear amongst statismen, soldiers, lawyers, writers, yea princes themselves, being (though not elected) in election to be king of Poland, which place he declined, preferring rather tobe a subject to queen Elizabeth than a sovereign beyond the seas He was born at Penshurst in this county [Kent], son to Sir Henry Sidney and sister's son to Robert earl of Leicester, bred in Christ church in Oxford Such his appetite to learning, that he could never be fed fast enough therewith, and so quick and strong his digestion, that he soon turned it into wholesome nourishment, and thrived healthfully thereon. His home-bred abilities travel perfected with foreign accomplishments, and a sweet nature set a gloss uponboth. He was so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a complete master of matter and language, as his 'Arcadia' doth I confess I have heard some of modern pretended wits cavil thereat, merely because they made it not themselves such who say, that his book is the occasion that many precious hours are otherwise spent no better, must acknowledge it also the cause that many idle hours are otherwise spent no worse, than in reading thereof

At last, leaving the court, he followed the camp, being made governor of Flushing, under his uncle earl of Leicester But the walls of that city (though high and strong) could not confine the activity of his mind, which must into the field, and before Zutphen was unfortunately slain with a shot, in a small skirmish, which we may sadly term a great battle, considering our heavy loss therein. His corpse, being brought over into England, was buried in the choir of St Paul's with general lamentation.

Nicholas Wood was born at Halingborne [Hollingbourn] in this county [Kent], being a landed man, and a true labourer. He was afflicted with a disease called Boulimia, or Cannus Apetitus, insomuch that he would devour at one meal what was provided for twenty men, eat a whole hog at a sitting, and at another time thirty dozen of pigeons, whilst others make mirth at his malady. Let us raise our gratitude to the goodness of God, specially when he giveth us appetite enough for our meat, and yet meat too much for our appetite; whereas this painful man spent all his estate to provide provant [provender] for his belly, and died very poor about the year 1630

Edmond Doubleday, Esquire, was of a tall and proper person, and lived in this city [Westminster]. Nor had this large case a little jewel, this long body a lazy soul, whose activity and valour was adequate to his strength and greatness, whercof he gave this eminent testimony When Sir Thomas Knevet was sent, November 4, 1605, by king James, to search the cellar beneath the Parliament-house, with very few, for the more privacy, to attend him, he took Master Doubleday with him Here they found Guy Faux, with his dark lanthorn, in the dead of the night, providing for the death of many the next morning He was newly come out of the Devil's Closet (so I may fitly term the inward room where the powder lay and the train was to be laid) into the outward part of the cellar Faux beginning to bustle, Master Doubleday instantly ordered him at his pleasure up with his heels, and there with the traitor lay the treason flat along the floor, by God's goodness detected, defeated vowed (and though he was a false traitor, herein I do believe him) that had he been in the inner room, he would have blown up himself and all the company Thus it is pleasant music to hear disarmed malice threaten, when it cannot strike. Master Doubledry lived many years after, deservedly loved and respected, and died about the year of our Lord 1618

Among Fuller's pithy shorter sayings are these

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in, yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword, and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.

The true church antiquary doth not so adore the ancients as to despise the moderns. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the farther

Light, Heaven's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the beams of the sun before they are of a strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. In a west window, in summer time towards night, the sun grows low and over familiar, with more light than delight.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis crucky to beat a cripple with his own crutches

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul he that wants it bith a maimed mind

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a huc and cry to take him on suspicion, or else it is stamped in the figure of his body their heads some times so little that there is no room for wit, sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.

I hey that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

Let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlewomen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve only the outside.

Fombs are the clothes of the dead A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered

See the Lives of Fuller by Russell (1844), John Eglington Bailey (1874), and Morris Fuller (1886), his *Collected Sermons*, edited by Bailey, and Selections by H. Rogers (1856) and Dr Jessopp (1892).

Sir Thomas Herbert (1606-82), of ancient Yorkshire family allied to the Pembroke house, is said to have studied both at Oxford and at Cambridge, in 1626 set out on a journey to the East, in the following of the English ambassador to Persia, and after his return published, in 1634, his Description of the Persian Monarchy now beinge the Orientall Indyes, Iles, and other Parts of the Greater Asia and Africk The ambassador's party travelled by the Cape, Madagascar, and Surat to Gombroon, visited Kasbin, Kashan, and various towns in Persia, and returned by Bagdad, India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and St Helena He was an entertaining and lively writer, and his lengthy digressions contain disquisitions as irrelevant to the main subject as the discovery of America long before Columbus by Madoc Prince of Wales In the Civil War of England he sided with the Parliament, and at Holmby House in 1674, when the king was required to dismiss his ownservants, was chosen by His Majesty one of the grooms of the bedchamber Herbert then became much attached to the king, served him with much zeal and assiduity, was in the last months his only attendant, and was on the scaffold when the ill-fated monarch was brought to the block. After the Restoration he was rewarded by Charles II with a baronetcy, and subsequently devoted much time to literary pursuits In 1678 he wrote Threnodia Carolina, containing an Historical Account of the Two Last Years of the Life of King Charles I

St Helena in 1629

But as it was, after threescore and ten dayes further sail we attained sight of Saint Helena where the ocean bellows on every side so fretfully as the place might fear an inundation, had not the extraordinary height, but chiefly that supreme Providence which hath set the sea its bounds, safe guarded it—It has no neighbouring isles great or small, but seems equidistant from those two noted ports called Rio Grandi and Cape Negro, in Brazchia the one, the other in Congo, both in one elevation, and parallel with Saint Helena from that in America distant 400 leagues, from the other in Afric not much less, if any, from that number

It had its name given by John de Nova, in, or about, the year after the incarnation of our Saviour 1502 So

called for that in his return from India to Lisbon it was discovered the 3 of May, a day consecrated to the memory of Helena the Empress who first found the Cross, the most religious of Ladies in her time, mother to the first Christian Emprour, Constantine, both of them glorious in their age, Brittans both, both bright gems of this our nation.

This isle is removed south from the æquator sixteen degrees from the utmost promontory of South Afric hath two and twenty degrees of longitude, and where the needle varies five degrees and thirteen minutes, but from the lands end of England distant 4500 English miles, from the Cape of Good Hope 1740, Madagascar 3000, Surat 6600, and from Bantam 6900 or thereabouts. In that Bay, which takes name from the chappel, the isle has this resemblance

But to what part of the inhabited world it appertains may be queried, seeing the vast Æthiopic Ocean so largely circles it. To Afer I may imagine (because it is nearest that continent) rather than Vesputius small, not exceeding thirty English miles circumference, yet excessive high, for it vails its head often in the clouds, where opening a wide mouth it gulps down sufficient moisture to cool its ardor, which by reason of the clime 'tis in, cannot but be sometimes intemperate, and but for that affinity it has with the middle region which invelops it as with a chil cold tulipant [turban], and long nights it has, that extreme heat which the sun darts constantly twice every year perpendicular upon this isle, would doubtless make the entrails enflame (had it sulphur) like another Vesuvius. Nevertheless the land is not more eminent in its height than the ambient sea profound in the depth, so deep that it admits ill anchoring save at the NW from the chappel, where is 20 fathoms, so as that there are mountains in the sea as in the earth is not to be doubted, seeing that upon the casting of the lead, log, or plummet, upon the one side of the ship is sometimes found 30 fathom, and upon the other side 60 Nevertheless it is so very deep here that the sounding line or plummet will scarce find ground, which is the cause that marriners do sometimes carry their anchors ashore that they may moor or ride the more securely reason of the depth I could hardly discern either flux or reflux near the shore, seeming as if we were in the mid ocean where neither ebb nor flood is to be discerned. Howbert, the salt water plashes and froaths to see it self so suddenly resisted but the moist breath usually vaporing in or upon the seas makes it sometimes turbulent

This isle is hard to be ascended, not that the passage is craggy, but that it is so precipitous. The sailers have an ironick proverb, The way is such as a man may chuse whether he will break his heart going up, or his neck coming down but being once up, scarce any place can yield a more large or more delightful prospect land is very even and plain at the top, and swells no where to a deformed rising some springs above be sweet which below are brackish the reason may be for that in their drilling descent they may relish of the salt hills through which it cuts an usual passage, so as they become salt both by their own composition and the salt breath which the sea evaporates Nevertheless, there are but two noted rivolets, one which bubbles down towards the chappel, the other into the Lemmon Valley, so called from a lemmon tree and chappel built at the bottom of the isle by the Spaniard Anno 1571 and by the Dutch of late pull'd down, a place once intended for God's worship, but now disposed of to common uses. There are also some ruines of a little town lately demolisht by the Spaniard, in that it became a magazine of private trade in turning and returning out of both the Indies, no other monuments nor antiquities are there found I ou see all if you look upon the ribs of a weather-beaten carrique [carack, large ship] and some broken picces of great ordnance which albeit left there against the owners liking serve some instead of anchors Human inhabitants there are none, nor were of late, save that in the year 1501 Captain Kendall weighing anchor sooner than was expected, one Segar a marriner was accidentally left ashore 18 months after, Captain Parker coming to an anchor found poor Segar alive, but so amazed, or rather overloyed at his arrival, that he dyed suddenly, by which we see that sudden joy is not easily digested Howbeit of hogs and goats here are plenty, who agree wellfavouredly and multiply even to admiration, happy in their ease and safety till ships arrive there for refreshment. The goats leap wildly from rock to rock, and to avoid the reach of our small guns keep their centinels

Here also with a little labour we got store of phesants, powts, quails, hens, partridge; and which was no less ac ceptable, divers sorts of grass and roots, as wood-sorrel, three-leav'd grass, scurvy-grass and like acid herbs soveraign against the scurvy, the usual disease from the sea, and most predominating amongst islanders we had also basil, parsly, mint, spinage, fennel, annis, radish, mustard seed, tabaco, and some others, which by a willing hand, directed by an ingenious eye, may soon be gathered, brought hither, and here sown, by Fernandus Lupius, a Portugal, in the year of our Lord 1509 for the good of his country men, who nevertheless at this day dare hardly land to over-see their seminary, or own their labours, the English and Dutch in the churlish language of a cannon sometime disputing the propriety Anno 1588 Candish [Thomas Cavendish], our countryman, landed here in his circum navigating the globe, and found store of lemons, orenges, pomgranads, pomcitrons, figs and dates, but how the alteration comes who knows for none of those grow there now that I could either see or hear of, one lemontree excepted To conclude In the old chappel here we buried our captain, Andrew Evans, whose deaths wound (as formerly told) was unhappily given him by a Mannatee at the Mauritius. He was an expert seaman, and no less vigilant than expert so as doubtless the company had a great loss of him

So as by the judgment of that indifferent and learned writer it appears the English have the first place for sea knowledge and navigation attributed them. And amongst the best sea commanders this late captain of ours very well deserved with the rest to be ranked. But to return That this is a very delightful isle cannot be denied, and its admirable prospect and other pleasures were sufficient to induce our longer stay, but stay we might not. So as after a weeks refreshment we discharged our reckoning in a hearty farewel, and by the invitation of a prosperous gale upon a N W course swiftly cut our passage through the yielding ocean, insomuch as on the sixteenth of October we were once more nadyr to the sun, which at that time was in its Antarctic progress.

Helena, saint and mother of Constantine, was of obscure origin, and was said to have been born in Britain, though other accounts say at Treves in German, or in Bithynia. Constantine was not born in Britain, though he was in Britain when his father died at York. Afer is given eponymously for Africa. Vespitais is the Latinised second name of America Vespitci, after whom America was named.

Benjamin Whichcote (1609-83), a liberal divine of the Cambridge Platonist group, was born at Whichcote Hall of good Shropshire family, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, became tutor there, and in 1644 provost of King's According to Tulloch, he, more than any other teacher at Cambridge, 'impressed his own mode of thought both upon his colleagues in the university and the rising generation of students' At the Restoration Whichcote was removed from the provostship, but he retained a college rectory, and in 1668 he was presented by Bishop Wilkins to the vicarage of St Lawrence Jewry, London, which he held till The works of Whichcote comprise a his death number of Discourses, republished in four volumes in 1751, and a series of (1200) Moral and Religious Aphorisms, collected from his MSS The leading principle of all his thought was the use of reason in religion, like John Hales, of Eton, he wished religion and learning alike to be 'cleared of froth and grounds' He it was who mainly gave impulse to the movement represented by the 'Cambridge Platonists' and the Latitudinarians, amongst whom, besides himself, his pupil John Smith, Cudworth, and Henry More were conspicuous And he had the unusual honour of having a selection of his sermons edited, with a preface, by the third Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the Characteristics, and called a Deist These are amongst his aphorisms

It is a wise man's motto 'I live to be wiser every day,' 'I am not too wise to be taught of any'

Examine all principles of education, for since we are all fallible, we should suppose we may be mistaken. Quotidie depone aliquem errorem ['Daily I renounce some error or another']

Therewa all rolla deformations of I grow old constantly learning many a thing']

To speak of natural light, of the use of reason in religion, is to do no disservice at all to grace, for God is acknowledged in both—in the former as laying the groundwork of His creation, in the latter as reviving and restoring it

If a man be once out of the use of reason, there are no bounds to unreasonableness.

Both heaven and hell have their foundation within us Heaven primarily lies in a refined temper, in an internal reconciliation to the nature of God, and to the rule of righteousness. The guilt of conscience and enmity to righteousness is the inward state of hell. The guilt of conscience is the fewel of hell.

It had been better for the Christian church if that which calls itself Catholic had been less employed in creating pretended faith and more employed in main taining universal charity

Carefully avoid the odium of comparisons either of persons, that you do not offend, or of things that you be not deceived. He that hath the advantage in a comparison thinks he hath but his right, he that has the disadvantage thinks he hath not his right.

Religion, which is a bond of union, ought not to be a ground of division, but it is in an unnitural use when it doth disunite. Men cannot differ by true religion, because it is true religion to agree The spirit of religion is a reconciling spirit

It is better for us that there shou'd be difference of

judgement, if we keep charity, but it is most unminily to quarrel because we differ

They do not advance religion who draw it down to bodily acts or who carry it up highest into what is mystical, symbolical, emblematical, etc. Christian religion is not mystical, symbolical, æniginatical, emblematical, but uncloathed, unbodied, intellectual, rational, spiritual.

Religion is not a system of doctrines, an observance of modes, a heat of affections, a form of words, a spirit of censoriousness.

Religion is not a hear say, a presumption, a supposition, is not a customary pretension and profession, is not an affectation of any mode, is not a piety of particular fancy, consisting in some pathetic devotions, vehemient expressions, bodily severities, affected anoma lies and aversions from the innocent usages of others but consisteth in a profound humility and an universal charity

Enthusiastic principles—good things strained out of their wits. Among Christians, those that pretend to be inspired seem to be mad, among the Turks, those that are mad seem to be inspired

Among politicians the esteem of religion is profitable, the principles of it are troublesom

Rule by right is the weak man's strength, and the strong man's curb, it makes mine my own, and arraigns the intruder's violence.

It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest

Jeremy Taylor,

one of the greatest preachers of the English Church, was born in the town of Cambridge, and baptised on 15th August 1613 of good Gloucestershire stock, and was related to Dr Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom at Hadleigh in the reign of Queen Mary Taylors had 'fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' to use an expression of their most illustrious member, and Jeremy's father followed the humble occupation of a barber or barber-He had his son entered as a sizar at Caius College in his thirteenth year, having himself previously taught him the rudiments of grammar and mathematics. In 1630 Jeremy Taylor took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, was chosen a fellow, and in 1634 was ordained and proceeded M.A. He then removed to London, to deliver some lectures for a college friend in St Paul's Cathedral His eloquent discourses, aided by what a contemporary calls 'his florid and youthful beauty, and pleasant air,' entranced all hearers, and procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud By Laud's assistance Taylor obtained a fellowship in All Souls College, Oxford, which he enjoyed for two years, till by favour of Juxon he became rector of Uppingham in Rutlandshire was also chaplain-in ordinary to the king this time he was suspected of a Romeward tendency, and of too great familiarity with a learned Franciscan friar In 1639 he married Phœbe Langsdale, who bore four sons and two daughters, The sons of Taylor all died and died in 1651 before their father, clouding with melancholy and

The turmoil regret his late and troubled years of the Civil War now agitated the country, and Jeremy Taylor was inevitably committed by principle and profession to the royal cause By virtue of the king's mandate, he was made a doctor of divinity, and at the command of Charles he wrote a defence of Episcopacy In 1645, apparently while accompanying the royal army as chaplain, or as chaplain to the king, Jeremy Taylor was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, in the battle fought before Cardigan Castle He was soon released, but the tide of war had turned against the royalists, and in the wreck of the



JEREMY TAYLOR
From a Print in the British Museum

Church, Taylor resolved to continue in Wales, and, in conjunction with two learned friends, to establish a school at Newton-hall in Caermarthenshire. He appears to have been twice imprisoned by the dominant party, but treated with no marked severity

'In the great storm,' he says, 'which dashed the vessel of the church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and in a little boat thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England in a far greater I could not hope for Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor, and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither

distinguish things nor persons and but that He that stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study, but I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy?

This fine passage is in the dedication to Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying, shewing the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Inequely of persecuting Differing Opinions (1646) - 'prophesying' meaning simply preaching or ex-The work has been justly described as perhaps, of all Taylor's writings, that which shows him furthest in advance of the age in which he lived, and of the ecclesiastical system in which he had been reared—as the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom' He builds the right of private judgment upon the difficulty of expounding Scripture, the insufficiency and uncertainty of tradition, the fallibility of councils, the pope, ecclesiastical writers, and the Church as a body, as arbiters of controverted points, and the consequent necessity of letting every man choose his own guide or judge of the meaning of Scripture for himself, since, says he, 'any man may be better trusted for himself, than any man can be for another, for in this case his own interest is most concerned, and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself-and if he does not, it's he that must smart for it, and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavour to avoid it.' Milton, in his scheme of toleration from the opposite camp, excluded Roman Catholics, and Jeremy Taylor, to establish some standard of truth and prevent anarchy, as he alleges, proposed the confession of the Apostles' Creed as the test of orthodoxy and the condition of union among Christians The principles he advocates—that governments should not interfere with any opinions save such as directly tend to subvert them-go to destroy this limitation, and are applicable to universal toleration, which perhaps he dared hardly then avow, even if he had entertained such an aspiration The style of his masterly 'Discourse' is more argumentative and less ornate than that of his sermons and devotional treatises, but his enlightened zeal often breaks forth in striking condemnation of those who are 'currously busy about trifles and impertinences, while they reject those glorious precepts of Christianity and holy life which are the glories of our religion, and would enable us to gain a happy He closes the work in the second edition (1659) with the following interesting and instructive apologue

I end with a story which I find in the Jews' books When Abraham sat at his tent-door according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old

man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down, but observing that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship The old man told him that he wor the God of heaven shipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God, at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded con Ultion When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied 'I thrust him away because he did not worship thee' God answered him 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he give thee no trouble?' Upon this, saith the story, Abraham setched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham

In Wales, Jeremy Taylor was married to Mrs Joanna Bridges, absurdly said to have been a natural daughter of Charles I, but mistress of an estate in the county of Caermarthen He was thus relieved from the irksome duties of a schoolmaster, but the fines and sequestrations imposed by the Parliamentary party on the property of the royalists are supposed to have dilapidated his It is known that he received a wife's fortune pension from the patriotic and excellent John Evelyn, and the literary labours of Taylor were never relaxed In his Welsh retreat he further wrote an Apology for Authorised and Set Forms of Liturgy (1649), and The Life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar (1649) These were followed by Holy Living and Holy Dying, Twenty seven Sirmons for the Summer Half-year, and other minor works The excellent little manual of devotion, the Golden Grove (1655), was so called after the mansion of his neighbour and patron, the Earl of Cubery, in whose family he had spent many of his happiest hours. In the preface to this work Taylor had reflected on the ruling powers in Church and State, for which he was, for a short time, committed to prison in Chepstow Castle He next completed his Course of Sermons for Year, and published some controversial (and rather latitudinarian) tracts on the doctrine of Original Sin He was attacked both by High Churchmen and Calvinists, but defended himself with wirmth and spirit—the only instance in which his bland and benevolent disposition was betrayed into anything approaching to personal asperity. He went to London in 1657, and officiated in a private congregation of Episcopalians, till an offer was made him by the Earl of Conway to accompany him to Ireland, and act as lecturer in a church at Lisburn Thither he accordingly repaired in 1658, fixing his residence at Portmore, on the banks of Lough Neagh, about eight miles from Lisburn I'wo years appear to have been spent in this happy retirement, when, in

1660, Taylor made a visit to London, to publish his Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures, the most elaborate, but the least successful, of all his works meant as a compound of Christian ethics and casuistry, basing morality on the will of God as revealed in and through conscience, and though eloquent and learned, is super-subtle and even at times casuistical. His journey to London was made at an auspicious period The Commonwealth was on the eve of dissolution in the weak hands of Richard Cromwell, and the hopes of the Cavaliers were fanned by the artifice and ingenuity Jeremy Taylor signed the declaration of of Monk the loyalists of London on the 24th of April, on the 29th of May he saw Charles II enter London in triumph, and in August following was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor The Restoration exalted many a worthless parasite, and disappointed many a descrying loyalist, it brought a mitre to at least one pure and pious Churchman Taylor was afterwards made chancellor of the University of Dublin, and a member of the Irish Privy Council The administration of the see of Dromore was also annexed to his other bishopric, 'on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry' These well-bestowed honours he enjoyed only about six years duties of his episcopal function were discharged with zeal, mingled with charity, at his first visitation he saw it his duty to eject thirty sax ministers as not episcopally orduned, and thenceforward he was kept in perpetual controversy and trouble by irreconcilable Presbyterians, and he would fun have withdrawn to a small parochial cure where he could have had peace The few sermons which we possess delivered by him in Ireland are truly apostolic, both in spirit and language. He died at Lisburn, of a fever caught at a stricken parishioner's bedside, on the 13th of August 1667, and was buried in the cathedral of Dromore.

A finer pattern of a Christian divine never His learning dignified the perhaps existed high station he at last attained, his gentleness and courtesy shed a grace over his whole conduct and demeanour Dr Parr said, and Heber agreed with him, that Englishmen revere Barrow, admire Hooker, but love Jeremy Taylor 'Most eloquent of divines,' Coleridge called him, he has no rival but Milton in impassioned prose. Of his controversial writings Parr 'Fraught as they are with guilcless ardour, with peerless eloquence, and with the richest stores of knowledge-historical, classical, scholastic, and theological—they may be considered as irrefrigable proofs of his pure, affectionate, and dutiful attachment to the reformed church of Englind' His uncontroversial writings, however, form the noblest monument to his memory perhaps too prone to speculations in matters of doctrine, and he was certainly no blinded adherent of the Church, he was in early example of a Liberal High Churchm in His mind loved to expandite

on the higher things of time, death, and eternity, which concern men of all parties, and to draw from the divine revelation its hopes, terrors, and injunctions-in his hands, irresistible as the flaming sword—as a means of purifying the human mind, and fitting it for a more evalted destiny 'Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge In heaven indeed we shall first see and then love, but here on earth we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts, and we shall then see, and perceive, and understand.' English Chrysostom,' as he has been called, was a preacher of righteousness and of personal holiness rather than an expositor of doctrine or an accurate He is hardly self-consistent in all his theologian utterances, and seems to come dangerously near His style is unequalled for heresy at times wealth of illustration, evuberant fullness of thought, and a certain grandeur of diction, his forte was not in trenchant argument, terseness, or even perfect At times the illustrations almost overlay the argument, and the quotations from classical and patristic sources and the learned allusions to ancient literature and story must have been beyond the apprehension of the bulk of his audiences His devotional works are much less rhetorical He has sometimes been than his sermons called the Spenser of the pulpit. He certainly resembled Spenser in his prolific fancy, in a certain musical arrangement and sweetness of expression, in prolonged description, and in delicious musings and reveries, suggested by some favourite image or metaphor, on which he dwells with the fondness and enthusiasm of a young poet. In these passages he is also apt to run into excess, epithet is heaped upon epithet, and figure upon figure, all the quaint conceits of his fancy and the curious stores of his learning are dragged in, till precision and proportion are lost. He writes like an orator, and produces his effect by reiterated strokes and multiplied impressions Some of his sermons are the noblest prose-poetry, but by preference he dwells on the gentle and familiar, and his allusions to natural objects—as trees, birds, and flowers, the rising or setting sun, the charms of youthful innocence and beauty, and the helplessness of infancy and childhood-possess an almost angelic purity of When presenting feeling and delicacy of fancy rules for morning meditation and prayer, he stops to indulge his love of nature. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.' He compares a young man to a dancing bubble, 'empty and gay, and shining like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical' The fulfilment of our duties he calls 'presenting a rosary or chaplet of good works to our Maker,' and he dresses even the grave with the flowers of fancy This freshness of feeling and imagination remained with him to the last, amidst all the strife and violence of the Civil War, and the still more deadening effects of polemical controversy and systems of casuistry and metaphysics. The stormy vicissitudes of his life seem only to have taught him greater gentleness, resignation, toleration for human failings, and a more ardent love of humankind. The earlier of the extracts given below are from *Of Holy Dying*, the others from sermons

The Age of Reason and Discretion.

Neither must we think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow, but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion, and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely Some are called 'at age' at fourteen, some at one and-twenty, some never, but all men late enough, for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly But as, when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God, and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shews a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertment things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn out So that if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed, and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well being : but by that time his soul is thus furnished, his body is decayed, and then you can hardly reckon him to be alive, when his body is possessed by so many degrees of death

But there is yet another arrest. At first he wants strength of body, and then he wants the use of reason and when that is come, it is ten to one but he stops by the impediments of vice, and wants the strength of the spirit, and we know that body and soul and spirit are the constituent parts of every Christian man. And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caitiff spirit, he has run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually, to despise his betters, to

deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that, when he is indeed a man, he must for ever be ashamed of for this is all the discretion that most men shew in the first stage of their manhood, they can discern good from evil, and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life, he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death, and he is dead in trespasses and sins, and that is a sadder so that he hath 'no life but a natural, the life of a beast or a tree, in all other capacities he is dead, he neither hath the intellectual nor the spiritual life, neither the life of a man nor of a Christian, and this sad truth lasts too long

The Pomp of Death

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises, and solemn bugbears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shrickings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid servant to day, and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools, and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die

Miseries of Man's Life

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans. and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils or periodical sicknesses Grand Cairo in Egypt feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousands of persons inhabitants of Arabia the desert are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic Sea feel such violent convulsions, by tempests and intolerable earth quakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave It were too sad if I should tell how many persons are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and illusions of the night

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats, and screech owls, with the filing of iron and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of

the stone are worse than all these, and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans, and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could from one of the battlements of heaven espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war, how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat, if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them, how many people there are who weep with want and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity, in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and the participation of so many evils, This is a place of sorrow and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity, let us remove from hence at least in affections and preparations of mind

On Death.

Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it, and God by all the variety of his providence, makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two, and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel houses, and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly, and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity, and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides dis orders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death, and you can go no whither but you tread on a dead man's bones

The wild fellow in Petronius that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning lumself upon the rocky shore espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave. And it east him into some sad thoughts that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return, or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest, or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still iswarm upon the good old man's cheek ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered

into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since. His passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burnal, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece, but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age, it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out worn faces same is the portion of every man and every woman, the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly knew us not, and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who six hours ago tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot without some regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour read of a fair young German gentleman who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way, that after a few days' burial they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents, and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me, and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

Real Happiness

If we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find, even in the days of his joys, such allays and abatements of his pleasure as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body, and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich for

tune, wrapt about a sickly and an uneasy soul Apollodorus was a traitor and a tyrant, and the world wondered to see a bad man have so good a fortune, but knew not that he nourished scorpions in his breast, and that his liver and his heart were eaten up with spectres and images of death, his thoughts were full of interruptions, his dreams of illusions his fancy was abused with real troubles and fantastic images, imagining that he saw the Scythians flaying him alive, his daughters like pillars of fire, dancing round about a caldron in which himself was boiling, and that his heart accused itself to be the cause of all these evils.

Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices, for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety?

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand? can the beauty of the peacock's train, or the ostrich plume, be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermeddle with the joys of the heart? or darkness, that hides the naked, make him warm? does the body live, as does the spirit? or can the body of Christ be like to common food? Indeed, the sun shines upon the good and bad, and the vines give wine to the drunkard, as well as to the sober man, pirates have fair winds and a calm sea, at the same time when the just and peaceful merchantman But although the things of this world are hath them common to good and bad, yet sacraments and spiritual joys, the food of the soul and the blessing of Christ, are the peculiar right of saints

Marriage

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband. she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced, and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again, and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person. The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream,' but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness. And the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies, for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way Christ and the church were no ingredients in their choice.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation, every little thing can blast an infant blossom, and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy but when by age and consolida tion they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage, watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in picces

There is nothing can please a man without love, and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the Apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise, 'for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love,' but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the Hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a foun tain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges, their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their inno cence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society

It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast. I will only shew it, and take it away again, it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals, and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St Peter and St Paul, and 'All those things that now all the married saints. please us shall pass from us, or we from them,' but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity And although at the resur rection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that, and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall he in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages Amen

(From the Sermon on ' The Marriage Ring ')

The Skylark.

For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds, but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below so is the prayer of a good man

(From Sermon on 'The Return of Prayers.')

The Day of Judgment

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wisc and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol, and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil, yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection, it being an effect of self love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable, or else because the sorrow is apt to increase by being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents, yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen but increase the sufferings, and when the first day of judgment happened -that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world—the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the newborn heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance, and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls, they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep thein from the vengeance that rained down from heaven, and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hercaster, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shricks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow,

and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence, grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear, and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the arch angel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province, are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder, but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented, to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude! The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. St Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder, any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought, and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents, rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets, then shall be fearful earth quakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust, the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts, then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed, because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels, and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end, and then some shall die, and some shall be changed, and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment

(From the first Sermon for Advent Sunday, 'Doomsday Book, or Christ's Advent to Judgment.')

There are editions of the works by Bishop Heber, with a Life (15 vols. 1820-22), and by Eden (10 vols. 1847-54), and also in 'The English Divines' by Hughes (5 vols. 1831). See Coleridges Literary Remains and Tulloch's Rational Theology, Dean Farrar's Masters in English Theology (1877), Bishop Barry's Classic Preachers (1878), and Professor Dowden's Puritan and Anglican (1901).

Dr Henry Mole (1614-87) was conspicuous among the English Platonists and metaphysicians of the seventeenth century A native of Grantham in Lincolnshire, and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, he devoted his life to study and religious meditation at Cambridge, and strenuously refused to accept preferment in the Church, which would have rendered it necessary for him to leave what he called his paradise The friends of this amiable recluse once attempted to decoy him into a bishopric, and got him so far on the way to Whitehall to kiss the king's hand, but when told for what purpose they had brought him thither, he refused to move a step farther He declined university appointments as remorselessly as he did one deanery and two bishoprics He early revolted against the Calvinism of his parents, and gave himself entirely to philosophy, to Plato, and especially to the Neo-Platonists He held that the wisdom of the Hebrews had descended to Pythagoras, and from him to Plato, in the writings of whom and his followers he believed that the true principles of divine philosophy were consequently to be found He himself lived in an atmosphere of unusual spiritual evultation, and exercised great influence on the young was a man of uncommon benevolence, purity, He was of a dreamy, poetical and devotion temperament, and from comparatively reasonable views he drifted gradually deeper into the abyss of mysticism or theosophy, and his works, which were extremely popular in the later half of the seventeenth century, decline progressively in value. Tulloch treats More as the most interesting but the most unreadable of the Cambridge Platonists was transcendentalist enough to accept as real the cures of the quack Greatrakes, and, like the philosophical sceptic Glanville, believed firmly in witches and witchcraft Of his works the most important are-The Mystery of Godliness, The Mystery of Iniquity, A Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, the famous Divine Dialogues, treatises against atheism and idolatry, ethical, metaphysical, cabbalistical, and controversial volumes, expositions of the Apocalypse and the Book of Daniel, and Psychozota Platonica, or a Platonical Song of the Soul, in four poems, 1642, afterwards published as Philosophical Poems, 1647 'His poetry,' says Thomas Campbell, 'is not like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite' We give two stanzas from the Psychozota

The Soul and Body

Like to a light fast locked in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide.
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we've passed the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate,
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells but when she's gone from
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

The first two of the prose extracts are from More's Mystery of Godliness, the others from the Divine Dialogues

Of the Works of God.

Whether therefore our eyes be struck with that more radiant lustre of the sun, or whether we behold that more placed and calm beauty of the moon, or be refreshed with the sweet breathings of the open air, or be taken up with the contemplation of those pure sparkling lights of the stars, or stand astonished at the gushing downfalls of some mighty river, as that of Nile, or admire the height of some insuperable and inaccessible rock or mountain, or with a pleasant horror and chillness look upon some silent wood, or solemn shady grove, whether the face of heaven smile upon us with a cheerful bright azure, or look upon us with a more sad and minacious countenance, dark pitchy clouds being charged with thunder and lightning to lct fly against the earth, whether the air be cool, fresh, and healthful, or whether it be sultry, contagious, and pestilential, so that, while we gasp for life, we are forced to draw in a sudden and inevitable death, whether the earth stand firm, and prove favourable to the industry of the artificer, or wnether she threaten the very foundations of our buildings with trembling and tottering earthquakes, ac companied with remugient echoes and ghastly murmurs from below, whatever notable emergencies happen for either good or bad to us, these are the Joves and Vejoves that we worship, which to us are not many, but one God, who has the only power to save or destroy And there fore, from whatever part of this magnificent temple of his-the world-he shall send forth his voice, our hearts and eyes are presently directed thitherward with fear, love, and veneration.

Of the Evidence for the Existence of God.

When I say that I will demonstrate that there is a God, I do not promise that I will always produce such arguments that the reader shall acknowledge so strong, as he shall be forced to confess that it is utterly impossible that it should be otherwise, but they shall be such as shall deserve full assent, and win full assent from any unprejudiced mind

For I conceive that we may give full assent to that which, notwithstanding, may possibly be otherwise, which I shall illustrate by several examples Suppose two men got to the top of Mount Athos, and there viewing a stone in the form of an altar with ashes on it, and the footsteps of men on those ashes, or some words, if you will, as Optimo Maximo, or To agnosto Theo, or the like, written or scrawled out upon the ashes, and one of them should cry out Assuredly here have been some men that have done this the other, more nice than wise, should reply Nay, it may possibly be otherwise, for this stone may have naturally grown into this very shape, and the seeming ashes may be no ashes, that is, no remainders of any fuel burnt there, but some inexplicable and unper ceptible motions of the air, or other particles of this fluid matter that is active everywhere, have wrought some parts of the matter into the form and nature of ashes, and have fringed and played about so, that they have also figured those intelligible characters in the same But would not anybody deem it a piece of weakness, no less than dotage, for the other man one whit to recede from his former apprehension, but as fully as ever to agree with what he pronounced first, notwithstanding this bare possibility of being otherwise?

So of anchors that have been digged up, either in plain fields or mountainous places, as also the Roman urns with ashes and inscriptions, as Severianus Ful Linus, and the like, or Roman coins with the effigies and names of the Cæsars on them, or that which is more ordinary, the skulls of men in every churchyard, with the right figure, and all those necessary perforations for the passing of the vessels, besides those conspicuous hollows for the eyes and rows of teeth, the os stylocides, ethoeides, and what not If a man will say of them. that the motions of the particles of the matter, or some hidden spermatic power, has gendered these, both anchors, urns, coins, and skulls, in the ground, he doth but pronounce that which human reason must admit is possible. Nor can any man ever so demonstrate that those coins, anchors, and urns were once the artifice of men, or that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, that he shall force an acknowledgment that it is impossible that it should be otherwise. But yet I do not think that any man, without doing manifest violence to his faculties, can at all suspend his assent, but freely and fully agree that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, and that these anchors, urns, and coins were certainly once made by human artifice, notwithstanding the possibility of being otherwise.

And what I have said of assent is also true in dissent, for the mind of man, not crazed nor prejudiced, will fully and irreconcilably disagree, by its own natural sagacity, where, notwithstanding, the thing that it doth thus resolvedly and undoubtedly reject, no wit of man can prove impossible to be true. As if we should make such a fiction as this—that Archimedes, with the same

individual body that he had when the soldiers slew him, is now safely intent upon his geometrical figures under ground, at the centre of the earth, far from the noise and din of this world, that might disturb his meditations, or distract him in his curious delineations he makes with his rod upon the dust, which no man living can prove impossible. Yet if any man does not as irreconcilably dissent from such a fable as this as from any falsehood imaginable, assuredly that man is next door to madness or dotage, or does enormous violence to the free use of his faculties.

Of the γυναιχοχρατούμινοι and the men of Arcladam that lie in childbed for their wives

Eutstor I perceive no small matters will puzzle Cupho phron's invention and therefore tho' the yurairoxparovuminoi [gunaikokratoumenoi, 'men ruled by women'] and the men of Arcladam that he forty days in childbed for their wives, present themselves to my memory, yet I will pass them over

Cuphophron That's a very odd thing of the men of Arcladam, Euistor I pray you, what is it?

Eurst When the woman is delivered, she gets out of the bed as soon as she can, and follows the business of the house, but the man lies in for so many days, and does all the offices of a mother to the infint, saving the giving it suck and the neighbours come a gossiping to the man lying thus in bed, as in other countreys they do to the woman. And they of Arcladam give this reason for this custom, because the mother had a sufficient share of trouble in bearing the child and bringing him forth, and that therefore 'tis fit that the man should ease her now, and take off part of the care to himself, as Paulus Venetus reports

Cuph If the men of the country had had milk in their breasts, which several men have had, according to the testimony of many credible writers, philosophers, physicians, and anatomists, the custom had been more plausible. But such as it is, it has its reason, as you see, and it was not a pure piece of sottishness that carried them unto it. And for the gunarkokratoumenoi, in that the women rule them, it is a sign that it is fit For it is in virtue of their strength, wit, they should They chose their kings of old from the beauty of their form, as Lucretius notes. And why do men rule the women, but upon account of more strength or more wisdom? But where the women rule the men, it is a sign they have more strength or wit, and there fore have a right to rule them. And indeed where do they not rule them? insomuch that the whole world in a manner are of the gunaikokratoumenoi. So that this is no peculiar disorder amongst the Barbarians, such as Mela and Diodorus Siculus mention

Hylobares The women are much beholden to you, Cuphophron, for your so kind and careful patronage of them

Cuph I am of a large spirit, Hylobares, I love to be civil to all sects, sexes, and persons.

The gunatkokratoumenoi, men ruled by women, are dealt with in Aristotle's Politics Arcladam is one of several odd spellings in the old Latin of Marco Polo for the region or tribe—located by Yule in western Yunnan—that Ramusio (and Purchas) calls Cardandan, and Yule Zardandan Purchas, following Marco Polo, says of the people of Cardandan that 'when a woman is delivered of a child the man lyeth in and keepeth his bed, with visitation of gossips the space of fortie days. Purchas also reports the custom of the convade (as it is now called) from Brazil, where, to the joy of anthropologists, it still obtains.

Of the Pagans cruelty to their enemies, and inhuman humanity to their friends

Hyl Cuphophron swallows all down very glibly. But, as I remember, there are some direful stories of the Pagans cruelty to their enemies, and inhuman humanity to their friends, that, methinks, should a little turn his stomach, Euistor

Eurst There are very savage customes recorded in Pomponius Mela touching the Essedones, Axiacæ, and The last clothe themselves and their horses with the skins of their slain enemies, with that part of the skin that covers the head they make a cap for themselves, with the rest they clothe their horses. The Essedones celebrate the funerals of their parents with great feasting and joy, eating their flesh minced and mingled with mutton (which is the manner of their burial of them), but tipping their skulls with gold, they make drinking cups of them as the Axiacæ quaffe in the heads of their slain enemies, as well as drink their blood in the field. In Castella del Oro the inhabitants also eat their own dead. But in the island Java, as Ludovicus Patritius reports, the children do not, like the Essedones, eat their parents, but when they are old and useless, sell them to the Anthropophagi, as the parents do the children, if desperately and irrecoverably sick in the judgment of the physician For they hold it the noblest kind of burial to be interred in the belly of a man, and not to be eaten by worms to which if any expose the body of his dead friend, they hold it a crime not to be expiated by any sacrifice The laws also of the Sardoans and Berbiccæ, which Ælian relates, are very savage, the one commanding the sons to knock the fathers o' th' head when they are come to dotage, the other prohibit ing any to live above seventy years

Hyl Stop there, Eustor let's hear what excuse the advocate of the Paynims can devise for these horrid customs.

The meaning of Providence in permitting such horrid usages in the world.

Sophron That is very profitably and seasonably noted, O Cuphophron and tho' my judgment is not so curious as to criticize on the perpetual exactness of your applica tions of the sad miscarriages of the civilized parts of the world to those gross disorders of the Barbarians, yet your comparisons in the general have very much im pressed that note of Philotheus upon my spirit, That the more external and gross enormities committed by the barbarous nations, are as it were a reprehensive satyr of the more fine and hypocritical wickednesses of the civilized countries, that these civilized sinners, abominating those wilder extravagancies, may withal give sentence against their own no less wickedness, but only in a less ugly dress. Whence it cannot be so great wonder that Providence lets such horrid usages emerge in the world, that the more affrightful face of sin in some places might quite drive out all similitude and appearance of it in others

Bathynous True, Sophron, but this also I conceive may be added, That divine Providence having the full comprehension of all the periods of ages, and the scenes of things succeeding in these periods, in her mind, permitted at first and afterwards some parts of the lapsed creation to plunge themselves into a more palpable darkness, that a more glorious light might

succeed and emerge. The lovely splendor of which Divine dispensation would not strike the beholder so vigorously, did he not east his eyes also upon that region of blackness and sad tyranny of the devil in preceeding ages over deluded mankind, such as Euistor has so plentifully discovered. All these things therefore seem to have been permitted in design to advance the glory and adorn the triumph of the promised Messias, the true Son of God and Saviour of the world.

The Opera Onnia of More, containing the Latin text of all the works, whether published originally in Latin or in English, appeared in 1679. See the Life by Richard Ward (1712), and fulloch's Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy (vol. 11, 1874).

Izaak Walton,

'the father of angling,' was born at Stafford in 1593 He was an English worthy of the simple antique cast, who retained in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations As author, he had a power of natural description and lively dialogue that has rarely been surpassed His Compleat Angler is a rich storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of pleasing and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity A tincture of superstitious creduand kindliness lity and innocent eccentricity gives the book a special flavour and zest, without detracting from its higher power to soothe, instruct, and de-Of Walton's education or his early years nothing is related, but according to Anthony Wood, he acquired a modest competency as a sempster or linen-draper in London Hc had a shop in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, which was He had seven feet and a half long, and five wide therefore the intellectual advantage certified to by Lord Bacon in his observation that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts He had a more pleasant and spacious study, however, in the fields and rivers in the neighbourhood of London, 'in such days and times as he had aside business, and went a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe.' From the Royal Burse, Izaak-for so he always wrote his name-removed to Flect Street, where he had one half of a shop, the other half being occupied by a hosier. He married in 1626 Rachel Floud, who died in 1640, in 1647 he married again, his second wife being Anne, half-This brought Walton the sister of Bishop Ken acquaint ince of the eminent men and dignitaries of the Church, at whose houses he spent much of his time in his later years, especially after the death of his second wife in 1662, 'a wom in of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety?

Walton retired from business in 1643, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure. His first work was a I ife of Dr Donne prefixed to a collection of that great min's sermons, published in 1640. Sir Henry Wotton was to have written Donne's life, Walton merely collecting the miterials, but Sir Henry dying before he had begun

to execute the task, Izaak 'reviewed his forsaken collections, and resolved that the world should sec the best plain picture of the author's life that his artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present. Thus it was that he produced one of the most delightful miniature biographies in all English literature. He next wrote a brief and charming Life of Sir Henry Wotton (1651), and edited his literary remains In 1652 he published a small work, a translation by Sir John Skeffington from the Spanish, The Heroe of Lorenzo, to which he prefixed a short affectionate notice of his friend, His principal production, The the translator Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, appeared in 1653 Walton also wrote Lives of Richard Hooker (1662), George Herbert (1670), and Bishop Sanderson (1678) The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Sanderson-all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive—were collected into one volume, which was one of Dr Johnson's favourite books Though no man scems to have possessed his soul more patiently during the troublous times in which he lived, the venerable Izaak was tempted, in 1680, to write and publish anonymously two letters on the Distempers of the Times, 'written from a quiet and comformable citizen of London to two busic and factious shopkeepers in Coventry' In 1683, when in his ninetieth year, he published the Thealma and Charchus of Chalkhill (see page 443), and he died at Winchester on the 15th December of the same year, in the house of his son-in law, Dr Hawkins, prebendiry of Winchester

The Compleat Angler of Walton is unique in our literature. In writing it, he says he made 'a recreation of a recreation,' and, by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver part of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. His statements about fish are not always accurate, and his advice to anglers on their art by no means unexceptionable, the best part of his work is the idyllic and self-revealing The original edition had but thirteen chapters, the fourth (1676) had twenty-one, and a 'Second Part' by Charles Cotton two original interlocutors, Piscator and Viator (the Fisherman and the Wayfarer), Walton had added in the second and greatly enlarged edition (1655) the Falconer (Auceps), and changed Vintor into Venator (Hunter) The Hunter and Talconer serve in the dialogues only as foils to the venerable and complacent Piscator, in whom the interest of the piece wholly centres. The opening scene lets us it once into the genial character of the work and its hero The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tottenham Hill, near London, on a 'fine fresh Max morning'. They are open and cheerful as the day Piscator is going towards Ware, Venntor to meet a pack of otter dogs upon Amwell Hill, and Auceps to Theobalds, to see a hawk that a friend there mews or moults for him Piscator willingly joins with the lover of hounds in helping to destroy otters, for he thates them perfectly, because they love fish so well, and destroy so much.' The sportsmen proceed onwards together, and they agree each to 'commend his recreation' or favourite pursuit. Piscator alludes to the virtue and contentedness of anglers, but gives the precedence to his companions in discoursing on their different crafts. The lover of hawking is eloquent on the virtues of air, the element that he trades in, and on its various winged inhabitants. He describes the eager falcon 'making her highway

over the steepest and mountains deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looking with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.' The singing birds, 'those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their CHEIOHS ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art,' are descanted upon with pure poetical feeling and expression

The Singing Birds.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoyce, to chear herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she

ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly imployment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity

How do the blackbird and throssel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the chearful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to?

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their par ticular seasons, as, namely, the leverock [skylark], the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead

But the nightingale, another of my any creatures, breaths such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her

voice, might well be lifted above earth and say 'Lord, what musick hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such musick on earth!'

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and comments, though with less force—for here Walton himself must have been at fault—on the perfection of smell possessed by the hound, and the joyous music made by a pack of dogs in full chase. Piscator then unfolds his long-treasured and highly prized lore on the virtues of water—sea, river, and

IZAAK WALTON
From the Picture by Jacob Huysman in the National Portrait Gallery

the antiquity and excellence of fishing and angling Angling, he says, is 'somewhat like poetry men must be born so' He quotes Scripture, numbers the prophets who allude to fishing He cannot but re member with pride that four of the twelve apostles were fishermen. that our Saviour never reproved them for their employment or calling, as He did the Scribes and money-changers, for 'He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation quietness, and men of mild, and sweet, and peace-

brook -- and on

able spirits, as, indeed, most anglers are' idea of angling seems to have unconsciously mixed itself with all Izaak Walton's speculations on goodness, loyalty, and veneration Even worldly enjoyment he appears to have grudged to any less gifted mortals A finely dressed dish of fish or a rich drink he pronounces too good for any but anglers or very honest men, and his parting benediction is upon 'all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling' The last condition would, to his ordinary mood, when he is not peculiarly solemn or earnest, seem at least as significant as any of the others The rhetoric and knowledge of Piscator at length fairly overcome Venator, and make him a convert to the superiority of angling as compared with his more savage pursuit of hunting He agrees to accompany Piscator in his sport, adopts him as

his master and guide, and in time becomes initiated anto the practice and mysteries of the gentle craft The angling excursions of the pair give occasion to the practical lessons and descriptions in the book, the style of which is as clear and sparkling as one of his own favourite summer streams course is interspersed with scraps of dialogue, moral reflections, quaint old verses, songs and sayings, and idyllic glimpses of country-life, and the whole breathes such cheerful piety and contentment, such sweet freshness and simplicity, as to give the book a perennial charm altogether its own Walton loved God and man with an unaffected simplicity of mind which cast a radiant atmosphere of happiness around all the idyllic pictures that he saw, for the charm of the book is not so much in the matter, or even the manner, as the unconscious picture of the writer's own disposition The book was the delight of Churles Lumb's childhood Writing to Coloridge, he says 'It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart

It would swecten a man's temper at any time to read it, it would Christianise every discordant angry passion' And the tone and temper of the Angler have silently but powerfully influenced English tastes and English literature Not in hour of the fishing day is wasted or unim-The mister and scholar rise with the proved early dawn, and after four hours' fishing, breakfist at nine under a sycamore that shides them from Old Piscator reads his admiring the sun's heat scholar a lesson on fly-fishing, and they sit and discourse while a 'smoking shower' passes off, freshening all the meadow and the flowers

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves, and you shall chuse which shall be yours, and it is an even by one of them catches.

And let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night hooks, are like putting money to use, for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or cat, or rejoyee, as you know we have done this last hour, and sate as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Intyrus and his Melibour did under their broad beech tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess our selves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr Botcler said of straw berne, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so if I might be judge, 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling

I'le tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and look'd down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be look'd on but only on holy days'. As I then sate on this very grass, I turn'd my present thoughts into verse, 'twas a wish which I'le repeat to you.

The Angler's Wish

I in these flow'ry meads wou'd be,
I hese chrystal streams should solace me,
I o whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle wou'd rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle dove
Court his chast mite to acts of love,

Or on that bank feel the west wind Breath health and plenty, please my mind To see sweet dew drops kiss these flowers, And then washt off by April showers, Here hear my Kenna sing a song, There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock huild her nest
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low pitcht thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love;
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of Princes courts, I would rejoyce

Or with my Bryan and a book,
I oyter long days near Shawford brook,
There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to next day,
I here meditate my time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave

his dog

The master and scholar, at another time, sit under a honeysuckle-hedge while a shower falls, and encounter a handsome milkmad and her mother, who sing to them 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow'

Come live with me, and be my love, and the answer to it, 'which was made by Sir Wilter Raleigh in his younger days' (see above at page 352). At night, when sport and instruction are over, they repur to the little dehouse, well known to Piscator, where they find 'a cleanly room, Livender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the will! The hostess is cleanly, handsome, and civil, and knows how to dress the fish after Piscator's own fishion-he is learned in cookery-and having made a supper of their gall int trout, they drink their ale, tell tales, sing ballids, or join with a brother-ingler who drops in, in a merry catch, till sleep overpowers them, and they retire to the hostess's two beds, 'the linen of which looks white and smells of livender! All this humble but happy picture is in colour fresh as N iture herself, and instinct with moral feeling and The only flow in the perfection of old Pise itor's benevolence arises from his entire devotion to his lift. He will illow no creature to take fish but the angler, and concludes that any honest man may make a jist quarrel with swin, beese, ducks ser gulls, and herons, &c , and the use of live smals, and worms as but seems to have caused him no compunctions. His directions for in thing live bait have subjected him to the charge of eruclty, probably not altogether serious, from I ord Byron (in Don Juan, Canto vill)

And angling, too, that solitary vice, Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says, The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it

For taking pike he recommends a perch, as being of fishes 'the longest lived on a hook,' and the poor frog is to be treated with elaborate, deliberate, and surely quite superfluous inhumanity

And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frogs mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six moneths without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills, and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frogs leg above the upper joynt to the armed wire, and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possible, that he may live the longer [The italics are not Walton's.]

'The Second Part of the Compleat Angler,' added to the fourth edition (1676) by Charles Cotton (see page 775), poet, translator of Montaigne, and adopted son of Walton, described itself as 'Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream' Though the work was written in the short space of ten days, Walton's plan of dialogue was preserved, the author being Piscator junior, and his companion a traveller (Viator), who had paid a visit to the romantic scenery of Derbyshire, near which the residence of Cotton was situated This traveller turns out to be the Venator of the first part, 'wholly addicted to the chase,' till Mr Izaak Walton taught him as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion. The friends embrace, Piscator conducts his new associate to his 'beloved river Dove,' extends to him the hospitalities of his mansion, and next morning shows him his fishing-house, inscribed 'Piscatoribus Sacrum,' with the 'prettily contrived' cipher including the first two letters of Father Walton's name and those of his son Cotton. A delicate clear river flowed about the house, which stood on a little peninsula, with a bowling-green close by, and fair meadows and mountains in the neigh-This building, built in 1674, still hallows the beautiful scenery of the river Dove with memories of the venerable angler and his disciple. The extracts we give here (in which the old spelling is reproduced) are all taken from the first part of Walton's own work The first characteristic specimen, with its wise reflections and admonitions, is from the twenty-first chapter

Thankfulness

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honey suckle hedg, mention to you some

of the thoughts and joys that have possest my soul since we two met together And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may joyn with me in thankfulness tothe Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do even at this very time he under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache, and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss, is a new mercy, and therefore let us bethankful There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs, some have been blasted, others thunder strucken, and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten humane nature let us therefore rejoice and be-Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing, tormenting conscience-a misery that none can bear, and therefore let us praise him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and chearful like us, who with the expence of a little money have eat, and drank, and laught, and angled, and sung, and slept securely, and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laught, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busie that he has no leasure to laugh, the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money, he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich,' and 'tis true indeed but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness, few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself, and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have (probably) unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day with his friend to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking glasses, and nut crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gim cracks, and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a compleat country fair, he said to his friend 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toyl themselves toget what they have no need of Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his hife happy? No doubtless, for nature is content with a little, and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that

complains not of some want, though he indeed wants nothing but his will, it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsom as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse proud, and must, because she was rich, and for no other vertue, sit in the highest pew in the church, which being denied her, she engag'd her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse proud as the other, and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits, for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext herself into her grave, and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses all beautiful and ready furnisht, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another, and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied 'It was to find content in some one of them' But his friend knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him, for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's gospel, for he there says 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth' Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven, but in the meantime, he and he only possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him He has no turbulent, re pining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better, nor is vext when he sees others possest of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share, but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness, and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart and let us, in that, labour to be as

like him as we can let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise him, because they be common, let not us forget topraise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows, and flowers and fountains, that we have met with sincewe met together! I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amased, and soadmire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all' the other various beauties this world could present to And this and many other like blessings we-And for most of them, because they be so enjoy daily common, most men forget to pay their praises, but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers and stomachs and meat and content and leasure to go a fishing

Well, scholar, I have almost tir'd myself, and I fear more than almost tir'd you But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul that is, a meek and thankful heart And to that end I have shew'd you, that riches without them do not make any man happy. But let metell you that riches with them remove many fears and And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor, but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all, for it is well said by Caussin 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping' Therefore, be sure you look to that And, in the next place, look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience, for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not, but note, that there is no necessity of being rich, for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them, and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, chearful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart, which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcom to Tottenham High Cross

Venator Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, but for none more than this last, of thankful ness, which I hope I shall never forget And pray let 'snow rest ourselves in the sweet shady arbour

Dean Nowell and Sir Henry Wotton

The first is Doctor Nowel, sometime Dean of S Paul's-(in which church his monument stands yet undefaced), a man that in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth (not that of Henry the VIII) was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence and piety, that the then parliament and convocation both chose, injoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posteritie and the good old man (though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by hard questions) made that good, plain, unperplext catechism, that is printed with the old scrvice book. I say, this good old man was as dear a lover, and constant practicer of angling, as any age can produce, and his custome was to spend (besides his fixt hours of prayer those hours which by command of the church were enjoined the old clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians) besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend, or if you will, to bestow, a tenth part of his time in angling, and also (for I have conversed with those which have con versed with him) to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught, saying often that charity give life to religion and at his return would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmlesly, and in a recreation that became a church man

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eaton Colledg, Sir Henry Wotton (a man with whom I have often fish'd and con vers'd), a man whose forraign imployments in the service -of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind, this man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practicer of the art of angling, of which he would say, "twas an imployment for his idle time, which was not idly spent,' for angling was after tedious study 'a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a divertion of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begot habits of peace and patience in those that profest and practic'd it.'

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man, and I do easily believe that peace, and patience, and a calm content did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possest him, as he sate quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a fishing, it is a description of the spring, which because it glides as soft and sweetly from his pen as that river does now by which it was then made, I shall repeat unto you

Trout and Chub Fishing

Vialor Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub, for I have put on patience, and followed you this two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm

Piscator Well, scholer, you must endure worse luck sometime or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him. now you see he hies still, and the sleight is to land him. reach me that landing net. So (sir) now he is mine own, what say you? is not this worth all my labour?

Viat. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout, what shall we do with him?

Pisc Marry e'en eat him to supper we'l go to my hostis, from whence we came, she told me, as I was

going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler, and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodg there tonight, and bring a friend with him. My hostis has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best we'l rejoice with my brother Peter and his friends, tel tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us

Vial A match, good master, lets go to that house, for the linnen looks white, and smels of lavender, and I long to lyc in a pair of sheets that smels so lets be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing

Pise Nay, stay a little, good scholer, I caught my last trout with a worm, now I wil put on a minow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholer, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all have with you (sir') on my word I have him. Oh it is a great logger headed chub come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholer, towards yonder high hedg. we'l sit whilst this showr falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a sweeter smel to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows.

I ook, under that broad beech tree I sate down when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave, near to the brow of that primrose hil, there I sate, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pibble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into fome and sometimes viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and others were craving comfort from the swolne udders of As I thus sate, these and other their bleating dams sights had so fully possest my soul, that I thought as the poet hath happily exprest it

'I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possest joyes not promis'd in my birth'

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me, 'twas a handsome milk maid that had cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale, her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it, 'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago, and the milk maids mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his yonger dayes

They were old fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than that now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder, on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and perswade them to sing those two songs to us.

Pisc God speed, good woman, I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than wil sup my self and friend, wil bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sel none.

Milkwoman Marry God requite you sir, and we'l eat it cheerfully wil you drink a draught of red cows milk?

Pisc No, I thank you but I pray do us a courtesie that shal stand you and your daughter in nothing, and we will think our selves still something in your debt, it is but to sing us a song, that was sung by you and your daughter, when I last past over this meadow, about eight or nine dayes since.

Mulk. What song was it, I pray? was it, 'Come shepherds deck your heds' or, 'As at noon Dulcina rested' or 'Philida flouts me?'

Pise No, it is none of those it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk O I know it now, I learn'd the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my daughter, and the later part, which indeed fits me best, but two or three years ago, you shal, God willing, hear them both. Come Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merric heart, and Ile sing the second

Of Hampshire Trouts and Sir Francis Bacon

Pisc And you are to know, that in Hampshire (which I think exceeds all England for pleasant brooks, and store of trouts) they use to catch trouts in the night by the light of a torch or straw, which when they have discovered, they strike with a trout spear this kind of way they catch many, but I would not believe it till I was an eye witness of it, nor like it now I have seen it

Viat But master, do not trouts see us in the night?

Pisc Yes, and hear, and smel too, both then and in the day time, for Gesner observes, the otter smels a fish forty furlongs off him in the water, and that it may be true is affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon (in the eighth century of his natural history), who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus, that if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank neer to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water He also offers the like experiment con cerning the letting an anchor fall by a very long cable or rope on a rock, or the sand within the sea and this being so wel observed and demonstrated, as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that eeles unbed themselves, and stir at the noise of thunder, and not only as some think, by the motion or the stirring of the earth, which is occasioned by that thunder

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacons has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at, for affirming that he knew carps come to a certain place in a pond to be fed at the ringing of a bel and it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do, and so leave off this philosophical discourse for a discourse of fishing

Of which my next shall be to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields neer Lemster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed, that they make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool, that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yeeld finer wool than the year before they came to feed in it, and coarser again if they shall return to their former pasture, and again return to a finer wool being fed in the fine wool ground Which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lowsie, and as certainly if I catch a trout in the next meadow, he shal be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat trust me (scholer) I have caught many a trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and inamelled colour of him has joyed me to look upon him, and I have with Solomon concluded, every thing 19 beautifull in season

In the edition of Mr Thomas Westwood's Chronicle of 'The Compleat Angler, published on the two hundredth anniversary of Walton's death, there are enumerated 97 editions, as compared with over 120 in 1901—including editions by [Sir] John Hawkins (1760), Major (1824, 1835–1844), Sir Harris Nicolas, with a good Life of Walton (1836); Dr G W Bethune (New York, 1847), Ed. Jesse and H G Bohn (1856), Dowling (1857), Marston (2 vols 1888), Harting (2 vols 1893), Audrew Lang (1896), and a fac-simile of the original edition (1876, with introduction by Le Gallienne, 1896), A copy of the first edition brought £52' in 1874, £310 in 1891, and £415 in 1896 In 1893 the first five editions fetched £800 Of the Lives there are editions by Zouch (1796), Major (1825), and A. H Bullen, with W Dowling's Life (1884)

James Harrington (1611-77), the author of Oceana, was the son of Sir Sapcotes Harrington of Rand in Lincolnshire, but was born at his maternal grandfather's house of Upton in Northamptonshire, studied at Oxford, and for some time was a pupil of the famous Chillingworth Afterwards he went abroad for several years While at the Hague and at Venice he imbibed many of those Republican views which marked his writings At Rome he attracted attention by refusing on a public occasion to kiss the Pope's toe—conduct which he afterwards adroitly defended to the King of England by saying that, 'having had the honour of kissing His Majesty's hand, he thought it beneath him to kiss the toe of any other monarch' During the Civil War he was appointed by the parliamentary commissioners to be one of the personal attendants of King Charles, who in 1647 nominated him one of the grooms of his bed-chamber Except upon politics the king was fond of Harrington's conversation, and the king's kindliness made Harrington most anxious that a reconciliation between king and Parliament might be effected He was much distressed when the king was brought to the scaffold During the sway of Cromwell, Harrington occupied himself in composing the Oceana, which was published in 1656 The work is a political romance of a new England completely reconstituted (as he hoped, under Cromwell himself, Olphaus Megaletor) in accordance with the author's idea of a truly free but distinctly aristocratic republic His model was partly based on the republics of Greece, Rome, and Venice, for which he 'ransacked the ancient archives of prudence,' but was very largely his own invention Cromwell's actual English republic was by no means to Harrington's mind. All power, he maintains, depends upon property-chiefly upon land. An agrarian law should fix the balance of lands, and the government should be 'established upon an equal agrarian basis, rising into the superstructure, or three orders, the senate debating and proposing, the people resolving, and the magistracy executing by an equal rotation through the suffrage of the people given by ballot.' There is frequent polemic against Hobbes, whom he rejoices to confute by arguments from 'Machiavill' After the publication of the Oceana Harrington continued to spread Republican opinions by founding a debating club called the Rota, and by holding conversations with

visitors at his own house. This brought him under suspicion soon after the Restoration, and on the ground of treasonable practices he was sent to the Tower in 1661, and subsequently confined at Plymouth. He became subject to extraordinary hallucinations, from which, though he was released and afterwards married, he was never again free. He published also some twenty defences of *Oceana*, and translations of two of Virgil's eclogues and of six books of the *Æneid*

By way of introduction to his work he gives a brief account of the people of Oceana, Marpesia, and Panopea—England, Scotland, and Ireland—and propounds a marvellous scheme for solving the Irish problem

On Scotland and Ireland.

Marpesia, being the northern part of the same island, is the dry nurse of a populous and hardy nation, but where the staddels [small trees amongst underwood, i.e. nobles] have been formerly too thick, whence their courage answered not their hardinesse except in the nobility, who governed that country much after the manner of Poland, but that the king was not elective till the people received their liberty, the yoke of the nobility being broken by the commonwealth of Oceana, which in grateful return is thereby provided with an inexhaustible magizine of auxiliaries

Panopea, the soft mother of a slothful and pusillani mous people, is a neighbour island, anciently subjected by the arms of Oceana, since almost depopulated for shaking off the yoke, and at length replanted with a new race. But, through what virtues of the soyl or vice of the air soever it be, they come still to degenerate Where fore seeing it is neither likely to yield men fit for arms, nor necessary it should, it had been the interest of Oceana so to have disposed of this province, being both rich in the nature of the soil, and full of commodious ports for trade, that it might have been ordered for the best in relation to her purse, which in my opinion, if it had been thought upon in time, might have been best done by planting it with Jewes, allowing them their own rites and laws, for that would have brought them suddainly from all parts of the world, and in sufficient numbers And though the Jews be now altogether for merchandize. yet in the land of Canaan (except since their exile from whence they have not been landlords) they were altogether for agriculture, and there is no cause why a man should doubt, but having a fruitful country, and excellent ports too, they would be good at both Panopea, well peopled, would be worth a matter of four millions dry rents, that is, besides the advantage of the agriculture and trade, which, with a nation of that industry, comes at least to as much more. Wherefore Panopea, being farmed out to the Jews and their heirs for ever, for the pay of a provincial army to protect them during the term of seven years, and for two millions annual revenue from that time forward, besides the customs, which would pay the provincial army, would have been a bargain of such advantage, both to them and this commonwealth, as is not to be found otherwise by either. To receive the Jews after any other manner into a commonwealth were to maim it, for they of all nations never incorporate, but taking up the room of a limb, are of no use or office to the body, while they suck the nourishment which would sustain a natural and useful member

If Panopea had been so disposed of, that knapsack, with the Marpesian auxiliary, had been an inestimable treasure, the situation of these countries being islands (as appears by Venice how advantagious such a one is to the like government) seems to have been designed by God for a commonwealth. And yet that, through the streightnesse of the place and defect of proper arms, can be no more then a commonwealth for preservation, whereas this, reduced to the like government, is a commonwealth for increase, and upon the mightiest foundation that any has been laid from the beginning of the world to this day

'Illam arctà capiens Neptunus compede stringit Hanc autem glaucis captus complectitur ulnis.'

The sea gives law to the growth of Venice, but the growth of Oceana gives law to the sea.

These countries, having been anciently distinct and hostile kingdoms, came by Morpheus the Marpesian [James VI and I], who succeeded by hereditary right to the crown of Oceana, not only to be joined under one head, but to be cast, as it were by a charm, into that profound sleep, which, broken at length by the trumpet of civill war, hath produced those effects that have given the occasion unto the ensuing discourse, divided into four parts

The Election of Pastors.

The sixth order, directing, 'In case a parson or vicar of a parish comes to be removed by death or by the censors, that the congregation of the parish assemble and depute one or two elders by the ballot, who upon the charge of the parish shall repair to one of the universities of this nation with a certificate signed by the overseers, and addressed to the Vice Chancellor, which certificate, giving notice of the death or removal of the parson or vicar, of the value of the parsonage or vicarage, and of the desire of the congregation to receive a probationer from that university, the Vice Chancellor, upon the receipt thereof, shall call a convocation, and having made choyce of a fit person, shall return him in due time to the parish, where the person so returned shall return the full fruits of the benefice or vicaridge, and do the duty of the parson or vicar, for the space of one year, as probationer, and that being expired, the congregation of the elders shall put their probationer to the ballot, and if he attains not to two parts in three of the suffrage affirmative, he shall take his leave of the parish, and they shall send in like manner as before for another probationer, but if their probationer obtains two parts in three of the suffrage affirmative, he is then pastor of that parish And the pastour of the parish shall pray with the congregation, preach the Word, and administer the sacraments to the same, according to the directory to be hereafter appointed by the parliament. Neverthelesse such as are of gathered congregations, or from time to time shall join with any of them, are in nowise obliged to this way of electing their teachers, or to give their votes in this case, but wholly left to the liberty of their own consciences, and to that way of worship which they shall choose, being not Popish, Jewish, or idolatrous And to the end they may be the better protected by the State in the exercise of the same, they are desired to make choyce, and in such manner as they best like, of certain magistrates in every one of their congregations, which we could wish might be four in each of them, to be auditors in cases of differences or distaste, if any

through variety of opinions, that may be grievous or injurious to them, shall fall out. And such auditors or magistrates shall have power to examine the matter, and anform themselves, to the end that if they think it of sufficient weight, they may acquaint the phylarch [ruler of the tribe or county] with it, or introduce it into the councill of religion, where all such causes as those magistrates introduce shall from time be heard and deter mined according to such laws as are or shall hereafter be provided by the parliament for the just defence of the liberty of conscience.

One of the liveliest passages is that in which a hearty defender of the old régime makes a very free assault, by way of reductio ad absurdum, on the new political model, the archon or supreme magistrate included

A Conservative Counterblast

Nevertheless my Lord Epimonus, who with much ado had been held till now, found it midsummer moon, and broke out of bedlam in this manner

'My Lord Archon,-

'I have a singing in my head like that of a cartwheel, my brains are upon a rotation, and some are so merry, that a man cannot speak his griefs, but if your highshod prerogative, and those same slouching fellowes your tribunes, do not take my lord strategus's and my lord orator's heads, and jole them together under the canopy, then let me be ridiculous to all posterity. For here is a common wealth, to which if a man should take that of the 'prentices in their ancient administration of justice at Shrovetide, at were an aristocracy. You have set the very rabble with troncheons in their hands, and the gentry of this nation, like cocks with scarlet gills, and the golden combs of their salaries to boot, lest they should not be thrown at

'Not a night can I sleep for some horrid apparition or other, one while these myrmidons are measuring silks by their quarter staves, another stuffing their greasy pouches with my lord high treasurer's jacobusses [sovereigns of James I's coining] For they are above a thousand in arms to three hundred, which, their gowns being pulled over their ears, are but in their doublets and hose what do I speak of a thousand? There be two thousand in every tribe, that is, a hundred thousand in the whole nation, not only in the posture of an army, but in a civill capacity sufficient to give us what lawes they please Now everybody knows that the lower sort of people regard nothing but money, and you say it is the duty of a legislator to presume all men to be wicked wherefore they must fall upon the richer, as they are an army, or, lest their minds should misgive them in such a villany, you have given them encouragement that they have a nearer way, seeing it may be done every whit as well as by the overballancing power which they have in elections. There is a fair which is annually kept in the centre of these territories at Kiberton [Kirton in Lindsey?], a town famous for ale, and frequented by good fellows, where there is a solemnity of the pipers and fidlers of this nation (I know not whether Lacedemon, where the senate kept account of the stops of the flutes and of the fiddle strings of that commonwealth, had any such custom) called the bull running, and he that catches and holds the bull, is the annual and supream magistrate of that comitia or congregation, called king piper, without whose license it is not lawful for any

of those citizens to enjoy the liberty of his calling, nor is he otherwise legitimately qualified (or civitate donatus) to lead apes or bears in any perambulation Mine host of the Bear, in Kiberton, of the same. the father of ale, and patron of good football and cudgel players, has any time since I can remember been grand chancellor of this order Now, say I, seeing great things arise from small beginnings, what should hinder the people, prone to their own advan tage and loving money, from having intelligence conveyed to them by this same king piper and his chancellor, with their loyal subjects the minstrills and bearwards, masters of ceremonies, to which there is great recourse in their respective perambulations, and which they will commission and instruct, with directions to all the tribes, willing and 'commanding them, that as they wish their own good, they choose no other into the next primum mobile soutermost and uppermost sphere and great source of motion] but of the ablest cudgel and football players? Which done as soon as said, your primum mobile, consisting of no other stuff, must of necessity be drawn forth into your nebulones [rogues] and your galimofrys [the rabble], and so the silken purses of your senate and prerogative being made of sowes' ears, most of them blacksmiths, they will strike while the iron is hot, and beat your estates into hobiails, mine host of the Bear being strategus [supreme military commander], and king piper lord orator Well, my Lords, it might have been otherwise exprest, but this is well enough a conscience In your way, the wit of man shall not prevent this or the like inconvenience, but if this (for I have conferred with artists) be a mathematical demonstra tion. I could kneel to you, that ere it be too late we might return to some kind of sobriety

'If we empty our purses with these pomps, salaries, coaches, lacquays, and pages, what can the people say less than that we have dressed a senate and a prerogative for nothing but to go to the park with the ladies?'

Stinginess of Cromwell's Commonwealth

But there is such a selling, such a Jewish humour in our republicans, that I cannot tell what to say to it, onely this, any man that knows what belongs to a commonwealth, or how diligent every nation in that case has been to preserve her ornaments, and shall see the waste lately made (the woods adjoyning to this city, which served for the delight and health of it, being cut down to be sold for three pence), will tell you that they who did such things would never have made a commonwealth The like may be said of the ruine or damage done upon our cathedrals, ornaments in which this nation excels all others. Nor shall this ever be excused upon the score of religion, for though it be true that God dwells not in houses made with hands, yet you cannot hold your assemblies but in such houses, and these are of the best that have been made with hands. Nor is it well argued that they are pompous, and therefore prophane, or less proper for divine service, seeing the Christians in the primitive Church chose to meet with one accord in the Temple, so far were they from any inclination to pull it down?

There is a Life of Harrington in the edition of his works by the famous Deist, John Toland (1700), see also Aubrey's Letters and Masson's Millon Professor Henry Morley reprinted the Oceana in 1887 but omitted the amusing Epistle to the Reader and the amazing list of errata

Colonel Edward Saxby, who died distracted in the Tower in 1658, lived a life of curious adventure and intrigue, and merited a place in the history of English literature by writing that most audacious of political pamphlets, Killing no Murder Suffolk man, he took service in Cromwell's Horse about 1643, held command at the siege of Tantallon Castle in 1651, was sent to negotiate with the Frondeurs and rebellious Huguenots in France, but as an extreme Republican quarrelled finally with Cromwell when he assumed the Protectorate He zealously intrigued against Cromwell with royalist, Catholic, and Spanish agents, tried to combine levellers and royalists against the usurper, and arranged more than one scheme for Cromwell's assassination by 'strange engines,' the firing of Whitehall and the like, and early in 1657 got his famous exhortation to tyrannicide printed in Holland and smuggled into England. The pamphlet, professing to be by one William Allen, was courteously dedicated to the Protector himself, the ironical argument being that, seeing Cromwell's life had proved such an unmitigated curse to the nation, Cromwell, if he were the public-spirited man he professed to be, was bound to welcome sudden death at the hands of a patriotic assassin as a manifest blessing to all concerned This very ingenious irony is not long sustained, and an elaborate argument is carried out to prove-with scriptural examples and quotations from Sophocles and Tully, Plato and Aristotle, Grotius and Machiavel-that Cromwell is a tyrant of the worst description, who ought to be summarily annihilated like a wild beast by any one who had the chance. The argument is ingeniously managed, the historic parallels and applications are many of them amusingly plausible The style is direct, effective. and at times even powerful, and the influence of the work unquestionably may be traced in the work of subsequent English pamphleteers There is a concise statement of the origin of society in a social contract, sometimes regarded as the original contribution of Rousseau to eighteenthcentury political philosophy, but traceable in Locke, Hobbes, and even the Greek sophists

The Social Contract

And indeed, as by the laws of God and Nature, the care, defence, and support of the family lies upon every man whose it is, so by the same law there is due unto every man from his family a subjection and obedience in compensation of that support But several families uniting themselves together to make up one body of a Commonwealth, and being independent one of another, without any natural superiority or obligation, nothing can introduce amongst them a disparity of rule and subjection but some power that is over them, which power none can pretend to have but God and themselves. Wherefore all power which is lawfully exercised over such a society of men (which from the end of its institution we call a Commonwealth) must necessarily be derived, either from the appointment of God Almighty, who is Supreme Lord of all and every part, or from the consent of the society itself, who have the next power to his of disposing of their own liberty as they shall think fit for their own good. This power God hath given to societies of men, as well as he gave it to particular persons, and when He interposes not his own authority, and appoints not himself who shall be his vicegerents and rule under Him. He leaves it to none but the people themselves to make the election, whose benefit is the end of all government Nay, when He himself hath been pleased to appoint rulers for that people which He was pleased peculiarly to own, He many times made the choice, but left the confirmation and ratification of that choice to the people themselves. So Saul was chosen by God, and anointed king by his prophet, but made king by all the people at Gilgal David was anointed king by the same prophet, but was afterwards, after Saul's death, confirmed by the people of Judah, and seven years after by the elders of Israel, the people's deputies at Chebron

The Protector a Tyrant

This being considered, have not the people of England much reason to ask the Protector this question, 'Quisconstituit te virum principem et judicem super nos?' Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? If God made thee, make it manifest to us. If the people, where did we meet to do it? Who took our subscriptions? To whom deputed we our authority? And when and where did those deputies make the choice? Sure these interrogations are very natural, and I believe would much trouble his Highness's Council and his Junto to answer In a word, that I may not tire my reader, who will not want proofs for what I say if he wants not memory. if to change the Government without the people's consent, if to dissolve their representatives by force, and disannul their acts, if to give the name of the people's representatives to confederates of his own, that he may establish iniquity by a law, if to take away men's livesout of all course of law by certain murderers of his own appointment, whom he names a High Court of Justice, if to decimate men's estates, and by his own power toimpose upon the people what taxes he pleases, and to maintain all by force of arms, if, I say, all this doesmake a tyrant, his own impudence cannot deny but he is as complete a one as ever hath been since there have been societies of men. He that hath done and doesall this is the person for whose preservation the people of England must pray, but certainly if they do, it is for the same reason that the old woman of Syracuse prayed for the long life of the tyrant Dionysius, lest the devil should come next Tyrants accomplish their endsmuch more by fraud than force It is but unnecessary to say that had not his Highness had a faculty to be fluent in his tears, and eloquent in hisexecrations, had he not had spongy eyes, and a supple conscience, and besides to do with a people of great faith but little wit, his courage and the rest of his moral. virtues, with the help of his janissaries, had never been able so far to advance him out of the reach of justice that we should have need to call for any other hand toremove him but that of the hangman Lastly, above all things they pretend a love to God and religion This Aristotle calls 'artium tyrannicarum potissimam,' the surest and best of all the arts of tyrants, and we all know his Highness hath found it so by experience. He hath found, indeed, that in godliness there is great gain, and that preaching and praying well managed wilk

obtain other kingdoms as well as that of heaven indeed have been pious arms, for he hath conquered most by those of the Church, by prayers and tears. But the truth is, were it not for our honour to be governed by one that can manage both the spiritual and temporal sword, and, Roman like, to have our emperor our high-priest, we might have had preaching at a much cheaper rate, and it would have cost us but our tithes which now costs us all if he be not a tyrant, we must confess we have no definition nor description of a tyrant left us, and may well imagine there is no such thing in Nature, and that it is only a notion and a name. But if there be such a beast, and we do at all believe what we see and feel, let us now inquire, according to the method we proposed, whether this be a beast of game that we are to give law to, or a beast of prey to destroy with all means which are allowable and fair?

John Pearson (1613-86), born at Great Snoring, Norfolk, son of the Archdeacon of Suffolk, was educated at Eton and at Queen's and King's Colleges, Cambridge In 1640, appointed chaplain to the Lord-Keeper Finch, he was presented to the Suffolk rectory of Thorington, in 1659 he published his learned Exposition of the Creed, and edited the Golden Remains of Hales of In 1660 he became rector of St Christopher's in London, a prebendary of Ely, Archdeacon of Surrey, and Master of Jesus College, Cam-In 1661 he was Baxter's principal antagonist at the Savoy Conference, and was appointed to the Lady Margaret chair of Divinity at Cambridge, in 1662 he became Master of Frinity, and in 1673 Bishop of Chester defended the genuineness of the Ignatian epistles (1672), and in 1684 published his Annales Cyprianici His Exposition of the Creed is a standard work in English divinity, remarkable equally for argument, arrangement, and style Bentley said Pearson's 'very dross was gold'-an extravagant compliment, but most subsequent authorities have borne testimony to the merits of the Exposition Admirable editions of it are by E Burton (1833) and Temple Chevallier (1849, revised by Sinker, 1882), of the Minor Theological Works, with Life, by Archdeacon Churton (1844)

The Resurrection.

Furthermore, besides the principles of which he [man] consists, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness, in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night this is a diurnal resurrection day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground, the earth is covered with snov, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre, when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise, the plants i

and flowers peep out of their graves, revive and grow, and flourish this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt and, being corrupted, may revive and multiply bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revived by dying, and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus re store all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persursions upon likelihoods, but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence unto a full assurance of an infallible certainty And of this indeed we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God, upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility, but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection

James Nayler (? 1617-60), not altogether unreasonably nicknamed the 'Quaker Messiah,' ranks amongst the foremost Quaker writers for depth of thought, spiritual power, and unstudied eloquence He was the son of a Yorkshire yeoman, settled in Wakefield, joined the Parliamentary army, and became a preacher In 1651 he became a Quaker, and was the most conspicuous of Fox's early coadjutors-insomuch that Baxter regarded him as the chief leader of the movement in these years, when recruits were swarming in from amongst ranters and visionaries of all kinds. His head was turned by the enthusiastic devotion to him of 'a few forward, conceited, imaginary women,' as his friends called them, whom he allowed to kiss his feet. to call him 'the lamb of God,' and cry before him as he rode into Bristol, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Israel' He did not assume such titles to himself, and when arrested in 1656 affirmed that these honours were paid to 'Christ within him' He was found guilty of horrid blasphemy by a committee of the House of Commons, just escaped sentence of death, was pilloried, whipped, had his tongue pierced with a hot iron, his forehead branded with a great B, and n this miserable case was thrown into prison, where he remained, spite of contrition and petitions to Cromwell, till after the Protector's death. He was released in 1659, made public confession, and with Fors sanction resumed preaching and lecturing died in Huntingdonshire in 1660, on a journey afoot from London to his native county

a large number of short works, devond controversial, a 'collection' of his noncroversial 'books, epistles, and papers,' pubnished in 1716, fills a volume of nearly eight hundred
pages Others than Quakers have admitted that
some of them display true spiritual genius Nayler's
'Last Testimony, said to be delivered by him about
two Hours before his Departure out of this Life,'
was versified by Bernard Barton, but the paraphrise added nothing to the fervour, tenderness,
and dignity of the original

There is a Spirit which I feel, that delights to do no Evil nor to revenge any Wrong, but delights to endure all things in hope to enjoy its own in the End Its hope is to outlive all Wrath and Contention, and to weary out all Exaltation and Cruelty, or whatever is of a Nature contrary to it self It sees to the End of all Tempta tions As it bears no Evil in it self, so it conceives none in Thoughts to any other If it be betrayed it bears it, for its Ground and Spring is the Mercies and Forgiveness of God. Its Crown is Meekness, its Life is Everlisting Love unfergned, and takes its Kingdom with Intreaty and not with Contention, and keeps it by Lowliness of In God alone it can rejoyce, though none else regard it or can own its Life It's conceived in Sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it, nor doth it murmur at Grief and Oppression. It never rejoyceth but through Sufferings, for with the World's Joy it is murthered I found it alone, being forsaken, I have Fellowship therein, with them who lived in Dens and desolate Places in the Earth, who through Death obtained this Resurrection and Eternal Holy Life

Edmund Waller,

a courtly, poet whose works have much of the smoothness and polish of modern verse, was born in 1606 at Coleshill, near Amersham (in Bucks since 1832, but then in Hertfordshire), and in his infancy was left heir to an estate of £3500 per annum He was cousin to the patriot Hampden, and his uncle's wife was aunt to Oliver Cromwell. but his own family were hearty royalists poet, educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, was apparently Roundhead or royalist as best suited the occasion. He entered Parliament at sixteen At twenty-five he married a rich heires's of London, who died soon after, and he immediately became a suitor of Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester To this proud and peerless fair one Waller dedicated the best part of his poetry, and the groves of Penshurst echoed to the praises of his Sacharissa. But Lady Dorothea was mexorable, and bestowed her hand on the Earl of Sunderland Waller long afterwards, Sacharissa asked him when he would again write such verses upon her 'When you are as young, madam, and as handsome as you were then,' the ungallant poet replied, giving us therein a key to his witty, shallow, selfish char-As a member of Parliament he was distinguished as a speaker on the popular side, and was chosen to conduct the prosecution against Judge Crawley for his opinion in favour of levying shipmoney (1641) His speech for the impeachment was printed, and 20,000 copies of it sold in one day he seems to have really been royalist in heart. He was one of the commissioners sent to the king at Oxford in 1643, and having joined in a plot to surprise the city militia and let in the king's forces, was arrested, expelled the House, and tried behaved in an abject manner, confessed freely to the injury of his associates, and had a sentence of death commuted to a fine of £10,000 and banish-He lived in France and Switzerland, travelled with Evelyn, and was popular amongst the royalist exiles for his hospitality as well as for his wit. He was allowed to return in 1652, and wrote a panegyric on Cromwell, which seems one of his sincerest as it is certainly one of his best After Cromwell's death, however, he wrote verses On the death of the late Usurper O C The Commonwealth fell to pieces under Richard Cromwell, and Waller was ready with a congratulatory address to Charles II The royal offering was considered inferior to the panegyric on Cromwell, and when the king himself-who admitted the poet to terms of courtly intimacy-commented on this inferiority, 'Poets, sire,' replied the witty, self-possessed poet, 'succeed better in fiction than in truth' In the first Parliament summoned by Charles, Waller sat for Hastings, and he served in all the Parliaments of that reign, and Bishop Burnet admits he was the delight of the House of Commons, and in spite of his water-drinking, he was a great favourite at court But Clarendon frustrated his scheme to be made Provost of Eton though a layman, and if Waller sought to revenge himself after that Minister's fall in 1667, the fallen Minister had his final revenge in the portrait he has left of Waller's cowardice and meanness accession of James II in 1685, the aged poet, then well-nigh eighty, was elected representative for a borough in Cornwall The issue of James's mad career in seeking to subvert Church and constitu tion was foreseen by this wary and sagacious observer 'He will be left,' said he, 'like a whale upon the strand' The editors of Chandler's Debates and the Parliamentary History ascribe to Waller a remarkable speech against standing armies, delivered in the House of Commons in 1685, but according to Lord Macaulay, this speech was really made by Windham, member for Salis-'It was with some concern,' adds the historian, 'that I found myself forced to give up the belief that the last words uttered in public by Waller were so honourable to him' Waller puichased a small property at Coleshill, with the feeling that 'he would be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused' The wish was not fulfilled, he died at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, his home for fiftysix years, on 21st October 1687, and near the church (in which rest the ashes of Edmund Burke) a monument was erected to his memory

Waller's poems comprise an early epic on the Summer's Islands, or Bermudas, and a serious

poem on Divine Love, written in his later years, but most of his things are short and occasional, about a half of the whole being the elegant but artificial love-verses to Sacharissa His verses were widely circulated, but not published till 1645-again His feeble character is reflected in his poetry, which is easy, flowing, polished, and felicitous, but lacking in sincerity, passion, or strength With various modifications of his own, he revived the heroic couplet, and handled it dexterously in the form it retained for over a hundred years his own time he was ranked next to or the equal of his younger contemporary Cowley, and at his death was accounted the greatest of English poets In 1729 Fenton called him 'maker and model of melodious verse' 'Dryden said that the excellence and dignity of rhyme were never fully known till Mi Waller taught it he first made writing easily an art, first showed us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs' His predccessors in writing heroic rhyming verse frequently made the sense outrun the couplet Waller (though it has been proved that Sandys and others before him used the distich in the same way) established the more regular French fashion, and was by-and-by followed by Denham, and then by Dryden and by Of Waller it may be said that he was Pope herald of the classical school in forsaking the Elizabethan conceits for reiterated antithesis, in which Diyden and Pope were again followers of Pope praised Waller's sweetness, Gray and Johnson were hostile critics, and since Cowper's time Waller has perhaps been unduly belittled, even by writers who are wont to praise style in manner more than strength or vehemonce His love-ditties are frigid, no doubt, but many of his shorter poems show a real, if slender, gift of true song

His method of using rhyming couplets is well shown in one of his very first poems, written about 1623, on the difficulty Charles I (then prince) had, on his return from Spain in that year, in getting on board the English fleet awaiting him at Santander A gale of wind, with a thunderstorm and heavy rain, made the passage in a barge difficult and even dangerous

Of the Danger His Majesty escaped in the Roads at St Andrews

These mighty peers placed in the gilded barge, Proud with the burden of so brave a charge, With painted oars the youths begin to sweep Neptune's smooth face and cleave the yielding deep, Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war between the wind and tide that fiercely jar As when a sort of lusty shepherds try Their force at football, care of victory Makes them salute so briskly, breast to breast, That their encounters seem too rough for jest, They ply their feet, and still the restless ball, lossed to and fro, is urged by them all So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds, And like effect of their contention finds

On Love

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes,
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move,
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs,
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep,
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized
For women (born to be controlled)
Stoop to the forward and the bold,



EDMUND WALLER.
From the Portrait by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery

Affect the haughty and the proud, The gay, the frolic, and the loud Who first the generous steed oppressed, Not kneeling did salute the beast, But with high courage, life, and force, Approaching, tamed the unruly horse

Unwisely we the wiser East Pity, supposing their oppressed With tyrants' force, whose law is will, By which they govern, spoil, and kill, Each nymph, but moderately fair, Commands with no less rigour here Should some brave Turk, that walks among His twenty lasses, bright and young, And buckons to the willing dame, Preferred to quench his present flame. Behold as many gallants here, With modest guise and silent fear, All to one female idol bend, While her high pride does scarce descend To mark their follies, he would swear That these her guard of cunuchs were,

And that a more majestic queen, Or humbler slaves, he had not seen

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next, but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, winged with fear, outflies the wind

On a Girdle

That which her slender waist confined Shall now my joyful temples bind No monarch but would give his crown His arms might do what this hath done

It was my heaven's extremest sphere, I he pale which held that lovely deer, My joy, my grief, my hope, my love, Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair Give me but what this ribband bound, Take all the rest the sun goes round

On the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design or chance makes others wive, But Nature did this match contrive Eve might as well have Adam fled, As she denied her little bed To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame And measure out this only dame

Thrice happy is that humble pair, Beneath the level of all care! Over whose heads those arrows fly Of sad distrust and jealousy, Secured in as high extreme, As if the world held none but them

To him the fairest nymphs do shew Like moving mountains topped with snow, And every man a Polypheme Does to his Galatea seem

Ah, Chloris, that kind Nature thus From all the world had severed us, Creating for ourselves us two, As love has me for only you!

From 'A Panegyric to my Lord Protector'

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand, You bridle faction, and our hearts command, Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe, Make us unite, and make us conquer too,

Let partial spirits still aloud complain, Think themselves injured that they cannot reign, And own no liberty, but where they may Without control upon their fellows prey Above the waves, as Neptune shewed his face, To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race, So has your Highness, raised above the rest, Storms of ambition tossing us repressed

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate, Restored by you, is made a glorious state, The seat of empire, where the Irish come, And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own, and now all nations greet With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet, Your power extends as far as winds can blow, Or swelling sails upon the globe may go

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law, To balance Europe, and its states to awe, In this conjunction doth on Britain smile, The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent By the rude ocean from the continent, Or thus created, it was sure designed To be the sacred refuge of mankind

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort, Justice to crave, and succour at your court, And then your Highness, not for ours alone, But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you,
Changed like the world's great scene' when, without
noise,

The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory Run, with amazement we should read your story, But living virtue, all achievements past, Meets envy still to grapple with at last

This Cæsar found, and that ungriteful age, With losing him, went back to blood and rage, Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke, But cut the bond of union with that stroke

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars Gave a dim light to violence and wars, To such a tempest as now threatens all, Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword, Which of the conquered world had made them lord, What hope had ours, while yet their power was new, To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes, Could order teach, and their high spirits compose, To every duty could their minds engage, Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane, And angry grows, if he that first took pain To tame his youth approach the haughty beast, He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last Itself into Augustus' arms did cast, So England now does, with like toil opprest, Her weary head upon your bosom rest Then let the Muses, with such notes as these, Instruct us what belongs unto our peace Your battles they hereafter shall indite, And draw the image of our Mars in fight

Tell of towns stormed, and armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won
How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse, And every conqueror creates a Muse! Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing, But there, my lord, we'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride O'er conquered nations, and the sea beside While all your neighbour Princes unto you, Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and due.

From 'On a War with Spain'

When Britain, looking with a just disdain Upon this gilded majesty of Spain, And knowing well that empire must decline Whose chief support and sinews are of coin, Our nation's solid virtue did oppose. To the rich troublers of the world's repose

And now some months, encamping on the main, Our naval army had besieged Spain. They that the whole world's monarchy designed, Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined, From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see, Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road, Only the English make it their abode, Whose ready sails with every wind can fly, And make a covenant with the inconstant sky Our oaks secure, as if they there took root, We tread on billows with a steady foot.

At Penshurst

While in this park I sing, the listening deer Attend my passion, and forget to fear, When to the beeches I report my flame, They bow their heads, as if they felt the same, To gods appealing, when I reach their howers With loud complaints, they answer me in showers. To thee a wild and cruel soul is given, More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven! Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain He sprung, that could so far exalt the name Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame, That all, we can of love or high desire, Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire Nor call her mother who so well does prove One breast may hold both chastity and love. Never can she, that so exceeds the spring In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring One so destructive To no human stock We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock, That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side Nature, to recompense the fital pride Of such stem beauty, placed those healing springs Which not more help, than that destruction, brings Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone, I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan

With thee conspires to do the singer wrong, With thee conspires to do the singer wrong, While thus I suffer not myself to lose. The memory of what augments my woes, But with my own breath still foment the fire, Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce Of just Apollo, president of verse, Highly concerned that the Muse should bring Damage to one whom he had taught to sing Thus he advised me 'On you aged tree Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea, That there with wonders thy diverted mind Some truce, at least, may with this passion find ' Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain Flies for relief unto the raging main, And from the winds and tempests does expect A milder fate than from her cold neglect ! Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove Blest in her choice, and vows this endless love Springs from no hope of what she can confer, But from those gifts which Heaven has heaped on her

The Bud.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose,
I plucked it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower my breath has done

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When I lavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

Song-Go, Lovely Rose

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be

Fell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired,
End her come forth,
Suffer her cit to be deared,
And not blush so to be admired

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May re d in thee,
How mall a part of time they share
that are so wondrous sweet and fair!

From 'The Last Verses in the Book.'

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er, So calm are we when passions are no more For then we know how vain it was to boast Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost Clouds of affection from our younger eyes Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made
Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new

Editions of Waller are those of Fenton (1729), and Mr & Thorn Drury in 'The Muses Library (1893, who gives the 1686 text of the poems). Mr Gosse in his Cambridge lectures From Shakespeare to Pope (1885), has been thought to attach too much importance to the influence of Waller See also Julia Cartwright's Sacharissa (1892), and Mr Beeching's essay on 'Waller's Distich in An English Miscellany (1901).

Sir William D'Avenant, poet and playwright, was born in February 1606, and was the son of a vintner at Oxford A scandalous story was told by Pope to Oldys, and to Pope by Betterton the player-that he was the natural son of Shakespeare, who was in the habit of putting up at the Crown Tavern on his journeys between London This tradition was evidently enand Stratford couraged by D'Avenant himself, who was ostentatious in admiring Shakespeare above all other poets, and 'one of the first essays of whose muse' in boyhood was an Ode to Shakespeare. D'Avenant's career led him through some strange vicissitudes He was entered at Lincoln College, but left without taking a degree, he then became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards was in the service of the poet Lord About 1628 he began to write for the stage, and in 1638, the year after the death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed Laureate About the same time he lost his nose through an illness-a calamity which exposed him to the merriment of Suckling, Denham, and other wits He became in 1639 manager of Drury Lane, but entering into the intrigues of the Civil War, fell under the suspicion of Parliament and fled to France. When the queen sent over to the Earl of Newcastle a quantity of military stores, D'Avenant resolved to return to England, and he distinguished himself so much in the cause of the royalists that he was knighted by Charles I at the siege of Gloucester (September 1643) On the decline of the king's affairs he returned to France, and wrote part of his Gondibert His next move was to sail for Virginia, sent by the queen in charge of new colonists, but the vessel was captured by one of the Parliamentary ships-of-war, and D'Avenant was lodged in prison at Cowes Castle in the Isle of Wight In 1650 he was removed to the Tower, in order to be tried by the High Commission Court—a danger from which he was released after two years' imprisonment. Milton is said to have interposed on his

behalf, and as D'Avenant is reported to have interfered in favour of Milton when the royalists were again in the ascendant after the Restoration, one would gladly believe in this graceful reciprocity When the author of Gondibert obtained his enlargement, he set about establishing a theatre, and, to the surprise of all, succeeded in the attempt (1658), having two years earlier produced in a private house what was practically the first opera By these semi-public performances in a private house, D'Avenant may be said to have revived the stage in England under the Commonwealth, and with the sanction of the authorities But his earliest dramatic piece, Albovine, King of Lombardy, was written in 1629, and deals with some of the same personages as the poem Gondibert It is the first of a long series of five-and-twenty plays, some in prose, some in blank verse, while the opera The Siege of Rhodes and some of the masques are in rhyme Not a few of the plays are fairly readable, they are usually more decorous than those of his contemporaries, but in some the humour is even coarser than the diction, and the author rollicks in tales of lust and The Platonick Lovers is not so coarse as might have been expected in a comedy satirising

Lovers of a pure
Celestial kind such as some style Platonical
one of the characters says in words Byr.

(as one of the characters says in words Byron might have written), though it sufficiently appears that as to Plato, in the author's opinion,

They father on him a fantastic love He never knew, poor gentleman

After the Restoration he again basked in royal favour, and engaged the services of some highly accomplished actors Killigrew and he had licenses for theatres in 1661, and were both formally empowered to employ women actors for women's parts-heretofore a sporadic occurrence. But Southey, not without some reason, says 'His last work was his worst it was an alteration of the Tempest, executed in conjunction with Dryden, and marvellous indeed is it that two men of such great and indubitable genius should have combined to debase and vulgarise and pollute such a poem as the Tempest' D'Avenant, who continued to write and superintend the performance of plays till his death, 7th April 1668, was buried in Westminster Abbey

The epic poem of Gondibert (1651), which was regarded by D'Avenant's friends and admirers—Cowley and Waller being of the number—as a great and durable monument of genius, has retained a certain interest which the author's dramas have entirely lost. The scene is laid in Lombardy, but names like Oswald and Hurgonill, Astragon and Paradine, show that no attempt is made to ensure local colour or historic vraisemblance. The critics were from the very first strangely at variance as to its merits, doubtless because the poem, though not without a certain solidity of

composition, and though it has really fine passages here and there, is on the whole obscure and dull, and in its longer parts indeed almost unreadable The prodigious length of the thing (6000 lines) repels, and its long four-lined stanza with alternate rhymes, borrowed from Sir John Davies and copied by Dryden in his Annus Mirabilis, requires a lighter hand than D'Avenant's The poet prefixed a long and elaborate prose preface to his poem, which may be considered the precursor of Dryden's admirable critical introductions to his It is addressed 'to his much honour'd friend Mr Hobs,' and drew from the Malmesbury philosopher a disquisition on æsthetics by way of reply, also prefixed to the poem D'Avenant's worship of Shakespeare continued unabated to the last, but in later years he modelled himself upon the French tragedians Dryden in his preface to his and D'Avenant's version of the Tempest declares that he did not set any value on what he had written in that play, but cherished it out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William D'Avenant, who, he adds, 'did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it. It was originally Shakespeare's-a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire' So was veneration for Shakespeare understood in the brave days of Glorious John, of Shadwell, and of Nahum Tate! Most of the miscellaneous work of D'Avenant, once prized so highly, is now not merely unread but contemned, and he is by some modern critics unfeelingly ranked amongst the poetasters

To the Queen,

Entertained at night by the Counters of Anglesey Faire as unshaded light, or as the day In its first birth, when all the year was May, Sweet as the altars smoak, or as the new Unfolded bud, swel'd by the early dew, Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd, Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard, Kind as the willing saints, and calmer farre Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are You that are more than our discreeter feare Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here? Here, where the summer is so little seen, That leaves, (her cheapest wealth,) scarce reach at green. You come, as if the silver planet were Misled a while from her much injur'd sphere, And, t' case the travels of her beames to night, In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Song

The lark now leaves his watry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings. He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eies!

The merchant bowes unto the seamans star,

The ploughman from the sun his season takes,
But still the lover wonders what they are

Who look for day before his mistress wakes

Awake, awake, break through your vailes of lawne! Then draw your curtains and begin the dawne

The Virgin Birtha-from 'Gondibert'

To Astragon, Heav'n for succession gave
One only pledge, and Birtha was her name,
Whose mother slept where flowers grow on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam,
And her mindes beauty they would rather chuse,
Which did the light in beautie's lanthorn seem



SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT

From an Engraving by Fatthorne after a Portrait by Greenhill in the British Museum

She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart, Her nets the most prepar'd could never shun, For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art

She never had in busic cities bin,

Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor e'er allay'd with fears,

Not seeing punishment could guess no sin,

And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the houres,
In spring she gathered blossoms for the still,
In autumn, berries, and in summer, flowers

And as kinde Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free vertue silently imploys,
Whilst she unheard does rip'ning growth dispence,
So were her vertues busie without noise

Whilst her great mistris, Nature, thus she tends,
The busic household waites no less on her,
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly minde to that prefer

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
With morning looks, and they, when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers when evening shuts her eyes

Beneath a mirtle covert she does spend
In maids weak wishes her whole stock of thought,
Fond maids! who love with mindes fine stuff would mend,
Which Nature purposely of bodys wrought.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels' kinde, Such as in holy story were imploy'd To the first fathers from th' Eternal Minde, And in short vision only are injoy'd

As eagles then when nearest heav n they fly,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow,
Feeling their bodies finde no rest so high,
And therefore peerch on earthly things below,

So now she yields, him she an angel deem'd Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear, Yet the most harmless to a maid he seemed, That ever yet that fatal name did bear

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart
Affection turns to faith, and then love's fire
To heaven, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire

If I do love (said she), that love, O Heav'n' Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me, Why should I hide the passion you have given, Or blush to shew effects which you decree?

And you, my alter'd mother, grown above
Great Nature, which you read and reverenc'd here,
Clude not such kindness as you once called love,
When you as mortal as my father were.

This said, her soul into her breast retires!

With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,

And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams

In 'A Journey into Worcestershire' in wet weather, on horseback, and along with Endymion Porter and others, he thus refers to London annoyances, including inconsiderate tailors' bills

And I whom some odd hum'rous planets bid
To register the doughty acts they did,
Took horse, leaving i' th' town ill plays, sowre wines,
Fierce serjeants, and the plague, besides of mine
An Ethnick taylor too, that was far worse
Than these or what just Heaven did ever curse

D'Avenant's poem on *Madagascar* is probably as little explored as the most inaccessible part of the island-home of aye-ayes and traveller's trees. It provides neither amusement nor instruction, being a sort of vision, addressed to Prince Rupert, fore-shadowing his fitness to be made governor of an English colony in Madagascar—a project seriously recommended to King Charles I in 1636

The last verse of a nautical poem on Winter Storms (of which the first verses begin 'Blow, blow,' and 'Port, port') is as follows

Aloof, aloof! Hey, how those carracks and ships
Fall foul and are tumbled and driven like chips!

Our boatsen, alass, a silly weak grisle,

For fear to catch cold

Lies down in the hould

We all hear his sighs, but few hear his whistle.

D Avenant's Dramatic Works have been edited by Maidment and Logan (5 vols. 1872-75). The old standard edition of the Works is the folio of 1673 Aubrey is the main authority for the Life.

Sir John Suckling (1609-42) possessed such a natural liveliness of fancy and exiberance of animal spirits that he often broke through the artificial restraints imposed by the literary taste of his times, but he never rose into the poetry of strong passion. He is a delightful writer of what have been called 'occasional poems'. His polished wit, playful fancy, and knowledge of life and society enabled him to give interest to trifles and to clothe familiar thoughts in the garb of poetry. His own life seems to have been one summer day, like the voyager on Gray's gilded vessel—

Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm-

he dreamed of enjoyment, not of fame His father, Sir John Suckling (1569-1627), was Secretary of State and comptroller of the household to James I and Charles I The year before his death the son, who was born at Whitton, in Twickenham parish, had passed from Trinity College, Cambridge, to Gray's Inn, emancipated from all restraint, and with an immense fortune, he set off in 1628 on his travels to France and Italy Knighted in 1630, he next year joined an auxiliary army of 6000 raised in England, and commanded by the Marquis of Hamilton, to act under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany He served in several sieges and battles, and on his return in 1632 became celebrated for his wit, gallantry, and munificence at the court of Charles I He was also considered the best bowler and card-player in England (cribbage was his invention), and his sisters, it is said, distressed and alarmed at his passion for gambling, 'came one day to the Peccadillo bowling-green, crying for the fear he should lose all their portions' Fortune, however, would not seem to have yet deserted the poet, for when, in 1639, Charles I took up arms against the Scots, Suckling presented the king with a hundred horsemen, richly equipped and maintained at his own expense, at a cost, it is said, of £12,000 This gaudy regiment formed part of the cavalry commanded by Lord Holland, but no sooner had they come within sight of the Scots encampment on Duns Law than they turned and fled. Suckling was no worse than the rest, but he was made the subject of numerous lampoons and A rival wit and poet, Sir John Mennes (1599–1671), who was successively a military and naval commander, and author of several pieces in the Musarum Deliciæ (1656), indited a ballad on the retreat, which is worth reprinting here as a lively political ditty of the period

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,

To Scotland for to ride a,

With a hundred horse more, all his own, he swore,

To guard him on every side a.

No errant knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book
He'd have conquered a whole armado

The ladies ran all to the windows to see So gallant and warlike a sight a, And as he passed by, they began to cry 'Sir John, why will you go fight a?'

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on,
His heart would not relent a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop a,
The Borderers they, as they met him on the way,
I or joy did hollo and whoop a.

None liked him so well as his own colonell, Who took him for John de Weart a, But when there were shows of gunning and blows, My gallant was nothing so pert a.

For when the Scots army came within sight, And all prepared to fight a, He ran to his tent, they asked what he meant, He swore he could not go right a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,

To quarter him in the van a,

But Sir John did swear he would not come there,

To be killed the very first man a.

But now there is peace, he's returned to increase
His money, which lately he spent a,
But his honour lost must lie still in the dust,
At Berwick away it went a.

Suckling continued steadfast to the royal cause, even when it seemed desperate. He joined in a scheme to promote the escape of Strafford from the Tower, but the plot being detected, he fled in May 1641 to France, and died shortly afterwards. A hideous story is told of his death. Having robbed him, his valet is said to have put an open razor—one account says a penknife, another a nail—in his master's boot, which divided an artery, and fever and death ensued. Aubrey, however, states that Suckling took poison at Paris, and family tradition confirms the statement—a sufficiently sad close to the life of the cavalier-poet.

Suckling's works consist of miscellaneous poems, four plays—possessing no vivid dramatic interest— a short prose treatise on *Religion by Reason*, and a small collection of letters written in a studied artificial style. His poems are all short, and the best of them are dedicated to love and gallantry. He writes with an irregularity which is absolutely extraordinary. In his *Fragmenta Aurea* will be found, side by side, some of the prettiest and some of the feeblest lyrics of the age.

to have had no self-criticism and no criterion of style. His ambitious compositions are clumsy and confused, and it is only by a few singularly brilliant songs and bursts of genuine feeling that he is able to justify the prominence which his name continues to hold. Among these happy lyrics a leading place must be given to his Ballad upon a Wedding, which is inimitable for its witty levity and artful simplicity of expression. It has touches of graphic description and sprightliness hardly surpassed by earlier or later rivals.

Song

Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(I'me strangely spent I) a year and more,
And still I did my part

Made my approaches, from her hand Unto her lip did rise, And did already understand The language of her eyes,

Proceeded on with no less art—
My tongue was engineer,
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear

When this did nothing, I brought down Great cannon oaths, and shot A thousand thousand to the town, And still it yielded not

I then resolved to starve the place, By cutting off all kisses, Praising and gazing on her face, And all such little blisses

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in,
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy informed, Honour was there,
And did command in chief

'March, march,' quoth I, 'the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her,
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever

'To such a place our camp remove As will no siege abide, I hate a fool that starves for love, Only to feed her pride.'

A Ballad upon a Wedding

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been, Where I the rarest things have seen, Oh, things without compare! Such sights again cannot be found In any place on English ground, Be it at wake or fair

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs,
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pestilent fine—
His beard no bigger, though, than mine—
Walked on before the rest
Our landlord looks like nothing to him
The king, God bless him' 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.



SIR JOHN SUCKI ING
From the Portrait by Theodore Russel after Vandyke in the
National Portrait Gallery

At Course a park, without all doubt, He should have first been taken out By all the maids o' the town Though lusty Roger there had been, Or little George upon the green, Or Vincent of the Crown

But wot you what? the youth was going To make an end of all his wooing,

The parson for him staid

Yet by his leave, for all his haste,

He did not so much wish all past,

Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale, For such a maid no Whitsun ale Could ever yet produce
No grape that's kindly ripe could be So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring Would not stay on which they did bring, It was too wide a peck And, to say truth—for out it must— It looked like the great collar, just, About our young colt's neck

Her feet beneath her petiticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon in Easter day
Is half so fine a sight

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
Who sees them is undone,
For streaks of red were mingled there
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her hips were red, and one was thin, Compared to that was next her chin, Some bee had stung it newly, But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face, I durst no more upon them gaze, Than on the sun in July

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,

Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break.

That they might passage get

But she so handled still the matter,

They came as good as ours, or better,

And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me' how I run on'
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick,
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance,
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside To counsel and undress the bride But that he must not know But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind, And did not mean to stay behind Above an hour or so

The wedding thus immortalised was that in 1641 of Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, with Lord Broghill, after wards Earl of Orrery Herrick, who had no occasion to steal, took the happy simile of the eighth verse, and spoiled it in the theft

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep A little out

Wycherley also purloined Hernick's simile for one of his plays. The allusion to Easter-day is founded upon an old saying of English country folk that the sun dances on Easter morning. The 'Dick of this poem is Richard Lovelace.

Constancy

Out upon it, I have loved

Three whole days together,

And am like to love three more,

If it prove fair weather

Fime shall moult away his wings, Ere he shall discover In the whole wide world again Such a constant lover

But the spite on 't is, no praise.

Is due at all to me,

I ove with me had made no stays,

Had it any been but she

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place

Song

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie,

To find it were in vain,

For th' hast a thief in either cyc

Would steal it back again

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?

O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out,
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt

Then farewell care, and farewell woe, I will no longer pine, For I'll believe I have her heart As much as she hath mine

Song

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithec, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her,
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her
The devil take her

The Rev Alfred Suckling published Selections, with a Life (1836), reproduced by W C. Hazlitt (1874 new'ed 1893) a Memoir is also prefixed to F A Stokes's edition (New York, 1885).

Shackerley Marmion (1603-39), minor dramatist, was born at his father's manor of Aynho in Northamptonshire, studied at Wadham College, Oxford, squandered his fortune, and fought in the Low Countries. He left behind an epic, Cupid and Psyche, and three comedies, Holland's Leaguer, A Fine Companion, and The Intiquary. He may be accounted 'of the tribe of Ben,' and was a scholar of some accomplishment but next to no dramatic power. His plays, in flowing blank verse, were popular, and are not without vigour and satirical point. They have been repeatedly reprinted, as by Maidment in 1875.

Jasper Mayne (1604-72), a clergyman, wrote two 'plays' which illustrated city manners in the time of Charles I The first of these, The City Match (1639), is easy and funny, but none too moral for the work of a clerk in holy orders, the second, entitled The Amorous War (1648), is a farcical tragi-comedy, and, like its predecessor, is spiced with improprieties. One lyric in it deserves to be better known Mayne was born at:Hatherleigh, Devon, from Westminster proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1639 became vicar of Cassington, and in 1648 of Pyrton, and at the Restoration was appointed Archdeacon of Chiches-He has even been compared to Dean Swift, though little remains to justify the comparison Besides his plays, he wrote occasional poems and translated Lucian's Dialogues The Puritans found no favour with this splenetic humorist, who thus makes capital of a Puritanical waiting-maid

Aurelia Oh, Mr Bannswright, are you come? My woman

Was in her preaching fit, she only wanted A table's end

Bannswright Why, what's the matter?
1ur

Never

Poor lady had such unbred holiness
About her person, I aim never drest
Without a sermon, but am forced to prove
The lawfulness of curling irons before
She'll crisp me in a morning I must shew
Texts for the fashions of my gowns She'll ask
Where jewels are commanded? Or what lady
I' the primitive times wore ropes of pearl or rubies?
She will urge councils for her little ruff,
Called in Northamptonshire, and her whole service
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.

Ban Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been, Ifowever she be otherwise, when she had A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady A serviceable sinner

Aur She can't preserve
The gift for which I took her; but as though

She were inspired from Ipswich, she will make The Acts and Monuments in sweetmeats, quinces, Arraigned and burned at a stake, all my banquets Are persecutions, Diocletian's days

Are brought for entertainment, and we eat martyrs.

Ban Madam, she is far gone

Aur Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too

Ban Indeed!

Aur She works religious petticoats, for flowers She'll make church histories. Her needle doth So sanctify my cushionets! Besides, My smock sleeves have such holy embroideries, And are so learned that I fear, in time, All my apparel will be quoted by Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went To see a lady that has a parrot, my woman, While I was in discourse, converted the fowl, And now it can speak nought but Knox's works, So there's a parrot lost

Ban Faith, madam, she Was earnest to come to you Had I known Her mistress had so bred her, I would first Have preferred her to New England

Dorcas Surely, sir, You promised me, when you did take my money, To help me to a faithful service, a lady That would be saved, not one that loves profane, Unsanctified fashions

Aur Fly my sight,
You goody Hofman, and keep your chamber, till
You can provide yourself some cure, or I
Will forthwith excommunicate your zeal,
And make you a silent waiting woman.

Ban. Mistress Dorcas,

If you'll be usher to that holy, learned woman That can heal broken shins, scald heads and th' itch, Your schoolmistress, that can expound, and teaches To knit in Chaldee, and work Hebrew samplers, I'll help you back again

Dor The motion, sure, is good, And I will ponder of it [Exit Dorcas

Aur From thy zeal,
The frantic ladies' judgments, and Histriomastix,
Deliver me! This was of your preferring,
You must needs help me to another

Ban How Would you desire her qualified? deformed And crooked? like some ladies who do wear Their women like black patches, to set them off?

Aur I need no foil, not shall I think I'm white Only between two Moors, or that my nose Stands wrong, because my woman's doth stand right

Ban But you would have her secret, able to keep Strange sights from th' knowledge of your knight, when you

Are married, madam, of a quick feigning head?

Aur You wrong me, Bannswright she whom I would have

Must to her handsome shape have virtue too

Ban Well, madam, I shall fit you. I do know
A choleric lady which, within these three weeks,
Has, for not cutting her corns well, put off
Three women, and is now about to part
With the fourth—just one of your description
Next change o' th' moon or weather, when her feet
Do ache again, I do believe I shall

Pleasure your ladyship

Aur Expect your reward [Exit BANNSWRIGHT]

Northamptonshire was at this time a Puritan region. From Ipswich Prynne wrote (and named) one of his violent pamphlets. Preferred or promoted to New England, banished to the planta tions. Goody Hofman was a character in a forgotten play For Histriomastix, see under Prynne at page 584.

Thomas Killigrew (1612-83), son of a knight and courtier of Cornish family, was born in London, and served as page in the household of Charles I Afterwards a dissolute companion of Charles II in exile and his groom of the bedchamber after the Restoration, he in 1660 received a patent along with D'Avenant to erect two new theatres and raise two new companies of actors, and finally superseded his rivals as Master of the Revels patent secured for him the right-new in England -to give the female parts to women The plays include tragedies, tragi-comedies, and comedies, some of them apparently not intended for the stage. They were all printed in folio in 1664. The Parson's Wedding, reprinted by Dodsley, is outrageously coarse, and tedious as well, though not without jokes, some of which Congreve copied or imitated A study of the plays seems to justify one part of Denham's criticism

Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ, Combined in one they'd made a matchless wit,

yet his credit as a wit was high, in spite of Denham and his own plays—His son, Thomas killigrew the younger (1657-1719), was groom of the chamber to the Prince of Wales (George II) when he published the trifling but amusing comedy Chat —The elder Killigrew's brother, Sir William Killigrew (1606-95), fought in the Civil War, and wrote a comedy, Pandora, and three tragicomedies, Selindra, Ormasdes, and The Siege of Urbin

William Cartwright (1611-43) was admitted to the inner circle of Ben Jonson, who said of him, 'My son Cartwright writes all like a man' His contemporaries loved him living, and deplored his early death Born at Northway, near Tewkesbury, he was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester who had squandered away a patrimonial estate In 1635, after completing his education at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, Cartwright took holy orders, and as a zealous royalist he was imprisoned by the Parliamentary forces when they arrived in Oxford in 1642 In 1643, when he was chosen junior proctor of the university, and was also reader in metaphysics, he was said to have studied sixteen hours a day Stricken with the malignant fever or 'camp-disease' prevalent at Oxford, he died November 23, 1643 king, who was then at Oxford, went into mourning for his death, and when his works were published in 1651, no less than fifty-six copies of encomiastic verses were prefixed to them by the wits and scholars of the time, including Dr Fell (who was not always so amiable!), Vaughan

the Silurist, and Izaak Walton It is difficult to conceive, after reading Cartwright's works, why he should have obtained such extraordinary applause and reputation His pieces arc mostly short occasional poems, panegyrics of the king and royal family, addresses to ladies, noblemen, and his brother-poets Fletcher and Jonson, or slight amatory effusions not distinguished for elegance or fancy, though their conceits entitle him to a conspicuous place in the 'fantastic school' His youthful virtues, his learning and loyalty, his singularly handsome person and winning manners, seem to have mainly contributed to his popularity, and his premature death would renew and deepen the impression of his gifts and graces He is reported by Anthony Wood 'the most florid and seraphic preacher in the university' Cartwright was only twenty-six when Ben Jonson died, and the compliment quoted above proves that he had then been busy with his pen He mourned the loss of his poetical father in one of his best poems, thus commending Jonson's dramatic powers

But thou still puts true passion on, dost write With the same courage that tried captains fight, Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things, Low without creeping, high without loss of wings, Smooth yet not weak, and, by a thorough care, Big without swelling, without painting, fair

His three 'tragi-comedies,' The Royal Slave, The Lady-Errant, and The Stege, are rhetorical and artificial, his comedy, more comic than really humorous, is an imitation of Jonson's manner, and handles the Puritans roughly The title of The Lady-Errant itself suggests a dream of the new woman, and still more the opening speech

And if you see not women plead and judge, Raise and depress, reward and punish, carry Things how they please, and turn the politique door Upon new hinges very shortly, never Believe the oracle.

But the story resolves itself into a fantastic rebellion of the princesses and ladies of Cyprus when their lords are at the wars in Crete, to be carried out by lances, falchions, javelins and helmets, armour, and ordinary military methods, till the scheme is thwarted by the triumph of true love In spite of the unanimous agreement of the ladies-

> Our souls are male as theirs. That we have hitherto forborn t' assume And manage thrones, that hitherto we have not Challenged a sovereignty in arts and arms, and writ ourselves imperial, hath been Men's tyranny and our modesty

and in spite of eloquent adjurations-

Let us i' th' name of honour rise unto The pitch of our creation-

they prove mere weak, loving women, and cheerfully return to subjection again

'Lesbia's lament over her dead Sparrow, which picked crumbs, fed from its mistress's trencher or lip, and said "Philip," shows that Cartwright knew, or at least knew of, Skelton's Phylyp Sparowe (page 115) And his address or ode to Sir Francis Kynaston, 'upon the translation of Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide,' has its own interest

Tis to your happy cares we owe that we Read Chaucer now without a dictionary

He that hitherto

Was dumb to strangers and his own country too, Speaks plainly now to all

Parthema and Argalus shows that the Arcadia was still a source of inspiration

To a Lady Veiled

So Love appeared, when, breaking out his way From the dark chaos, he first shed the day, Newly awaked out of the bud, so shews The half seen, half hid glory of the rose, As you do through your vails, and I may swear, Viewing you so, that beauty doth bide there So Truth lay under fables, that the eye Might reverence the mystery, not descry, Light being so proportioned, that no more Was seen, but what might cause 'em to adore Thus is your dress so ordered, so contrived, As 'tis but only poetry revived Such doubtful light had sacred groves, where rods And twigs at last did shoot up into gods, Where, then, a shade darkeneth the beauteous face, May not I pay a reverence to the place? So under water glimmering stars appear, As those—but nearer stars—your cycs do here, So deities darkened sit, that we may find A better way to see them in our mind No bold Ixion, then, be here allowed, Where Juno dares herself be in the cloud Methinks the first age comes again, and we Sec a retrieval of simplicity Thus looks the country virgin, whose brown hue Hoods her, and makes her shew even veiled as you. Blest mean, that checks our hope, and spurs our fear, Whiles all doth not lie hid, nor all appear ! O fear ye no assaults from bolder men, When they assail, be this your armour then A silken helmet may defend those parts Where softer kisses are the only darts!

A Valediction

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers Do make or cherish flowers, Where discontented things in sadness lie, And Nature grieves as I, When I am parted from those eyes From which my better day doth rise, Though some propitious power Should plant me in a bower, Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see How showers and sunbeams bring One everlasting spring, Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me Nature herself to him is lost,

Who loseth her he honours most Then, fairest, to my parting view display

Your graces all in one full day, Whose blessed shapes I'll snotch and keep, till when

I do return and view again So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross, And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

John Cleveland (1613-58), the cavalier poet, was equally conspicuous for political loyalty and His father poetical extravagance in conceits was usher of a charity school at Loughborough, Leicestershire, and vicar from 1621 of Hinckley After four years (1627-31) at Christ's College, Cambridge, Cleveland was elected a fellow of St John's, and lived nine years 'the delight and ornament of the society' He strenuously opposed Cromwell's election for Cambridge to the Long Parliament, and was for his loyalty ejected from his fellowship in 1645 He betook himself to the king's army, and was appointed Judge-Advocate at Newark, he was deprived of that office in 1646, and next year vented his indignation at the surrender of the king in a fierce and famous satire on the Scots, part of which runs

A land where one may pray with cursed intent, O may they never suffer banishment ' Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom, Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home. Like Jews they spread and as infection fly, As if the devil had ubiquity, Hence 'tis they live as rovers and defie This or that place, rags of geography, They 'r citizens o' th' world, they 'r all in all, Scotland's a nation epidemical And yet they ramble not to learn the mode How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad, No, the Scots errant fight, and fight to eat, Their ostrich stomachs make their swords their ment, Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt, Who use to string their teeth upon their belt

Lord t what a godly thing is want of shirts ! How a Scotch stomach and no meat converts! They wanted food and rayment, so they took Religion for their seamstress and their cook. Unmask them well, their honours and estate, As well as conscience, are sophisticate Shrive but their title and their moneys poize, A laird and twenty pence pronounc'd with noise, When constru'd but for a plain yeoman go, And a good sober two pence, and well so Hence then you proud impostors, get you gone, You Picts in gentry and devotion You scandal to the stock of verse, a race Able to bring the gibbet in disgrace. Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce The ostracism, and sham'd it out of use The Indian that heaven did forswear, Because he heard some Spaniards were there, Had he but known what Scots in hell had been, He would Erasmus like have hung between My muse hath done. A voyder for the nonce, I wrong the devil should I pick their bones, That dish is his, for when the Scots decease Hell like their nation, feeds on bernacles A Scot when from the gallow tree got loose Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland goose. The voider was a servant who carried out the remains of a feast

In 1655 Cleveland was seized at Norwich and put in prison. He petitioned the Protector, declaring his belief that, next to his adherence to the royal party, the cause of his confine-

ment was the narrowness of his estate, for none stood committed whose estate could bail them 'I am the only prisoner,' he says, 'who have no acres to be my hostage,' and he ingeniously argues that poverty, if it is a fault, is its own punishment. Cromwell released the poor poet, who died three years afterwards in London. Independently of his strong and biting satires, which were the cause of his popularity while living, Cleveland wrote some love-verses containing genuine poetry, amidst a mass of affected metaphors and fancies. He carried this gallantry to an extent bordering on the ludicrous, making all nature—sun and shade—do homage to his mistress, as is well shown in these verses

On Phillis Walking before Sun-rising in a Morning.

The sluggish morn as yet undrest, My Phillis brake from out her eest, As if she'd made a match to run With Venus, usher to the sun. The trees, like yeomen of the guard (Serving more for pomp than ward) Rank'd on each side with loyal duty, Weav'd branches to inclose her beauty The plants, whose luxury was lopp'd, Or age with crutches underpropp'd (Whose wooden carkases are grown To be but coffins of their own) Revive, and at her general dole, Each receives his ancient soul The winged choristers began To chirp their matins, and the fan Of whistling winds, like organs play'd Unto their voluntaries made The wakened earth in odors rise To be her morning sacrifice The flowers, call'd out of their beds, Start and raise up their drowsie heads, And he that for their colour seeks, May find it vaulting in her cheeks, Where roses mix, no civil war Divides her York and Lancaster The marygold (whose courtier's face Echoes the sun, and doth unlace Her at his rise, at his full stop Packs and shuts up her gawdy shop) Mistakes her cue, and doth display Thus Phillis antedates the day

These miracles had cramp'd the sun,
Who, fearing that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizled locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice windows, give the spye
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good night in him
Till she should spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new fashion'd day

But what new fashioned palsie's this, Which makes the boughs divest their bliss, And that they might her footsteps straw, Drop their leaves with shivering awe? Phillis perceiv'd, and (lest her stay Should wed October unto May, And as her beauty caus'd a spring, Devotion might an autumn bring) Withdrew her beams, yet made no night, But left the sun her curate light.

In an Elegy on the Archbishop of Canterbury (Laud), Cleveland has some vigorous lines

How could success such vallames applaud? The State in Strafford fell, the Church in Laud. The twins of public rage adjudg'd to dyc. For treasons they should act by prophecy. The facts were done before the laws were made, The trump turn'd up after the game was play'd. Be dull, great spirits, and forbear to climb, For worth is sin, and eminence a crime. No church man can be innocent and high, 'Tis height makes Grantham steeple stand awry

Richard Lovelace (1618-58), cavalier poet, was born at Woolwich, the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, knight He was educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford, and afterwards Anthony Wood describes presented at court. him at the age of sixteen 'as the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex' Thus personally distinguished, and a royalist in principle, Lovelace was chosen in 1642 by the county of Kent to deliver a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the king might be restored to his rights and the government settled The Long Parliament was then in the ascendant, and Loyclace was thrown into prison for his bold ness, in the Gatehouse at Westminster 'he wrote that celebrated song called "Stone Walls do not a Prison make", He was liberated on £20,000 bail, was abroad 1646-48 in the French service, on his return to England was again imprisoned, and at his release towards the close of 1649 had 'con sumed his whole patrimony in useless attempts to serve his sovereign' To beguile his second captivity he collected his poems, and published them in 1649, under the title of Lucasta Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. The general title was given them on account of the 'lady of his love,' whom Wood identifies with a Miss Lucy Sacheverell, by Lovelace called Lux Casta This was an unfortunate attachment, for the lidy, hearing that Lovelace had died of a wound it Dunkirk (1646), soon after married another suitor. Lovelace was now penniless, and the reputation of a broken caviller was no passport to better circumstances. It appears that soon, oppressed with want and melincholy, gall int. I ovelace fell into a consumption Wood relates that he became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he were cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, in one of which, a miscrable alley near Shoe Lane, he died in April 1658. Aubrey confirms Wood's statement is to the reverse of fortune. The poetry of Lovelace, like his life, was very unequal. There is a spirit and nobleness in the best of his verses that charm the reader, as his gallant bearing and fine person captivated the fair, but in general his poetry is affected, and at times obscure. His conceits were often grotesque and his workmanship extraordinarily careless. Lucasta's fain, Lucasta's muff, the patch on her face, must needs be congratulated on being so near her sacred person, the waters at Tunbridge Wells are blessed because she is there drinking them. His taste was



RICHARD LOVELACE
After an Figuring by Hollar

perverted by the fashion of the day—the affected wit, ridiculous gallantry, and boasted licentiousness of the cavaliers. That Lovelace knew how to appreciate true taste and natural grace may be seen from his lines on Lely's portrait (1647) of Charles I and the Duke of York

See, what a clouded majesty, and eyes
Whose glory through their mist doth brighter rise,
See, what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others show
To this—o' the height of all the wheel—below,
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded bool
May copy out their proudest, richest look

Byron was criticised nearly two centuries afterwards for saving in the Bride of Abydos

The mind, the music breathing from her free, but he vindicated the expression on the broad ground of its truth and appositeness. Byron did

not know—what was pointed out by Sir Egerton Brydges—that Lovelace, in a song of Orpheus lamenting the death of his wife, wrote

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,
You'd drop a tear,
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear

His two best-known songs—'To Lucasta' and 'To Althea'—are also by far the best things he did, but even in the first, as Mr Gosse has noted, he uses a figure of Habington's, and in the same words Habington had in 1634, praising Castara, bestowed his veneration on 'the chaste numbery of her breasts'

Song

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility

Have I not loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found,
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unploughed up ground

Then, if when I have loved my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she,
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety

The Rose

Sweet, serene, sky like flower, Haste to adorn her bower From thy long cloudy bed Shoot forth thy damask head

Vermilion ball that's given From lip to lip in heaven, Love's couch's coverlid, Haste, haste to make her bed

See! rosy is her bower, Her floor is all thy flower, Her bed a rosy nest, By a bed of roses prest

Song

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee let it fly
Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher, the wind,

Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray,
But shake your head, and scatter day!

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the numery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more

To Althea, from Prison.

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates,
When I lie tangled in her hur,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty

When flowing cups run swifty round With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames,
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king,
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty

A collection of Lovelace's *Posthume Poems* was published by a brother in 1659, the best edition of his complete works is that by Mr W C Hazlitt (1864)

Sir John Denham (1615-69) was born in Dublin, the only son of the Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland He was educated in London and at Trinity College, Oxford, where Anthony Wood tells us he was 'a slow dreaming young man, and more addicted to gaming than study'-a vice from which his own essay against play did not wean him. In 1634 he married a Gloucestershire heiress with five hundred a year, and went to live with his father at Egham, an estate to which he succeeded four years later. At the outbreak of the great rebellion he was high-sheriff of Surrey, and was made governor of Farnham Castle for the king, on its capture he fell into Waller's hands, and was sent prisoner to London, but soon permitted to retire to Oxford Charles I had been delivered into the hands of the army, his secret correspondence was partly carried on by Denham, who was furnished with nine several ciphers for the purpose had a respect for literature as well as the arts; and Milton records of him that he made Shakespeare's plays the closet-companion of his soli-It would appear, however, that he wished to keep poetry apart from State affairs, for he told Denham, on seeing one of his pieces, 'that when men are young, and have little else to do, they may vent the overflowings of their fancy in that way, but when they are thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it looked as if they minded not the way to any better' In 1648 Denham helped to convey the Duke of York to Holland, and thereafter lived some time in that country and in France, in 1650 with Lord Crofts he collected £10,000 for Charles II from Scots in Poland, and he several times visited England on secret service. The Restoration revived his fallen dignity and fortunes He was made surveyor-general of works and a Knight of the Bath He was a better poet than architect, but he had Christopher Wren for his deputy In 1665 he took for his second wife a young girl, who soon showed such open favour to the Duke of York that the poor poet for a few months went mad his recovery Lady Denham died suddenly (6th January 1667)—of a poisoned cup of chocolate, said scandal His last years were rendered miserable betwixt poverty and the satires of Butler, Marvell, and others He was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey

Cooper's Hill, the poem by which Denham is now best known, was first published in 1642, but did not receive its final form until thirteen years afterwards. It consists of between three and four hundred lines, written in the heroic couplet. Denham's muse was more reflective than descriptive. The descriptions are interspersed with sentimental digressions, suggested by the objects around—the river Thames, a ruined abbey, Windsor Forest, and the field of Runnymede. Dr Johnson gave Denham the praise of being 'the

author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.' Ben Jonson's fine poem on Penshurst may dispute the palm of originality on this point with Cooper's Hill, but Jonson did not write with so great 'correctness' or such elaborate point as Denham The versification is smooth and flowing, but Denham had no pretensions to the genius of Cowley, or to the depth and delicacy of feeling possessed by the dramatists or poets of the Elizabethan period He reasoned fluently in verse, without glaring faults of style, and hence obtained from Johnson approbation far above his 'That Sir John Denham began a reformation in our verse,' says Southey in his Life of Cowper, 'is one of the most groundless assertions that ever obtained belief in literature. More thought and more skill had been exercised before his time in the construction of English metre than he ever bestowed on the subject, and by men of far greater attainments and far higher powers improve, indeed, either upon the versification or the diction of our great writers was impossible, it was impossible to exceed them in the knowledge or in the practice of their art, but it was easy to avoid the more obvious faults of inferior authors and in this way he succeeded, just so far as not to be included in

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,

nor consigned to oblivion with the "persons of quality" who contributed their vapid effusions to the miscellanies of those days. His proper place is among those of his contemporaries and successors who call themselves wits, and have since been entitled poets by the courtesy of England' Denham, nevertheless, deserves a place in English literature, though not that high one which used to be assigned to him The traveller who crosses the Alps or Pyrences finds pleasure in the contrast afforded by level plains and calm streams, and so Denham's correctness pleases, after the damng imagination and irregular harmony of the greater masters of the lyre who preceded him In reading him we feel that we have passed into another scene -romance is over, and we must be content with smoothness, regularity, and order

The Thames-from 'Cooper's Hill,'

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays,
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sca,
Like mortal life to meet eternity
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,

O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing, And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring, Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay, Like mothers which their infants overlay, Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave, Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave No unexpected inundations spoil The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil, But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows, First loves to do, then loves the good he does Nor are his blessings to his banks confined, But free and common, as the sea or wind When he to boast or to disperse his stores, I'ull of the tributes of his grateful shores, Visits the world, and in his flying towers Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours



SIR JOHN DENHAM

From an Engraving by Legoux after a Picture in the Collection
of the Earl of Chesterfield

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants, Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants,
So that to us no thing, no place is strange
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full

But his proud head the airy mountain hides

Among the clouds, his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes, his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forchead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream cimbraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears

This scene had some bold Greek or British bard Beheld of old, what stories had we heard Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames, Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames t 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape All but a quick poetic sight escape

The Reformation-Monks and Puritans

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise, But my fixed thoughts my wandering eye betrays. Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late A chapel crowned, till in the common fate Th' adjoining abbey fell May no such storm Fall on our times, where ruin must reform! Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence, What crime could any Christian king incense To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust? Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? Imore: Were these their crimes? They were his own much But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor, Who having spent the treasures of his crown, Condemns their luxury to feed his own. And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name. No crime so bold but would be understood A real or at least a seeming good Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name, And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame. Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils But princes' swords are sharper than their styles. And thus to th' ages past he makes amends, Their charity destroys, their faith defends. Then did religion in a lazy cell, In empty, airy contemplation dwell, And like the block unmoved lay, but ours, As much too active, like the stork devours Is there no temperate region can be known, Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone? Could we not wake from that lethargic dream, But to be restless in a worse extreme? And for that lethargy was there no cure, But to be cast into a calenture? Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance So far, to make us wish for ignorance, And rather in the dark to grope our way, Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?

Denham had sound and decided views as to the duty of a translator 'It is not his business alone,' he says, 'to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy, and poesy is so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new spirit be not added in the translation, there will remain nothing but a caput mortuum, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words' Hence he says in his poetical address to Sir Richard Fanshawe on his translation of Il Pastor Fido

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line
Those are the laboured births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue, To make translations and translators too They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame, True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

Denham wrote a tragedy, The Sophy (1642-67), on a plot of Oriental jealousy, treachery, torture, and murder, based, like other plays of the time, on the Travels of Sir Thomas Herbert (see page 601), the sophy being the Shah of Persia. It was extremely popular, and in Ward's opinion deserves to rank as one of the best tragedies of the time. The story is pathetic, as might be expected from Denham, the verse is far above the average of playwrights' rhymes, and there are many pointed and felicitous lines and couplets, as when the envious king asks his counsellor Haly

Have not I performed actions
As great, and with as great a moderation?
The courtier and friend replies

Ay, sir, but that's forgotten Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year

—an experience which we know was nowise exceptional amongst cavaliers in the days of Charles II

Oh happiness of sweet content
To be at once secure and innocent—

is a stock quotation from Denham, so is

Love! in what poison is thy dart Dipped when it makes a bleeding heart! None know but they who feel the smart

In the following bit of Denham's elegy on the death of Cowley, the poet by an odd oversight ignores the fact that Shakespeare was buried on the banks of his native Avon, not in Westminster Abbey, and that both he and Fletcher died long ere time had 'blasted their bays'

On Mr Abraham Cowley

Old Chaucer, like the morning star, To us discovers day from far His light those mists and clouds dissolved Which our dark nation long involved, But he descending to the shades, Darkness again the age invades, Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose, Whose purple blush the day foreshews, The other three with his own fires Phæbus, the poet's god, inspires By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines, Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines. These poets near our princes sleep, And in one grave their mansion keep They lived to see so many days, Till time had blasted all their bays, But cursed be the fatal hour That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower That in the Muses' garden grew, And amongst withcred laurels threw Time, which made them their fame outlive, To Cowley scarce did ripeness give Old mother-wit and nature gave Shake peare and Fletcher all they have

In Spenser and in Jonson art Of slower nature got the start, But both in him so equal are, None knows which bears the happiest share To him no author was unknown, Yet what he wrote was all his own, He melted not the ancient gold, Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold To plunder all the Roman stores Of poets and of orators Horace his wit and Virgil's state He did not steal, but emulate, And when he would like them appear, Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear He not from Rome alone, but Greece, Like Jason brought the golden fleece, To him that language—though to none Of th' others—as his own was known On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings, The Theban swan extends his wings. When through th' ethereal clouds he flies To the same pitch our swan doth rise, Old Pindar's heights by him are reached, When on that gale his wings are stretched, His fancy and his judgment such, Each to th' other seemed too much, His severe judgment giving law, His modest fancy, kept in awe

The following song is sung with music to the prince when he is awaiting death, having been poisoned by the minister of his unnaturally jealous (and too late repentant) father

Song to Morpheus

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells In cottages and smoky cells, Hates gilded roofs and beds of down, And, though he fears no prince's frown, Flies from the circle of a crown

Come, I say, thou powerful god, And thy leaden charming rod, Dipt in the Lethean lake, O'er his wakeful temples shake, Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas, why art thou so Obliged to thy greatest foe? Sleep that is thy best repast, Yet of death it bears a taste, And both are the same thing at last

(From Tue Sophy, Act v)

Denham's translation of the Psalms can hardly be pronounced an improvement on earlier renderings. He aims at greater variety of measure, and sometimes employs complicated stanzas. These are the first two verses of his Hundredth Psalm

> Ye nations of the earth rejoice When ye to God yourselves present And make your glad harmonious voice Of his high praise the instrument

He is our God, for man, 'tis sure, Made not himself we are his sheep, His flock with care he does secure In grandest folds and fields does keep

Abraham Cowley

was the most popular English poet of his times Waller stood next in public estimation. Dryden had as yet done nothing to give him a name, and Milton's minor poems had not earned for him a supreme position the same year that witnessed the death of Cowley ushered the Paradise Lost into the world Cowley was born in London in 1618, and was the posthumous son of a respectable stationer in Cheapside, who, dying in the August of that year, left £140 each to his six children and to the unborn infant, the poet. His mother had influence enough to procure admission for him as a king's scholar at Westminster, and in



ABRAHAM COWLEY
From the Portrait by Mrs Mary Beale in the National Portrait
Gallery

1637 he was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where three years afterwards he obtained a minor fellowship Cowley 'lisped in numbers' In 1633, in his fifteenth year, appeared Poetical Blossomes by A C, with a portrait of the young poet prefixed. In his mother's parlour there used to lie a copy of Spenser's Faerie Queene, which infinitely delighted the susceptible boy and helped to make him a poet. The intensity of his youthful ambition may be seen from the first two lines in his Miscellantes

What shall I do to be for ever known, And make the age to come my own?

Cowley was ejected, as a royalist, from Cambridge, and betook himself to Oxford, thence in 1646 he followed Queen Henrietta Maria to France, where he remained ten years. He was sent on various embassies, and conducted the correspondence in cipher of Charles and his queen—a task that took up all his days and two or

three nights every week. At last the Restoration came, with all its hopes and fears England looked for happy days and loyalty for its reward, but for many the cup of joy was dashed with Cowley expected to be made disappointment. master of the Savoy, or to receive some other appointment, but his claims were persistently overlooked.' In his youth he had written an ode to Brutus, which was remembered to his disadvantage, and a comedy, The Cutter of Coleman Street, which Cowley brought out shortly after the Restoration, and in which the riot and jollity of the cavaliers are painted in strong colours, was misrepresented or misconstrued at It is certain that Cowley felt his disappointment keenly, and he resolved to retire He had only just passed his into the country fortieth year, but the greater part of his time had been spent in incessant labour, amidst dangers and suspense. 'He always professed,' says Dr Sprat, his biographer, 'that he went out of the world as it was man's, into the same world as it was nature's and as it was God's The whole compass of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine wisdom, were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts And indeed he entered with great advantage on the studies of nature, even as the first great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philosophers' He thus happily refers to his wish for retirement

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep, In a weak boat trust not the deep Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise, Pity great men, great things despise

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,

Thy fellow poet, Cowley, mark!

Above the clouds let thy proud musick sound,

Thy humble nest build on the ground

Cowley obtained, through Lord St Albans and the Duke of Buckingham, the lease of some lands belonging to the queen, worth about £300 per annum-a decent provision for his retirement, and he settled at Chertsey on the Thames. Here, a man of devout beliefs and pure life, he cultivated his garden and his fields, and wrote of solitude and obscurity, of the perils of greatness, and the happiness of liberty He renewed his acquaintance with the beloved poets of antiquity, whose ease and elegance he sought to rival in praising the charms of a country life, and he composed his fine prose discourses, so full of gentle thoughts and well-digested knowledge, heightened by a delightful bonhomie and communicativeness worthy of Horace or Montaigne. Sprat mentions that Cowley excelled in letterwriting, that he and another friend had a large collection of his letters, but that they had decided that nothing of that kind should be published-a regrettable decision. Coleridge protested against the prudery of Sprat 'in refusing

to let Cowley appear in slippers and dressing-gown' The self-banished courtier was not happy in his retirement. Solitude, that had so long woodd him to her arms, was a phantom that vanished in his embrace He had attained the long-cherished aim of his studious youth and busy manhood, the woods and fields at length enclosed the 'melancholy Cowley' in their shades He had quitted happiness was still distant. the 'monster London,' he had gone out from Sodom, but had not found the little Loar of his The place of his retreat was ill selected, and his health was affected by the change of situation The people of the country, he found, were not a whit better or more innocent than He could get no money from those of the town his tenants, and his meadows were eaten up every Johnson, night by cattle put in by his neighbours who would have preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia and the golden age, published, with a sort of malicious satisfaction, a letter of Cowley's, dated from Chertsey, in which the poet makes a querulous and rueful complaint over the downfall of his rural prospects and enjoyment. One day, in the heat of summer, he had stayed too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, and caught a chill, which, neglected, proved fatal in a fortnight. This is the account of his biographer Sprat, but Pope, in his conversations with Spence, gave this (unauthenticated and unkindly) story 'His death was occasioned by a mean accident, whilst his great friend Dean Sprat was with him on a visit They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of those times, made them too welcome They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off The parish still talk of the drunken dean' Now, as Sprat was not drunken, and was not a dean for sixteen years after this, there must be some confusion, to say the least of it, in this And Pope was not very trustworthy in Cowley died 28th July 1667 such reminiscences His remains were taken by water to Westminster, and interred with great pomp in the Abbey 'The king himself,' says Sprat, 'was pleased to bestow on him the best epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, His Majesty declared that Mr Cowley had not left a better man behind him' By his will he made his brother his heir and executor. and left legacies to relatives and friends amounting to £420, exclusive of his share in the Duke of York's Theatre. The 'little Loar' at Chertsey had not been saddened by any fear of poverty, and Cowley to the last retained his Trinity fellowship

Cowley's poetical works are divided into four parts—Miscellanies, including the Anacreontiques, the Mistress, or Love Verses, Pindarique Odes, and the Davideis, a Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David Verses on Various Occasions and

Essays in Verse and Prose were added in later editions of his works. His fame rapidly decayed after his death. Dryden's judgment was 'Though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer,' and Pope asked

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet, His moral pleases, not his pointed wit Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art, But still I love the language of his heart.

Dr Johnson, rather strangely, says Cowley 'makes no selection of words, nor seeks any neatness of phrase, he has no elegances either lucky or elaborate, and he has few epithets, and these scattered without propriety or nice adaptation'he suffered from a derangement of epitaphs, it Cowper sketched Cowley in his Task, and laments that his 'splendid wit' should have been 'entangled in the cobwebs of the schools' The manners of the court and the age constrained Cowley to display a certain gallantry, but he seems to have had neither strong passions nor deep feelings. He expresses his love in a style almost as fantastic as the euphuism of old Lyly or Sir Piercie Shafton 'Poets,' he says, 'are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love, it has been said that he composed his Mistress as a sort of task-But though there is little apparent fervour in the poems, it may be that they do reflect an actual but hopeless love-passage. There is so much of this 'wit-writing' in Cowley's poetry that the reader is generally glad to escape from it into his prose, where he has good sense and right feeling, instead of cold though glittering conceits, forced analogies, and counterfeited passion criticised him as one of what he called the 'metaphysical poets' His anacreontic pieces are easy, unaffected, lively, and full of spirit, they are redolent of joy and youth, and touch the feelings as well as the fancy His so-called Pindarique Odes, though their resemblance to Pindar is slender, contain some noble lines and illustrations Cowley was the inventor of this kind of Pindaric odes (compare those of Congreve and Gray), attracted mainly by the freedom their irregularity gave him, and the endless scope for his ingenuity in figures and imagery To Charles Lamb Cowley was 'very dear,' Archbishop Trench refused to agree to disparaging judgments on him, William Cullen Bryant was enthusiastic about the beauty of his best things, Mr Gosse, admitting that Cowley is 'justly denied the humblest place amongst erotic poets,' commends his purity in an impure time, compares The Wish, 'so simple, sincere, and fresh,' to a delicious well found in an arid desert, and professes himself the last of Cowley's admirers Among the best of his other pieces are his lines on the death of a college companion, William Harvey or Hervey, and his noble elegy on Crashaw The Daviders is tedious and unfinished, only four

books out of twelve were published, the specimen given shows how well Cowley could handle the heroic couplet. It is evident that Milton had read this neglected poem. Cowley's few prose essays entitle him to rank with Addison and Goldsmith as master of a simple and graceful prose.

The Wish.

Well then, I now do plainly see,
This busic world and I shall nere agree,
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The croud, and buz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightfull too!
And since Love neer wil from me flee,
A mistresse moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Onely beloved, and loving me!

Oh, founts! Oh when in you shall I
My selfe, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh fields! Oh woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring head of pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lye, that she
Has coin'd and stampt for good

Pride and ambition here,

Onely in far fetcht metaphors appear,

Here nought but winds can hurtfull murmurs scatter,

And nought but eccho flatter

The gods, when they descended, hither

From heaven, did alwaies chuse their way,

And therefore we may boldly say,

That 'tis the way too thither

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing, dye?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In desarts, solitude
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should all come im'itate mee
And so make a city here.

From the Poem 'On the Death of Mr Crashaw'

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be
Next that of Godhead with humanitie
Long did the Muses, banisht slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride,
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land
How well (blest swan) did Fate contrine the death

How well (blest swan) did Fate contrive thy death, And made thee render up thy tuneful breath In thy great mistress arms? thou most divine And richest offering of Loretto's shrine! Where like some holy sacrifice t' expire, A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.

Angels (they say) brought the famed chappel there, And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the aire 'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they, And thou, their charge, went singing all the way

Pardon, my mother church, if I consent That angels led him when from thee he went, For ev'n in error sure no danger is When joyn'd with so much piety as his. Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak 't, and grief, Ah that our greatest faults were in belief! And our weak reason were even weaker yet, Rather then thus our wills too strong for it His faith perhaps in some nice tenents might Be wrong, his life, I'm sure, was in the right And I my self a Catholick will be, So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow On us, the poets militant below! Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance, Attacqu'ed by envy, and by ignorance, Exchain'd by beauty, tortured by desires, Expos'd by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise, And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.

Heaven and Hell-from the 'Davideis.' Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take, For tho' thou sleep'st thy self, thy God's awake Above the subtle foldings of the sky, Above the well set orbs' soft harmony, Above those petty lamps that gild the night, There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light, Where heav'n, as if it left it self behind, Is stretcht out far, nor its own bounds can find Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place, Nor can the glory contain it self in th' endless space For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray Glimmers upon the pure and native day No pale fac'd moon does in stoln beams appear, Or with dim taper scatters darkness there. On no smooth sphear the restless seasons slide, No circling motion doth swift time divide, Nothing is there to come, and nothing past, But an eternal now does always last

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth, Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth, Where he the growth of fatal gold does see, Gold which above more influence has than he Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempests lye, And infant winds their tender voices try, Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves, Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves, Where their vast court the mother waters keep, And undisturb'd by moons in silence sleep, There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below, Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow, No bound controls th' unwearied space, but hell Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face, Strikes through the solid darkness of the place, No dawning morn does her kind reds display, One slight weak beam would here be thought the day No gentle stars with their fair gems of light Offend the tyr'anous and unquestion'd night Here Luciser the mighty captive reigns Proud, 'midst his' woes, and tyrant in his chains

Once general of a gilded host of sprights,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights.
But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there,
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air
A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face,
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore,
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains was known
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan

To Pyrrha

In unitation of Horace (Odes I v)

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kinde? To what heart ravisht lover Dost thou thy golden locks unbinde, Thy hidden sweets discover, And with large bounty open set All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet? Ah simple youth, how oft will he Of thy changed faith complain? And his own fortunes find to be So airy and so vain, Of so camaleon like an hew, That still their colour changes with it too? How oft, alas, will he admire The blackness of the skies? Trembling to hear the winds sound higher And see the billows rise, Poor unexperienc'd he, Who ne're, alas, before had been at sea! He' enjoys thy calmy sun shine now, And no breath stirring hear, In the clear heaven of thy brow No smallest cloud appears He sees thee gentle, fair and gay,

Unhappy! thrice unhappy he,
T' whom thou unityed dost shine!
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o're Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwrick past
My consecrated vessel hangs at list.

And trusts the faithless April of thy May

Anacreontics

Drinking

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain, And drinks, and gapes for drink again. The plants suck in the earth, and are With constant drinking fresh and faire, The sea it self, which one would think Should have but little need of drink, Drinks ten thousand rivers up, So fill'd that they oreflow the cup The busic sun (and one would guess By's drunken firy face no less) Drinks up the sea, and when he has don, The moon and stars drink up the sun They drink and dance by their own light, They drink and revel all the night Nothing in nature's sober found, But an eternal health goes round

Fill up the bowl then, fill it high, Fill all the glasses there, for why Should every creature drink but I, Why, man of morals, tell me why?

The Epicure

Fill the bowl with rosic wine,
Around our temple roses twine,
And let us chearfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses smile
Crown'd with roses we contemn
Gyges wealthy dindem
To day is ours, what do we feare?

To day is ours, we have it here.
Let's treat it kindely, that it may
Wish, it least, with us to stay
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to morrow

The Grashopper

Happy insect, what can bee In happiness compared to thee? Fed with nourishment divine, The dewy morning's gentle wine ! Nature waits upon thee still, And thy verdant cup does fill, 'Tis fill'd where ever thou dost tread, Nature selfe's thy Gammed Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing, Happier then the happiest king! All the fields, which thou dost see, All the plants belong to thee ! All that summer hours produce, Fertile made with early juice! Man for thee does sow and plough, Farmer he, and land lord thou! Thou dost innocently joy, Nor does thy luxury destroy, The shepherd gladly heareth thee, More harmonious then he. Thee countrey hindes with gladness hear, Prophet of the ripened year! Thee Pheebus loves, and does inspire, Phœbus is himself thy sire To thee of all things upon earth, Life is no longer then thy mirth Happy insect, happy thou, Dost neither age nor winter know But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung Thy fill, the flowry leaves among, (Voluptuous, and wise withal, Epicuræan animal!) Sated with thy summer feast, Thou retirest to endless rest.

From 'The Resurrection'

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre, [quire, Lo how the years to come, a numerous and well fitted All hand in hand do decently advance, And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance Whilst the dance lasts, how long so e'er it be, My musich's voice shall bear it company

'I'll all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound,
That, to the spheres themselves, shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string

Then all the wide extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die,
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When dead t' arise,

And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long sluggards of five thousand years.
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears
Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come

Back to their ancient home Some from birds, from fishes some, Some from earth, and some from seas, Some from beasts, and some from trees Some descend from clouds on high, Some from metals upwards fly,

And where th' attending soul naked and shivering stands, Meet, salute, and join their hands

As disperss'd soldiers at the trumpet's call Haste to their colours all

Unhappy most, like tortur'd men, Their joints new set, to be new rackt again.

To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd
than they

The Chronicle, a Ballad.

Margarita first possest,

If I remember well, my brest,
Margarita first of all,
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign

To the beauteous Catharine
Beauteous Catharine gave place,
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)

To Elisa's conqu'ring face

Elisa 'till this hour might raign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'ne
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
'Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke

Mary then and gentle Ann
Both to reign at once began,
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,

'Twas then a golden time with mee.
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious princess dy'd
In her youth and beautie's pride,
And Judith reigned in her sted

One month, three days and half an hour Judith held the soveraign power Wondrous beautiful her face, But so weak and small her wit, That she to govern was unfit, And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marcht about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by

But in her place I then obey'd

Black ey'd Besse her vice roy maid,

To whom ensu'd a vacancy

Thousand worse passions then possest

The inter regnum of my brest.

Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta than
And a third Mary next began,
Then Jone, and Jane, and Audria.
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long et cetera.

But should I now to you relate

The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbans, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazins

If I should tell the politick arts

To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime twigs laid
By Matchavil the waiting maid,
I more voluminous should grow,
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Then Holinshead or Stow

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claime,
Heleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign

From these and all long errors of the way, In which our wandring predecessors went,

And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray, In desarts but of small extent, Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last, The barren wilderness he past, Did on the very border stand Of the blest promis'd land, And from the mountains top of his evalted wit, Saw it himself, and shew'd us it But life did never to one man allow Time to discover worlds, and conquer too, Nor can so short a line sufficient be To fadome the vast depths of nature's sea The work he did we ought t' admire, And were unjust if we should more require From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess Of low affliction and high happiness For who on things remote can fix his sight, That's always in a triumph or a fight?

From the Elegy 'On the Death of Mr William Hervey'

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled brest
By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me too much I know

My sweet companion, and my gentle peere,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindely here,
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan?
O thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agonie
Besieged around thy noble heart,

Did not with more reluctance part
Then I, my dearest friend, do part from thee

My dearest friend, would I had dyed for thee! Life and this world henceforth will tedious be. Nor shall I know hereafter what to do

If once my griefs prove tedious too Silent and sad I walk about all day, As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by Where their hid treasures ly, Alas, my treasure's gone, why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth A strong and mighty influence joyn'd our birth Nor did we crivy the most sounding name

By friendship given of old to fame
None but his brethren he, and sisters knew,

Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me,

And even in that we did agree,
For much above my self I lov'd them too

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwarried have we spent the nights?
"Till the Ledean stars so famed for love,
Wondred at us from above
We spent them pot in town in levels are not in

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say, Have ye not seen us walking every day? Was there a tree about which did not know The love betwixt us two? Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker joyne,
And into darksome shades' combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing,
'Till all the tuneful birds to your bows they bring,
No tuneful birds play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned youths to hear,
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly,
But all with sad solemnitie,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does ly

Epitaph on the Living Author

Here, stranger, in this humble nest, Here Cowley sleeps, here lies, 'Scaped all the toils that life molest, And its superfluous joys

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious case,
He brives the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries

The little earth he asks, survey
Is he not dead, indeed?
'Light lie that earth,' good stranger, pray,
'Nor thorn upon it breed!'

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame, Compass your poet round, With flowers of every fragrant name, Be his warm ashes crowned!

Hymn-To Light

First born of chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old negro's darksome womb!
Which when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholly mass put on kind looks and smil'd

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb, and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to carth make love!

Say from what golden quivers of the sky,

Do all thy winged arrows fly?

Swiftness and power by birth are thine

From thy great sire they came, thy sire the word divine

Swift as light, thoughts their empty carrere run,
Thy race is finisht, when begun,
Let a post angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shall reach as soon as

When, goddess, thou liftst up thy wakened head, Out of the morning's purple bed, Thy quire of birds about thee play, And all the joyful world salutes the rising day

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st,
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st,
The virgin lillies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, spring's little infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple swadling bands
On the fair tulip thou dost dote,
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party colour'd coat.

Through the soft wayes of heav'n, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land oreflowes,
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyræan heaven does stay
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow

Cowley holds a distinguished position among the prose writers of this age, he has been placed at the head of those who cultivated that clear, easy, and natural style which was subsequently employed and improved by Dryden, Tillotson, Sir William Temple, and Addison Johnson evaggerated the contrast between the excellence of Cowley's prose and the many defects of his poetry-for Johnson bore hard on Cowley as 'almost the last' of the metaphysical poets, though 'undoubtedly the best,' but addicted to artificial conceits and 'lax and lawless versification' 'No author,' says he, 'ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance His thoughts are natural, and from each other his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured, but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness' There is also wit and humour, with an occasional touch of satire, the writer's longing for peace and retirement is a too frequently recur-The prose works of Cowley extend ring theme to but sixty folio pages, and consist of Essays (appended to the collected edition of the works in 1668), which treat of Liberty, Solitude, Obscurity, Agriculture, The Garden, Greatness, Avarice, The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company, The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches, The Danger of Procrastination, Of My Self, &c He wrote also (apparently in the year of the Protector's death, though the earliest known printed copy dates from 1661) a Discourse, by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell, and a Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy (1661)

Of My Self.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself. It grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind, neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that

they have preserv'd me from being scandalous, or remark able on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of my self only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy days, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper I was then too so much an enemy to all constraint that my masters could never prevail on me by any persuasions or encouragements to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispens'd with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much asham'd

This only grant me, that my means may lye
Too low for envy, for contempt too high
Some honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone
The unknown are better than ill known

Rumour can ope the grave. Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends Not on the number, but the choice of friends

Books should, not business, entertain the light, And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night

My house a cottage more Than palace, and should fitting be For all my use, no luxury

My garden painted o'er With Nature's hand, not Art's, and pleasures yield Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space, For he that runs it well, runs twice his race

And in this true delight, These unbought sports, this happy state, I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night, To morrow let my sun his beams display, Or in clouds hide them, I have liv'd to day

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamp'd first, or rather engrav'd these characters in me they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produc'd in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing

there for I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lye in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lye Spencer's works This I happen'd to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (tho' my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over . With these affections before I was twelve years old. of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest, for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world Now tho' I was here engag'd in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it, and that beauty which I did not fall in love with when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate I inct with several great persons whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be lik'd or desir'd, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, tho' I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage was in a croud of as good company as could be found any where, tho' I was in business of great and honour able trust, tho' I eat at the best table, and enjoy'd the best conveniences for present subsistance that ought to be desir'd by a man of my condition, in banishment and publick distresses, yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school boy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect.

Well then, I now do plainly see This busic world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then propos'd to my self any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compass'd as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretences have arriv'd to extraordinary fortunes—but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against my self, and I think Apollo inspir'd me in the truth though not in the elegance of it

Flou neither great at court, nor in the war, Nor at th' Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar, Content thy self with the small barren praise, Which neglected verse does raise, &c.

However by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolv'd on, I cast my self into it a corps perdu, without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune But God

laughs at a man who says to his soul, Take thy case. I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoil'd the happiness of an emperor as well as mine yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum [I have not falsely sworn] nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have lov'd so long and have now at last marry'd, though she neither has brought me a rich por tion nor liv'd yet so quietly with me as I hop'd from her

Nec vos dulcissima mundi Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri, Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam

Nor by me e'er shall you, You of all names the sweetest, and the best, You muses, books, and liberty and rest, You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be, As long as life it self forsakes not me

But this is a very petty ejaculation Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last

The Spring-tides of Public Affairs

I have often observed, with all submission and resig nation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence, that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination, and though we see a man like that which we call Jack of the clock house, striking as it were the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some scerct and, to us who stand without, invisible direction And the stream of the current is then so violent that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it, and none are so weak but they may sail down with it These are the spring tides of public affairs which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes. And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this, though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so, but it is God that breaks up the flood gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it

From the Essay 'Of Agriculture'

The three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier, and if any man object that the second of these was a murtherer, I desire he would consider that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profes sion and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry, because (says he) the Most High has created it. We were all born to this art, and taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return and pay at last for their sustenance. Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of hilles and hons rampant, and spread eagles in fields afor or a largent, but if heraldry

were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms

From the Essay 'Of Obscurity'

What a brave privilege it is to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envy'd, from receiving and from paying all kinds of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agree able friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by no body known, nor know any body It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walk'd invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage, Venus her self

'A vail of thicken'd air around them cast,

That none might know, or see them as they past.'

VIRG I Æn

The common story of Demosthenes's confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say as he pass'd, This is that Demosthenes, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an orator I my self have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any), but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, 'till I get, as it were, out of sight shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he glory'd in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to Athens no body there did so much as take notice of him, and Epicurus liv'd there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoy'd together, he adds at last that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talk'd of and talking country in the world, they had liv'd so long not only without fame, but almost without being heard of And yet within a very few years afterward there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaint ance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lyes in that whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city creature has it both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary It was as often said, This is that Bucephalus, or, This is that Incitatus, when they were led prancing through the streets, as, This is that Alexander, or, This is that Domitian, and truly for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire. I love and commend a true good fame because it is the shadow of virtue, not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and like that of St Peter cures the diseases of others The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides, but it was harmful to them both. and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he live, what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteem'd well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and so after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit). This innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this mula persona, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay even than Augustus himself, who ask'd with his last breath whether he had not play'd his farce very well.

The story of Demosthenes and the 'tankard woman (aquam ferentis multerculæ) is told in Cicero's Tusculanæ Quæstiones, v 36.

Procrastination.

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies to which nature had so motherly inclin'd me, and from which fortune, like a step mother, has so long detain'd me. But nevertheless (you say, which but is ærugo mera, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, 'till I had gotten such un estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) cum dignitate ofium This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too But there's no fooling with life, when it is once turn'd beyond forty The seeking of a fortune then is but a desperate after game, 'tis a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes and recover all, especially if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, a bountiful person), to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desir'd might be made a rich man too, but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires The sum of this is, that for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary, especially when the use of those things which we would stay for may otherwise be supply'd, but the loss of time never recover'd nay farther yet, tho' we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, tho' we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle, the play is not worth the expence of the candle after having been long tost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants, utere velis, totos pande sinus A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig he would escape like a person of quality or not at all, and dy'd the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility

Vision of Oliver Cromwell-from the 'Discourse'

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition, for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a giant, or indeed, than the shadow of any giant in the evening His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned or rather deformed all over with several figures, after the manner of the Britons, painted upon it and I perceived that most of them were the representations of the late battles in our civil wars, and, if I be not much mistaken, it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his His eyes were like burning brass, and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red hot too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, Pax quæritur bello ['We war for peace'], and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, 'Acts, ordi nances, protestations, covenants, engagements, declara tions, remonstrances,' &c. Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, 'What art thou?' And he said, 'I am called the North west Principality, His Highness the Protector of the Common wealth of England, Scotland, and Ircland, and the dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place' And I answered and said, 'If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past Your Highness has been absent from your charge for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had, since that time, been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back before we had absolutely lost our way but instead of Your Highness we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard the Third to the king his nephew, for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew the innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate, such a protector as man is to his flocks, which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself, and I would fam know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more protector'--- and, as I was proceeding, methought His Highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance (as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company), which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that Cromwell, amongst all his foreign corre spondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then and therefore, as I had spoken to the Pro tector himself in Whitehall, 'I desired him that His Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the dispurigement of a person whose relations to His Highness I had not the honour to know' At which he told me, 'that he had no other concernment for His late Highness, than as he took him to

be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world, which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs And pray, countryman (said he very of that country kindly and very flatteringly), for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue, what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no emment qualities of body (which have sometimes) or of mind (which have often, raised men to the highest dignities), should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and in all appearance most solidly founded monarchies upon earth? That he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death to banish that numerous and strongly allied family to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament, to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them, to raise up a new and unheard of monster out of their ashes, to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England, to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends after wards by artifice, to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last, to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north, to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth, to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth, to be humbly and daily petitioned to that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them, and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his pos tenty, to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad, to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solumnity, and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world, which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?

Even those who do not read Cowley now are familiar—indirectly through Cowper—with

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain which is no doubt the original of Cowper's

God made the country and man made the town Other pregnant lines from Cowley are—

Hope, fortune's cheating lottery'

Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be

The world's a scene of changes, and to be Constant in Nature were inconstancy

Plenty as well as want can separate friends.

The first collection of Cowley's works (folio, 1668) contained the Discourses by way of Essays in Prose and Verse

Ten editions of Cowley's works appeared before 1721, another by Aikin in 1802, one by Grosart in 1881, and one by Waller in 1905

Lord Clarendon.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, was born 18th February 1608 at Dinton, near Salisbury, third son of a Wiltshire squire. Destined for the Church, he went up to Magdalen Hall in 1622, but the death of his elder brothers having left him the heir, he quitted Oxford for the Middle Temple in 1625 Though he rose in his profession, he loved letters better than law, for his friends he chose such brilliant spirits as Falkland, Ben Jonson, Selden, Hales, and Chillingworth, and, in his own words, 'was never so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst in the company' He married twice-in 1629, Ann, drughter of Sir George Ayliffe, whose death six months afterwards 'shook all the frame of his resolutions,' next, in 1632, Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Master of Requests and of the Mint. She bore him four sons and two daughters, and with her, till her death in 1667, he 'lived very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times, and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered'

In 1640 he was returned for Wootton-Bassett to the Short Parliament, for Saltash to the Long, and up to the summer of 1641 he acted heartily with the popular party Then he drew back Enough, he deemed, had been done, a victorious oligarchy might prove more formidable than a humbled king, nor could be conceive 'a religion without bishops' Charles's answer to the Grand Remonstrance was of Hyde's composing, as were most of the subsequent able manifestoes, and though in a midnight interview with the king he declined to take St John's post of Solicitor-General, thenceforward he and Falkland and Colepeper formed a veritable privy council Unhappily they were not allowed to know everything, unfortunately for the king, their advice was not always followed, thus the attempted arrest of the five members had neither their privity nor their approval Hyde headed the royalist opposition in the Commons, till in May 1642 he slipped away and followed Charles into Yorkshire He witnessed Edgehill, in 1643 was knighted and made Chancellor of the Exchequer, in March 1645 attended the Prince of Wales to the west of England, and with him a twelvemonth later passed on to Scilly and Jersey In Scilly, on 18th May 1646, he commenced his History, in Jersey he tarried two whole years November 1649 till March 1651 he was engaged in a fruitless embassy to Spain, next for nine years he filled the office of a 'Caleb Balderstone' in the needy, greedy, factious little court of Charles II. sometimes with 'neither clothes nor fire to preserve him from the sharpness of the season, and with not three sous in the world to buy a fagot'

Charles had made him High Chancellor in 1658, and at the Restoration he was confirmed in that dignity, in November 1660 being created Baron Hyde, and in the following April Earl of Clarendon

To this period belongs the strangest episode in all his Autobiography In November 1659 his daughter Anne (1638-71), then lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Orange, had entered into a secret marriage-contract with the king's brother, James, Duke of York, and nine months later they were privately married at her father's house On learning the news, if news indeed it was, he burst into a passion of the coarsest invective against her, yet people fancied that in Catherine of Braganza he purposely selected a barren bride for the king, that'so his own daughter might some day come to Nor as chief Minister was he otherthe throne wise popular A bigoted Churchman, a thorough Conservative, and always a lawyer, he would fain have restored things to the status quo ante bellum He loved a Papist little better than a sectary, and accordingly would have nothing to do with Charles's toleration He looked sourly on Charles's vices, yet stooped to impose Charles's mistress on Charles's queen He could not satisfy the Cavaliers, who contrasted his opulence with their own broken fortunes, he did more than enough to uritate the Puritans The sale of Dunkirk, the Dutch war, the very Plague and Great Fire, all heightened his unpopularity, and in 1667 he fell an easy unlamented victim to a court cabal The great seal was taken from him, impeachment for high-treason followed, and quitting the kingdom at Charles's bidding, the old man settled at Montpellier There and at Moulins he spent nearly six tranquil years, and afterwards from Rouen he sent a last piteous entreaty that Charles would permit him to 'die in his own country and among his own children' His petition was disregarded, and at Rouen he died 9th December 1674 monument marks his grave in Westminster Abbey

Men's estimates of Clarendon have varied widely Southey calls him 'the wisest, most upright of statesmen, 'the Scottish Whig historian, George Brodie, 'a miserable sycophant and canting hypocrite' The truth lies somewhere between the two verdicts, but Southey's is much the truer of the The failings and merits of the statesman are mirrored in his great History of the Rebellion in England (3 vols 1704-7), with its supplement and continuation, more faulty and less valuable, the History of the Civil War in Ireland (1721), and the Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon (3 vols The publication of the History of the Rebellion in the reign of Queen Anne was an event of some importance in English politics as well as in English letters, since the glowing picture which it unfolded of the Cavalier cause and party is believed to have been one cause of the Tory and Jacobite reaction which brought Harley and St John into power The original editors of the work were Bishop Smalridge, Dean Aldrich, and Bishop Atterbury, the last of whom successfully defended himself and his colleagues (1731) against Oldmixon's accusation that they had falsified the text An apology more than a history, a vindication of the author and of Charles I, the *History* is not, does not profess to be, impartial, it suppresses the truth where the truth seemed unfavourable, and it is grossly inaccurate—the result of a fallible memory. But, Mr Green notwithstanding, it does not 'by deliberate and malignant falsehood' pervert the whole action of Clarendon's adversaries, careless and ungenerous he might be, wilfully dishonest he was not. And though his style is prolix and redundant, though it 'suffocates us by the length of its periods,' his splendid stateliness, his narrative skill, his development of motives, and, above all, his marvellous skill in portraiture (shown best in the character of Falkland), have rendered the *History* an imperishable classic.

Reception of the Liturgy at Edinburgh in 1637

On the Sunday morning appointed for the work, the Chancellor of Scotland and others of the Council being present in the cathedral church, the dean began to read the Liturgy, which he had no sooner entered upon but a noise and clamour was raised throughout the church, that no voice could be heard distinctly, and then a shower of stones and sticks and cudgels were thrown at the dean's head The bishop went up into the pulpit, and from thence put them in mind of the sacredness of the place, of their duty to God and the King, but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamour or disorder less than before The Chancellor, from his seat, commanded the provost and magistrates of the city to descend from the gallery in which they sat, and by their authority to suppress the riot, which at last with great difficulty they did, by driving the rudest of those who made the disturbance out of the church, and shutting the doors, which gave the dean opportunity to proceed in the reading of the Liturgy, which was not at all intended or hearkened to by those who remained within the church, and if it had, they who were turned out continued their barbarous noise, brake the windows, and endeavoured to break down the doors, so that it was not possible for any to follow their devotions.

When all was done that at that time could be done there, and the Council and magistrates went out of the church to their houses, the rabble followed the bishops with all the opprobrious language they could invent, of bringing in superstition and Popery into the Lingdom, and making the people slaves, and were not content to use their tongues, but employed their hands too in throwing dirt and stones at them, and treated the Bishop of Edinburgh (whom they looked upon as most active that way) so rudely that with great difficulty he got into a house after they had torn his habit, and was from thence removed to his own with great hazard of his life. As this was the reception it had in the cathedral, so it fared not better in the other churches in the city, but was entertained with the same hollowing and outcres, and threatening the mcn whose office it was to read it with the same bitter execrations against bishops and Popery

Hitherto no person of condition or name appeared, or scemed to countenance this seditious confusion, it was the rabble, of which nobody was named, and, which is more strange, not one apprehended and it seems the bishops thought it not of moment enough to desire

or require any help or protection from the Council, but, without conferring with them or applying themselves to them, they despatched away an express to the King with a full and particular information of all that had passed, and a desire that he would take that course he thought best for the carrying on his service.

Until this advertisement arrived from Scotland, there were very few in England who had heard of any disorders there, or of anything done there which might produce any The King himself had been always so jealous of the privileges of that his native kingdom (as hath been touched before), and that it might not be dis honoured by a suspicion of having any dependence upon England, that he never suffered any thing relating to that to be debated or so much as communicated to his Privy Council in this (though many of that nation were, without distinction, Councillors of England), but handled all those affairs himself with two or three Scotchmen who always attended in the Court for the business of that kingdom, which was upon the matter still despatched by the sole advice and direction of the Marquis of Hambleton [Hamilton]

And the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the Court or the country to know any thing of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette, so little the world heard or thought of that people, and even after the advertisement of this preamble to rebellion, no men tion was made of it at the Council board, but such a despatch made into Scotland upon it as expressed the King's dislike and displeasure, and obliged the lords of the Council there to appear more vigorously in the vindication of his authority, and suppression of those But all was too little That people, after they had once begun, pursued the business vigorously, and with all imaginable contempt of the government, and though in the hubbub of the first day there appeared nobody of name or reckoning, but the actors were really of the dregs of the people, yet they discovered by the countenance of that day that few men of rank were for ward to engage themselves in the quarrel on the behalf of the bishops, whereupon more considerable persons every day appeared against them, and, as heretofore in the case of St Paul (Acts xiii 50), the Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women, the women and ladies of the best quality declared themselves of the party, and with all the reproaches imaginable made war upon the bishops, as introducers of Popery and superstition, against which they avowed themselves to be irreconcilable enemies and their husbands did not long defer the owning the same spirit, insomuch as within few days the bishops durst not appear in the streets nor in any courts or houses, but were in danger of their lives, and such of the lords as durst be in their company, or seemed to desire to rescue them from violence, had their coaches torn in pieces, and their persons assaulted, insomuch as they were glad to send for some of those great men who did indeed govern the rabble though they appeared not in it, who readily came and redeemed them out of their hands. So that by the time new orders came from England, there was scarce a bishop left in Edinburgh, and not a minister who durst read the Liturgy in any church

Character of Hampden

Mr Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and it may be of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring any thing to pass which he desired of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extrac tion and a fair fortune, who from a life of great pleasure and license had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheer fulness and affability, which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice and the courage he had shewed in opposing the ship money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed, but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the House was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly and clearly and craftily so stated it that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired, and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dextenty to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining any thing in the negative which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility and modesty and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment and of esteening his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing and leading into his principles and inclinations whilst they believed that he wholly de pended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself or was less the man that he seemed to be, which shortly after appeared to every body when he cared less to keep on the mask

Character of Lord Falkland.

In this unhappy battle [the first of Newbury] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland—a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweet ness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity

'Turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore.'

Before this Parliament his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement Before he came to twenty years of age he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grand father, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was Lord Deputy, so that when he returned into England to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity, and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit and fancy and good parts in any man, and, if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune, of which in those administrations he was such a dispenser as if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been He was constant and pertinacious thought too prodigal in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end therefore, having once resolved not to see London (which he loved above all places) till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in any thing, yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him as in a college situated in a purer air, so that his house was a university bound in a lesser volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation

Many attempts were made upon him by the instigation of his mother (who was a lady of another persuasion in religion, and of a most masculine understanding, allayed with the passion and infirmities of her own sex) to pervert him in his piety to the Church of England, and to recon cile him to that of Rome, which they prosecuted with the more confidence, because he declined no opportunity or occasion of conference with those of that religion, whether priests or laics, having diligently studied the controversies, and exactly read all or the choicest of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and having a memory so stupendous that he remembered on all occasions whatsoever he read And he was so great an enemy to that passion and uncharitableness which he saw produced by difference of opinion in matters of religion, that in all those disputations with priests and others of the Roman Church he affected to manifest all possible civility to their persons, and estimation of their parts, which made them retain still some hope of his reduction, even when they had given over offering farther reasons to him to that purpose But this charity towards them was much lessened, and any correspondence with them quite declined, when by sinister arts they had corrupted his two younger brothers, being both children, and stolen them from his house and transported them beyond seas, and perverted his sisters upon which occasion he writ two large discourses against the principal positions of that religion, with that sharpness of style and full weight of reason that the Church is deprived of great jewels in the concealment of them, and that they are not published to the world

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men, and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short Parliament he was a burgess in the House of Commons, and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments that he thought it really impossible that they could

ever produce mis chieve or incon venience to the kingdom, or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them

He had a cour age of the most clear and keen tem per, and so far from fear that he was not without appetite of danger, and there fore upon any occa sion of action he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be farthest engaged, and in all such encounters he had about him a strange cheerfulness companiable ness, without at all affecting the execu tion that attended them, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not by resist

ance necessary insomuch that at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their aims, and against whom it may be others were more fierce for their having thrown them away insomuch as a man might think he came into the field only out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier, and shortly after he came to his fortune, and before he came to age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give him self up to it, from which he was converted by the complete mactivity of that summer and so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarum from the north, and then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to, yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor (which supposition and conclusion, gener-

ally sunk into the minds of most men, prevented the look ing after many advantages which might then have been laid hold of) he resisted those indispositions, et iii. luctu bellum inter remedia erat But after the King's return from Brain ford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those in dispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of un cheerfulness, and he who had been so exactly unreserved and affable to all men that his face countenance was always present and vicant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or in civility, became on a sudden less communicable, and



LORD CLARENDON

From an Engraving Drawn and Engraved from I ife by D Loggan in the National Portrait Gallery

thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had intended before always with more neatness and industry and expense than is usual to so great a mind, he was not now only incurious but too negligent, and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick and sharp and severe, that there wanted not some men (who were strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free

When there was any overture or hope of peace he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it, and sitting amongst his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace*, *Peace*, and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation

the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart. This made some think, or pretend to think, that he was so much enamoured on peace, that he would have been glad the King should have bought it at any price, which was a most unreasonable calumny, as if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour could have wished the King to have committed a trespass against either

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, who was then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers, from whence he was shot with a musket on the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning, till when there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort Thus fell that incomparable from that imagination young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence and whosoever leads such a life need not care upon how short warning it is taken from him.

The Battle of Stratton

Towards the middle of May, the Earl of Stamford marched into Cornwall, by the north part, with a body of fourteen hundred horse and dragoons, and five thou sand four hundred foot by the poll, with a train of thirteen brass ordnance, and a mortar piece, and a very plentiful magazine of victual and ammunition, and every way in as good an equipage as could be provided by men who wanted no money, whilst the King's small forces, being not half the number, and unsupplied with every useful thing, were at Lanson [Launceston], of whom the enemy had so full a contempt, though they knew they were marching to them, within six or seven miles, that they considered only how to take them after they were dispersed, and to prevent their running into Pendennis Castle to give them further trouble which purpose having encamped themselves upon the flat top of a very high hill, to which the ascents were very steep every way, near Stratton, being the only part of Cornwall eminently disaffected to the King's service, they sent a party of twelve hundred horse and dragoons, under the command of Sir George Chudleigh, father to their Major general, to Bodmin to surprise the high shrief [sheriff], and principal gentle men of the country, and thereby, not only to prevent the coming up of any more strength to the King's party, but, under the awe of such a power of horse, to make the whole country rise for them. This design, which was not in itself unreasonable, proved fortunate to the King For his forces which marched from Lanson, with a resolution to fight with the enemy, upon any disadvantage of place or number (which, how hazardous soever, carried less danger with it than retiring into the county, or anything else that was in their power), easily now resolved to assault the camp in the absence of their horse, and with this resolution they marched on Mon day the fifteenth of May within a mile of the enemy. being so destitute of all provisions, that the best officers had but a biscuit a man a day, for two days, the enemy looking upon them as their own.

On Luesday the sixteenth of May, about five of the clock in the morning, they disposed themselves to their work, having stood in their arms all the night. The number of foot was about two thousand four hundred, which they divided into four parts, and agreed on their The first was commanded by the several provinces Lord Mohun and Sir Ralph Hopton, who undertook to assault the camp on the south side. Next them, on the left hand, Sir John Berkely and Sir Bevil Greenvill were to force their way Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel Trevannion were to assault the north side, and on their left hand, Colonel Thomas Basset, who was Major general of their foot, and Colonel William Godolphin were to advance with their party, each party having two pieces of cannon to dispose as they found necessary Colonel John Digby commanding the horse and dragoons, being about five hundred, stood upon a sandy common which had a way to the camp, to take any advantage he could of the enemy, if they charged, otherwise, to be firm as 1 reserve

In this manner the fight begun, the King's forces pressing with their utmost vigour those four ways up the hill, and the enemy's as obstinately defending their ground The fight continued with very doubtful success till to wards three of the clock in the afternoon, when word was brought to the chief officers of the Cornish that their ammunition was spent to less than four barrels of powder, which (concealing the defect from the soldiers) they resolved could be only supplied with courage and therefore, by messengers to one another, they agreed to advance with their full bodies, without making any more shot, till they reached the top of the hill, and so might be upon even ground with the enemy, wherein the officer's courage and resolution was so well seconded by the soldier that they began to get ground in all places, and the enemy, in wonder of the men who out faced their shot with their swords, to quit their post. Majorgeneral Chudleigh, who order'd the battle, failed in no part of a soldier, and when he saw his men recoil from less numbers, and the enemy in all places gaining the hill upon him, himself advanced, with a good stand of pikes, upon that party which was led by Sir John Berkely and Sir Bevil Greenvill, and charged them so smartly that he put them into disorder, Sir Bevil Greenvill in the shock being borne to the ground, but quickly relieved by his companion, they so reinforced the charge, that having killed most of the assailants and dispersed the rest, they took the Major general prisoner, after he had behaved himself with as much courage as a man could do Then the enemy gave ground apace, insomuch as the four parties, growing nearer and nearer as they ascended the hill, between three and four of the clock they all met together upon one ground near the top of the hill, where they embraced with unspeakable joy, each congratulating the other's success, and all ac knowledging the wonderful blessing of God, and being there possessed of some of the enemy's cannon, they turned them upon the camp, and advanced together to perfect their victory But the enemy no sooner under stood the loss of their Major general but their hearts fuled them, and being so resolutely pressed, and their ground lost, upon the security and advantage whereof they wholely depended, some of them threw down their arms and others fled, dispersing themselves, and every

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Character of Charles I

But it will not be unnecessary to add the short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation than the most strict laws can have speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues, he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man, so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it were so disguised to him that he believed it to be just He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard hearted thing, and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to male factors, that his judges represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence, and then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful re-He was very punctual formation of those enormities and regular in his devotions, so that he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers, so that on hunting days his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. And he was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions, and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word in religion, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him any thing that was profane or unclean, that kind of wit had never any countenance then He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular did not brag of their liberty and he did not only permit but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices in the ecclesiastical courts against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature bountiful, though he gave very much, which appeared more after the duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely, and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his Court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received any about his person, and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He

was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the Council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part, so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person, but not enterpris ing, and had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it, which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of a man that did not judge so well as himself And this made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty, and his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which in all cases of blood made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever This only restrained him from pursuing his urged advantage in the first Scots expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most slavish obedience that could have been wished But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but to the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his Council had had to fighting or any other fatigue was always an immoderate lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him until he was King, and the major number of his servants being still of those, who he thought could never fail him, and then no man had such an ascendant over him by the lowest and humblest insinuations as duke Hambleton [Hamilton] had

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict that he abhorred all deboshry to that degree that at a great festival solemnity where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence what vast draughts of wine they drank, and that there was one earl who had drank most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered, the King said that he deserved to be hanged, and that earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gaicty, to show how unburt he was from that battle, the King sent some one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence, nor did he in some days after appear before the King

There were so many miraculous circumstances con tributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it, and that the stars designed it Though he was from the first declension of his power so much betrayed by his own servants that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good, and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master And after all this, when a man might reason ably believe that less than a universal defection of three

nations could not have reduced a great King to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been To conclude he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived had produced And if he was not the best King, if he was without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice

This anparalleled murder and parricide was committed upon the thirtieth of January, in the year, according to the account used in England, 1648, in the forty and ninth year of his age, and when he had such excellent health, and so great vigour of body, that when his murderers caused him to be opened (which they did, and were some of them present at it with great curiosity) they confessed and declared that no man had ever all his vital parts so perfect and unhurt and that he seemed to be of so admirable a composition and constitution, that he would probably have lived as long as nature could subsist His body was immediately carried into a room at White hall, where he was exposed for many days to the public view, that all men might know that he was not alive. And he was then embalmed, and put into a coffin, and so carried to St James's, where he likewise remained several days. They who were qualified to order his funeral, declared that he should be buried at Windsor in a decent manner, provided that the whole expense should not exceed five hundred pounds. The Duke of Rich mond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, who had been of his bed chamber, and always very faithful to him, desired those who governed that they might have leave to perform the last duty to their dead master, and to wait upon him to his grave, which, after some pauses, they were permitted to do, with this, that they should not attend the corpse out of the town, since they resolved it should be privately carried to Windsor without pomp or noise, and then they should have timely notice, that if they pleased, they might be at his interment And accordingly it was committed to four of those servants, who had been by them appointed to wait upon him during his imprisonment. that they should convey the body to Windsor, which they And it was that night placed in that chamber which had usually been his bed chamber and the next morning it was carried into the great hall, where it remained till the lords came, who arrived there in the afternoon, and immediately went to Colonel Whitchcott, the governor of the castle, and shewed the order they had from the Parliament to be present at the burial, which he admitted. But when they desired that his Majesty might be buried according to the form of the Common Prayer Book, the Bishop of London being present with them to officiate, he expressly, positively, and roughly refused to consent to it, and said it was not lawful, that the Common Prayer Book was put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison where he commanded, nor could all the reasons, persuasions, and entreaties prevail with him to suffer it. Then they went into the church, to make choice of a place to bury it in. But when they entered into it, which they had been so well acquainted with, they found it so altered and transformed, all tombs, inscriptions, and those landmarks pulled down, by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where the princeshad used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them the place, where, he said, there was a vault, in which King Harry the Lighth and Queen Jane Seymour were interr'd. As near that place as could conveniently be, they caused the grave to-There the King's body was laid without any be made words, or other ceremonies than the tears and sighs of the few beholders Upon the cossin was a plate of silver firt with these words only, 'King Charles, 1648' When the coffin was put in, the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in, which the governor stayed to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church, which was seldom put to any use

Execution of Montrose

As soon as he had ended his discourse he was ordered to withdraw, and after a short space was again brought in, and told by the Chancellor, that he was on the morrow, being the one and twentieth of May 1650, to be carried to Edenborough cross, and there to be hanged upon a gallows thirty feet high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edenborough tollbooth, and his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was tobe executed, except the Kirk should take off his ex communication, and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial He desired 'that he might say somewhat to them,' but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable, pronounced his damnation, and assured him that the judgment he was the next day to undergo was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards And after many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the Kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him, but he too well understood the form of their common prayers in those cases to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations against the persons of those they prayed against ('Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to harken to the voice of thy Kirk,' and the like charitable expressions), and therefore he desired them to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions. told them that they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people, and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to He told them he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be than he could have been to have his picture hang in the King's bedchamber that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged

in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily wished he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christen dom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered.

The next day they executed every part and circum stance of that barbarous sentence with all the inhu manity imaginable, and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good He magnified the virtue, Christian could manifest courage, and religion of the last King, exceedingly commended the justice and goodness and understanding of the present King, and prayed that they might not betray him as they had done his father When he had ended all he meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it, and said he was pleased that it should be there, and was prouder of wearing it than ever he had been of the Garter, and so renew ing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner

Thus died the gallant Marquis of Montrosc, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms and other preparations for war, as hath been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had excreised the highest charges under the King in that kingdom, and had been allied to the Crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education he had always a great emulation, or rather a great contempt of the Marquis of Argyle (as he was too apt to contemn those he did not love), who wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a great degree. He was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself which other men were not acquainted with, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him, and towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity, than with his superiors or equals naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him in the way not to mean so well as He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived

Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester

When the night covered them, he found means to withdraw himself with one or two of his own servants, whom he likewise discharged when it began to be light, and after he had made them cut off his hair, he betook himself alone into an adjacent wood, and relied only upon Him for his preservation who alone could and did miraculously deliver him

When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood, he discerned

another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly The man upon the tree had first seen the King, and knew him, and came down from the tree to him, and was known to the King, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his lite majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the King after his coming to Worcester His name was Carelesse, who had had a command of foot, above the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough He persuaded the King, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The King thought it good counsel, and with the other's help climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the King him self if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire, and though there was a highway near one side of it, where the King had entered into it, yet it was large, and all other sides of it opened amongst enclosures, and it pleased God that Carelesse was not unacquainted with the neighbour villages And it was part of the King's good fortune that this gentleman was a Roman Catholic, and thereby was acquainted with those of that profession of all degrees and it must never be denied that those of that faith, that is, some of them, had a very great share in his majesty's preservation

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the King's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep, so that when the night came he was willing to make some provision for both so that he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree, so when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those enclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, and after walk ing at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the King by the weight of his boots (for he could not put them off when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes), before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Carelesse. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was resolved that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together, and, therefore, that Carelesse should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the King, to guide him to some other place of security; and in the mean time his majesty should stry upon the hay mow The poor man had nothing for him

to eat, but promised him good butter milk the next morning, and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester The King slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread and a great pot of butter milk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten

After he had rested upon this hay mow and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Carelesse, to conduct the King to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord, and putting on those which he usually wore he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt, but he considered that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises than by having fine linen in ill clothes, and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his land lord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and in a short time after grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of his comrade, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price His shoes had after the walking a few miles hurt him so much that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out, and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little further to go, and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed, which though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted, and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings, and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble, for having not yet in his thought which way or by what means

to make his escape, all that was designed was only by shifting from one house to another to avoid discovery, and being now in that quarter which was more inhabited by the Roman Catholics than most other parts in England, he was led trom one to another of that persuasion, and concealed with great fidelity. But he then observed that he was never carried to any gentleman's house, though that country was full of them, but only to poor houses of poor men, which only yielded him rest, with very unpleasant sustenance, whether there was more danger in those better houses, in regard of the resort and the many servants, or whether the owners of great estates were the owners likewise of more fears and apprehensions.

Within few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr Hurlestone [Huddlestone], a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Catholics in those parts, came to him, sent by Carelesse, and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore. This man told him that the Lord Wilmott lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together, which the other easily did, and within a night or two brought them into one place. Wilmott told the King that he had by very good fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the King, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the king's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country and of all opinions paid the old man a very great respect, that he had been very civilly treated there, and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the King was, that he might get him to his house, where he was sure he could conceal him till he might contrive a full deliverance. so they two went together to Mr Lane's house [Bentley Hall], where the King found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places as in a large house had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered, where he lodged and ate very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary

In this station the King remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used in inquiry for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Steward [Stuart], and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might find himself near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself

Mr Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr Norton, a person of eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the King then was, but a place most to be wished for the King to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons very well to whom, in an extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved that Mrs Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the King, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service, and that a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her A good house was casily pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmott had notice given him to meet And in this equipage the King begun his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. And in this manner they came to their first night's lodging, and they need not now to contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was now in the month of October far advanced, that the long journeys they made could not be despatched sooner Here the Lord Wilmott found them, and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night, and so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night And in this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Wilmott, who continued the journey in the same exercise

They came to Mr Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holyday, they saw many people about a bowling green that was before the door, and the first man the King saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rule to see how the bowlers played. So that William, by which name the King went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his Mrs Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of a good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague, and desired her cousin that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not lit to be below stairs. A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to show him his chumber, who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below When it was supportune, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler, who waited at the table, to carry that dish of por ridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some ment sent to him presently The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin and spoon and bread, and spake kindly to the young man, who was willing to be cating. And the butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him he was glad to see his majesty. The King was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him what he meant. The man had been falconer to Tom Jermin, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spake, repeating some particulars which the king had not forgot. Whereupon the King conjured him not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man. The fellow promised, and futhfully kept his word, and the King was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there

After some days' stay here, and communication between the King and the Lord Wilmott by letters, the King came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad. At the place of meeting they rested only one night, and then the King went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst Colonel Windham projected at what place the King might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find, there being so great caution in all the ports, and so great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward bound to take in any passenger

There was a gentleman, one Mr Ellison, who lived near Lyme in Dorsetshire, and who was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the King's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet every man suspected who they were, at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from I rance, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him when he would make another voyage, and he answered 'As soon as he could get loading for his ship ' The other asked, whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants ' in conclusion, he told hun he should receive fifty pounds for his fare large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it, though he said he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sca again without being freighted after he was so newly Colonel Windham, being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmott, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rode to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them, and the Lord Wilmott being satisfied with the discourse of the man and his warrness, and foresteing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the titles was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and being at sea should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next

morning There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted, and London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. And all things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the Lord Wilmott and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, about a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide, and if any thing fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place, where they intended the King should be the day before he was to embark

The King, being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do, of which he received assurance from the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night, so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the aforesaid inn, and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it, the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in, but as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmott went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun rose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed, and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. How ever, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who they knew resolved to stay there till he were assured that they were gone

The truth of the disappointment was this. meant honestly, and had made all things ready for his departure, and the night he was to go out with his vessel he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours, and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cup board some linen and other things which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark, of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should His wife told him she was sure he be well paid was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house, and if he should persist in it, she would call the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out. The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no further noise, and so went into his bed

And it was very happy that the King's jealousy has tened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the King and all those who were loyal to him, and there was a chapel in that village and over against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villainy imaginable against the order of government and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the King went from thence, and telling the people that Charles Steward was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would ment from God Almighty if they could The passengers who had lodged in the find him out inn that night had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost. smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work When he had observed them, he told the host of the house that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties, which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true The smith going to the sermon told this story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. And immediately he sent for an officer, and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses, and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rode those horses, and positively declared that one of them was Charles Steward

When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast, and so, without farther delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt more southward, in Hampshire and Sussex.

Character of Oliver Cromwell

He was one of those men quos vituperare ne immici quidem possunt nisi ut simul laudent, for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage and industry and judgment. And he must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in the applying them, who from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friend ship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their own destruction, whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they pro jected to demolish their own building What Velleius Paterculus said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, Ausum eum quæ nemo auderet bonus, perfecisse quæ a nullo nest fortessimo perfici possent Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or

brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the free and contempt of religion and moral honesty, yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those trophies without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sugacity, and a most magnanimous resolution. When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to reconcile the affections of the standers by yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be renewed, as if he had concealed faculties till he had occasion to use them, and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without my indecency, through the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by 'The humble Petition and Advice,' he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it, nor to them sooner than was absolutely necessary he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them Thus he subdued who were not willing to yield it a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westnunster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, and rarely interposed between party and party And as he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory and dared to contend with his greatness, so towards those who complied with his good pleasure and courted his protection, he used a wonderful civility, generosity, and bounty

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates, to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. And as they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him He was not a man of blood, and totally declined Machiavell's method, which prescribes upon any alteration of a government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to And it was confidently reported that the old one in the council of officers it was more than once pro posed that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government, but Cromwell would never consent to it, it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemics. In a word, as he had all the wickednesses against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated, and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave

The best edition of the History is that by W Dunn Macray (6 vols. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 18 3). There are also twenty five

e says by Clarendon, his Contemplations on the Psalms (begin in 1647, and finished, like the Life, during his second exile), several controversul writings, and 3 vols. of his State Papers (1767-86 calendared 1872-76). See Ranke's able analysis of the History the Hon. As it Ellis's Historical Inquiry respecting the Character of Clarendon (1827). Lady Theresa Lewis's Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Character (3 vols 1852), two articles by Peter Bayne in the Contemporary Review (1876), the Life of Clarendon, by T. H. Lister (3 vols, 1838), and Gardiner's History of the Great Civil War (1886-91).

Sir Matthew Hale (1609-76), one of the most upright of judges, acquired credit also by his writings He avoided identifying himself with either party in the Civil War, and was a judge both during the Commonweilth ind under Charles II, he was appointed Chief-Baron of the Exchequer in 1660, and Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench eleven years ifter-Amidst the corruptions of Charles II's reign, Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar lustre as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice, and he sought to mitigate the severity of such laws as the Conven-Yet one of his most notable acts was the condemnation of two old women accused of witchcraft at Bury St Edmunds in 1662-for he was a devout believer in witches. His works bear on natural philosophy, divinity, and law-on gravita tion, the Torricellian experiment, The Pleas of the Crown, The Primitive Origination of Mankind Several of his works were published after his death, many of his MSS were never printed His best-known work, the Contemplations, Moral and Divine-meditations or discourses of the chief end of man, of contentation, of humility, of afflictions, of the great audit, and the like, with two devotional poems-was in the press at his death The letter of advice to his children, of which the following is part, was written about the year 1662

On Speech.

CHILDREN—I thank God I came well to Farrington this Saturday, about five of the clock, and because I have some leisure time at my mn, I could not spend that time more to my own contentment, and your benefit, than by my letter to give you all good Counsel the subject whereof, at this time, shall be concerning Speech, be cause much of the good or exil that befalls persons doth occasionally happen by the well or ill managing of that part of human conversation—I shall, as I have leisure and opportunity, at other times, give you my directions concerning other subjects

And herein I shall advise you, First, how you are to entertain the Speeches of others, according to the divers varieties thereof. Secondly, how you are to inamage and order your own Speech. Now, as concerning your own Speech, and how you are to manage it, some thing may be collected out of what goes before, but I shall add some things else.

Let your Speech be true. Never speak any thing for a Truth which you know or believe to be false it is a great sin against God, that gave you a tongue to speak your mind and not to speak a he it is a great offence against Humanity itself, for where there is no truth, there can be no safe society between man and man

and it is an injury to the speaker, for besides the base disreputation it casts upon him, it doth in time bring a man to that baseness of mind, that he can scarce tell how to tell truth, or to avoid lying, even when he hath no colour of necessity for it, and in time, he comes to such a pass, that as another man cannot believe he tells a truth, so he himself scarce knows when he tells a he And observe it, a Lie ever returns, with discovery and shame at the last

As you must be careful not to he, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate you must not speak that absolutely which you have but by hearsay or relation you must not speak that as upon know ledge which you have but by conjecture or opinion only. Be not over earnest, loud, or violent in Talking, for it is unseemly; and earnest and loud talking make you overshoot and lose your business, when you should be considering and pondering your thoughts, and how to express them significantly and to the purpose, you are striving to keep your tongue going, and to silence an opponent, not with reason but with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another in his talk. Hear him out you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. It may be, if you will give him leave, he will say somewhat more than you have yet heard or well understood, or that which you did not expect

Always, before you speak, especially where the busi ness is of moment, consider before-hand, weigh the sense of your mind which you intend to utter, think upon the expressions you intend to use, that they be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive and whereas it is the ordinary course of inconsiderate persons to speak their words, and then to think, or not to think till they speak, think first, and speak after, if it be in any matter of moment or seriousness Avoid swearing in your ordinary communication, unless called to it by the magistrate and not only the grosser oaths, but the lesser, and not only oaths, but imprecations, earnest and deep protestations As you have the commendable example of good men to justify a solemn oath before a magistrate, so you have the precept of our Saviour forbidding it If there be occasion for you to speak in any company, always be careful, if you speak at all, to speak latest, especially if strangers are in company for by this means you will have the advantage of knowing the sense, judgment, temper, and relations of others, which may be a great light and help to you in order ing your speech, and you will better know the inclination of the company, and speak with more advantage and acceptation, and with more security against giving offence

I have but little more to write at this time, but to wish and command you to remember my former counsels that I have often given you. Begin and end the day with private prayers to God, upon your knees, read the Scriptures, often and seriously, be attentive to the public worship of God in the church, keep yourselves still in some good employment, for idleness is the devil's opportunity, and the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind and disorder the life. Let the Girls take care of such business of my family as is proper for them, and their recreations may be walking abroad in the fields, in fair or frosty mornings, some work with their needle, reading of history or herbals, setting of flowers or herbs, practising their music, and such inno

cent and harmless exercises Let the Boys be diligent at their books, and when they have performed their tasks, I do not deny them such recreations as may be healthy, safe, and harmless. Be you all kind and loving one to another, honouring your minister, not bitter or harsh to Be respectful to all Bear my absence my servants patiently, cheerfully, and faithfully Do all things as if I were present among you, and beheld you, for you have a greater Father than I am, that always and in all places beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite the love and care and expense of your father for you, with dutifulness, observance, and obedience to him, and account it an honour that God hath given you an opportunity, in my absence, by your care, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt that by the laws of nature and gratitude you owe unto Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want provide conveniently for the poor that come to my door And I pray God to fill all your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the advantage and comfort of serving him, and that his blessing, and presence, and comfort, and direction, and providence be with you and over you all.—I am your ever loving MATTHEW HALE

Richard Baxter (1615-91), born at Rowton, in Shropshire, was educated chiefly at the endowed school of Wroveter, leaving with some Latin, a smattering of Greek, no Hebrew, and no mathematics. 'My faults,' he said, 'are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none, I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die, that set me on studying how to live? In 1638 he was ordained, and was appointed master of the Free School of Dudley From 1640 to 1642 he was pastor of Kidderminster, beloved During the Civil War he sided and revered with the Parliament, and as chaplain in the army was present at the sieges of Bridgwater, Eveter, Bristol, and Worcester He was disgusted with extreme views, political and religious, and vehement disputes about liberty of conscience, and was glad to leave the army and return to his old parishioners of Kidderminster, amongst whom, in spite of feeble health, he laboured with great success for fourteen years Whilst there, during his recovery from a severe illness, he wrote his work The Saints' Everlasting Rest (1650) When Cromwell assumed the supreme power Baxter openly expressed his disapprobation, and in a conference with the Protector told him that 'the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing and not an evil.' He was always opposed to intolerance 'We intended not,' he said, 'to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge, and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease.' Presbyterian though he was, he was not hostile to a modified Episcopacy After the Restoration he was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but, like Owen, refused a bishopric offered him by Clarendon The Act of Uniformity in 1662

drove him out of the Established Church, and he retired to Acton, in Middlesev, where, in spite of hardship and persecution, he spent several years in study and literary labour The Act of Indulgence in 1672 allowed him to settle in London and divide his time between preaching In 1685 he published a Paraand writing phrase on the New Testament, a practical treatise, in which certain passages were held to be seditious, and Baxter was tried and condemned by the infamous Jeffreys When Baxter endeayoured to speak, 'Richard! Richard!' ejaculated the Judge, 'dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave, thou hast written books enough to load a cart Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy' He was sentenced to pay five hundred marks, and in default to be imprisoned in the King's Bench until it was paid Through the generous exertions of a Catholic peer, Lord Powis, the fine was remitted, and after eighteen months' imprisonment Baxter was set at liberty He had now five years of tranquillity, dying 'in great peace and 10y' on the 8th of December 1691

Baxter was one of the most eloquent and moving preachers of his time, and a most voluminous writer, he wrote, Orme reports, no less than one hundred and sixty-eight separate works or publications, from folios to His practical treatises are still read pamphlets and republished, especially his Saints' Everlasting Rest (1650) and Call to the Unconverted (1657) -the latter so popular that twenty thousand copies have been sold in one year His Life of Faith (1670), Reasons of the Christian Religion (1672), Christian Directory (1675), are only less well known His Catholic Theology (1675) and Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ (1681) are con troversial works on religious subjects In 1696 appeared the Reliquiæ Baxterianæ Mr Richard Baxter's Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times, an autobiography which, like Baxter's writings generally, was a favourite book with Dr Johnson In the next century it had no less warm an admirer in Coleridge, who terms it 'an inestimable work,' adding, 'I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking, but I could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity? Another Churchman, Isaac Barrow, said that 'his practical writings were never mended, and his controversial seldom confuted.' His catholicity and tolerance led some to upbraid him as an Arminian, while others denounced him as a Calvinist Though a keen controversialist, he was a singularly largehearted man he had come, he said in 1675, after a lifetime of study, to 'perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter, and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world!' Of his *Poetical Fragments* the best known is the hymn, 'Lord, it belongs not to my care,' still a favourite, the great physicist, Professor Clerk-Maxwell, used often to repeat it The following extracts are all from his *Reliquiæ*

The Country Clergy in 1620

We lived in a country that had but little preaching at all in the village where I was born there was four readers successively in six years time, ignorant men, and two of them immoral in their lives, who were all my school masters In the village where my father lived, there was a reader of about eighty years of age that never preached, and had two churches about twenty miles distant his eyesight failing him, he said commonprayer without book, but for the reading of the psalms and chapters, he got a common thresher and day labourer one year, and a taylor another year (for the clerk could not read well) and at last he had a kinsman of his own (the excellentest stage player in all the country, and a good gamester and good fellow), that got orders and supplied one of his places! After him another younger kinsman, that could write and read, got orders and at the same time another neighbour's son that had been a while at school turn'd minister, and who would needs go further than the rest, ventur'd to preach (and after got a living in Staffordshire), and when he had been a preacher about twelve or sixteen years, he was fain to give over, it being discovered that his orders were forged by the first ingenious stage player After him another neighbour's son took orders, when he had been a while an attorney's clerk, and a common drunkard, and tipled himself into so great poverty that he had no other way to live it was ferred that he and more of them came by their orders the same way with the fore mentioned person these were the school masters of my youth (except two of them), who read common prayer on Sundays and holy days, and taught school and tipled on the week days, and whipt the boys when they were drunk, so that we changed them very oft Within a few miles about us, were near a dozen more ministers that were near eighty years old apiece, and never preached, poor ignorant readers, and most of them of scandalous lives only three or four constant competent preachers lived near us, and those (though conformable all save one) were the common marks of the people's obloquy and reproach, and any that had but gone to hear them, when he had no preaching at home, was made the derision of the vulgar rabble, under the odious name of a Puritane

Youthful Faults

I was much addicted to the excessive gluttonous eating of apples and pears—which I think laid the foundation of that imbecillity and flatulency of my stomach which caused the bodily calamities of my life—To this end, and to concur with naughty boys that gloried in evil, I have oft gone into other men's orchards, and stoln their fruit, when I had enough at home

Special Mercies.

And yet two wonderful mercies I had from God that I was never overwhelm'd with real melancholy. My distemper never went so far as to possess me with any inordinate fancies, or damp me with sinking sadness,

although the physicians call'd it the hypocondriack melancholy. I had at several times the advice of no less than six and thirty physicians, by whose order I us'd druggs without number almost, which God thought not fit to make successful for a cure and indeed all authors that I read acquainted me that my disease was incurable, whereupon I at last forsook the doctors for the most part, except when the urgency of a symptom, or pain, constrained me to seek some present ease. The second mercy which I met with was, that my pains, though daily and almost continual, did not very much disable me from my duty, but I could study, and preach, and walk almost as well if I had been free. (of which more anon)

Cured of Inclination to Gaming

While I look back to this, it maketh me remember how God at that time did cure my inclination to gaming About seventeen years of age, being at Ludlow Castle, where many idle gentlemen had little else to do, I had a mind to learn to play at tables, and the best gamester in the house undertook to teach me! As I remember, the first or second game, when he had so much the better that it was an hundred to one, besides the difference of our skills, the standers by laugh'd at me, as well as he, for not giving it up, and told me the game was lost I knew no more but that it was not lost till all my table men were lost, and would not give it over He told me that he would lay me an hundred to one of it, and in good earnest laid me down ten shillings to my six pence as soon as ever the money was down, whereas he told me that there was no possibility of my game, but by one cast often, I had every cast the same I wished, and he had every one according to my desire, so that by that time one could go four or five times about the room his game was gone, which put him in so great an admiration that I took the hint, and believed that the devil had the ruling of the dice, and did it to entice me on to be a gamester And so I gave him his ten shillings again, and resolved I would never more play at tables whilst I lived.

Fruits of Experience

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections, and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine In some indeed I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater like ness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testifie for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did, and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high pro fession, and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life, only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

Of his own and other Men's Knowledge

Heretofore I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me (like a man that cometh into a country where he never was but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to But now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then. Accordingly I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now, for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained, and was familiarly acquainted with, and what books I understood not by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest, and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilties, the more I value and honour them And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book (as De Scientia Da, De Providentia circa Malum, De Decretis, De Prædeterminatione, De Libertate Creaturæ, &c.) I have but attained the knowledge of humane imperfections, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do, and when an author was highly com mended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole, whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

On the Credit due to History

I am much more cautelous [cautious] in my belief of history than heretofore, not that I run into their extream that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things But I am abundantly satisfyed by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men, ungodly men and partial men (though an honest heathen of no religion may be believed, where enmity against religion by asseth him not) yet a debauched Christian, besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without some further byass of interest or faction, especially when these concurr, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest con trary to a holy heavenly life, and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs, there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing

from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence distinct from his word compelleth you to believe. The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands of multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that priviledge to the re porter, that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud, or if they do, their writings are all supprest As long as men have liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are Yet in these cases I can freely believe constrained history I If the person shew that he is acquainted with what he saith 2 And if he shew you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God, which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing 3. If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and of mankind, and not possessed of malignity or personal ill will and malice, nor carried away by fac tion or personal interest Conscionable men dare not lye but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of And a charitable impartial heathen may conscience speak truth in a love to truth and hatred of a lye, but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to serve themselves on anything Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza, are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common plenary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitude of their seduced ones believe them all, in despight of truth and charity, so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons, whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false, as you would think that the sense of their honour at least should have made it impossible for such men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abun dance of ear witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false and therefore having myself now written this history of myself, not withstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from per sons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and credibility

Character of Cromwell

And as he went on, though he yet resolved not what form the new Commonwealth should be moulded into, yet he thought it but reasonable that he should be the chief person who had been chief in their deliverance (for the Lord Fairfax he knew had but the name) At last, as he thought it lawful to cut off the king, because he thought he was lawfully conquered, so he thought it lawful to fight against the Scots that would set him up, and to pull down the Presbyterian majority in the Parliament, which would else by restoring him undo all which had cost them so much blood and treasure. And accordingly he conquereth Scotland, and pulleth

down the Parliament being the easilier perswaded that all this was lawful, because he had a secret byas and eye towards his own exaltation for he (and his officers) thought that when the king was gone a government there must be, and that no man was so fit for it as he himself, as best deserving it, and as having, by his wit and great interest in the army, the best sufficiency to manage it yea, they thought that God had called them by successes to govern and take care of the Commonwealth, and of the interest of all his people in the land, and that if they stood by and suffered the Parliament to do that which they thought was dangerous, it would be required at their hands, whom they thought God had made the guardians of the land

Having thus forced his conscience to justifie all his cause (the cutting off the king, the setting up himself and his adherents, the pulling down the Parliament and the Scots), he thinketh that the end being good and necessary, the necessary means cannot be bad accordingly he giveth his interest and cause leave to tell him how far sects shall be tollerated and commended, and how far not, and how far the ministry shall be owned and supported, and how far not, yea, and how far professions, promises, and vows shall be kept, or broken, and therefore the Covenant he could not away with, nor the ministers, further than they yielded to his ends, or did not openly resist them. He scemed exceeding open hearted, by a familiar rustick affected carriage (especially to his soldiers in sporting with them) but he thought secrecy a vertue, and dissimula tion no vice, and simulation, that is, in plain English, a lie, or perfidiousness, to be a tollerable fault in a case of necessity being of the same opinion with the Lord Bacon (who was not so precise as learned), that 'the best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion, secrecy in habit, dis simulation in seasonable use, and a power to feign if there be no remedy' (Essay 6 pag 31) Therefore he kept fair with all, saving his open, or unreconcileable enemies He carried it with such dissimulation, that Anabaptists, Independents, and Antinomians did all think that he was one of them but he never endeavoured to perswade the Presbyterians that he was one of them, but only that he would do them justice, and preserve them, and that he honoured their worth and piety, for he knew that they were not so easily In a word, he did as our prelates have done, begin low and rise higher in his resolutions as his condition rose, and the promises which he made in his lower condition, he used as the interest of his higher following condition did require, and kept up as much honesty and godliness in the main as his cause and interest would allow (but there they left him) and his name standeth as a monitory monument or pillar to postcrity to tell them the instability of man in strong temptations, if God leave him to him self what great success and victories can do to lift up a mind that once seemed humble what pride can do to make man selfish, and corrupt the heart with ill designs what selfishness and ill designs can do to bribe the conscience, and corrupt the judgment, and make men justifie the greatest errours and sins, and set against the clearest truth and duty bloodshed and great enormities of life an erring deluded judgment may draw men to, and patronize, and that when God hath dreadful judgments to execute,

an erroneous sectary, or a proud self seeker, is oftner his instrument than an humble, lamb like, innocent saint

Character of Sir Matthew Hale

He was a man of no quick utterance, but often hesitant, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch as I believe he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act Patient in hearing the tediousest speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his Majestie's government, for with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbi trariness, cruelty, and utter confusion Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge, for the other judges seldom contradicted him He was the great instrument for rebuilding London, for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and by his prudence and justice removed a multitude of great impediments. His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover His garb was too plain, of riches or of grandeur he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifyeth wealth and greatness He kept no greater a family than myself I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back side, he had a mind of, but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he liveth contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors, but not without charity to the poor He continued the study of physicks and mathematicks still, as his great delight. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors, and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbs that he hath rated him out of the room.

Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.

I cannot forget that in my youth, in those late times when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports [re enforced on the clergy by Laud in 1633] and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town piper, hired by the year, for many years together, and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites,

because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did, though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service time, they could so hardly break off their sports that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic dresses, with morris bells jingling at their legs, and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

Baxter's Practical Works, in 23 vols., were edited, with a Life, by Orme in 1830, and have been reprinted in four. There are shorter Lives by Rev. A. B. Grosart (1879), Dean Boyle (1883), and J. H. Davies (1886).

Thomas Goodwin (1600-80), born at Rollesby, in Norfolk, studied at Cambridge, where he was made vicar of Trinity Church, but becoming an Independent, he preached in London, and then to the English congregation at Arnheim, in Holland. He was afterwards a member of the Westminster Assembly, chaplain to Cromwell's Council of State, and president of Magdalen College, Oxford Deprived at the Restoration, he in his later years preached to an Independent congregation in London He published sermons full of fervour, elaborate expositions of Scripture, and some controversial pamphlets. His devotional works are still prized by evangelical divines

John Owen (1616-83), one of the greatest of the Puritan divines, was born at Stadhampton, in Oxfordshire, and studied at Queen's College with extraordinary diligence and zeal Driven from the university by Laud's statutes, he became a private chaplain, and having written a polemical Display of Arminianism, was appointed to a living in He passed from Presbyterianism to Independency, and repeatedly preached before the Long Parliament. Cromwell took him as chaplain to Ireland in 1649, and set him to regulate the affairs of Trinity College, and in 1650 brought him to Edinburgh, where he spent six months quently he was promoted to the deanery of Christ Church College in Oxford, and soon after to the vice-chancellorship of the university, offices he held till Cromwell's death. He was one of the Triers appointed to purge the Church of scandalous ministers, opposed the giving of the crown to Cromwell, and the year after Cromwell's death was ejected from the deanery He bought an estate at Stadhampton, and formed a congregation there-After the Restoration he was favoured by Lord Clarendon, who offered him high preferment in the Church if he would conform-an obviously impossible suggestion. Owen also declined invitations from congregations in New England and from Harvard College Ultimately he ministered to a congregation of Independents in Leadenhall Street Spite of his opposition to the Church, Owen's character for singular moderation, together with his repute for ability and influence, secured him the esteem of Churchmen and courtiers, and even of the

king himself, who sent for him, and after a conversation of two hours gave him a thousand guineas to be distributed among those who had suffered most from the penal laws Owen was a man of vast learning, of very decided views, and a powerful controversialist, though he showed a courtesy and moderation in argument all too unusual on either side in those days He was appallingly industrious and voluminous as an author Collected editions of his works appeared in 1828 (28 vols) and 1850 (24 vols) Among the works are many sermons, An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews, A Discourse of the Holy Spirit, and The Divine Original and Authority of the Scriptures style is far from admirable, his argumentation is terribly discursive, wordy, and tedious, yet there are powerful, terse, and memorable passages and pages, as in this passage on sloth from the exposition of the 130th Psalm

Great opportunities for service neglected and great gifts not improved are oftentimes the occasion of plung mg the soul into great depths. Gifts are given to trade withal for God, opportunities are the market-days for that trade to napkin up the one and let slip the other will end in trouble and disconsolution. Disquietments and perplexities of heart are worms that will certainly breed in the rust of unexercised gifts. God loseth a revenue of glory and honour by such slothful souls, and he will make them sensible of it. I know some at this day whose omissions of opportunities for service are ready to sink them into the grave

John Howe (1630-1705), a great Nonconformist divine, was a native of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, where his father was curate At Cambridge he was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More, and he subsequently studied at Oxford In 1652 he was ordained minister of Great Torrington, in Upon public fasts he used to begin at Devonshire nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded Scripture for about three quarters, prayed an hour, preached another hour, and prayed again for half an-hour people then sang for a quarter of an hour, when he retired and took a little refreshment, he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half-an-hour! In 1657 Howe was chosen by Cromwell to reside at Whitehall as one As he had not coveted the office, of his chaplains he seems never to have liked it. From the 'affected disorderliness' of the Protector's family in religious matters Howe despaired of doing good in his office. But he continued to be chaplain to the Protector, and, after Oliver's death, to Richard Cromwell When Richard was set aside the minister returned to Great Torrington, but was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662 He was subsequently a minister in Ireland and London, and found leisure to write those admirable works of practical divinity which ranked him among the most gifted and eminent of the Nonconformist divines of Eng-From 1685 till the Declaration of Indul-

gence the 'Platonic Puritan' was in Holland, and he died in London in 1705 The principal works of John Howe are his Living Temple (1676-1702), a treatise on Delighting in God, The Blessedness of the Righteous, The Vanity of Man as Mortal, a Tractate on the Divine Presence, an Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Trinity, and The Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World (1699) Robert Hall acknowledged that he had learned more from John Howe than from any other author he ever read, and said there was 'an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions' Unhappily the matter of his works is vastly better than the manner, endless digressions render most of his works wearisome, his sentences are unwieldy, and the argument is but rarely illumined by lighter touches His letters of consolation arc admirable for their tenderness and Christian philosophy, that to Lady Russell after the execution of her husband is especially fine sent unsigned, its authorship was soon discovered, and led to i lifelong friendship A touching and dignified persuasion not to sorrow as those who have no hope, but to live for duties left, concludes thus

I multiply words, being loth to lose my design, and shall only add that consideration, which cannot but be valuable with you, upon his first proposal, who had all the advantages imaginable to give it its full weight—I mean that of those dear pledges left behind my own heart even bleeds to think of the case of those sweet babes, should they be bereaved of their other parent too And even your continued visible dejection would be their unspeakable disadvantage You will always naturally create in them a reverence of you, and I cannot but apprehend how the constant mien, aspect, and deportment of such a parent will insensibly influence the temper of dutiful children, and if that be sad and despondent, depress their spirits, blunt and take off the edge and quickness upon which their future usefulness and comfort will much depend. Were it possible their now glorious father should visit and inspect you, would you not be troubled to behold a frown in that bright serene face? You are to please a more penetrating eye, which you will best do by putting on a temper and deportment suitable to your weighty charge and duty, and to the great purposes for which God continues you in the world, by giving over unnecessary solitude and retirement, which (though it pleases) doth really prejudice you, and is more than you can bear Nor can any rules of decency require more. Nothing that is necessary and truly Christian ought to be reckoned unbecoming David's example is of too great authority to be counted a pattern of inde The God of heaven lift up the light of his coun tenance upon you, and thereby put gladness into your heart, and give you to apprehend him saying to you, 'Arise and walk in the light of the Lord'

That I have used so much freedom in this paper, I make no apology for, but do, therefore, hide myself in the dark, not judging it consistent with that plainness which I thought the case might require, to give any other account of myself than that I am one deeply sensible of your and your noble relatives' great affliction, and who scarce ever bow the knee before the mercy-seat without remembering it and who shall ever be, madam, your

ladyship's most sincere honourer, and most humble devoted servant

A collected edition of Howe's works, with a Life by Calamy, was published in 1724 Other Lives are by Hunt (1810), Dunn (1836), Urwick (1846), Hewlett (1848), and especially Rogers (1836, new ed. 1879).

John Flavel (1627–91), born at Bromsgrove, and educated at Oxford, took Presbyterian orders in 1650, and was ejected from his living at Dartmouth in 1662. He continued to preach there privately, and after the Declaration of Indulgence (1687) was minister of a Nonconformist church till his death. He published some thirty works, filling in some of the collected editions six volumes. His writings were very popular, and sometimes—as in Husbandry Spiritualised and Navigation Spiritualised—show, along with higher qualities, abundance of elaborate ingenuity and perverse fancy

Ralph Cudworth (1617-88), a very learned divine, was a chief of the group of Cambridge Platonists Born at Aller, in Somerset, he studied at Cambridge, where, in 1645, he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew, and that chair he occupied till his death. He held a series of Church livings, and was Master of Christ's College from 1654, an appointment he retained after the Restoration in spite of his submission to the Government of the Commonwealth His True Intellectual System of the Universe (1678) was designed as a refutation of atheism and contemporary freethinking executes only part of his design—the establishment of the three fundamental or essential truths of true religion 'First, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor, but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding Being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust, and not by arbitrary will, law, and command And, lastly, that we are so far forth principals or masters of our own actions as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly' Against Hobbes, he maintained the natural and everlasting distinction between justice and injustice. as also the freedom of the human will, but he differs from most subsequent opponents of Hobbism, in ascribing our recognition of right and wrong entirely to the reasoning faculties, and in no degree to sentiment or emotion In the Intellectual System ethical questions are but incidentally and occasionally touched upon, but the work is so discursive as to find room for disquisitions on the meaning of the pagan mythology and the relation of the Platonic to the Christian trinity, and though sagacious and large-minded, fatigues by its redundant digressions In combating the atheists, Cudworth displays a prodigious amount of erudition, and that rare candour which prompts a controversialist to give a fair statement of the opinions and arguments which he means to

This honourable distinction brought upon him the reproach of insincerity, and by some contemporaries the epithets of Arian, Socinian, Deist, and even Atheist were freely applied to 'He has raised,' says Dryden, 'such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them' - 'the common fate,' as Shaftesbury remarked, 'of those who dare to appear fair authors' clamour seems to have disheartened the philosopher, who refrained from publishing the other portions of his scheme He left behind him several manuscript works, one of which, A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality, was published in 1731 by Bishop Chandler, and was a real contribution to Some of his unprinted writings are now in the British Museum His sermon before the House of Commons in 1647 shows the best side of the Latitudinarian school of which he was a representative, and, according to Mackintosh, may fairly be compared with Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying (published the year before) 'for charity, piety, and the most liberal toleration' Dugald Stewart noted that 'the Intellectual System of Cudworth embraces a field much wider than his treatise of Immutable The latter is particularly directed against the doctrines of Hobbes and of the Antinomians, but the former aspires to tear up by the roots all the principles, both physical and metaphysical, of the Epicurean philosophy work, certainly, which reflects much honour on the talents of the author, and still more on the boundless extent of his learning, but it is so ill suited to the taste of the present age, that, since the time of Mr Harris and Dr Price, I scarcely recollect the slightest reference to it in the writings of our British metaphysicians' Interest cannot be said to have revived since Dugald Stewart's time.

The first specimen is the beginning of the famous sermon to the House of Commons (on I John ii 3, 4), the others, fragments from the torso of the Intellectual System

Of Knowledge and Religion.

We have much enquiry concerning knowledge in these latter times The sons of Adam are now as busy as ever himself was about the tree of knowledge of good and evil, shaking the boughs of it, and scrambling for the fruit, whilst, I fear, many are too unmindful of the treeof life. And though there be now no cherubims with their flaming swords to fright men off from it, yet the way that leads to it seems to be so solitary and untrodden, as if there were but few that had any mind to taste of the fruit of it There be many that speak of new glimpses and discoveries of truth, of dawnings of gospel light, and no question but God hath reserved much of this for the very evening and sun set of the world, for in the latter days knowledge shall be increased but yet I wish we could in the mean time see that day to dawn which the Apostle speaks of, and that day-star to arise in men's hearts I wish, whilst we talk of light and dispute about truth, we could walk more as children of the light Whereas, if S John's rule be good here in the text, that

no man truly knows Christ but he that keepeth his commandments, it is much to be suspected that many of us which pretend to light have a thick and gloomy darkness within over spreading our souls.

There be now many large volumes and discourses written concerning Christ, thousands of controversies discussed, infinite problems determined concerning his divinity, humanity, union of both together, and what not, so that our bookish Christians, that have all their religion in writings and papers, think they are now completely furnished with all kind of knowledge concerning Christ, and when they see all their leaves lying about them, they think they have a goodly stock of knowledge and truth, and cannot possibly miss of the way to heaven, as if religion were nothing but a little book craft, a mere paper skill

But if S John's rule here be good, we must not judge of our knowing of Christ by our skill in books and papers, but by our keeping of his commandments. And that, I fear, will discover many of us (notwithstanding all this light which we boast of round about us) to have nothing but Egyptian darkness within our hearts.

The vulgar sort think that they know Christ enough out of their creeds and catechisms and confessions of faith, and if they have but a little acquainted themselves with these, and like parrots conned the words of them, they doubt not but that they are sufficiently instructed in all the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. Many of the more learned, if they can but wrangle and dispute about Christ, imagine themselves to be grown great proficients in the school of Christ.

The greatest part of the world, whether learned or un learned, think that there is no need of purging and purifying of their hearts for the right knowledge of Christ and his gospel, but though their lives be never so wicked, their hearts never so foul within, yet they may know Christ sufficiently out of their treatises and dis courses, out of their meer systems and bodies of divinity which I deny not to be useful in a subordinate way, although our Saviour prescribeth his disciples another method to come to the right knowledge of divine truths, by doing of God's will, He that will do my father's will (saith he) shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of He is a true Christian indeed, not he that is only book taught, but he that is God taught, he that hath an unction from the Holy One (as our Apostle calleth it), that teacheth him all things, he that hath the spirit of Christ within him, that searcheth out the deep things of God for as no man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man which is in him, even so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God

Ink and paper can never make us Christians, can never beget a new nature, a living principle in us, can never form Christ or any true notions of spiritual things in our The Gospel, that new law which Christ de livered to the world, it is not merely a dead letter without us, but a quickening spirit within us Cold theorems and maxims, dry and jejune disputes, lean syllogistical reasonings, could never yet of themselves beget the least glimpse of true heavenly light, the least sap of saving knowledge in any heart. All this is but the groping of the poor dark spirit of man after truth, to find it out with his own endeavours, and feel it with his own cold and benumbed hands Words and syllables, which are but dead things, cannot possibly convey the living notions of heavenly truths to us The secret mysteries of a divine

life, of a new nature, of Christ formed in our hearts, they cannot be written or spoken, language and expressions cannot reach them, neither can they be ever truly under stood, except the soul itself be kindled from within, and awakened into the life of them A painter that would draw a rose, though he may flourish some likeness of it in figure and colour, yet he can never paint the scent and fragrancy, or if he would draw a flame, he cannot put a constant heat into his colours, he cannot make his pencil drop a sound, as the echo in the epigram mocks at him -Si vis similem pingere, pinge sonum All the skill of cunning artizans and mechanicks cannot put a principle of life into a statue of their own making. Neither are we able to inclose in words and letters the life, soul, and essence of any spiritual truths, and, as it were, to incorporate it in them

Some philosophers have determined that αρέτη is not διδακτον, virtue cannot be taught by any certain rules or precepts. Men and books may propound some directions to us, that may set us in such a way of life and practice as in which we shall at last find it within ourselves, and be experimentally acquainted with it, but they cannot teach it us like a mechanick art or tride. No, surely, there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding. But we shall not meet with this spirit any where but in the way of obedience the knowledge of Christ and the keeping of his commandments must always go together, and be mutual causes of one another

Two Atheist Arguments

And lastly, the topick of evils in general is insisted upon by them, not those which are called culpa, evils of fault (for that is a thing which the Democritick Atheists utterly explode in the genuine sense of it), but the evils of pain and trouble, which they dispute concerning after this manner The supposed Deity and maker of the world was either willing to abolish all evils, but not able, or he was able but not willing, or thirdly, he was neither willing nor able, or else lastly, he was both able and This latter is the only thing that answers fully to the notion of a God Now, that the supposed creator of all things was not thus both able and willing to abolish all evils is plain, because then there would have been no evils at all left. Wherefore since there is such a deluge of evils overflowing all, it must needs be that either he was willing and not able to remove them, and then he was impotent, or else he was able and not willing, and then he was envious, or lastly, he was neither able nor willing, and then he was both impotent and envious.

In the twelfth place, the Atheists further dispute in this manner. If the world were made by any Deity, then it would be governed by a providence, and if there were any providence, it must appear in human affairs. But here it is plain that all is Tohu and Bohu, chaos and confusion, things happening alike to all, to the wise and foolish, religious and impious, virtuous and vicious. (For these names the Atheist cannot chuse but make use of, though by taking away natural morality they really destroy the things.) From whence it is concluded that all things float up and down, as they are agitated and driven by the tumbling billows of careless fortune and chance. The impieties of Dionysius, his scoffing abuses of religion, and whatsoever was then sacred or worship'd under the notion of a God, were most notorious, and yet it is

observed that he fared never a jot the worse for it Hunc nec Olympius Jupiter fulmine percussit, nec Zescu lapius misero diuturnoque morbo tabescentem interemit, verum in suo lectulo mortuus, in Tympanidis rogum illatus est, eamque potestatem, quam ipse per scelus nactus erat, quasi justam & legitimam hæreditatis loco tradidit Neither did Jupiter Olympius strike him with a thunderbolt, nor Æsculapius inflict any languishing disease upon him, but he died in his bed, and was honourably in terred, and that power which he had wickedly acquired, he transmitted as a just and lawful inheritance to his And Diogenes the Cynick, though much a Theist, could not but acknowledge that Harpalus, 1 famous robber or pirate in those times, who, committing many villanous actions, notwithstanding lived prosper ously, did thereby Testimonium dicere contra deos, bear testimony against the Gods Though it has been ob jected by the Theists, and thought to be a strong argument for providence, that there were so many tables hung up in temples, the monuments of such as having prayed to the gods in storms and tempests, had escaped shipwreck, yet as Diagoras observed, Nusquam picti sunt qui naufragium fecerunt, there are no tables extant of those of them who were shipwreck'd Wherefore it was not considered by these Theists, how many of them that prayed as well to the gods did notwithstanding suffer shipwreck, as also how many of those which never made any devotional addresses at all to any deity escaped equal dangers of storms and tempests

Moreover, it is consentaneous to the opinion of a God, to think that thunder rattling in the clouds with thunder bolts should be the immediate significations of his wrath and displeasure—whereas it is plain that these are flung at random, and that the fury of them often lights upon the innocent, whilst the notoriously guilty escape un touched, and therefore we understand not how this can be answered by any Theists

Tohu and Bohu are the Hebrew words rendered 'without form and void in the second verse of Genesis in the Authorised Version The Latin quotation is from Cicero, De Finibus, iii. 35

Christianity Confirmed from the Existence of Wizards and Demoniacs

To this phænomenon of apparitions might be added those two others of magicians or wizards, dæmoniacks or Energument, both of these proving also the real existence of spirits, and that they are not mere phancies and imaginary inhabitants of men's brains only, but real inhabitants of the world As also that among those spirits there are some foul, unclean, and wicked ones (though not made such by God, but by their own apostacy), which is some confirmation of the truth of Christianity, the Scripture insisting so much upon these evil dæmons or devils, and declaring it to be one design of our Saviour Christ's coming into the world, to oppose these confede rate powers of the kingdom of darkness, and to rescue mankind from the thraldom and bondage thereof for wizards and magicians, persons who associate and confederate themselves in a peculiar manner with these evil spirits, for the gratification of their own revenge, lust, ambition, and other passions, besides the Scriptures, there hath been so full an attestation given to them by persons unconcerned in all ages, that those our so con fident exploders of them in this present age can hardly escape the suspicion of having some hankering towards atheism But as for the dæmoniacks and Energument, it hath been wondered that there should be so many of them in our Saviour's time, and hardly any, or none, in this present age of ours Certain it is, from the writings of Josephus, in sundry places, that the Pharisaick Jews were then generally possessed with an opinion of these δαιμονιζόμενοι, dæmoniacks, men possessed with devils, or infested by them And that this was not a mere phrase or form of speech only amongst them for persons very ill affected in their bodies may appear from hence, that Tosephus declares it as his opinion concerning the dæmons or devils, that they were the spirits or souls of wicked men deceased getting into the bodies of the living From hence it was that the Jews, in our Saviour's time, were not at all surprised with his casting out of devils, it being usual for them also to exorcise the same, an art which they pretended to have learn'd from Solomon

See Tulloch's Rational Theology in England (1872), Martineau's Types of Ethical Theory (vol. ii. 1885), and monographs by Cli. E. Lowrey (New York, 1884) and W. R. Scott (1891)

Sir Richard Fanshawe, poet and translator as well as royalist diplomat, was born at Ware Park, Hertfordshire, in 1608, studied at Jesus College, Cambridge, and went abroad to study In the Civil War he sided with the languages king, and while at Oxford married in 1644 the brave and lively Anne Harrison (1625-80) 1648 he became treasurer to the navy under Prince Rupert, in 1651 was taken prisoner at Worcester, and on Cromwell's death withdrew to the Conti-After the Restoration he was appointed ambassador at the courts of Portugal and Spain, and died suddenly at Madrid, 26th June 1666 Fanshawe's works include The Faithfull Shepheard (1647), a translation from the Italian of Guarini's Pastor Fido, Selected Parts of Horace (1652), perhaps his happiest effort in translation, a translation into Latin verse of Fletcher's Faithful Shepher dess, The Lustad (1655), a translation from Camoens, criticised by Mickle as barsh and unpoetical, but praised by Southey and commended by Burton, and Querer per Solo Querer ('To Love for Love's Sake'), a dramatic romance translated from the Spanish of Hurtado de Mendoza, and quoted by Charles Lamb with commendation both of play and translator In the first scene of The Faithfull Shepheard, Linco and Silvio during a boar-hunt converse thus

Linco Fond youth, for a wild boar so far to roam, Whom thou must hunt with danger, when at home One's safely lodg'd!

Silvio Dost thou speak seriously? How near is it?

Lin As thou art now to me.

Sil Th' art mad.

Lin Thou art

Sil In what wood doth he rest?

Lin Silvio's the wood, and cruelty the beast!

Sil Mad, I was sure!

Lin. To have a nymph so fair (Rather a goddess of perfections rare),
Fresher and sweeter than a rose new blown,
Softer and whiter than an old swan's down,

From whom there lives not at this day a swain So proud 'mongst us but sighs and sighs in vain, To have, I say, this matchless paragon By gods and men reserv'd for thee, nay thrown Into thine arms without one sigh or tear, And thou unworthy! to disvalue her, Art thou not then a beast, a savage one? Rather a senseless clod, a stock, a stone?

Sil If not to be in love be cruelty,
Then cruelty's a vertue, nor do I
Repent but boast I lodge him in my breast
By whom I've conquer'd Love, the greater beast

Lin How could'st thou conquer, silly idiot, Whom thou ne're try'dst

Sil In that I try'd him not

Lin O hadst thou try'd him, Silvio, and once found
In mutual lovers what true joyes are found,
I know thou 'ldst say, O Love, the sweetest guest,
Why hast thou been an alien to this breast?

Leave, leave the woods, leave following beasts, fond boy,
And follow love

Lady Fanshawe wrote Memoirs of her own life, to which were added extracts from the correspondence of her husband. They were published in 1829, edited by Sir N. Harris Nicolas, but unfortunately from a very imperfect and inaccurate copy of the original manuscript. Of this work a revised reprint, with introduction by Beatrix Marshall, appeared in 1905. The original manuscript is still extant.

An Irish Ghost

We went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's, she was the youngest daughter of the Earl of I homond There we staid three nights, the first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me I drew the curtain, and in the casement of the window I saw by the light of the moon a woman leaning into the window through the casement, in white, with red hair, and pale and ghastly complexion She spake loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, 'A horse!' and then with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than sub I was so much frightened that my hair stood on end, and my night clothes fell off I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in, but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and shewed him the window opened. Neither of us slept more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in Lugland, and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing -faith which should defend them from the power of the Devil, which he exercises among them very much About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us. saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber. and that he died at two o'clock, and she said 'I wish you to have had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that when any of the family are dying the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window, but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house'. We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly

Domestic Diplomacy

My husband had provided very good lodgings for us [at Bristol], and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he with all expressions of joy received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying 'I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase, and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me-upon which confidence I will tell you what happened My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good under standing thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I, that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying if I would ask my husband privately he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth 'What news?' began to think there was more inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I then When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more I followed him, he turned hastily and said 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it He smilingly replied 'My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee, go, for I am very busy' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit, he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing, he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew, but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply, he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled,' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that but when you asked me of my business, it was wholly

out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed, but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs, and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied' So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family

Lucy Hutchinson, born in 1620 in the Tower of London, was the daughter of its lieutenant, Sir Allan Apsley, in 1638 she married Colonel John Hutchinson (1615-64), governor afterwards of Nottingham Castle, and one of the judges of Charles I During 1664-71 Mrs Hutchinson wrote Memoirs of her husband's life for her children's instruction, which were not designed for publication, and were first published by a collateral descendant, the Rev Julius Hutchinson, in 1806 This peculiarly interesting and valuable narrative, besides adding to our knowledge of the Civil War in Nottinghamshire, sheds much light on the domestic life of the time, the position of women in society, and the state of education and manners The unsought graces of the style and its obvious sincerity and truthfulness heighten the effect of a charming picture of a Puritan gentleman and a Puritan home, and the wifely affection conspicuous throughout (even the very exaggeration of her husband's merits and importance) stirs us to warm sympathy with both the author and the subject of the memoir, which is an undesigned rebutter of hundreds of royalist taunts and sneers levelled against Puritans as naturally all narrow-minded, bitter, and uncultured Though he signed the sentence which condemned Charles I to the scaffold, Colonel Hutchinson testified against Cromwell's usurpation, and lived in retirement till the He was included then in the Act of Restoration Amnesty, but in 1663 was arrested on a groundless suspicion of treasonable conspiracy, and died after eleven months' imprisonment in Sandown Castle, Kent, 11th September 1664 Mrs Hutchinson was an exceptionally learned lady-knew French and Latin thoroughly, had some knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, and was well read in theology translated Lucretius into English verse, and part of the Enerd (both yet in MS), and wrote two theological essays, published in 1817 In an autobiographical fragment prefixed to the Memoirs, Mrs Hutchinson describes her youthful precocity and early training thus

For my father and mother fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By that time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed,

the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and needle work, but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it, yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstript my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain that was my tutor was a pitiful dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal of wit, had some emulation at the progress I made in my learning, which very well pleased my father, though my mother would have been contented I had not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect my other qualities as for music and dancing, I profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me, and for my needle I absolutely hated it, play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and pluckt all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable, and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table and in my mother's drawing room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again to great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that through the good instructions of my mother, and the scrmons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practise as I was taught I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects, but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to anything that was not sin, for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked, I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confidante in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women, and there was none of them but had many lovers and some particular friends beloved above the rest.

Even more classical is the picture of the sweet domesticities that rather furthered than hindered her (unpublished) translation of Lucretius

I turned it into English in a room where my children practised the several qualities they were thught with their tutors, and I numbered the syllables of my translation by the threads of the canvas I wrought in, and set them down with a pen and ink that stood by me.

Thus she records in the *Memoirs* how her husband defended himself (generally rather than explicitly) before the Convention Parliament of 1660

Colonel Hutchinson on his Defence

When it came to Inglesby's turn, he, with many tears, professt his repentance for that murther, and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forced him to subscribe the sentence, and made a most whining recantation, after which he retired, and another had almost unded, when Colonel Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surprized with a thing he ex pected not, yet neither then nor in any the like occasion did he ever fail himself, but told them, 'that for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the mexperience of his age and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own, and if the sacrifice of him might conduct to the publick peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their dispose, that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonics that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to em bark in such a troubled sea, where he had made ship wrick of all things but a good conscience And as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted in English man, a Christian, and a gentleman. What he expressed was to this effect, but so handsomely delivered that it generally tooke the whole house only one gentleman stood up and said he had expressed linuself as one that was much more sorry for the events and consequences than for the actions, but another replied that when a man's words might admit of two interpretations, it belitted gentlemen always to receive that which might be most As soon as the colonel had spoken, he re favourable tired into a room where Inglesby was, with his eyes yet red, who had called up a little spirit to succeed his whinings, and embracing Colonel Hutchinson 'O colonel,' said he, 'did I ever imagine we could be brought to this! Could I have suspected it when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this sword should have redeemed us from being dealt with as criminals, by that people for whom we had so gloriously exposed our selves.' The colonel told him he had foreseen, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawful authority of the land to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else, but the integrity of his heart in all he had done made him as cheerfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the House that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the House Work, after all his great professions, now sate still, and had not one word to interpose for any per on, but was as forward to set vengeance on foot as my man

The Life of Colonel Hutchinson has been repeatedly regranted the best edition is that by Mr C. H. Firth (1885).

Hargaret, Duchess of Newcastle (c 1624–74), was distinguished even more for her indefitigable pursuit of literature than for her faithful attachment to her lord in his long exile during the time of the Commonwealth. She was the youngest of the eight children of Sir Charles Lucis, of St John's, near Colchester, and in 1643 became a

mud of honour to Henrietta Maria Having accompanied the queen to I rance, she met with William Cavendish, Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Newcastle (1592-1676), and was married to him at Paris in 1645 The Marquis took up his residence at Antwerp till the troubles were over, and there Margaret wrote Philosophical Funcies and Poems and Fancies, both published in 1653. Her husb ind assisted her in her compositions, a circumstance which Horace Walpole ridiculed in his Royal and Noble Authors, and so industrious were the noble pair that they filled more than a dozen mighty volumes, folio, with plays, poems, orations, observations on experimental philosophy, &c, whilst the Duke by himself produced, besides plays and poems, two works upon horsemanship His share in his wife's literary enterprises is sometimes expressly indicated, but was usually unim-'It pleased God,' the Duchess Margaret portant said, 'to command his servant Nature to induc me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my very birth' In her dresses the Duchess was as peculiar as in her books. 'I took great delight,' she confesses, 'in attiring myself in fine dressing and fashions, especially such fishions as I did invent myself' Of these we learn something from Secretary Pepys 'Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet, herself with her velvet cap, her hair about her cars, many black patches about her mouth, without anything about her neck, and a black vest fitted to the body' Pepys afterwards saw her in her coach, with a hundred boys and girls running after The Duchess wrote an autobiography (1656), and a Life of her husband the Duke (1667), a work which Charles Lamb considered a jewel for which no casket was rich enough There is a singular charm in the complete devotion of the writer to her husband (whom she ranks above Julius Casir), as well as in the picture presented of intiquated gullantry, chivalrous loyalty, and pure iffection After the Restoration they lived in this country, the Duke being mainly occupied in managing what was recoverable of his once vast estites Loving and flattering one another, the Duke and Duchess lived on in their eccentric-and, in spite of their heavy losses, magnificent-way for many verrs, and when both were gone, a stately monument in Westminster Abbey bore record that there lay 'the loyal Duke of Newcastle and his Duchess,' adding, in language written by the Duchess, which Addison admired, 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, ind all the sisters virtuous. The philosophising of the bemule Oracle,' mostly worthless, is, even when sound, wonderfully tedious, though sometimes enlightened by weighty and pully sixtings. Her plays are almost unreadable. Her most popular poem wis Ire Pastors and Revertion of the Queen of Fairies in Larry Lind - It often colores Shikespeare, but has some five lines of the

Duchess's own, such as those descriptive of the elf queen

> She on a dewy leaf doth bathe, And as she sits, the leaf doth wave, There like a new fallen flake of snow, Doth her white limbs in beauty shew Her garments fair her maids put on, Made of the pure light from the sun

and Melancholy deals with allegorical Mirth The former woos the poetess personifications to dwell with her, promising sport and pleasure, and drawing a gloomy but forcible sketch of her rival Melancholy

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound, She hates the light, and is in darkness found, Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small, Which various shadows make against the wall She loves nought else but noise which discord makes, As croaking frogs whose dwelling is in lakes, The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan, And shrieking owls which fly i' the night alone, The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out, A mill, where rushing waters run about, The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall, Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal She loves to walk in the still moonshine night, And in a thick dark grove she takes delight, In hollow caves, thatched houses, and low cells, She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

These are fragments from the Lives

The White-Coats

Amongst the rest of his army, my lord had chosen for his own regiment of foot 3000 of such valiant, stout, and futhful men (whereof many were bred in the moorish grounds of the northern parts) that they were ready to die at my lord's feet, and never gave over, whensoever they were engaged in action, until they had either con quer'd the enemy or lost their lives They were called White Coats for this following reason My lord being resolved to give them new liveries, and there being not red cloth enough to be had, took up so much of white as would serve to cloath them, desiring withal their patience until he had got it dyed, but they impatient of stay, requested my lord that he would be pleased to let them have it un dyed as it was, promising they themselves would die it in the enemies blood which request my lord granted them, and from that time they were called White Coats

The Duke's Diet

In his diet he is so sparing and temperate, that he never eats nor drinks beyond his set proportion, so as to satisfie onely his natural appetite he makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small beer, one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner, which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small beer And by this temperance he finds himself very healthful, and may yet live many years, he being now of the age of seventy three, which I pray God from my soul to grant him.

His Recreation and Exercise

His prime pastime and recreation hath always been the exercise of mannage and weapons, which heroick arts he used to practise every day, but I observing that when he had over heated himself, he would be apt to take cold, prevail'd so far that at last he left the frequent use of the mannage, using nevertheless still the exercise of weapons, and though he doth not ride himself so frequently as he hath done, yet he takes delight in seeing his horses of mannage rid by his escuyers, whom he instructs in that art for his own pleasure But in the art of weapons (in which he has a method beyond all that ever were famous in it, found out by his own ingenuity and practice) he never taught any body but the now Duke of Buckingham, whose guardian he hath been, and his own two sons. The rest of his time he spends in musick, poetry, architecture and the like

The Lives were edited in 1872 by Mr Lower, and in 1886 by Mr C. H Firth. The Life of the Duchess and a selection from her poems and other works were edited by Mr Jenkins in 1872

Richard Crashaw, the most mystical of the English poets, was the only child of William Crashaw (1572-1626), a Puritan incumbent of Whitechapel, himself a writer of religious poems as well as a strenuous controversialist. Richard, probably born in 1612, was educated at Charterhouse and Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and was elected to a fellowship at Peterhouse in 1637 He spent much of the following years in religious offices and in writing devotional poetry, and, as the prefice to his works tells us, 'like a primitive saint, offering more prayers by night than others usually offer in the day. His intimacy with Nicholas Ferrar and his own Catholic tendencies led him and five other Fellows to refuse the Solemn League and Covenant, whereupon, in 1643, he was ejected by the Parliamentary Commissioners, found his way to Paris, endured great privation, and became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith Through the friendship of Cowley, Crashaw obtained the notice of Henrietta Maria, then (1646) at Paris, and was recommended by her about 1648 to the dignitaries of the Church in Italy At first attached to the service of Cardinal Palotta in Rome, he then became a sub canon of the church of Loretto, and there he died in August 1649 Cowley honoured his memory in one of the finest elegies in the language (see page 644)

While at Cambridge, Crashaw published, in 1634, a volume of Latin poems and epigrams, in one of which—not otherwise noteworthy—occurs the famous line on the miracle at Cana

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

The conceit is found already in a hymn of St Ambrose Crashaw's not very perfect pentameter has been very variously Englished and quoted The rendering by Pope's friend, Aaron Hill, is

The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd, and Dryden has it in this form

The conscious water saw its God and blush'd Mr Grosart quotes a French version of it by

Victor Hugo

In 1646, on the eve of his departure for France, appeared Crashaw's English poems, Steps to the Temple Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the The greater part of the volume consists of religious poetry, in which the poet addresses the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalene, with all the passionate earnestness and fervour of a lover He had a warm admiration for the ecstatic writings of St Teresa, to whom two of his best poems or hymns are addressed Of the hymns Coleridge says 'These verses were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of Christabel, if they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem' In these flights into the third heavens, 'with' all his garlands and singing robes about him,' Crashaw, whom Dr George Macdonald calls 'the loveliest of our angel-birds,' as hardly having a foothold on this world, but floating in the upper air of it, expatiates amidst

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring,
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name

Such seem to have been his daily contemplations, the heavenly manna on which his young spirit fed with delight. This mystical mode of thought and fancy naturally led to exaggeration and to conceits Conceits pervaded all the poetry of the time, and Crashaw could hardly escape the infection, even if there had not been in his case special predisposing causes But amidst all his abstractions, metaphors, and apostrophes, Crashaw is His imagination was only too seldom tedious copious, and what Coleridge called his 'power and opulence of invention,' at times wonderfully suggestive, was unbridled Coleridge says he gave in his poems the full ebullience of his imagination, unshapen into form, and Swinburne notes the 'dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinement, the supple and cunning implication, the choiceness and subtlety,' of the poet Though his ardour is genuine, at times his fantastic imagery and incongruous conceits tend to make solemn things all but ludicrous But his versification is sometimes highly musical, and except Milton no poet of his day (not Cowley, whom his age preferred) is so rich in the genuine ore of poetry. He had much in common with George Herbert, but, if more melodious and less crabbed, is less simple and direct Unhappily his life was short, and even in it he did not realise his own dream (page 680)

> A happy soul, that all the way To heaven hath a summer's day

The poet was an accomplished scholar, and his translations from the Latin and Italian possess both force and beauty. He translated part of the Sospetto d'Herode from the Italian of Giambattista Marino (or Marini), from whom the overloading of poetry with conccits was called stilo Marinesco or

Marinism, but Crashaw outdid Marino in Marinism, and to the Italian's conceits added many ornaments of his own

Crashaw's motives in joining the Church of Rome were naturally suspected by unfriends in his own day, and, rather on theological than resthetical grounds, Puritans like Prynne denounced him as a 'fickle shuttlecock' and 'pitiful wire-drawer' In the reign of 'good taste and common sense' his poetry had few admirers even during the romantic revival Hazlitt grouped him (oddly enough) with Donne and Davies, as having mistaken learning for poetry, and spoke unsympathetically of 'his seething brain' and of his 'pouring out his devout raptures and zealous enthusiasm in a torrent of poetical hyperboles' Coleridge proclaimed his influence on Christabel, parallels have been found in Shelley and Swinburne, and many other poets and critics have acknowledged Crashaw's fascination

In the Sospetto Crashaw thus describes the abode of Satan

Below the bottome of the great Abysse,
There, where one center reconciles all things,
The World's profound heart pants, there placed is
Mischiefe's old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kisse
His correspondent checkes—these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in cternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly unto Death and him,
Faine would be have forgot what fatall strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe,
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wings,
Which like two bosom'd sailes, embrace the dimme
Aire with a dismall shade, but all in vaine
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chaine

While thus Heav'n's highest counsails, by the low Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well, He tost his troubled eyes—embers that glow Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell, With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed brow, And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell Ran trembling through the hollow vault of Night, The while his twisted tayle he gnaw'd for spight

The judge of torments and the king of teares, He fills a burnisht throne of quenchlesse fire And for his old faire roabes of light, he weares A gloomy mantle of darke flames, the tire That crownes his hated head on high appeares Where scav'n tall hornes (his empire's pride) aspire And to make up Hell's majesty, each horne Seav'n crested Hydras, hornibly adorne

His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull agre with a dismall red
Such his fell glances, as the fatall light
Of staring comets, that looke kingdomes dead
From his black nostrills and blew lips, in spight
Of Hell's owne stinke, a worser stench is spread
His breath Hell's lightning is and each deepe groane
Disdaines to think that Heav'n thunders alone

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadfull pile gives fiery breath,
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never dying life of a long death
In this sad house of slow destruction,
(His shop of flames) hee fryes himself, beneath
A masse of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
While his steele sides sound with his tayle's strong lash

Satan remembers his own quarrel with Heaven, and notes that his future prospects are darker

Heaven's golden winged herald late he saw To a poore Galilean virgin sent, Mad with spight,

He markt how the poore shepheards ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the Babe whose Birth
Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and earth

He cannot comprehend

That He Whom the sun serves should faintly peepe Through clouds of infant flesh—that He the old Eternall Word should be a child, and weepe That He Who made the fire should feare the cold That Heav'n's high Majesty His court should keepe In a clay cottage by each blast control'd—That Glories Self should serve our griefs and feares, And free Eternity submit to yeares.

Yet he sees that his power is seriously threatened, fears that hell too may be wrested from him, and takes counsel with the powers of hell, and commissions Cruelty to go and stir up Herod to jealousy and suspicion against the Babe (hence the title of the poem), and to take steps at once to defend himself and carry out Satan's schemes

The beginning of Sainte Mary Magdalene or the Weeper is characteristic

Hail, sister springs!
Parents of sylver footed rills!
Ever bubling things!
Thawing crystall! Snowy hills
Still spending, never spent! I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever falling starres.
'Tis seed time still with thee,
And starres thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the Earth to counter shine
Whatever makes heavn's forehead fine

The Flaming Heart ('upon the book and picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa, as she is usually expressed with a seraphim biside her') ends thus

O thou undanted daughter of desires!
By all thy dowr of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectuall day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large then they,
By all thy brim fill'd bowles of feirce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdome of that finall kisse
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His,
By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!),

By all of Him we have in thee, Leave nothing of my self in me. Let me so read thy life that I Unto all life of mine may dy

The first of the following elaborate similes or little allegories reminds us of a passage in Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying*, and the second of one of Shakespeare's best-known sonnets

I've seen indeed the hopefull bud Of a ruddy rose that stood Blushing to behold the ray Of the new saluted Day, His tender toppe not fully spread, The sweet dash of a shower new shead, Invited him no more to hide Within himselfe the purple pride Of his forward flower, when lo, While he sweetly 'gan to shew His swelling gloryes, Auster spide him, Cruel Auster thither hy'd him, And with the rush of one rude blast Sham'd not spitefully to wast All his leaves so fresh and sweet, And lay them trembling at his feet I've seen the Morning's lovely ray Hover o'er the new borne Day, With rosie wings, so richly bright, As if he scorned to thinke of Night, When a ruddy storme, whose scowle Made heaven's radiant face looke foule, Call'd for an untimely night To blot the newly blossomed light But were the roses' blush so rare, Were the Morning's smile so faire As is he, nor cloud nor wind But would be courteous, would be kind.

Amidst his visions of angels ascending and descending, Crashaw had little time to devote to earthly love. But the second part of the Steps is mainly secular, and contains elegies, epitaphs, and even verses in praise of women. We quote entire his version of Musick's Duell, based, like the paraphrase in Ford's Lover's Melancholy (see page 483), on the Latin of the Roman Jesuit professor Strada. It is a version, not a translation, and much of the substance is Crashaw's own

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams Of Tiber, on the sceane of a greene plat, Under protection of an oake there sate A sweet Lute's master, in whose gentle aires He lost the daye's heat, and his owne hot cares Close in the covert of the leaves there stood A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood (The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree, Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she) There stood she listning, and did entertaine The musick's soft report, and mold the same In her owne murmures, that whatever mood His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good The man perceiv'd his rivall, and her art, Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport, Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come Informs it in a sweet præludium

Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charg'd with a flying touch—and streightway she
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quicke volumes of wild notes, to let him know
By that shrill taste, she could do something too

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string A capring cheerefullnesse, and made them sing To their owne dance, now negligently rash He throwes his arme, and with a long drawne dash Blends all together, then distinctly tripps From this to that, then quicke returning skipps And snatches this again, and pauses there Shee measures every measure, every where Meets art with art, sometimes as if in doubt, Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out, Trayles her plaine ditty in one long spun note Through the sleeke passage of her open throat, A cleare unwrinckled song, then doth shee point it With tender accents, and severely joynt it By short diminutives, that being rear'd In controverting warbles evenly shar'd, With her sweet selfe shee wrangles Hee amazed That from so small a channell should be rais'd The torrent of a voyce, whose melody Could melt into such sweet variety, Straines higher yet, that tickled with rare art The tailing strings (each breathing in his part) Most kindly doe fall out, the grumbling base In surly groans disdaines the treble's grace, The high perch't treble chirps at this, and chides, Untill his finger (Moderatour) hides And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all, Horrce, shrill at once, as when the trumpets call Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo Men's hearts into their hands this lesson too Shee gives him back, her supple brest thrills out Sharpe aires, and staggers in a warbling doubt Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill, And folds in way'd notes with a trembling bill The plyant series of her slippery song, Then starts shee suddenly into a throng Of short, thicke sobs, whose thundring volleyes float And roule themselves over her lubrick throat In punting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast, That ever bubling spring, the sugred nest Of her delicious soule, that there does lye Bathing in streames of liquid melodie, Musick's best seed plot, whence in ripen'd aires A golden headed harvest fairly reares His honey dropping tops, plow'd by her breath, Which there reciprocally laboureth In that sweet soyle, it seemes a holy quire I ounded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre, Whose silver roofe rings with the sprightly notes Of sweet hpp'd angel imp, that swill their throats In creame of morning Helicon, and then Preferre soft anthems to the cares of men, To woo them from their beds, still murmuring That men can sleepe while they their mattens sing (Most divine service), whose so early lay Prevents the eye lidds of the blushing Day ! There you might heare her kindle her soft voyce, In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse,

And lay the ground worke of her hopefull song, Still keeping in the forward streams, so long, Fill a sweet whirle wind (striving to get out) Heaves her soft bosome, wanders round about, And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast, Fill the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest, Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the sky, Wing'd with their owne wild ecchos, pritting fly Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine, Rising and falling in a pompous traine And while she thus discharges a shrill peale Of flashing aires, she qualifies their zeale With the coole cpode of a graver noat, Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat Would reach the brazen voyce of War's hoarce bird, Her little soule is ravisht, and so pour'd Into loose extasies, that she is plac't Above her selfe, Musick's Enthusiast

Shame now and anger mixt a double strine

In the Musitian's face, yet once againe, Mistresse! I come, now reach a straine, my lute, Above her mocke, or be for ever mute, Or tune a song of victory to mc, Or to thy selfe, sing thine own obsequie So said, his hands sprightly as fire, he flings And with a quavering coynesse tasts the strings The sweet lip't sisters, musically frighted, Singing their feares, are fearefully delighted, Trembling as when Apollo's golden haires Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres Of his own breath, which marryed to his lyre Doth tune the spheares, and make Heaven's selfe looke From this to that, from that to this he flyes, Feeles Musick's pulse in all her arteryes, Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads, His fingers struggle with the vocall threads Following those little rills, he sinkes into A sea of Helicon, his hand does goe Those pathes of sweetnesse which with nectar drop, Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup The humourous strings expound his learned touch, By various glosses, now they sceme to grutch, And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle In shall tongu'd accents, striving to be single Every smooth turne, every delicious stroake Gives life to some new grace, thus doth h' invoke Sweetnesse by all her names, thus, bravely thus (Fraught with a fury so harmonious) The lute's light genius now does proudly rise, Heav'd on the surges of swolne rapsodyes, Whose flourish (meteor like) doth curle the airc With flash of high borne fancyes here and there Dancing in lofty measures, and anon Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone, Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares, Because those pretious mysteryes that dwell In Musick's ravish't soule he dares not tell, But whisper to the world thus doe they vary Lach string his note, as if they meant to carry Their Master's blest soule (snatcht out at his cares By a strong extasy) through all the spheares Of Musick's heaven, and seat it there on high In th' empyraum of pure harmony

At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers fairest revolution
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full mouth'd diapason swallowes all

This done, he lists what she would say to this, And she, (although her breath's late exercise Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate,) Yet summons all her sweet powers for a noate Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule!) she tryes To measure all those wild diversities Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a naturall tone, She failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes. She dyes and leaves her life the Victor's prise, Falling upon his lute O, fit to have (That liv'd so sweetly) dead so sweet a grave!

Wishes

To his Supposed Mistresse

Who ere she be, That not impossible she That shall command my heart and me,

Where ere she lye, Lock't up from mortall eye, In shady leaves of Destiny,

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her faire steps tread our Earth,

Till that divine Idæa take a shrine Of chrystall flesh, through which to shine,

Meet you her, my wishes, Bespeake her to my blisses, And be ye call'd, my absent kisses

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistring shoo tye

More than the spoyle Of shop, or silkeworme's toyle, Or a bought blush, or a set smile

A face that's best By its owne beauty drest, And can alone commend the rest

A cheeke where Youth, And blood, with pen of Truth Write what their reader sweetly ru'th.

Lipps, where all day
A lover's kisse may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out face
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace

Tresses, that we re Jewells but to declare How much themselves more pretious are Dayes, that need borrow No part of their good morrow From a fore spent night of sorrow

Life, that dares send A challenge to his end, And when it comes say, Welcome friend!

Sydnæan showers Of sweet discourse, whose powers Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,
Open sunnes, shady bowers,
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers

What ere delight Can make Daye's forehead bright, Or give downe to the wings of Night.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poore
Of wishes, and I wish—no more

From 'In Praise of Lessius' Rule of Health.'

Heark hither, reader! wilt thou see Nature her own physician be? Wilt see a man all his own wealth, His own musick, his own health? A man whose sober soul can tell How to wear her garments well? Her garments, that upon her sit, As garments should do, close and fit? A well clothed soul that's not opprest Nor choked with what she should be drest? A soul sheath'd in a crystall shrine, Through which all her bright features shine? As when a piece of wanton lawn, A thin 'aerial vail, is drawn O're Beauty's face, seeming to hide, More sweetly shews the blushing bride, A soul whose intellectual beams No mists do mask, no lazie steams? A happie soul, that all the way To Heav'n hath a Summer's day? Would'st see a man whose well warmed bloud Bathes him in a genuine floud? A man whose tuned humours be A seat of rarest harmonie? Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile Age? Would'st see December smile? Would'st see a nest of roses grow In a bed of reverend snow? Warm thoughts, free spirits fluttering Winter's self into a Spring? In sum, would'st see a man that can Live to be old, and still a man? Whose latest and most leaden houres Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres, And when Life's sweet fable ends, His soul and bodie part like friends, No quarrels, murmures, no delay, A kisse, a sigh, and so away? This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see, Heark hither and thyself be he.

Part of an ode præfixed to a little prayer-book given to a young gentlewoman

Lo! here a little volume, but great book (Feare it not, sweet, It is no hipocrit),

Much larger in itselfe than in its looke.

A nest of new-born sweets,
Whose native fires, disdaining
To ly thus folded and complaining
Of these ignoble sheets,
Affect more comly bands
(Fair one) from thy kind hands,
And confidently look
To find the rest

Of a rich binding in your breast.

It is, in one choise handfull, Heavn and all Heavn's royall host incampt thus small, fo prove that true, schooles use to tell,

Ten thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artillery,

Which here contracts it self, and comes to ly

Close couch't in your white bosom, and from thence,

As from a snowy fortress of defence,

Against the ghostly foe to take your part,

And fortify the hold of your chist heart

It is an armory of light

Let constant use but keep it bright,

You'l find it makes

You'l find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and sheilds
Than sin hath snares or Hell hath darts

Only be sure

The hands be pure That hold these weapons, and the eyes Those of turtles, chaste and true,

Wakefull and wist, Here is a freind shall fight for you Hold but this book before your heart, Let Priyer alone to play his part.

But O the heart That studyes this high art Must be a sure housekeeper, And yet no sleeper

Dear soul, be strong!
Mercy will come e're long,
And bring his bosome full of blessings—
Flowers of never fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy soules whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him Who is alone
The spouse of virgins and the Virgin's son

From 'Hymn to the Name above every Name, the Name of Jesus'

Come, lovely Name! Life of our hope!

Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!

Unlock Thy cabinet of Day,

Dearest Sweet, and come away

Lo, how the thirsty Lands

Gasp for thy golden showres, with long stretcht hands!

Lo, how the laboring Earth,

That hopes to be

All Heaven by thee,

Leapes at Thy birth!

The attending World, to wait Thy rise,

First turn'd to eyes,
And then, not knowing what to doe,
Furn'd them to teares, and spent them too
Come, royall Name 1 and pay the expence
Of all this pretious patience

O come away
And kill the death of this delay!
O see, so many worlds of barren yeares
Melted and measur'd out in seas of teares
Oh, see the weary liddes of wakefull hope
(Love's eastern windowes) all wide ope

With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of Thy dawn.
Oh, dawn at last, long lookt for day!
Take Thine own wings and come away
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.

O, they are wise,

And know what sweetes are suck't from out it

It is the hive

By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of hony lies
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy Dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of Day!
Unfold Thy fair conceptions, and display
The birth of our bright joyes

Sweet Name! in Thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell,
A thousand hills of frankincense,
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tasts Thee takes from thence
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercyes there
In Pitty's soft lap by a sleeping!
Happy he who has the art

To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart
Oh, that it were as it was wont to be!
When Thy old freinds, on fire all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles, gave glorious chase
To persecutions, and against the face
Of Death and feircest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave!
On their bold brests about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of Hell stood up to teach Thee,
In centre of their immost soules they wore Thee,
Where rackes and torments striv'd in vain to reach Thee

Little, alas, thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of Thy freinds,

Their fury but made way
For Thee, and serv'd them in Thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons, but with wider pores
Inlarge Thy flaming brested lovers,

More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides Thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons but sett wide the doores
For Thee? fair purple doores of Love's devising,
The ruby windowes which inricht the east

Of Thy so oft repeated rising!

Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning,

And re enthroned Thee in Thy rosy nest,

With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorning

It was the witt of love oreflowd the bounds

Of wrath, and made Thee way through all these wounds

Welcome, dear, all adored Name!

Welcome, dear, all adored Name!

For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee,

Or if there be such sonns of shame,
Alas! what will they doe

When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heavn saluting heads
To seek for humble beds

Of dust, where, in the bashfull shades of night,
Next to their own low Nothing they may ly,
And couch before the dazeling light of Thy dread
Majesty

They that by Love's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then with just confusion bow
And break before thee

The Steps of 1646 were reprinted in 1648 and as Carmen Deo Nostro (from one of the poems) with twelve vignettes from Crashaw s own designs, but without the translations from Marino and Strada, in 1652. There are poorer editions or selections (1670, 1775, and 1858), but the fullest is that by Grosart (for the Fuller Worthies Library, 1872). Mr Tutin published a selection from the Poems in 1887 and 1893, the English Poems, almost quite complete, in 2 vols in 1900, and, separately the secular poems as The Delights of the Muses (1 vol 1900). Mr Waller edited Steps to the Temple, The Delights of the Muses, and other Poems, in 1904.

Henry Vaughan (1622-95), long regarded with disdain as 'one of the harshest of the inferior order of the poetic school of conceits,' is now classed with George Herbert and Crashaw as a religious poet of exquisite feeling and fancy, tender and delicate expression, and meditative mysticism, though much of what he wrote is uncouth and obscure, dull and tedious, broken only occasionally Born at the farmhouse of by noble thoughts Newton, near Skethrog, in the parish of Llansaintffraed in Brecon, on 17th April 1622, he called himself 'Silurist' as a native of the territory of the ancient Silures, and he was twin-brother of Thomas Vaughan (1622-66), the alchemist brothers studied at Jesus College, Oxford, and shared the loyalty of their family for the royal cause Both of them suffered imprisonment and deprivation, although only Thomas actually bore arms for the king Early a devoted admirer of Ben Jonson, Randolph, and the other poets of the day, in 1646 he published his first Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished He now studied medicine, became M D, and settled down to practise first at Brecon, and then at his birthplace. Olor Iscanus ('Swan of Usk'), a collection of poems and translations, was sent to his brother in Oxford, and published without authority in 1651 A serious illness deepened his religious convictions, and henceforward time and eternity, sin and grace, were his main themes Siler Scintillans ('Sparks from the Flint, 'two parts, 1650-55) are religious poems and meditations Flores Solitudinis and The Mount of Ohves (1652) are devotional prose

the Pastines and Thalia Rediviva pieces Diversions of a Countrey Muse (1678), is a collection of poems by the twin-brothers-elegies, trans-Henry Vaughan died lations, religious verses 23rd April 1695, and his grave in Llansaintffraed churchyard was restored in 1896 The close similarity between Vaughan's Retreate and Wordsworth's famous ode on Intimations of Immortality has often and justly been dwelt on poem is at least an intimation or forerunner of the more famous one The Retreate and Beyond the Veil are universally counted amongst the purest and most exquisite reflective pieces of the age in which Vaughan lived He complains of the proverbial poverty and suffering of poets

As they were merely thrown upon the stage, The mirth of fools, and legends of the age.

But he was not without hopes of renown, and he wished the river of his native vale, the Usk, to share in the distinction

When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams, And my sun sets where first it spring in beams, I'll leave behind me such a large kind light As shall redeem thee from oblivious night, And in these vows which, living yet, I pay, Shed such a precious and enduring ray, As shall from age to age thy fair name lead Till rivers leave to run, and men to read!

Early Rising and Prayer

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like, our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty—true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep

Yet never sleep the sun up, prayer shou'd Dawn with the day there are set awful hours 'Twixt heaven and us, the manna was not good After sunrising, fair day sullies flowres Rise to prevent the sun, sleep doth sins glut, And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut

Walk with thy fellow creatures, note the hush And whispers amongst them There's not a spring Or leafe but hath his morning hymn, each bush And oak doth know I am Canst thou not sing? O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way, And thou art sure to prosper all the day

Serve God before the world, let Him not go Until thou hast a blessing, then resigne The whole unto Him, and remember who Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine. Pour oyl upon the stones, weep for thy sin, Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n

Mornings are mysteries, the first world's youth, Man's resurrection, and the future's bud, Shroud in their births, the crown of life, light, truth, Is styled their 'starre,' the 'stone,' and 'hidden food.' Three blessings wait upon them, two of which Should move, they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad, Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay, Dispatch necessities, life hath a load Which must be carri'd on, and safely may, Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart Be God's alone, and choose the better part

(From Silex Scintillans)

From 'The Rainbow'

Still young and fine! but what is still in view We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new How bright wort thou when Shem's admiring eye Thy burnisht flaming arch did first descry! When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot, The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot Did with intentive looks watch every hour For thy new light, and trembled at each shower! When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair, Forms turn to musick, clouds to smiles and air Rain gently spends his honey drops, and pours Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tyc Of my Lord's hand, the object of his eye ' When I behold thee, though my light be dim, Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him, Who looks upon thee from his glorious thronc, And mindes the covenant 'twixt all and One

(From Silex Scintillans)

Monsieur Gombauld.

[From Olor Iscanus Written after reading the romance Endymion, by the French Protestant poet J O de Gombauld (1570-1666), which was translated in 1637]

I 'ave read thy soul's fairc night peece, and have seen Th' amours and courtship of the silent queen, Her stoln descents to earth, and what did move her To juggle first with heav'n, then with a lover, With Latmos' lowder rescue, and, alis! To find her out, a hue and cric in brasse, Thy journall of deep mysteries, and sad Nocturnall pilgrimage, with thy dreams clad In fancies darker than thy cave, thy glassi Of sleepie draughts, and as thy soul did passe In her calm voyage, what discourse she heard Of spirits, what dark groves and ill shap'd guard Isman led thee through, with thy proud flight O'r Periardes, and deep musing night Near fair Eurotas' banks, what solemn green The neighbour shades weare, and what forms are seen In their large bowers, with that sad path and seat Which none but light heel'd nymphs and fairies beat, Their solitary life, and how exempt From common frailty, the severe contempt They have of man, their priviledge to live A tree or fountain, and in that reprieve What ages they consume with the sad vale Of Diophania, and the mournfull tale Of th' bleeding, vocall myrtle these and more, Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score To thy rare fancy for Nor doest thou fall I rom thy first majesty, or ought at all Betray consumption. Thy full vig'rous bayes Wear the same green, and scorne the lene decayes Of stile or matter, just so I have known Some chrystal spring, that from the neighbour down Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs steal To the next vale, and proudly there reveal

Her streams in lowder accents, adding still More noise and waters to her channell, till At last, swoln with increase, she glides along The lawnes and meadows, in a wanton throng Of frothy billows, and in one great name Swallows the tributary brooks' drown'd fame

Nor are they meere inventions, for we In th' same peece find scatter'd philosophic And hidden, disperst truths, that enfolded lye In the dark shades of deep allegorie, So neatly weav'd, like arras, they descrie Fables with truth, fancy with mysterie So that thou hast, in this thy curious mould, Cast that commended mixture wish'd of old, Which shall these contemplations render far Lesse mutable, and lasting as their star, And while there is a people, or a sunne, Endymion's storie with the moon shall runne.

From 'The Timber'

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed ore thy head, many light hearts and wings
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers

And still a new succession sings and flies,

Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,

While the low violet thrives at their root

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
Of death, doth waste all senseless, cold, and dark,
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or bark

And yet as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive, thou dost great storms resent
Before they come, and know'st how near they be

Else all at rest thou lyest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease,
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means onely those who broke, in life, thy peace.

So murthered man, when lovely life is done, And his blood freez'd, keeps in the center still Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run At his approach that did the body kill

And is there any murth'rer worse than sin?

Or any storms more foul than a lend life?

Or what resentient can work more within

Then true remorse, when with past sins at strife?

The Retreate

Happy those early dayes, when I Shin'd in my angell infancy! Before I understood this place Appointed for my second race, Or taught my soul to funcy ought But a white, celestiall thought, When yet I had not walkt above A mile or two from my first love, and looking back, at that short space, Could see a glimpse of His bright face,

When on some gilded cloud, or flowre, My gazing soul would dwell an houre, And in those weaker glories spy Some shadows of eternity, Before I taught my tongue to wound My conscience with a sinfull sound, Or had the black art to dispence A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence, But felt through all this fleshly dresse Bright shootes of everlastingnesse

Bright shootes of everlastingnesse
O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine,
From whence th' inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of palme trees.
But ah! my soule with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

Beyond the Veil.

They are all gone into the world of light!

And I alone sit lingring here,

Their very memory is fair and bright,

And my sad thoughts doth clear

It glows and gluters in my cloudy brest,

Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,

After the sun's remove

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,

High as the heavens above!

These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,

To kindle my cold love

Dear, beauteous Death the jewel of the just, Shining no where but in the dark, What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust, Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know At first sight if the bird be flown, But what fair well or grove he sings in now, That is to him unknown

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams

Call to the soul, when man doth sleep

So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,

And into glory peep

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,

Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,

She'l shine through all the sphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

(From Silex Scintillans)

Childe-hood.

I cannot reach it, and my striving eye
Dazles at it as at eternity
Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path ev'n,
And by meer playing go to Heaven

Why should men love A wolf more than a lamb or dove? Or choose hell fire and brimstone streams Before bright stars and God's own beams? Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face, But flowers do both refresh and grace, And sweetly living-fie on men! Are, when dead, medicinal then, If seeing much should make staid eyes, And long experience should make wise, Since all that age doth teach is ill, Why should I not love childe hood still? Why, if I see a rock or shelf, Shall I from thence cast down my self? Or by complying with the world, From the same precipice be hurl'd? Those observations are but foul, Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call Business, and weightv action all, Checking the poor childe for his play But gravely cast themselves away

Dear, harmless age ' the short, swift span Where weeping Virtue parts with man, Where love without lust dwells, and bends What way we please without self ends.

An age of mysteries! which he Must live twice that would God's face see, Which angels guard, and with it play, Angels! which foul men drive away

How do I study now, and scan Thee more than ere I studyed man, And onely see through a long night Thy edges and thy bordering light O for thy center and mid day! For sure that is 'the narrow way'

The World.

I saw Eternity the other might,

Like a great ring of pure and endless light,

All calm, as it was bright,

And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,

Driv'n by the spheres

Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world

And all her train were hurl'd

The doting lover in his quaintest strain

Did there complain,

Neer him, his lute, his fancy, and his slights,

Wit's sour delights,

With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure, Yet his dear treasure, All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour

All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour Upon a flowr.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe, Like a thick midnight fog, mov'd there so slow, He did not stay, nor go,

Condemning thoughts—like sad cclipses—scowl Upon his soul,

And clouds of crying witnesses without Pursued him with one shout.

Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found, Workt under ground,

Where he did clutch his prey, but one did see That policie,

Churches and altars fed him, perjuries
Were gnats and flies,

It rain'd about him bloud and tears, but he Drank them as free

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,

Yet would not place one peece alone, but lives In fear of theeves

Thousands there were as frantick as himself, And hugg'd each one his pelf,

The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense, And scorn'd pretence,

While others, slipt into a wide excesse, Said little lesse,

The weaker sort, slight, triviall wares inslave, Who think them brave,

And poor despised Truth sate counting by Their victory

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing, And sing and weep, soar'd up into the ring, But most would use no wing

O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night Before true light '

To live in grots and caves, and hate the day Because it shows the way,

The way which from this dead and dark abode Leads up to God,

A way where you might tread the sun, and be More bright than he '

But as I did their madness so discusse One whisper'd thus,

'This ring the Bridegroome did for none provide, But for His bride'

There is an edition of Vaushan's complete works by Grosart (4 vols. 1868-71) one of Silex Scintillans and other sacred poems by Lyte (1847), also of the Poems by E. K. Chambers (1896) and E. Hutton (1904). See Dr. John Browns Horse Subsective, F. T. Palgrave in Cymmrodorion (1891) Miss L. J. Guiney in the Atlantic Montally of 1894 (reprinted in her Little English Gallery, 1891), and Professor Dowden's Furitan and Anglican (1901).

John Wilkins (1614-72), Bishop of Chester, was the son of an Oxford goldsmith, but was born near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, and he studied at New Inn Hall and Magdalen Hall in Oxford. As chaplain to Lord Say, Lord Berkeley, and the Court-Palatine of the Rhine, he found time for extensive studies in mathematics and physics, and hiving sided with the popular party.

during the Civil War, he received the headship of Wadham College He was one of a small knot of university men who used to meet for the cultivation of experimental philosophy as a diversion from the painful thoughts excited by public calamities, and who, after the Restoration, were incorporated by Charles II under the title of the Royal Having married a sister of Oliver Cromwell in 1656, he was enabled, by a dispensation from the Protector, to retain his office in Wadham College, notwithstanding a rule which made celibacy imperative, three years afterwards he became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge At the Restoration he was ejected from this office, but his politics being neither violent nor unaccommodating, he became preacher at Grey's Inn, rector of St Laurence Jewry, and Dean of Ripon, and, by the favour of the Duke of Buckingham, was advanced in 1668 to the see of Chester Bishop Burnet praised Wilkins 'as a man of as great mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul as any I ever knew Though he married Cromwell's sister, yet he made no other use of that alliance but to do good offices, and to cover the University of Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin' On the other hand, like his friend and son-in-law Fillotson and other moderate Churchmen, Wilkins was much disliked by the High-Church party, fories thought him a trimmer, and Anthony Wood maliciously said 'there was nothing deficient in him but a constant mind and settled principles' He wrote some theological and mathematical works, and in early life (1638) published The Discovery of a New World, or a Discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon with [in the 3rd edition, 1640] a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither The principal part of the work is an earnest attempt to refute religious and other objections to the doctrine of a plurality of worlds Only in the fourtcenth and last chapter does he become a pioneer on the path Swift in satire and E A Poe and Jules Verne in pure creative fiction were also to adventure on, when he seriously supports the proposition 'that it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world, and, if there be inhabitants there, to have commerce with them? He admits that this feat has in the present state of human knowledge in air of utter impossibility, yet from this no hostile inference ought to be drawn, seeing that many things formerly supposed impossible have actuilly been accomplished 'If we do but consider,' says he, 'by what steps and leasure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence not presently to shew us all, but to lead us on by degrees from the knowledge of one thing to

'Twas a great while ere the planets another were distinguished from the fixed stars, and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same And in greater space, I doubt not but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered.' Wilkins goes on to discuss the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the aerial journey He disposes, in sufficiently airy fashion, of the obstacles presented by 'the natural heaviness of a man's body' and 'the extreme coldness and thinness of the ethereal air'—he held that there was air all the way, and having made it appear that even a swift journey to the moon would probably occupy a period of six months, even if a man could fly a thousand miles in a day (the distance being, as he computed, 179,712 miles), he naturally stumbles on the question, 'And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?'

I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew (mentioned before), who thinks that the musick of the spheres should supply the strength of food. Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him as might serve for his viaticum in so tedious a journey—But if he could, yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in—And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way—No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air—unless they be enchanted ones—to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights—And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither

He has, however, first to make the preliminary large postulate, 'Supposing a man could fly or by other means raise himself twenty miles upwards or thereabouts' above the vaporous atmosphere, then, he believes, he would be beyond the influence of the magnetical virtue of the earth and the force of gravity, and so 'it were possible for him to come unto the moon' This is seriously argued at length -such was then the state of science. The difficulty as to sleep is a minor one 'Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers' The necessary supply of food still remains to be provided for

And here 'tis considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so, consequently, not much need the reparation of diet, but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures have done who, by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, coockoes, swallows, and such like. To this purpose Mendoza reckons up divers strange relations as that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy five years, and another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hay rick, slept there for all the autumn and the winter following without any nourishment.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty of 'all is, By what conveyance are we to get to the moon? and for this he is ready to invent a flying-machine

If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigor, I answer I 'Tis not per haps impossible that a man may be able to fly by the application of wings to his own body, as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dadalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Bushequius relates 2 If there be such a great ruck [the roc] in Madagascar as Marcus Polus the Venetian mentions, the fathers in whose wings are twelve foot long, which can swoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse, why then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet do I seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it as shall convey him through the air And this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat. This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

The particulars of the machine he reserves for some other occasion In 1640 Wilkins published, and appended to the new edition of the Discovery, a Discourse concerning a New Planet tending to prove that 'tis probable our Earth is one of the Planets-one of the earliest defences of the Copernican system as developed by Galileo in In 1641 Wilkins discussed writing in cipher and shorthand and communication by signals, in a work entitled Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger showing how a Man may with Privacy and Speed communicate his Thoughts to a Friend at any Distance also he pointed out the indubitable advantages of a 'flying chariot,' if such a thing could be invented, and questioned the possibility of two friends at a distance communicating by help of 'needles touched by the same loadstone, indicating by sympathy the same letters on similar alphabets arranged on circular discs, with other possibilities of magnetical operations'-an unrealised dream of a future telegraph In 1668 he produced a great treatise entitled An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language, which was published by the' Royal Society, and was based in the main on the Ars Signorum of George Dalgarno of Aberdeen (1626-87), long a schoolmaster in Oxford, and author of the Didascalocophus, or Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor Wilkins was the deviser of one of the most ingenious of the impossible schemes for securing perpetual motion, and he wrote on natural theology, and published sermons

John Milton

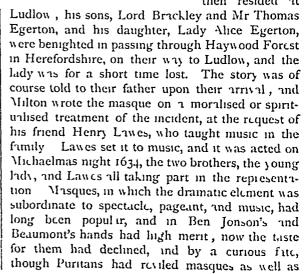
stands high above all the poets of his age, and in the whole range of English poetry is second only to Shakespeare. He was born in London, 9th December 1608, at the 'Spread Eagle' in Bread Street, a house afterwards destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. His grandfather was Richard Milton of Stanton St. Johns, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire, a zealous Catholic, who in the year 1601.

was twice fined f.60 for absenting himself from the parish church and refusing to conform Hisson John, the poet's father, bccame a Protestant, was accordingly disinherited, and established himself in London as a scrivener, a lawver who drew contracts and arranged loans The father's firmness under trial and his sufferings for conscience' sake tinctured the temper of the son, who was a stern, unbending champion of religrous freedom, and like his father, who carefully instructed him in the art, the poet loved music The younger Mil-

ton was educated with great care. He had as private tutor a Scottish Presbyterian, Thomas Young, M A of St Andrews, and at twelve he was sent to St Paul's School, London Thence he removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, being admitted a pensioner in February 1625 He was a severe student, of a nice and haughty temper, jealous of constraint or control, and he complained that the fields around Cambridge had no soft shades to attract the How far his own temper was the cause of some unpleasant incidents in his college career must be matter of conjecture, but it seems indubitable that he was once chastised in some manner by his tutor, and that he had even to leave the university for a while Though designed for the Church, he preferred a 'blameless silence' to what he considered 'servitude and forswearing' At this time, in his twenty first year, he had

written his grand Hymn on the Naturity, any one verse of which was sufficient to show that a new master's hand was touching the lyre of English poetry. It was not by any means his first venture in verse, for Milton ranks along with Cowley and Pope as one of the most precocious of English poets, his versions of two of the Psalms having been produced when he was fifteen years old. In 1632 he left the university, and found a new home with his father, who had retired from business and

had purchased a small property at Horton, in Buckinghamshire Here he lived nearly six years, studying the classical literatures, and here he wrote L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Arcades, Comus, and Lycidas The Arcades formed a portion of a 'mask' or masque 'presented' to the Countess-Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, near to Horton Comus, also a musque, was produced at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then president of Wilcs This drama was founded on an actual occur-The Earl rence of Bridgewater then resided at





JOHN MIL FON
From the Portrait by Pieter Van der Plass in the National Portrait Gallery

other dramatic forms, the Puritan poet wrote the last of the masques But it is wonderfully unlike most earlier masques-loftier and holier in feeling, rather closely modelled in some parts on Greek patterns, and splendid in lyric, monologue, and dialogue Comus was first published in 1637, not by its author, but by Henry Lawes, who, in a dedication to Lord Bridgewater, says 'Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction.' Lycidas, written in the end of 1637, is a monody or elegy on a college companion of Milton's, Edward King, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester This exquisite poem, of which Tennyson said to Edward FitzGerald, 'Lycidas is a touchstone of poetic taste,' formed Milton's contribution to the collection of thirty-six obituary verses, Greek, Latin, and English, to the memory of his friend, which was sent out from the Cambridge University press early in 1638 The four poems of his Horton period are sufficient to lift him into the front rank of English poets, Lycidas shows already traces of the Puritan controversialist Milton's significance as the most conspicuous literary representative of the Puritan movement has been dealt with by Dr Gardiner above at pages 542-546

In April 1638 the poet left the paternal roof, taking one English man-servant with him, and travelled for fifteen months in France and Italy he was introduced to Grotius In Italy he visited Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa, remaining four months in Florence, and nearly four in Rome, with a few days in Naples, and returning homewards by the 'Leman lake' to Geneva and Paris His society was courted by the 'choicest Italian wits,' he made acquaintance with the veteran Manso, formerly the friend of Tasso, to whom one of the finest of his Latin poems is addressed, and at Florence he visited Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition The poet had been with difficulty restrained from testifying against popery within the shadow of the Vatican, and on his return to his native country he engaged in controversy against prelates and royalists, and with characteristic ardour vindicated the utmost freedom of thought and expression Between the king and his Scottish subjects the feud had begun that in 1642 was to issue in the great Civil War, Milton, now engaged in tutoring his sister's children, the Phillips boys, had taken a long farewell of poetry, though it may fairly be argued that many of his arguments are dithyrambs rather than prose tracts—all but lyrical embodiments of passion, fervid admiration, and lofty contempt.

Before the commencement of the Civil War he had begun to write against Episcopacy, and he continued during the whole of the ensuing stormy period to devote his pen to the service of his party, even to the defence of that boldest of their measures, the execution of the king, and in the

treatises that thus took origin he fully displayed his stern and inflexible principles on religion and on civil government The first, Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England, was published in 1641, and the same year appeared Of Prelatical Episcopacy, a reply to Bishop Hall's Humble Remonstrance in favour of Episcopacy A defence of the Remonstrance having been published by the Bishop, Milton replied with Animadversions (1641), and in 1642 An Apology for Smeetymnuus (another reply to Hall under this name, composed of the initials of the names of five Puritan ministers Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow-v in the last name being resolved into a double u), and Γhe Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty, a more elaborate treatise in two books

In 1643 Milton married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a cavalier of Oxfordshire, to whom the poet was presumably known, as years before Mr Powell had borrowed £500 from his father He brought his wife to London, but in the short space of a month the studious habits and philosophical austerity of the republican poet proved so depressing to the cavalier's daughter that she left his house on a visit to her parents, and showed no intention of returning Milton had already resolved to repudiate her, and published a treatise on divorce, in which he argues that the law of Moses allowed of divorcement for 'unfitness or contrariety of mind' as well as for scandalous faults. This dangerous doctrine, which he maintained through life, brought on him much suspicion, dislike, and abhorrence even from his own party Two years after her desertion—when the poet was practically enforcing his opinions by paying his addresses to 'a very handsome and witty gentlewoman'-his wife returned to him repentant. He doubtless recognised that his faults of temper must have proved repellent to a child-wife of seventeen, but it does not appear that their after-life was really happy, though she bore him three daughters He behaved with great generosity to her parents when the further progress of the Civil War involved them in ruin The year 1643 produced his Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, and next year The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce In 1644 appeared a Tractate on Education and the noblest of his prose works, his Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing The book on divorce, it has been shown, was written not after his wife had left his house, but before she had paid that lengthy visit to her father. And it was the proceedings taken against Milton for publishing his views on divorce without the license required by the Parliament that led him to write Arcopagitica, which was also published without the official imprimatur The Areopagus (Mars Hill) was the court at Athens that dealt with morality and blasphemy, and the choice of the name Arcopagitica by Milton is explained by the passage

in the work that records how for atheism 'the books of Protagoras were by the judges of Areopagus commanded to be burnt and himself banished the territory' In 1645 he followed up his heretical works on matrimony with Expositions upon the Four Chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage, and a pamphlet called Colasterion Another celebrated work is a reply to the Eikon Basilike, under the title of Eikonoklastes (see GAUDEN, page 587) The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates (1649), defending the execution of the king, was written during the trial, and published a fortnight after the execution It led to the famous controversy with the celebrated scholar Salmasius, or De Saumaise, a French Protestant then a professor at Leyden, who, at the request of Charles II, had in the same year published in Latin a defence Milton's reply was the great Joannis of Charles I Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio (1650), a second Defensio (1654) was directed against Du Moulin, son of a famous French Calvinist, and Morus (More), son of a Scottish Protestant professor in France. There were numerous continuations and replies, and the war on both sides was carried on with a degree of virulent abuse and personality which, though common in the age of the disputants, is calculated to strike a modern reader with amazement. triumphantly ascribes the loss of Milton's sight to the fatigues of the controversy, while Milton, on the other hand, is said to have boasted that his severities had tended to shorten the life of Amid the majestic eloquence of the Salmasius second Defensio one reads with astonishment a detailed account of alleged amours of Morus with the maid-servants of Salmasius and other people, and his neglect of his illegitimate children, while even the bookseller who published the work must be elaborately shown up as a fraudulent bankrupt, a cheat, an impostor, and a thief! And the same Defension it is which is so extremely interesting as containing a great deal of autobiographical matter In 1649 Milton, whose skill as a Latinist was especially valuable when diplomatic correspondence was conducted almost wholly in Latin, had been appointed foreign or Latin secretary to the Council of State. His salary was to be £288 per annum (worth about £1000 nowadays), which was reduced when the duties were shared, first with Meadows, and afterwards with Marvell his special duties were the drafting of letters sent by the Council of State to foreign states and princes, the replies were also examined and translated by him (It fell to him to send the indignant letters on the massacre of the Vaudois Protestants to the Duke of Savoy and Louis XIV pressed his private feelings in the sonnet On the inte Massacre in Piedmont (1655)

iFor ten years Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the 'wearisome studies and midnight watchings' of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in writing his (first) Defensio, he was

willing and proud to make the sacrifice, and by the close of the year 1652 he was totally blind, 'dark, dark, irrecoverably dark.' His wife died about the same time. In November 1656 he married Katherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney, a child was born to them in October 1657, but both mother and child died in the February following. The poet consecrated to her memory one of his solemn and touching sonnets

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Joye's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint
Mme, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind,
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, goodness, sweetness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

In 1659 appeared A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes, and Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the Church In 1660, on the very brink of the Restoration—and the tide was running strongly against all Milton's ideas of liberty—the eager and fearless poet published The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, in the form of a letter to General Monk (of all people in the world !), containing a scheme for a perpetual Parliament, elections or selections taking place only to fill vacancies caused by death, and a draft measure of local government The 'inconveniency of readmitting the kingship' is strongly insisted on The last paragraph begins thus

What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss 'the good old cause.' If it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than con vincing to backsliders. Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I was sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to, but with the prophet. 'O earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to Nay, though what I have spoke should happen (which thou suffer not who didst create mankind free! nor thou next who didst redeem us from being servants of men!) to be the last words of our expiring liberty

The Restoration deprived Milton of his public employment, and drove him into hiding, but by the interest of his friends—Marvell certainly, and according to a pretty story D'Avenant also—and perhaps partly because his pamphlets showed how little of a practical politician he was, his name was included in the general amnesty. The great poet was now at liberty to pursue his private studies, and to realise the devout aspirations of his youth for an immortality of literary fame. His spirit was unsubdued, and he resolved now to set about 'things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.'

Milton long hesitated on what subject he should write a great epic, and at first thought of the Arthurian legend or some other matter from national history, but finally decided that scriptural history was of more universal and enthralling His disrespectful allusions to old English history shows how little the legendary Arthur could have done to draw out the Puritan's best energies Paradise Lost, or the fall of man, had long been before his mind as a subject for poetry, and two drafts of a dramatic treatment of this theme are preserved among his manuscripts in Trinity College Library, Cambridge His genius was better adapted for an epic than a dramatic poem, Samson, though cast in a dramatic form, has little of dramatic interest or variety of character

Paradise Lost, planned long before, was really begun about 1658, when the division of the secretary's duties had given him greater leisure, it was completed about 1664. He had then married a third time. His helpless state moved him to ask his friend Dr Paget to recommend him a wife. Paget recommended his own cousin, Elizabeth Minshull, daughter of a respectable yeoman living near They were married in 1663, the lady Nantwich being then in her twenty-fifth year She had no children, and survived her husband for fifty-three We get an interesting glimpse of him years soon after this from Ellwood the Quaker, who visited Milton at a cottage at Chalfont, in Bucks, to which the poet had withdrawn from the Plague then raging in the metropolis (1665) The undutifulness of his daughters had added to his unhappiness, and doubtless they found their father harsh Paradise Lost was published in and exacting The copyright was purchased by Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, on the following terms an immediate payment of £5, and £5 more when 1300 copies should be sold, the like sum after the same number of the second edition-each edition to consist of 1500 copies—and other £5 after the sale of the third. The third edition was not published till 1678, when the poet was no more, and his widow sold all her claims to Simmons for £8 It appears that in 1669 the poet became entitled to his second payment, so that 1300 copies of Paradise Lost had been sold within less than two years of its publication—a proof that the nation was not, as has been vulgarly supposed, insensible to the merits of the divine poem then entering on its course of immortality In eleven years from the date of its publication 3000 copies had been sold, some modern critics have doubted whether Paradise Lost, if published in our own time, would have met with a greater demand The fall of man was a theme well suited to the taste of the serious part of the community in that age, apart from its claims as a work of genius The Puritans, though depressed, were not extinct, nor was their beatific vision quenched by the gross sensualism of the times Compared with Dryden's plays, how pure, how lofty must Milton's epic have appeared! The blank verse of Paradise Lost was, however, a stumbling-block So long a poem in this measure had not before been attempted, and ere the second edition was published Samuel Simmons procured from Milton a short and spirited explanation of his reasons for departing from the 'troublesome bondage of rhyming' In 1671 the poet published his Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes. The former we owe to Ellwood's remark when he was asked by Milton for his opinion of the earlier and greater epic, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' Samson Agonistes is dramatic in form, but its spirit is lyrical Both poems show a tendency to greater simplicity in style, even at times to baldness, they were noble pendants to the great work, at worst were 'the ebb of a mighty tide,' Mr Gosse has praised part of Paradise Regained (in Book iv) as showing 'greater variety and fullness of technical excellence than any other passage in English poetry', The survey of Greece and Rome in Paradise Regained, and the description of the banquet in the grove, are as rich in restrained exuberance as anything in Paradise Lost, while the brief sketch of the thunder-storm in the wilderness is perhaps the most strikingly effective passage of the kind in all Milton's works.

Many of Milton's critics have, rather needlessly, regretted that he devoted so much of his time to politics, and did not wholly reserve himself for poetry, forgetting that he was great largely because he was a great and public-spirited Englishman As Professor Raleigh argues, 'We could not have had anything at all like Paradise Lost from a dainty, shy poet-scholar, nor anything half so Furthermore, Milton's prose works raise every question they touch, even when they cannot be said to solve them In politics Milton was a thorough-going idealist. Though his pamphlets are occasional and personal, though he wrote with intensely practical aims, his arguments are based on a complete philosophy of life In 1669 Milton had published his History of England, down to the time of the Norman Conquest (written long before), in which he retold the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth and other highly unauthentic writers, as useful to poets and orators, and possibly 'containing in them many footsteps and relics of something true' The actual history of the struggles of the Angles, Saxons, and Danes, and their contribution to the national history, he treats with as little reverence, calling them 'the battles of the kites and crows' The whole is a jejune and perfunctory performance, of interest as showing his and his confemporaries' attitude towards early history Besides a Latin grammar, a compendium of Ramus's logic, collections of Latin epistles and college exercises, and A History of Moscovia, he wrote an unimportant Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and the Best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery (1673) It had been conjectured, from passages in Paradise Regained, and from his treatise on True Religion, that Milton's theological opinions underwent a change in his advanced years, and the fact was made apparent by the discovery in 1823, in the State Paper Office, of an elaborate work in Latin, a Treatise on Christian Doctrine, which was translated and published by Dr Sumner, and gave occasion for Macaulay's famous essay in the Edinburgh Review In the beginning of this work Milton explains his reasons for compiling it 'I deemed it safest and most advisable,' he says, 'to compile for myself, by my own labour and study, some original treatise, which should be always at hand, derived solely from the Word of God itself' In this treatise Milton avows and defends Arian or semi-Arian opinions, defends an Arminian type of free-will against Calvinism, denounces Sabbatarianism, insists that the decalogue was abrogated, with the Mosaic law, by the gospel, and supports not only his own views on divorce, but maintains the lawfulness of polygamy philosophy passes from theism to something sus-He was evanpiciously like complete pantheism gelical on the Fall, the Atonement, and what are called the 'saving doctrines' of Christianity the duty of believers, he says, to join themselves, if possible, to a Church duly constituted, yet such as cannot do this conveniently or with full satisfaction of conscience are not to be considered as excluded from the blessing bestowed by God on the Churches In his later years he was not attached to any religious body, and attended no kind of public worship;

The active and studious life of the poet was now near a close. His later years were rendered comfortable by his wife, his daughters had learnt embroidery and gone clsewhere, he had the solace of music and the attention of friends, and though he had long been a sufferer from gout and other maladies, his mind was calm and bright to the last. He died without a struggle in his house in the Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields—a small house rated at 'four hearths'—on Sunday the 8th of November 1674, and was buried in the chancel of St Giles's, Cripplegate, beside his father

Milton had in him elements of temperament not leasily harmonised, he was the child at once of the Renaissance and of Puritanism, a passionate lover of beauty and freedom, yet remorseless in seeking to conform all things to the standard of the Bible in its Puritan interpretation. He was vehemently Puritan, and yet what a trying Puritan to his allies! An open repudiator of the doctrine of the Trinity-for he was an Arian, an assertor of the right of free printing of heresies, and so of freethinking itself; a pleader for free divorce, a defender of polygamy, who in his later years went to neither church nor chapel And a Puritan, wise beyond what is written, who must needs inherit the curses on him who adds to what is written in the Book by writing a sort of novel in verse on the most sacred of divine things, and deal with the

Persons of the Godhead as with actors on the stage The great poem partakes in like manner of contrasted Classicism and Biblicism, Hellenism and The form and method, spite of the Hebraism religious purpose, are as far as practicable cast in classical mould, the matter and substance biblical, religious, theological, eminently dogmatic preliminary statement of the subject, the invocation, and much in the general machinery of the plot remind us of Virgil, especially the way in which long speeches are used, undramatically and unepically, to explain the events that preceded and those that are to follow the stages of the story actually represented in the pogm-from the revolt of the Angels to the Last Judgment | There are resemblances in method to Lucan's Pharsaha also On the other hand, Paradise Lost as a Christian poem on a religious subject finds a nearer analogue in Dante's Divina Commedia, with which at the same time it has been contrasted as inspired by Protestant freedom of conscience Milton's conception of God's law makes it absolutely the outcome of God's will, and the unreasoning obedience of all creatures is so unhesitatingly demanded that Milton's God has been compared to an arbitrary Asiatic tyrant against whom rebellion is inevitable. For Milton freedom lay only in heroic obedience to God's law, heroic patience under God's will Paradise Lost contains not merely an epic on the Fall and the Divine-plan of redemption, but a deliberate theodicy Miltoni expressly idesigned 'to justify the ways of God to men' keep such heterogeneous elements in perfectly harmonious and poetic combination is obviously beyond the powers of mere man Attempts to explain the inexplicable are inevitably difficult and unsuccessful, satisfactorily to explain the mystery of evil is beyond even Milton's powers, contradictions are inevitable where divine processes are represented under anthropomorphic forms We know that God's will is instantly fulfilled, yet one-half of Milton's plot is to help God's will to fulfilment, the other half to oppose it. The Omnipotent is seriously alarmed at the risk He stands in, until relieved by the Son We cannot without partly shutting our eyes, as it were, take seriously a battle between the Creator and His creatures. We cannot follow the poet's idea of the Son of God, who seems sometimes a mere double of God Satan's superhuman intelligence should have shown him the absurdity of rebelling against Omnipotence, and this splendid creation, the hero of the poem, appeals to us only if we more or less consciously diminish him almost within mere human limits The diffi! culties that are perhaps inseparable from even the most claborate system of theological metaphysics are, treated as parts of a poem, mere incongruities and impossibilities M Scherer, one of the most sympathetic foreign critics of English poetry and a hearty admirer of Milton's genius, goes so far as to say that if the work survives, it is in spite of its subject, that when Milton tries to

escape from the impossible Scripture conditions and gives rein to creative imagination he comes near burlesque, as when Satan becomes a toad and a cormorant. The cosmology of Heaven and Hell and Eden, with the gate and bridge, are equally impossible and unimaginable. So keenly does he feel the incongruities that he thus sums up his elaborate criticism of Milton (a criticism by a French critic, be it remembered!)

'Paradise Lost is an unreal poem, a grotesque There is not one reader poem, a tiresome poem in a hundred who can read books nine and ten without a smile, or books eleven and twelve without The thing does not hold together it is a pyramid balanced on its apex, the most terrible of problems solved by the most childish of means And yet Paradise Lost is immortal It lives by virtue of some episodes which will be for ever In contrast with Dante, who must be read as a whole if we wish really to grasp his beauties, Milton ought not to be read except in fragments, but these fragments form part of the patrimony of the human race. The invocation to Light, the character of Eve, the description of the earthly paradise, of the morning of the world, of its first love, are all masterpieces The discourses of the prince of hell are incomparably eloquent.

Paradise Lost is, moreover, strewn with incomparable lines. The poetry of Milton is the very essence of poetry. The author seems to think but in images, and these images are grand and proud as his own soul—a marvellous mingling of the sublime and the picturesque. Every word of his vocabulary of expression is a discovery and unique. He has not only imagery and vocabulary, but the period, the great musical phrase, a little loaded with ornament and involved with inversions, but swaying all with its superb undulation. After all and above all, he has an indefinable serenity and victoriousness, a sustained equality, an indomitable power'

Though Paradise Lost had an immediate and striking success, though Marvell and Denham recognised its author's greatness, though few sympathised with Waller's and Winstanley's depreciation, though Dryden's saying, 'This man cuts us all out and the ancients too, was sufficiently emphatic, as was also his later praise of 'one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this or nation has produced,' it was not till the eighteenth century that Milton was a popular poet in England Addison expressed in the Spectator -not without modest censures—the admiration of his time, and since then his pre-eminence has been undisputed Milton left no school, but his influence is plainly to be traced in Thomson and Young, Gray and Akenside, Blair and Glover Bentley's portentous scheme to weed out by brilliant conjectural emendations the innumerable and stupid errors of the blind author's amanuenses and editors was prompted by honest zeal Coleridge and De Quincey were admiring expositors and critics, Keats praised Milton with enthusiasm and delicate insight, and Landor even said of the poet, 'It may be doubted if the Creator ever created one altogether so great'

The one great poet who connects the age of Shakespeare with the age of Dryden, the only poet of the seventeenth century except Dryden not forgotten in the eighteenth, Milton stands alone, and cannot be traced to any one line of descent in the earlier history of English Dryden said Milton acknowledged to literature him that Spenser was his original can only mean that Spenser was his first love, there is small trace of Spenser save in some of the early poems, Milton can as little be said to be of the school of Spenser as of the school of Donne Yet he was nurtured by the Elizabethans, he studied Jonson and the dramatists assiduously, one finds here and there marks of the influence of the Fletcher brothers, of Browne of Tavistock, of Sylvester's Du Bartas, of Crashaw, of Heywood even (pages 433, 434), not to speak of the whole range of the classical poets Yet the broad imagination, moral fervour, v profound thought, the marvellous art, the vitalising power that welded all his materials into his great poem, are like those of no one else, just as his magic style and diction are unique and unapproachable. Milton took blank verse from the hands of the dramatists and modified and moulded it into a rhythm of unparalleled majesty Before his time it had not, save in one or two early Elizabethan poems, been used for poetry other than drama. From his time on Milton's metre, or rather Milton's diction, has been industriously imitated, and blank verse seems to us the normal vehicle for various kinds of graver poetry Milton's verse is unapproached not merely in its i splendour, but in its swinging rhythm, its harmonious and skilfully varied distribution of accents and pauses There is something striking and, imposing even in his long catalogues of names and cities, generally sonorous and musical he has, more than most poets, the defects of his qualities His majestic diction is even in his hands not quite natural, any imitation of it becomes wholly artificial He is mainly responsible for that 'poetic diction' which, sinking from fresh invention to stale convention, stirred placid Wordsworth to reformatory wrath He is too profuse in learned illustration, Mark Pattison said, approvingly, 'that an appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummated scholarship' Few great poets are so utterly without humour, alone among the greatest poets he has not sung of love His is not the atmosphere of creatures not too great and good for human nature's daily food, and his warmest admirers reverence rather than love. Adam and Eve are the only human characters in Paradise Lost, and even they, as Dr Johnson very justly and significantly said, were in a state no other man or woman could

know Landor denied, what most critics admit, that Satan is really the hero of the poem, and even Landor knew not what interest Milton had in making him so august a personage. But with all the limitations that can be urged, in spite of antinomies and anachronisms, in spite of anthropomorphic gods and theological argumentativeness, *Paradise Lost* is a splendid and unequalled work of poetic art, a triumph of human genius in thought and word

Hymn on the Nativity

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,
Nature, in awe to him,
II ad doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Masterso to sympathize
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of muden white to throw,

Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities

But he, her fears to cease,

Sent down the meek eyed Peace

She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the among clouds dividing

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, And, waving wide her myrtle wand, She strikes a universal peace through sea and land

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their soyran Lord was by

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calin sit brooding on the charmed wave

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gize,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence,
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go

And, though the shady gloom Had given day her room,

The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need

He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row,

Full little thought they than That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep, Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise
As all their souls in blissful rapture took

The air, such pleasure loth to lose, With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling
She know such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed, Harping in loud and solemn quire, With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new born Heir

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,

And the well balanced World on hinges hung, And cast the dark foundations deep, And bid the weltering wives their oozy channel keep

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our humin ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so,
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the hear of heart no deep agree.

And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow, And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

Yea, Truth and Justice then;
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow, and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe yet lies in smiling infincy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake
The aged Earth, aghist
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,*
But now begins, for from this happy day
The Old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale eyed priest from the prophetic cell

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament,
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flower inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures mean with midnight plaint,
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint,
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice battered god of Palestine,
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine

The Libye Hammon shrinks his horn, In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with cymbals' ring
I hey call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue,
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste

In Memphian grove or green,

Nor is Osiris seen

Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud,
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn,
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,

The sable stoled sorcerers bear his worshiped ark

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine Our Babe, to show his Godhead true, Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew

So, when the sun in bed,

But see! the Virgin blest

Hath laid her Babe to rest

Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow skirted fays
Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon loved maze.

Time is our tedious song should here have ending Heaven's youngest teemed star Hath fixed her polished car, Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending, And all about the courtly stable Bright harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

Scene from 'Comus'

Lady This is the place, as well as I may guess, Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear, Yet nought but single darkness do I find What might this be? A thousand fantasies Begin to throng into my memory, Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire, And arry tongues that syllable men's names On sands and shores and desert wildernesses. These thoughts may startle well, but not astound The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended By a strong siding champion, Conscience. O, welcome, pure eyed Faith, white-handed Hope, Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings, And thou unblemished form of Chastity! I see ye visibly, and now believe That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill Are but as slavish officers of vengeance, Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,

To keep my life and honour unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err—there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove
I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off

Song

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet embroidered vale
Where the love lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus arc?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

Consus Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? Sure something holy lodges in that breast, And with these raptures moves the vocal air To testify his hidden residence How sweetly did they float upon the wings Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, At every fall smoothing the raven down 'Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard My mother Circe with the Sirens three, Amidst the flowery kirtled Naiades, Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs, Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul, And lap it in Elysium Scylla wept, And child her barking waves into attention, And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense, And in sweet madness robbed it of itself, But such a sacred and home felt delight, Such sober certainty of waking bliss, I never heard till now

The Spirit's Epilogue in 'Comus'

To the ocean now I fly, And those happy climes that he Where day never shuts his eye, Up in the broad fields of the sky There I suck the liquid air, All amidst the gardens fair Of Hesperus, and his daughters three That sing about the golden tree Along the crisped shades and bowers Revels the spruce and jocund Spring, The Graces and the rosy bosomed Hours Thither all their bounties bring There eternal Summer dwells, And west winds with musky wing About the cedarn alleys fling Nard and cassia's balmy smells

Iris there with humid bow Waters the odorous banks, that blow Flowers of more mingled hue Than her purfled scarf can shew, And drenches with Elysian dew (List, mortals, if your ears be true) Beds of hyacinth and roses, Where young Adonis oft reposes, Waxing well of his deep wound, In slumber soft, and on the ground Sadly sits the Assyrian queen. But far above, in spangled sheen, Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced, Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced After her wandering labours long, Till free consent the gods among Make her his eternal bride, And from her fair unspotted side Two blissful twins are to be born, Youth and Joy, so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her

L'Allegro

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy! Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings, And the night raven sings,

There, under ebon shades and low browed rocks, As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell But come, thou Goddess fair and free, In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne, And by men heart easing Mirth, Whom lovely Venus, at a birth, With two sister Graces more, To tvy crowned Bacchus bore Or whether (as some sages sing) The frolic wind that breathes the spring, Zephyr, with Aurora playing, As he met her once a Maying, There, on beds of violets blue, And fresh blown roses washed in dew, Filled her with thee, a daughter fair, So buxom, blithe, and debonair Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful Jollity, Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles. Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles, Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, And love to live in dimple sleek, Sport that wrinkled Care derides, And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it, as you go, On the light fantastic toe, And in thy right hand lead with thee The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty, And, if I give thee honour due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew, To live with her, and live with thee, In unreproved pleasures free, To hear the lark begin his flight, And, singing, startle the dull night, From his watch tower in the skies, Till the dappled dawn doth rise, Then to come, in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good morrow, Through the sweet briar or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine, While the cock, with lively din, Scatters the rear of darkness thin, And to the stack, or the barn-door, Stoutly struts his dames before Oft listening how the hounds and horn Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn, From the side of some hoar hill, Through the high wood echoing shrill Sometimes walking, not unseen, By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green, Right against the eastern gate Where the great Sun begins his state, Robed in flames and amber light, The clouds in thousand liveries dight, While the ploughman, near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrowed land, And the milkmaid singeth blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And every shepherd tells his tale Under the hawthorn in the dale Strught mine eye hath caught new pleasures, Whilst the landskip round it measures Russet lawns, and fallows grey, Where the nibbling flocks do stray, Mountains on whose barren breast The labouring clouds do often rest, Meadows trim, with daisies pied, Shallow brooks, and rivers wide, Towers and battlements it sees Bosomed high in tufted trees, Where perhaps some beauty lies, The cynosure of neighbouring eyes Hard by a cottage chimney smokes From betwixt two aged oaks, Where Corydon and Thyrsis met Are at their savoury dinner set Of herbs and other country messes, Which the neat handed Phillis dresses: And then in haste her bower she leaves, With Thestylis to bind the sheaves, Or, if the earlier season lead, To the tanned haycock in the mead. Sometimes, with secure delight, The upland hamlets will invite, When the merry bells ring round, And jocund rebecks sound To many a youth and many a maid Dancing in the chequered shade, And young and old come forth to play On a sunshine holiday,

Till the livelong daylight fail Then to the spicy nut brown ale, With stories told of many a feat, How Facry Mab the junkets eat She was pinched and pulled, she said, And he, by Friar's lantern led, Tells how the drudging goblin sweat To earn his cream bowl duly set, When in one night, ere glimpse of morn, His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn That ten day labourers could not end, Then hes him down, the lubber fiend, And, stretched out all the chimney's length, Basks at the fire his hairy strength, And crop full out of doors he flings, Ere the first cock his matin rings Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, By whispering winds soon lulled asleep Towered cities please us then, And the busy hum of men, Where throngs of knights and barons bold, In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, With store of ladics, whose bright eyes Rain influence, and judge the prize Of wit or arms, while both contend To win her grace whom all commend There let Hymen oft appear In saffron robe, with taper clear, And pomp, and feast, and revelry, With mask and antique pageantry, Such sights as youthful poets dream On summer eves by haunted stream Then to the well trod stage anon, If Jonson's learned sock be on, Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, Warble his native wood notes wild, And ever, against eating cares, Lap me in soft Lydian airs, Married to immortal verse, Such as the meeting soul may pierce, In notes with many a winding bout Of linked sweetness long drawn out With wanton heed and giddy cunning, The melting voice through mazes running. Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony, That Orpheus' self may heave his head From golden slumber on a bed Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear Such strains as would have won the ear Of Pluto to have quite set free His half regained Eurydice These delights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso

Hence, vain deluding Joys,

The brood of Folly without father bred!

How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys! Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess, As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that peoply the sun beams, Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy! Hail, divinest Melancholy! Whose saintly visage is too bright To hit the sense of human sight, And therefore to our weaker view O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue, Black, but such as in esteem Prince Memnon's sister might beseem, Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove To set her beauty's praise above The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended Yet thou art higher far descended Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore To solitary Saturn bore, His daughter she, in Saturn's reign Such mixture was not held a stain Oft in glimmering bowers and glades He met her, and in secret shades Of woody Ida's inmost grove, Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure, Sober, steadfast, and demure, All in a robe of darkest grain, Flowing with majestic train, And sable stole of cypress lawn Over thy decent shoulders drawn Come, but keep thy wonted state, With even step, and musing gait, And looks commercing with the skies, Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes There, held in holy passion still, Forget thyself to marble, till With a sad leaden downward cast Thou fix them on the earth as fast And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet, Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth dict, And hears the Muses in a ring Aye round about Jove's altar sing, And add to these retired Leisure, That in trim gardens takes his pleasure, But, first and chiefest, with thee bring Him that you soars on golden lving, Guiding the fiery wheeled throne, The Cherub Contemplation, And the mute Silence hist along, 'Less Philomel will deign a song, In her sweetest saddest plight, Smoothing the rugged brow of Night, While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke Gently o'er the accustomed oak Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly, Most musical, most melancholy! Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among I woo, to hear thy even song, And, missing thee, I walk unseen On the dry smooth shaven green, Γο behold the wandering moon, Riding near her highest noon, Like one that had been led astray Through the heaven's wide pathless way, And oft, as if her head she bowed, Stooping through a fleecy cloud Oft, on a plat of rising ground, I hear the far off curfew sound, Over some wide watered shore, Swinging slow with sullen roar;

Or, if the air will not permit, Some still removed place will fit, Where glowing embers through the room Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, Far from all resort of mirth, Save the cricket on the hearth, Or the bellman's drowsy charm To bless the doors from nightly harm Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, Be seen in some high lonely tower, Where I may oft outwatch the Bear, With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere The spirit of Plato, to unfold What worlds or what vast regions hold The immortal mind that hath forsook Her mansion in this fleshly nook, And of those demons that are found In fire, air, flood, or underground, Whose power hath a true consent With planet or with element. Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy In sceptred pall come sweeping by, Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line, Or the tale of Troy divine, Or what (though rare) of later age Ennobled hath the buskined stage But, O sad Virgin ' that thy power Might raise Musæus from his bower, Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing Such notes as, warbled to the string, Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek, And made Hell grant what love did seek, Or call up him that left half told The story of Cambuscan bold, Of Camball, and of Algarsife, And who had Canace to wife, That owned the virtuous ring and glass, And of the wondrous horse of brass On which the Tartar king did ride, And if aught else great bards beside In sage and solemn tunes have sung, Of turneys, and of trophies hung, Of forests, and enchantments drear, Where more is meant than meets the ear Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career, Till civil suited Morn appear, Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont With the Attic boy to hunt, But kerchiest in a comely cloud, While rocking winds are piping loud, Or ushered with a shower still, When the gust hath blown his fill, Ending on the rustling leaves, With minute drops from off the caves. And, when the sun begins to fling His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring To arched walks of twilight groves, And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves, Of pine, or monumental oak, Where the rude axe with heaved stroke Was never heard the nymphs to daunt, Or fright them from their hallowed haunt There, in close covert, by some brook, Where no profaner eye may look, Hide me from day's garish eye, While the bee with honeyed thigh,

That at her flowery work doth sing, And the waters murmuring, With such consort as they keep, Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep And let some strange mysterious dream Wave at his wings, in airy stream Of lively portraiture displayed, Softly on my eyelids laid, And, as I wake, sweet music breathe Above, about, or underneath, Sent by some Spirit to mortals good, Or the unseen Genius of the wood. But let my due feet never fail To walk the studious cloister's pale, And love the high embowed roof, With antique pillars massy proof, And storied windows richly dight, Casting a dim religious light. There let the pealing organ blow, To the full voiced quire below, In service high and anthems clear, As may with sweetness, through mine ear, Dissolve me into ecstasies, And bring all Heaven before mine eyes And may at last my weary age Find out the peaceful hermitage, The hairy gown and mossy cell, Where I may sit and rightly spell Of every star that heaven doth shew, And every herb that sips the dew, Till old experience do attain To something like prophetic strain These pleasures, Melancholy, give, And I with thee will choose to live.

Song on May Morning

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her The flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowship and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire Mirth, and youth, and warm desire! Woods and groves are of thy dressing, Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing Thus we salute thee with our early song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long

Lycidas

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more, Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere, I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude, And with forced fingers rude. Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear. Compels me to disturb your season due, For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer. Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. He must not float upon his watery bier. Unwept, and welter to the parching wind, Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring, Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string Hence with denial vain and coy excuse So may some gentle Muse With lucky words favour my destined urn, And as he passes turn, And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self same hill, Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill, Together both, ere the high lawns appeared Under the opening eyelids of the Morn, We drove a-field, and both together heard What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn, Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel. Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,

Tempered to the oaten flute

Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel From the glad sound would not be absent long, And old Damœtas loved to hear our song

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone, Now thou art gone and never must return! Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert cayes, With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, And all their echoes, mourn The willows, and the hazel copses green, Shall now no more be seen Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays. As killing as the canker to the rose, Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white thorn blows,

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream
Ay me! I fondly dream
'Had ye been there,' for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore? Alas! what boots it with uncessant care To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade, And strictly meditate the thankless Muse? Were it not better done, as others use, To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Nevera's hair? Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise (That last infirmity of noble mind) To scorn delights and live laborious days, But the fair guerdon when we hope to find, And think to burst out into sudden blaze, Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,' Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil, Nor in the glistering foil Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes And perfect witness of all-judging Jove, As he pronounces lastly on each deed, Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood, Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds, That strain I heard was of a higher mood But now my oat proceeds, And listens to the Herald of the Sea, J i fin That came in Neptune's plea-He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds, What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain? And questioned every gust of rugged wings That blows from off each beaked promontory They knew not of his story, And sage Hippotades their answer brings, That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed The air was calm, and on the level brinc Sleek Panope with all her sisters played It was that fatal and perfidious bark, Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark, That sunk so low that sacred head of thine

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow, His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge, Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe 'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?' Last came, and last did go, The Pilot of the Galilean Lake, Two massy keys he bore of metals twain (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake -'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain, Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake, Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold! Of other care they little reckoning make Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast, And shove away the worthy bidden guest. Blind mouths I that scarce themselves know how to hold A sheep hook, or have learnt aught else the least That to the faithful hordman's art belongs! What recks it them? What need they? They are sped. And, when they list, their lean, and flashy songs Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw, The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, But, swoin with wind and the rank mist they draw, Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread, Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw Daily devours apace, and nothing said But that two handed engine at the door Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more'

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past That shrunk thy streams, return, Sicilian Muse, And call the vales, and bid them hither east Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks, On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks, Throw bither all your quaint cnamelled eyes, That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, And purple all the ground with vernal flowers. Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, The tufted crow toe, and pale jessamine, The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet, The glowing violet, The musk rose, and the well attired woodbine, With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head, And every flower that sad embroidery wears. Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies. For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me' whilst thee the shores and sounding seas Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled, Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more, For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead, Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor So sinks the day star in the occan bed, And yet anon repairs his drooping head, And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore Flames in the forehead of the morning sky So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high, Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves, Where, other groves and other streams along, With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, And hears the unexpressive nuptial song, In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love There entertain him all the Saints above, In solemn troops, and sweet societies, That sing, and singing in their glory move, And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes. Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more, Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore, In thy large recompense, and shalt be good To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills, While the still morn went out with sandals grey He touched the tender stops of various quills, With eager thought warbling his Doric lay And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, And now was dropt into the western bay At list he rose, and twitched his mantle blue To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new

When the Assault was intended to the City

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,

Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize, If deed of honour did thee ever please, Guard them, and him within protect from harms. He can requite thee, for he knows the charms. That call fame on such gentle acts as these, And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas, Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms. Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower. The great Emathian conqueror bid spare. The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower.

Went to the ground, and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

Sonnet on his Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait'

On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moins
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe

Satan's Address to the Sun.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned, Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god Of this new World-at whose sight all the stars Hide their diminished heads-to thee I call, But with no friendly voice, and add thy name, O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams, That bring to my remembrance from what state I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere, Till pride and worse ambition threw me down, Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King! Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return From me, whom he created what I was In that bright eminence, and with his good Upbraided none, nor was his service hard What could be less than to afford him praise, The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks, How due? Yet all his good proved ill in me, And wrought but malice Lifted up so high, I sdained subjection, and thought one step higher Would set me highest, and in a moment quit The debt immense of endless gratitude, So burdensome, still paying, still to owe. Forgetful what from him I still received, And understood not that a grateful mind By owing owes not, but still pays, at once Indebted and discharged—what burden then? Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained Me some inferior Angel, I had stood Then happy, no unbounded hope had raised Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Power As great might have aspired, and me, though mean, Drawn to his part But other Powers as great Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within Or from without to all temptations armed ! Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand? Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse, But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all? Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,

To me alike it deals eternal woe Nay, cursed be thou, since against his thy will Chose freely what it now so justly rues Me miserable! which way shall I fly Infinite wrath and infinite despair? Which way I fly is Hell, myself am Hell, And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep Still threatening to devour me opens wide, To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven O, then, at last relent! Is there no place Left for repentance, none for pardon left? None left but by submission, and that word Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced With other promises and other vaunts Than to submit, boasting I could subdue The Omnipotent Ay me they little know How dearly I abide that boast so vain, Under what torments inwardly I groan While they adore me on the throne of Hell, With diadem and sceptre high advanced, The lower still I fall, only supreme In misery such joy ambition finds! But say I could repent, and could obtain, By act of grace, my former state, how soon Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant Vows made in pain, as violent and void (For never can true reconcilement grow Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep) = Which would but lead me to a worse relapse And heavier fall so should I purchase dear Short intermission, bought with double smart This knows my Punisher, therefore as far From granting he, as I from begging, peace. All hope excluded thus, behold, instead Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight, Mankind, created, and for him this World! So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear, Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost, Evil, be thou my Good by thee at least Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold, By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign, As Man ere long, and this new World, shall know

Assembling of the Fallen Angels.

(From Paradise Lost, Book iv L 32)

All these and more came flocking, but with looks Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost In loss itself, which on his countenance cast Like doubtful hue But he, his wonted pride Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared His mighty standard That proud honour claimed Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced, Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind, With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed, Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds.

At which the universal host up sent A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night All in a moment through the gloom were seen Ten thousand banners rise into the air, With orient colours waving with them rose A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms Appeared, and serried shields in thick array Of depth immeasurable Anon they move In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised To highth of noblest temper herous old Arming to battle, and instead of rage Deliberated valour breathed, firm, and unmoved With dread of death to flight or foul retreat, Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain From mortal or immortal minds Thus they, Breathing united force with fixed thought, Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil Advanced in view they stand-a horrid front Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield, Awaiting what command their mighty Chief Had to impose. He, above the rest In shape and gesture proudly eminent, Stood like a tower His form had yet not lost All her original brightness, nor appeared Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess Of glory obscured as when the sun new risen Looks through the horizontal misty air Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon, In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds On half the nations, and with fear of change Perplexes monarchs Darkened so, yet shoue Above them all the Archangel but his face Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride Cruel his eye, but cast Waiting revenge Signs of remorse and passion, to behold The fellows of his crime, the followers rather (Fir other once beheld in bliss), condemned For ever now to have their lot in pain-Millions of Spirits for his fault amcreed Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood, Their glory withcred, as, when heaven's fire Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines, With singed top their stately growth, though bare, Stands on the blasted heath He now prepared To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend From wing to wing, and half enclose him round With all his peers Attention held them mute Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn, Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth at last Words interwove with sighs found out their way (From Paradise I ost Book 1, 1 522)

The Garden of Eden.

So on he fares, and to the border comes Of I den, where delicious Paradise, Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green, As with a rural mound, the champaign head Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild, Access denied, and overhead up grew Insuperable highth of loftiest shade, . Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm, A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend Shade above shade, a woody theatre Yet higher than their tops Of stateliest view The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung, Which to our general sire gave prospect large Into his nether empire neighbouring round And higher than that wall a circling row Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit, Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue, Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed, On which the sun more glad impressed his beams Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow, When God hath showered the earth so lovely seemed That landskip And of pure now purer air Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires Vernal delight and joy, able to drive All sadness but despair Now gentle gales, Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole Those balmy spoils As, when to them who sail Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past Mozambic, off at sea north east winds blow Sabean odours from the spicy shore Of Araby the Blest, with such delay Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league Cheered with the grateful sinell old Ocean smiles.

(From Paradise Lost, Book vi L 131)

Morning Hymn in Paradise

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good, Almighty thine this universal frame, Thus wondrous fair Thyself how wondrous then! Unspeakable 1 who sitt'st above these heavens To us invisible, or dimly seen In these thy lowest works, yet these declare Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light, Angels-for ye behold him, and with songs And choral symphonies, day without night, Circle his throne rejoicing-ye in Heaven, On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night, If better thou belong not to the Dawn, Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul, Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st, And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st. Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest, With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies, And ye five other wandering I ires, that move In mystic dance, not without song, resound His pruse who out of Darkness called up Light Air, and ve Elements, the eldest birth Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change Vary to our great Maker still new praise

Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray, Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold, In honour to the World's great Author rise, Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky, Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, Rising or falling, still advance his praise His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow, Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye Pines, With every Plant, in sign of worship wave Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow, Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise Join voices, all ye living Souls Ye Birds, That, singing, up to Heaven gate ascend, Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep, Witness if I be silent, morn or even, To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade, Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise Hail, universal Lord ! Be bounteous still To give us only good, and, if the night Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed, Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.'

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm On to their morning's rural work they haste, Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row Of fruit trees, over woody, reached too far Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check Fruitless embraces or they led the vine To wed her elm, she, spoused, about him twines Her marriageable arms, and with her brings Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn His burren leaves.

(From Paradise Lost, Book v 1 153.)

Evening in Paradise.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray Had in her sober livery all things clad, Silence accompanied, for beast and bird, They to their grassy couch, these to their nests Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale. She all night long her amorous descant sung Silence was pleased Now glowed the firmament With living sapphires, Hesperus, that led The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon, Rising in clouded majesty, at length Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light, And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw, When Adam thus to Eve - Fair consort, the hour Of night, and all things now retired to rest, Mind us of like repose, since God hath set Labour and rest, as day and night, to men Successive, and the timely dew of sleep, Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines Our eye lids Other creatures all day long Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest, Man hath his daily work of body or mind Appointed, which declares his dignity, And the regard of Heaven on all his ways, While other animals unactive range, And of their doings God takes no account. To morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east With first approach of light, we must be risen, And at our pleasant labour, to reform

Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That he bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest'

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned -'My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st Unargued I obey So God ordains God is thy law, thou mine to know no more Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise. With thee conversing, I forget all time, All seasons, and their change, all please alike. Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet, With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the Sun, When first on this delightful land he spreads His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower, Glistering with dew, fragrant the fertile Earth After soft showers, and sweet the coming on Of grateful Evening mild, then silent Night, With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon, And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train. But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends With charm of earliest birds, nor rising Sun On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower, Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers; Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night, With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor replied -'Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Fve, Those have their course to finish round the Earth By morrow evening, and from land to land In order, though to nations yet unborn, Ministering light prepared, they set and rise, Lest total Darkness should by night regain Her old possession, and extinguish life In nature and all things, which these soft fires Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat Of various influence foment and warm, Temper or nourish, or in part shed down Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow On Earth, made hereby apter to receive Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night, Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none, That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise. Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep All these with ceaseless praise his works behold Both day and night. How often, from the steep Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard Celestial voices to the midnight air, Sole, or responsive each to other's note, Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk. With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds In full harmonic number joined, their songs Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven'

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed On to their blissful bower—It was a place Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed All things to Man's delightful use The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic, under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costhest emblem Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of Man

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood, Both turned, and under open sky adored The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heaven, Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe, And starry Pole - 'Thou also madest the Night, Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day, Which we, in our appointed work employed, Have finished, happy in our mutual help And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss Ordained by thee, and this delicious place, For us too large, where thy abundance wants Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground But thou hast promised from us two a race To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake, And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep'

(From Paradise Lost, Book iv 1 598)

Expulsion from Paradise

He added not, for Adam, at the news
Heart stroock, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound, Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire —

'O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death! Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades, Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to spend, Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day That must be mortal to us both? O flowers, That never will in other climate grow, My early visitation, and my last At even, which I bred up with tender hand From the first opening bud, and gave ye names, Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount? Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee How shall I part, and whither wander down Into a lower world, to this obscure And wild? How shall we breathe in other air Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?'

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild — 'Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart, Thus over fond, on that which is not thine. Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound, Where he abides, think there thy native soil'

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned, To Michael thus his humble words addressed —

'Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named Of them the highest-for such of shape may seem Prince above princes-gently hast thou told Thy message, which might else in telling wound, And in performing end us What besides Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair, Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring-Departure from this happy place, our sweet Recess, and only consolation left Familiar to our eyes, all places else Inhospitable appear, and desolate, Nor knowing us, nor known And, if by prayer Incessant I could hope to change the will Of him who all things can, I would not cease To weary him with my assiduous cries, But prayer against his absolute decree No more avails than breath against the wind, Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth Therefore to his great bidding I submit This most afflicts me-that, departing hence, As from his face I shall be hid, deprived His blessed countenance. Here I could frequent, With worship, place by place where he voutsafed Presence Divinc, and to my sons relate, "On this mount He appeared, under this tree Stood visible, among these pines his voice I heard, here with him at this fountain talked" So many grateful altars I would rear Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone Of lustre from the brook, in memory Or monument to ages, and thereon Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers. In yonder nether world where shall I seek His bright appearances, or footstep trace? For, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled To life prolonged and promised race, I now Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts Of glory, and far off his steps adore? Now too nigh

The Archangel stood, and from the other hill To their fixed station, all in bright array, The Cherubin descended, on the ground Gliding metcorous, as evening mist Risen from a river o'er the marish glides, And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel Homeward returning High in front advanced, The brandished sword of God before them blazed, Fierce as a comet, which with torrid heat, And vapour as the Libyan air adust, Began to parch that temperate clime, whereat In either hand the hastening Angel caught Our linguring parents, and to the eastern gate Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast To the subjected plain—then disappeared They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld Of Paradise, so late their happy seat, Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms. Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and
slow,
Through lider tool their obtained.

Through Lelen took their solitary way
(From Paradue Lost, Book xi. 1 263 Book xii. 1 625)

Satan's Survey of Greece

Westward, much nearer by south west, behold Where on the Ægean shore a city stands, Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil-Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts And eloquence, native to famous wits Or hospitable, in her sweet recess, City or suburban, studious walks and shades. See there the olive grove of Academe, Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long, There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites To studious musing, there Ilissus rolls His whispering stream Within the walls then view The schools of ancient sages-his who bred Great Alexander to subdue the world, Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit By voice or hand, and various measured verse, Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes, And his who gave them breath, but higher sung, Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called, Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught In chorus or jambic, teachers best, Of moral prudence, with delight received In brief sententious precepts, while they treat Of fate, and chance, and change in human life, High actions and high passions best describing Thence to the famous Orators repair, Those ancient whose resistless eloquence Wielded at will that fierce democraty, Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne. To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear, From heaven descended to the low roofed house Of Socrates—see there his tenement— Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced Wisest of men, from whose mouth issued forth Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools Of Academics old and new, with those Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect Epicurean, and the Stoic severe These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home, Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight, These rules will render thee a king complete Within thyself, much more with empire joined (From Paradise Regained, Book iv 1 237)

Milton was one of the first Latinists of his time, and the first English writer of Latin verse who could be named alongside of Buchanan It is curious that two of the greatest British writers known to the Continent by their Latin works should both, the Scot and the Englishman alike, have been exponents of a doctrine as to kings, government, and peoples peculiarly abhorient to all loyalists, royalists, and jure divino men wherever found Milton's Latinity is illustrated not merely in his secretarial work, his Epistolæ Familiares, and his early Prolusiones, but in his Latin poems, the first and second Defensiones, and his Doctrina Christiana

Milton's English prose style is lofty, vigorous, expressive, clear, and adorned with profuse and pregnant imagery, and his vocabulary is rich, varied, and effective, in the Saxon as well as in the Latin elements of it. His model was sonorous oratory, 'the long winding sentence, propped on epithets and festooned with digressions, was the habitual vehicle of his meaning. Hence, like other monuments of the age, even his best work shows undue fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of sentences, occasional paragraphs, like the commencement of the Areopagitica, read like a translation from the Latin But the force and directness with which he sped his Saxon monosyllables made them at least as deadly as his sesquipedalian artillery 'It is to be regretted,' said Lord Macaulay, 'that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not'even in the earlier books of the Paradise Lost has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies";

A translated extract from the *Defensio Scanda* has been given above at pages 544, 545. The following specimens of Milton's own English are taken from *The Reason of Church Government* (containing the reminiscences of his early projects), from the treatise *Of Education*, and from the *Areopagitica*

I must say, therefore, that after I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for, and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew duly upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of

nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my For which cause, and not only for that I knew st would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue, not to make verbal curiosities the endthat were a toilsome vanity, but to be an interpretei and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine, not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world, whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their cloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting Whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model, or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art and use judgment is no trans gression, but an enriching of art and, lastly, what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the Infidels, or Belisarius against the Gotlis, or Charlemain against the Lombards, if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories, or whether those dramatic constitutions wherein Sophocles and Luripides reign shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges, and the Apocalypse of St John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven fold chorus of hallclujahs and harping symphonies and this my opinion, the grave authority of Pareus, com menting that book, is sufficient to confirm occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most, and end faulty But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation and are of power, besides the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church, to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ, to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within, all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed, that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed And what a benefit would this be to our youth and gentry may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and inter ludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills, to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some repeating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care not only the deciding of our contentious law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorised awhile since, the pro vocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies, by martial exercises, to all warlike skill and performances, and may civilise, adorn, and make discreet our minds, by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude, instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith 'She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may be not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn paneguries, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people, to receive at once both recreation

and instruction, let them in authority consult. thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse, that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive And the accomplishment of and fore-dated discovery them lies not but in a power above man's to promise, but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwerried spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and that the lund had once enfranchised herself from this impertment yoke of prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years vet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amounst, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her suren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs, till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing con tent me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitanness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hourse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings, who when they have, like good sumpters, laid you down their horse loads of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, you may take off their packsaddles, their day's work is done, and episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries But were it the meanest underservice, if God by his secretary conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back, for me especially, now when all men offer their aid to help, ease, and lighten the difficult labours of the church, to whose service, by the intentions of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child, and in mine own resolutions till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had in vaded the church, that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either straight perjure, or split his faith, I thought it better to preser a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing

From the Tractate 'Of Education.'

And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom, so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only

Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful. first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in And that which casts our proficiency therein one year so much belind is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities, partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of 1 head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit, besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarising against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the prixis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics, so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge, till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary or ignorantly zealous divinity, some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing

fees, others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and courtshifts and tyramous aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom, instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyments of case and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity, which indeed is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education, laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and inclodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefulest with to that asiming feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age.

I call therefore a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered

From the 'Areopagitica.'

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors, for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are, nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men And yet on the other hand unless warmess be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss, and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we ruse against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyidon, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably, and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder were not more intermixed was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the know ledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the know ledge of cvil? He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian cannot pruse a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unever cised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of cvil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure, her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness which was the reason why our sage and scrious poet. Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temper ance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of carthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yer abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confir mation of truth, how can we more safely and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read

I listly proceed from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove plurilities and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenious sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for uself, not for lucre or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetung of praise which God and

good men have consented shall be the reward in those whose published labours advance the good of mankind, then know that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learn ing and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and delibera tion to assist him, he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends, after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him, if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an un leisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book writing, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title. to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Com mons, that these arguments of learned men's discourage ment at this your order are mere flourishes and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises, when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had) and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought, that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican And though I knew that England licensers thought then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolu tion of time that this world hath to finish

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks, methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her un dazzled eyes at the full mid day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of seets and schisms.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her Let her and Falsehood grapple, who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Gencya, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argu ment, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambush ments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious, those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power, give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps

The Reformation

When I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church, how the bright and blissful Reformation by Divine power strook through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fra grancy of heaven Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and, neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new erected banner of salvation, the martyrs with the unresistible might of weakness shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red

Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measure to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all

ages, whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and mured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her whole vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day when thou, the eternal and shortly expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distribut ing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth, where they undoubtedly that by their labours, counsels, and prayers have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in over measure for ever

But they contrary that by the impairing and diminution of the true faith, the distresses and servitude of their country, aspire to high dignity, rule, and promotion here, after a shameful end in this life (which God grant them), shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, where under the despiteful control, the trample and spurn of all the other damned that in the anguish of their torture shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and bestial tyrainy over them as their slaves and negroes, they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lowermost, the most dejected, most underfoot, and down trodden vassals of perdition (From Of Reformation in England)

Truth.

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on, but when he ascended and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons! nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming, he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection (From Arcopagitica)

Of the Roman Power in Britain.

Thus expired this great empire of the Romans, first in Britain, soon after in Italy itself, having borne chief sway in this island (though never thoroughly subdued, or all at once in subjection) if we reckon from the coming in of Julius to the taking of Rome by Alaric, in which year Honorius wrote those letters of discharge into Britain, the space of four hundred and sixty two years. And with the empire fell also what before in this western world was chiefly Roman—learning, valour, eloquence, history, civility, and even language itself—all these together, as it were with equal pace, diminishing and decaying. Henceforth we are to steer by another sort

of authors, near enough to the times they write, as in their own country, if that would serve, in time not much belated, some of equal age, in expression burbarous, and to say how judicious I suspend awhile. This we must expect, in civil matters to find them dubious relaters, and still to the best advantage of what they term Mother Church, meaning indeed themselves, in most other matters of religion blind, astonished, and strook with superstition as with a planet, in one word, monks. Yet these guides, where can be had no better, must be followed, in gross it may be true enough, in circum stance each man as his judgment gives him may reserve his faith or bestow it.

(From History of England)

From the beginning the reception of Milton in France was hesitating, doubtful, and fluctuating Voltaire in some measure felt the grandeur of Paradise Lost, and translated some of it, rather freely But he was naturally unable to appreciate Milton Pococurante in Candide probably only exaggerates Voltaire's own opinion when he refers to Paradise Lost as an 'obscure, eccentric, and disgusting poem,' and speaks of Milton as 'a barbarian who constructed a long commentary on the book of Genesis in harsh verse.' Certainly this view was not confined to Voltaire's Pococurante, though the second French translator of the Paradise Lost was the son But after the Revolution of the great Racine The Romanticists en-Milton was made a hero rolled him amongst the greatest of poets translation by the venerable Jacques Delille was well received though utterly feeble, Chateaubriand, an enthusiastic admirer, produced an impossible attempt at a literal translation, a less unsatisfactory rendering appeared in 1838 Taine's elaborate appreciation again attracted interest in France to Milton, and Sainte-Beuve gave a wider acceptance to Taine's estimate of 'England's most splendid and most complex poetic genius' 'Vast knowledge, close logic, and grand passion, these are his marks' 'He was not born for the drama, but for the ode He does not create souls, but constructs arguments and experiences emotions. ' Wilton's landscapes are a school of virtue.'

In Germany, as might have been expected, Milton's reception was friendlier from the first, though there too he found unsympathetic critics, Paradise Lost gave a great impulse to German poetry, and like and dislike of Milton were for long the notes of the two great German critical schools Paradise Lost was twice translated into German in the seventeenth century, three times in the eightcenth century, and no less than six times in the nineteenth Gottsched and the Leipzig school advocated in the early eighteenth century a humble adherence to French standards of taste, an almost slavish imitation of French models, Bodmer and the Zurich or Swiss school stood up for Nature, for poetic power and depth rather than formal correctness and elegance, for religious subjects as the greatest, for rhymelessness and blank verse, and for Milton Bodmer was himself one of the trans lators of Paradise Lost (1732), and on the whole

Bodmer and the Swiss school triumphed in a controversy somewhat analogous to that of Classicism and Romanticism in the following century, a controversy that in a way foreshadowed the great literary struggle at the close of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries And the triumph of the Swiss school prepared the way for the 'seraphic school' and for Klopstock, and secured the enthusiastic welcome given in Germany to the 'German Milton' But except in the first flush of that enthusiasm, even German critics agreed that Klopstock at his best never rises to Milton's height, and that the Messias stands on an altogether lower plane, both of thought and expres-Herder and Lessing, it should be added, were fully conscious of Milton's poetic greatness

Gottsched, in defence of his thesis, eagerly welcomed the unfavourable comments made in England—some of them by Milton's embittered political enemies, who saw in the poet mainly the hateful defender of the king's assassins. Gottsched imported into Germany Lauder's charge against Milton of having shamelessly plagiarised from various modern writers of Latin verse.

William Lauder, a wooden-legged Edinburgh graduate, a competent Latinist but an unsuccessful candidate for scholastic posts, settled in London as a literary hack. In 1747, in the Gentleman's Magazine, he made his famous charge against Milton, alleging Paradise Lost to be largely composed of translations from the Adamus Evsul of Grotius, the Poemata Sacr'a (1633) of Ramsay, an Edinburgh minister, from Masenius, Staphorstius, Taubmann, and other even less-known authors, finally (1753), he extended the list of authors whom Milton had plundered to ninety-seven' But long ere his frenzy rose so high, Lauder's friends, including Samuel Johnson, had been convinced that the passages he cited from these authors were, very many of them at least, not in the actual works named, which had been fraudulently garbled for his own purposes by the malevolent critic. Lauder had himself-as he ultimately confessed to Johnson -foisted into the quotations given as from the authors named passages which he had copied verbatim from William Hog's Latin version of Paradise Lost (published 1690) Lauder died in

On the other hand, it is perfectly known and recognised that Milton, an omnivorous reader, was influenced to some extent both in idea and expression by poetic predecessors, as well as by commentators on Scripture and systematic theologians, yet the comparisons of purillel passages only serve, on the whole, to show Milton's vast superiority Bishop Ponet's translation (1549) of a Latin tragedy (no longer extant) by the Italian refugee Ochino seems to have left its mark on Milton's memory, there are obvious parallels noted by Dunster (1800) and others between Milton and Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas (see above at Sylvester, page 346), Gosse (1879) and Edmundson insisted on

Milton's debt to the Dutch Vondel's Latin. play Lucifer (1654), and so too the German critic Aug Muller (1891) But none of the passages cited in the least diminish Milton's credit as a great poet, great both in creation and in expression. Nor would it prove Milton less original if the ingenious suggestion were true that the debates in Heaven reflect Milton's knowledge of actual debates in the Long Parliament or the Westminster Assembly, or that Belial may possibly be an uncomplimentary sketch of Sir Harry Vane, or some other of the contemporary personages whom the poet distrusted

Probably no English author but Shakespeare has had accorded to him in as full measure as Milton the homage of constant quotation—often by the vulgar little read in poetry and all-unconscious whence their pet phrases come. How constantly does one hear cited not merely short passages or parts of passages like

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise (That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days,

but single lines or fragments such as 'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war, ' Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven '5 The mind can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven,' 'More is meant than meets the ear,' 'Not to know me argues yourself unknown,' 'Hence, loathed melancholy, ' 'Trip on the light fantastic toe,' 'Death the gate of life,' 'Laughter holding both his sides,' 'Fallen on evil days,' 'Smoothing the rugged brow of night," 'The world was all before them,' 'Fit audience find though few,' 'To temper justice with mercy,' 'To make darkness visible,' Heaven in her eve,' 'Confusion worse confounded, ' 'To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new ' Many of these phrases have passed from Milton into current speech, some appear in curious combinations and permutations, and, like the last, are persistently misquoted, and some have through too frequent citation in unsuitable connections been degraded into a kind of irritating slang

Vilton's nephew Edward Phillips, wrote a Life of the poet, as did Toland, Symonds, Mitford, and Todd but all biographies were superseded by the magistral Life by Professor Masson (6 vols 1859-80, index vol. 1894) a stupendous monument of learned industry and scholarly research. The German Life by Alfred Stern, Milton and seine Zeit (Leip , 2 vols. 1877-78), is also exceptionally rich in material, and there is a great essay by Von Treitschle (1886). In spite of its prejudices, Dr Samuel Johnson s sketch retains its literary interest and there are short Lives by Mark Pattison (1880) and Dr Garnett (1889). There are studies of his life and works by Professor W P Trent (1899) and Professor Walter Raleigh (1900), and see Professor Dowden's Puritan and Anglican (1901). Mr Robert Bridges has written a special treatise on the versification of Milton's later poems (1893). edition of Vilton's poems is that of Professor Masson (3 vols. 1874 new ed. 1890), who published also two one volume editions. Beeching's (1900) attaches much significance to Milton's own spellings as affecting the prosody and even the meaning (niet yee, for me, ye, indicating emphasis). Earlier editions were the famous one by Bentley (1732), and those by Boydell (1794) Todd (1801), Sir E. Bridges (1835), and James Montgomery (1843). Bradshaws Aldine edition appeared in 1697 There have been editions of the prose works in 1697, by Toland (1698 republished in 1738 and 1753),

Syminons (1806), Fletcher (1833) Mitford (1851), and St John (Bohn, 4 vols. 1848-53). Macaulay's criticism in the Essays is characteristically brilliant. In 1690-94 Hog (Hogaus) rendered most of Milton's poems into Latin, and there are Latin versions of Paradise Lost by Joseph Trapp (1741) and William Dobson (1750). The English trinslation of the first Defenito usually cited is that by Joseph Washington (about 1690) of the second, that by Dr Fellowes (1806), and there is another by Archdescon Wrangham (1816). G Jenny has written an interesting book (1890) on the in fluence of Milton on German literature in the eighteenth century. The Latin prose romance of Nova Solyma, first published in 1648, was reprinted, with an elaborate argument for Milton's authorship, by Mr Walter Begley in 1902, but the attribution was by no means generally admitted

Andrew Marvell was born in the village of Winestead, in the south-east angle of Yorkshire, on 31st March 1621 His father, also Andrew Marvell (c. 1586-1641), was rector of Winestead, which living he resigned in 1624 for the mastership of Hull grammar-school A romantic story is told of the circumstances attending the elder Marvell's A young lady from the opposite side of the Humber had visited him on the occusion of the baptism of one of his children She was to return next day, and though the weather proved tempestuous, insisted on fulfilling the promise she had made to her mother Mr Marvell accompanied her, but having a presentiment of danger, he threw his cane ashore from the boat, saying to the spec tators that in case he should perish the cane was to be given to his son, with the injunction that he should remember his father His fears were but too truly verified, the boat went down in the storm, and the party perished The mother of the young lady, it is added, provided for the orphan son of the drowned minister, and at her death left him her fortune Young Marvell studied in 1633-41 at Trinity College, Cambridge, and then travelled for four years in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain letter from Milton to Secretary Bradshaw was in 1823 discovered in the State-Paper Office, in which the poet recommends Marvell as a person well fitted to assist himself in his office of Latin secre tary, he being a good scholar and lately engaged by Lord Fairfax to give some instruction in the languages to his daughter The letter is dated 21st February 1653 Marvell, however, was not engaged as Milton's assistant till 1657, meanwhile he was tutor at Eton to a ward of Cromwell's, and there got to know John Hales In January 1659 he took his seat in Richard Cromwell's Parliament as member for Hull He was not, like Waller, an eloquent speaker, but his consistency and integrity made him highly esteemed and respected He muntained a close correspondence with his constituents, and his letters fill four hundred printed His constituents, in return, occasionally sent him a stout cask of ale, and he was one of the last paid members, receiving in session 6s 8d per diem. In 1663-65 he went as a secretary of embassy to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. Charles II delighted in his society, and believing, like Sir Robert Walpole, that every man had his price, he sent Lord Danby, his treasurer, to wait upon Marvell, with an offer of a place at court and an immediate present of a thousand pounds. The inflexible member resisted his offers, and it is said humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dired for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton. The story adds—but the whole seems highly improbable—that when the treasurer was gone. Marvell was forced to send to a friend to borrow a guinea. The patriot preserved his integrity to the last, and satirised the profligacy and arbitrary measures of the court with much wit and pungency. He died 18th August 1678, at the time of the Popish Plot, not without suspicion of poison, but really the victim of a tertian ague, unskilfully treated by an ignorant, obstinate doctor. The town of Hull voted



ANDREW MARVLI I
From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery

£50 to erect a monument to Marvell's memory, but the court interfered and forbade the votive tribute

Marvell's prose writings were exceedingly popular in their day, but, written for temporary purposes, they have mostly gone out of date with the events that produced them In 1672-73 he attacked Dr (afterwards Bishop) Parker in a piece entitled The Rehearsal Transprosed, in which he vindicates the fair fame of Milton, who, he says, 'was and is a man of as great learning and sharpness of wit as any man' This controversy has won him a part as interlocutor in one of the most vigorous of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, where he is made to slay the Bishop over again, and to say far finer things about Milton than he had said in his own works. One of Marvell's treatises, .1n Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England (1677), was considered so formidable that a reward was offered for the discovery of the author and printer As in the case of Milton and other Puritans, the energy and independence of Marvell in theological controversy verged upon freethinking and rationalism Short Historical Essay concerning General Councils, appended to one of his controversial tracts, is so free in its criticism of the mode of securing agreement at the Council of Nice that it looks very like a polemic against the dogmas there formulated and so forced on the Christian Church And one is not surprised to find that this essay was republished in the interests of the eighteenth-century Ample evidence of that vein of sportive Deists humour and raillery on national manners and absurdities, afterwards so effectively employed by Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Swift, may be found in Marvell. He wrote with great liveliness, point, and vigour, though he was often coarse and personal His poetry was, in his own time, an embellishment to his character of patriot and controversialist rather than a substantive ground of honour and distinction, yet even Sainte-Beuve (whose attention was called to him by Matthew Arnold) greeted in him a worthy though not co equal rival of Milton, a more martial and less purely Christian champion of the same Christian and patriotic Only a lovable man could English renaissance have written his verses on The Emigrants in the Bermudas His poem on The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn is a triumph of grace and pathos 'Music the mosaic of the air,' from his Music's Empire, illustrates a tendency to occasional conceits, 'Only human eyes can weep,' from Eyes and Tears, shows suggestive (if not strictly accurate) observation and phrasing A different aspect of his genius, recalling the frank and half-pagan sensuousness of another party and an earlier age than his own, is seen in the lines To his Coy Mistress, and in those entitled The Garden The former, perhaps his very finest verses, are too much like some of Donne's warmer amoretti for quotation in full, yet this specimen of them must at least be quoted

> But at my back I always hear Time's winged chariot hurrying near, And yonder all before us he Deserts of vast eternity

The luscious stanzas on *The Garden*—a superior English rendering of a Latin exercise of Marvell's own—are not extravagantly praised by Palgrave as 'a test of any reader's insight into the most poetical aspects of poetry,' although the affinity which they display is not so much with Shelley's airy raptures as with the luxuriant fancies of Keats

The Emigrants in the Bermudas

Where the remote Bermudas ride In the ocean's bosom unespied, From a small boat that rowed along, The listening winds received this song 'What should we do but sing his praise That led us through the watery maze Unto an isle so long unknown, And yet far kinder than our own? Where he the huge sea monsters wracks, That lift the deep upon their backs, He lands us on a grassy stage, Safe from the storms and prelates' rage. He gave us this eternal spring Which here enamels everything, And sends the fowls to us in care, On daily visits thro' the air He hangs in shades the orange bright, Like golden lamps in a green night, And does in the pomegranates close Jewels more rich than Ormus shews He makes the figs our mouths to meet, And throws the melons at our feet. But apples, plants of such a price, No tree could ever bear them twice! With cedars chosen by his hand From Lebanon he stores the land, And makes the hollow seas that roar, Proclaim the ambergrease on shore He cast (of which we rather boast) The Gospel's pearl upon our coast, And in these rocks for us did frame A temple where to sound his name. O let our voice his praise exalt, Till it arrive at heaven's vault, Which then perhaps rebounding may Echo beyond the Mexique bay Thus sang they in the English boat An holy and a chearful note, And all the way, to guide their chime, With falling oars they kept the time.

The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn.

The wanton troopers riding by Have shot my fawn, and it will die Ungentle men! They cannot thrive Who killed thee Thou ne'er didst, alive, Them any harm, alas! nor could Thy death yet do them any good I'm sure I never wished them ill, Nor do I for all this, nor will But, if my simple prayers may yet Frevail with Heaven to forget Thy murder, I will join my tears Rather than fail But O my fears! It cannot die so Heaven's King Keeps register of every thing, And nothing may we use in vain, Even beasts must be with justice slain, Else men are made their deodands. Though they should wash their guilty hands In this warm life-blood, which doth part From thine, and wound me to the heart, Yet could they not be clean, their stain Is dyed in such a purple grain There is not such another in The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet I had not found him counterfeit, One morning, I remember well Tied in this silver chain and bell,

Gave it to me nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do
Said he 'Look how your huntsman here.
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent,
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game—it seemed to bless
Itself in me, how could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it lived long, I do not know Whether it too might have done so As Sylvio did, his gifts might be Perhaps as false, or more, than he But I am sure, for aught that I Could in so short a time espy, Thy love was far more better than The love of false and cruel man

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed,
And as it grew so every day,
It waxed more white and sweet than they
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land!

It was a wondrous thing how fleet 'Twas on those little silver feet With what a pretty skipping grace It oft would challenge me the race, And when't had left me far away, 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay, For it was nimbler much than hinds, And trod as if on the four winds

I have a garden of my own, But so with roses overgrown, And lilies, that you would it guess To be a little wilderness, And all the spring time of the year It only loved to be there. Among the beds of liles I Have sought it oft, where it should lie, Yet could not, till itself would rise, Find it, although before mine cyes, For in the fluxen lilies' shade, It like a bank of lilies laid Upon the roses it would feed, Until its lips even seemed to bleed. And then to me 'twould holdly trip, And print those roses on my Inp. But all its chief delight was still On roses thus itself to fill, And its pure virgin limbs to fold In whitest sheets of lilies cold Had it lived long, it would have been Lilies without, roses within

O help! O help! I see it faint And die as calmly as a saint! See how it weeps! The tears do come Sad, slowly, dropping like a guin So weeps the wounded balsant, so The holy frankincense doth flow, The brotherless Heliades Melt in such amber tears as these

From 'A Poem upon the Death of His Late Highness, the Lord Protector'

He without noise still travelled to his end. As silent suns to meet the night descend. The stars that for him fought had only power Left to determine now his fatal hour, Which, since they might not hinder, yet they cast To choose it worthy of his glories past No part of time but bare his mark away Of honour-all the year was Cromwell's day ! But this of all the most auspicious found, Twice had in open field him victor crowned, When up the armed mountains of Dunbar He marched, and through deep Severn, ending war What day should him eternize but the same That had before immortalized his name? That so whoe'er would at his death have joyed In their own gricfs might find themselves employed. But those that sadly his departure grieved. Yet joyed, remembering what he once achieved And the last minute his victorious ghost Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast Here ended all his mortal toils, he laid And slept in peace under the laurel shade.

I saw him dead—a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep, over those wakeful eyes,
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose, and deprived of vigour, stretched along,
All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man!
O human glory vain! O death! O wings!
O worthless world! O transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed,
That still, though dead, greater than death, he laid,
And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens Death he yet will live again!

The Character of Holland.

[A satire on Holland as supporting the cause of the pretender Charles II, then an exile there]

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land, As but the off scouring of the British sand, And so much earth as was contributed By English pilots when they heaved the lead, Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell, Of shipwrecked cockle and the musely shell, This indigested vomit of the sea Fell to the Dutch by just propriety Glad then, as miners who have found the ore, They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore. And dived as desperately for each piece Of earth as if't had been of ambergreese. Collecting anxiously small loads of clay, Less than what building swallows bear away,

Or than those pills which sorded beetles roll, Transfusing into them their dunghill soul How did they rivet, with gigantic piles, Thorough the centre their new catched miles, And to the stake a struggling country bound, Where barking waves still bait the forced ground, Building their watery Babel for more high To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky I et still his claim the injured ocean laid, And oft at leap frog o'er their steeples played, As if on purpose it on land had come Io shew them what's their mare liberum A daily deluge over them does boil, The earth and water play at level coil 1 The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed, And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest, And oft the Tritons and the sea nymphs saw Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau, -Or, as they over the new level ranged, For pickled herring, pickled heeren3 changed Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake, Would throw their land away at duck and drake, Therefore necessity, that first made kings, Something like government among them brings, For, as with Pigmies, who best kills the cranc, Among the hungry he that treasures grain, Among the blind the one eyed blinkard reigns, So rules among the drowned he that drains Not who first see the rising sun commands, But who could first discern the rising lands Who best could know to pump an earth so leak, Him they their Lord and Country's Father speak To make a bank was a great plot of state, Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate Hence some small dike grave 4 unperceived invades The power, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades, But, for less envy, some joined states endures, Who look like a commission of the sewers For these Half anders,5 half wet, and half dry Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty Tis probable religion, after this, Came next in order, which they could not miss. How could the Dutch but be converted, when The Apostles were so many fishermen? Besides, the waters of themselves did rise, And, as their land, so them did re baptise.

1 A game otherwise called 'hitch buttock ² Kabeljan.w is Dutch for 'cod fish ³ Heeren is Dutch for 'men, gentlemen.
 4 Earl of a dike. ⁵ A pun on Hollanders, as Whole anders

A Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing
'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall
, So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star,
And, like the three forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,

Did thorough his own side His fiery way divide, (For 'tis all one to courage high, The emulous, or enemy, And with such to inclose Is more than to oppose,) Then burning through the air he went, And palaces and temples rent, And Cæsar's head at last Did through his laurels blast 'Tis madness to resist or blame The force of angry heaven's flame, And if we would speak true, Much to the man is due Who from his private gardens, where He lived reserved and austere, As if his highest plot To plant the bergamot, Could by industrious valour climb To ruin the great work of Time, And cast the kingdoms old, Into another mould Though Justice against Fate complain, And plead the ancient rights in vain, (But those do hold or break, As men are strong or weak), Nature, that hateth emptiness, Allows of penetration less, And therefore must make room Where greater spirits come. What field of all the civil war, Where his were not the deepest scar? And Hampton shows what part He had of wiser art, Where, twining subtile fears with hope, He wove a net of such a scope That Charles himself might chase To Carisbrook's narrow case, That thence the royal actor borne, The tragic scaffold might adorn, While round the armed bands, Did clap their bloody hands He nothing common did or mean Upon that memorable scene. But with his keener eye The axe's edge did try, Nor called the gods with vulgar spite To vindicate his helpless right, But bowed his comely head Down, as upon a bed This was that memorable hour, Which first assured the forced power, So when they did design The capitol's first line, A bleeding head, where they begun, Did fright the architects to run, And yet in that the state Foresaw its happy fate And now the Irish are ashamed To see themselves in one year tamed So much one man can do. That does both act and know They can affirm his praises best, And have, though overcome, confessed How good he is, how just, And fit for highest trust

Nor yet grown stiffer with command, But still in the republic's hand, (How fit he is to sway, That can so well obey!) He to the Commons' feet presents A kingdom for his first year's rents, And, what he may, forbcars His fame, to make it theirs, And has his sword and spoils ungirt, To lay them at the public's skirt So when the falcon high Falls heavy from the sky, She, having killed, no more doth search, But on the next green bough to perch, Where, when he first does lure, The falconer has her sure What may not then our isle presume, While victory his crest does plume? What may not others fear, If thus he crowns each year? As Casar he cre long to Gaul, To Italy a Hannibal, And to all states not free, Shall climacteric be The Pict no shelter now shall find Within his party-coloured mind, But from this valour sad, Shrink underneath the plaid, Happy if in the tufted brake, The English hunter him mistake, Nor lay his hounds in near The Caledonian deer But thou, the war's and fortune's son March indefatigably on, And for the last effect. Still keep the sword cicct, Beside the force it has to fright The spirits of the shady night, The same arts that did gain A power, must it maintain.

Marvell's Poems were printed in folio in 1681 with a preface by his widow, and again by Cooke in 1726 Captain E. Thompson edited his Works (3 vols. 1776), and Grosart (4 vols. 1872-74) Mr G. A. Aitken edited the *Poems and Satures* in the 'Muses Library (2 vols. 1892). See Birrell's Marvell ('Men of Letters, 1905).

Algernon Sidney (1622-82), son of the Earl of Leicester, was carefully educated, accompanied his father to Denmark and France, and when his fither was Lord Deputy of Ireland, commanded a troop of horse against the Irish rebels In 1643, during the Civil War, Sidney was permitted to return to England, where he immediately joined the parliamentary forces, and, as colonel of a regiment of horse, was present at several engage-He was likewise successively governor of Chichester, Dublin, and Dover In 1648 he was named a member of the court for trying the king, which, however, he did not attend, though not from any disapproval of the intentions of those who composed it The usurpation of Cromwell give offence to Sidney, who declined to accept office either under the Protector or his son Richard, but when the Long Parliament recovered power, he readily consented to act as one of the Council of State It the time of

to Denmark and Sweden, and, apprehensive of the vengeance of the royalists, he remained abroad for seventeen years, flitting from place to place -Venice, Rome, Brussels, Augsburg After his return to England by the king's permission in 1677, he opposed the measures of the court, a course which Humc and others held to be ungrateful to the king. A more serious charge was first presented in Dilrymple's Alemoirs of Great Britain, published in 1773 The English patriots, with Lord William Russell at their head, intrigued with Barillon, the French ambassador, to prevent war between France and England, their purpose being to preclude Charles II from having the command of the large funds which on such an occusion must have been entrusted to him, and which he might have used against the liberties of the nation, while Louis was not less anxious to prevent the English from Joining the list of his The association was a stringe one, but it never would have been held as a moral stain upon the patriots if Sir John Dalrymple had not discovered amongst Barillon's papers one containing a list of persons receiving bribes from the French monarch, amongst whom appears the name of Sidney, together with those of several other leading Whig members of Parliament. Lord Russell was not of the number, but that Sidney stooped to receive the money is admitted by Hallam, Macaulay, and Firth (though disputed by Ewald)-doubtless for public and not personal But it is evident, as Lord Macaulay argued, that national feeling in England was at a low cbb when Charles II was willing to become the deputy of France, and a man like Algernon Sidney would have been content to see England reduced to the condition of a French province in the wild hope that a foreign despot would assist him to establish his darling republic. It should be remembered that Sidney was as openly hostile to William of Orange as to Charles. He took a conspicuous part in the proceedings by which the Whigs endcavoured to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, and when that attempt fuled, he seems to have joined in the conspiracy for an insurrection to accomplish the same object This was exposed in consequence of the detection of an inferior plot for the assassination of the king, in which the patriots Russell, Sidney, and others were desterously inculpated by the court Sidney was tried for high treason before the infamous Chief Justice Although the only witness against him was an abandoned character, Lord Howard, and nothing could be produced that even ostensibly strengthened the evidence, except some manu scripts in which the lawfulness of resisting tyrints was asserted, the right of deposing kings maintained, ind a preference given to a free over an arbitrary government, the jury were servile enough to obey the directions of the judge and pronounce him guilty Sidney was

the Restoration he was engaged on an embassy

beheaded on the 7th of December 1682, 'very resolutely, and like a true rebel and Republican,' the Duke of York said

Except some of his letters and an essay 'On Love,' the only published work of Algerian Sidney is Discourses on Government, which first appeared in 1698 The Discourses were written in reply to the Patriarcha of Sir Robert Filmer (page 559), and though tedious and diffuse, are weighty and learned, and contain admirably vigorous passages

Liberty and Government

Such as enter into society must, in some degree, Reason leads them to this diminish their liberty No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security, whilst every one has an equal right to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so many and great that mankind Therefore tho' I do not believe cannot bear them that Bellarmin said a commonwealth could not exercise its power, for he could not be ignorant that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all the regular kingdoms in the world are commonwealths, yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another, and whilst they are all equal, none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent This is the ground of all just govern ments, for violence or fraud can create no right, and the same consent gives the form to them all, how much soever they differ from each other Some small numbers of men, living within the precincts of one city, have as it were cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole, and this men call perfect democracy Others chose rather to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue, and this, according to the signification of the word, was called aristocracy, or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, as shall be proved hereafter, which commonly received their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill

It were a folly hereupon to say that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into a society without resigning it, for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us whilst we form governments, that we ourselves are judges how far 'tis good for us to recede from our natural liberty, which is of so great importance, that from thence only we can know whether we are freemen or slaves, and the difference between the best government and the worst

doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good governments, but if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them, but all must for ever depend on the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be

The Grecians, amongst others who followed the light of reason, knew no other original title to the government of a nation than that wisdom, valour, and justice which was beneficial to the people. These qualities gave beginning to those governments which we call Herount Regna [the Governments of the Heroes], and the veneration paid to such as enjoyed them proceeded from a grateful sense of the good received from them; they were thought to be descended from the gods, who in virtue and beneficence surpassed other men the same attended their descendants, till they came to abuse their power and by their vices shewed themselves like to or worse than others. Those nations did not seek the most ancient but the most worthy, and thought such only worthy to be preferred before others who could best perform their duty

Upon the same grounds we may conclude that noprivilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government, but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God, who perform the work for which they are instituted, and that the people which institutes them may proportion, regulate, and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves, which can be no other than their own good For it cannot be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might live in glory and pleasure, or for any other reason than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shews the work of all magistratesto be always and everywhere the same, even the doing of justice and procuring the welfare of those that create This we learn from common sense Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors lay it as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.

(From Chap. 1., sects. 10, 16, and 20)

See the Lives of Sidney by Meadley (1813), R. Chase Sidney (1835), Santvoord (New York, 1881), Ewald (1873), and G M Blackburne (1885), and Firth in the Dictionary of National Biography (1897).

George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was one of the foremost religious revolutionaries of the age. He was the son of a weaver at Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire, and was born in 1624. Having been apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle, he' spent much of his youth in tending sheep, an employment which afforded ample room for solitary meditation When about nineteen yearsof age, he was one day vexed by a disposition to intemperance which he observed in two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair 'I went away,' says he in his Journal, 'and, when I had done my business, returned home, but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep, but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed,

and cried to the Lord, who said unto me " Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth, thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all"' This divine communication was scrupulously obeyed, the advices of his friends to marry, to take tobacco, and the like had naturally no weight with him From 1646 he ceased attendance at church, and leaving his relations and master, he wandered about the country Bible in hand, a small competency he had supplying his slender wants. Now and for the rest of his life, Fox had many dreams and visions, and received supernatural messages from heaven. Thus, as he records in his Journal, 'One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still was said, All things come by nature, and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it, but, masmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried There is a living God who made all things And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rosc over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God' Afterwards, he tells us, 'the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof' He began about the year 1647 to teach publicly in the vicinity of Dukinfield and Manchester, whence he travelled through several neighbouring counties He had now come to hold that a learned education is unnecessary to a minister, that the existence of a separate clerical profession is unwarranted by the Bible, that the Creator of the world is not a dweller in temples made with hands, and that the Scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but that man should follow 'the light of Christ within' From about 1647 he became an itinerant preacher often went into churches while service was going on, and interrupted the clergymen by loudly contradicting their statements of doctrine, and by these breaches of order, and the employment of such unceremonious fashions of address as, 'Come down, thou deceiver!' he naturally gave great offence, which led sometimes to his imprisonment, and sometimes to severe treatment from the hands of the populace. He was especially hostile to services held in 'steeple-houses' and conducted by formalist 'professors' (not so much the Laudians as the Puritans, with their long abstruse sermons and extravagant doctrines of verbal inspiration) 'inner light' was the central idea of his teaching He inveighed against sacerdotalism and formalism, and was equally vehement against most social con-Priests, lawyers, and soldiers were all obnovious to him The Lord forbade him to put

off his hat to any, high or low, and he was required to thee and thou rich and poor equally nounced all public amusements, and came into collision with all sorts of people, his life is indeed little else than a record of insults, persecutions, and imprisonments At Derby he was imprisoned in the house of correction and then in the common jail for a year, and afterwards in a still more unpleasant cell at Carlisle for half that period

His first convert seems to have been made in 1647, and soon there were thousands of the 'Friends of Truth,' the full designation of the new communion in 1650 the popular name of 'Ouakers' was given to the 'Friends' by Judge For continued to preach, dispute, to wander about, and hold conferences In 1654 he was sent by Colonel Hacker to Cromwell, and of this memorable interview he gives an account in his Journal, quoted below Carlyle's story of Fox's being equipped in a leathern suit sewed by his own hands seems to be doubtful, though Sewel (1722) distinctly alleges a complete dress of leather Fox himself speaks only of 'leathern breeches,' a nowise outrageous garment, though no doubt his eccentricities in costume and bearing were sufficiently exasperating to his unfriends

Amidst much opposition, Fox still continued to travel through every corner of the kingdom, expounding his views and answering objections, both verbally and in controversial pamphlets the course of his peregrinations he suffered fre quent imprisonment, sometimes as a disturber of the peace, and sometimes because he refused to uncover his head in the presence of magistrates He was at least eight times imprisoned, the longest spell of jail being two years and seven and a half In 1656, the year after he and his followers refused to take the oath of abjuration, they had increased to such an extent that there were nearly one thousand of them in jail visited Wales and Scotland, and (after marrying a worthy widow) went to Barbadoes, Jamaica, America (where he spent nearly two years), Holland, and Germany In these later wanderings he was accompanied by Penn, Barclay, Keith, and other Quaker leaders He died in London, 13th January 1691 Fox's own extravagances, especially in his earlier career, and the often giotesque proceedings of some of the recruits from the Ranters, Shakers, and other eccentric sects of the time (see on Nayler at page 623), partly explain the abhorrence with which the Quakers were regarded alike by Churchmen and Nonconformists This gradually yielded to the essentially shrewd and sober pietism of Fox, but his view of the 'inner light' as more than co-ordinate in authority with the Bible, the Quaker rejection of the sacraments, and suspicion as to their unsoundness on the Trinity (see at Penn, Vol II p 39) maintained the dislike of the orthodox. Baxter and Bunyan were as uncompromisingly hostile as the professional For had not merely a heart controversialists

full of love for his fellows, but a mind capable of instituting systems of registration, poor relief, education, and self-help, which have made the community he founded a social power. His preaching and writings were often mystical, and not seldom turgid and incoherent, in the *Journal* his style is usually plain and simple, but eloquent and moving

Fox's work on the use of 'thou' and 'you' has perhaps a peculiar interest for a Cyclopædia of English Literature, inasmuch as by it he sought seriously to modify established usage, and did prevail with his followers for more than two The arguments from the usage of Amalekites, Hivites, Moabites, Shuhites, &c are taken straight from the Scripture texts in which personages of these tribes or races are quoted, and the forms of the second personal pronouns, singular and plural, in Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, Mana, &c, are given with tedious superfluity and his colleagues in this work, John Stubbs and Benjamin Ferrley, fully recognise the rights of the accusative, and do not propose to supersede 'thou' by an ungrammatical use of 'thee' The following is the first quarter or so of the title of the quaint book, A Battle-Door for Teachers and Professors to learn Singular and Plural, You to many and Thou to one Singular one, Thou, Plural many, You Wherein is shewed forth by Grammar or Scripture eramples how several Nations and Peoples have made a distinction between Singular and Plural, and so on The book bears date 1660 In the title it is affirmed, and in the book argued, and in a postscript signed by Fox specially emphasised, that the use of 'you' in speaking to one person, which he so strongly reprobates, was 'set up by the Pope in his pride'

In Church at Ulverstone

After this [1652] on a lecture day, I was moved to go to the steeple-house at Ulverstone, where were abund ance of professors, priests, and people and after the Lord had opened my mouth to speak John Sawrey the justice came to me and said if I would speak according to the scriptures I should speak Then he said I should not speak, contradicting himself who had said just before I should speak if I would speak according to the Now the people were quiet scriptures, which I did and heard me gladly, until the Justice Sawrey (who was the first stirrer up of cruel persecution in the north) incensed them against me and set them to hale, beat, and bruise me Then on a sudden the people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple house before his face, knocked me down, and kicked me, and trampled upon me, he looking on, and so great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town Then they led me about a quarter of a mile, some taking hold of my collar, and some of my arms and shoulders, and shook and dragged me along And there being many friendly people come to the market, and some of them come to the steeple

house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down from several of them, and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him intoa ditch of water, some of them crying 'Knock the teeth out of his head' When they had haled me to the common moss side, a multitude following, the constablesand other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow rods, and so thrust me among the rude multitude, who (having furnished themselves with staves, some with hedge stakes, and others with holm or holly bushes) fell upon me, and beat me upon my head, arms, and shoulders, till they had amazed me, so that I fell down upon the wet common And when I recovered my self again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and. the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the Eternal Refreshings refreshed me, so that I stood upagain in the strengthening power of the Eternal God And stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks!' Then they began to fall out among themselves.

Interview with Oliver Cromwell.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid [over against the Mews at Charing Cross], he went to give the Protector in account of me. And when he came to me again, he told me the Protector did require that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did in the presence of the Lord God declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man, and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to turn people from darkness to the light, and to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to give to Oliver Cromwell, which he did After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall, it was in a morning, before he was dressed, and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends. [1 e the Friends], but was disobedient, waited upon him When I came in, I was moved to say 'Peace be in this house,' and I bid him keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him, that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all thingsunder his hand unto God's glory I spoke much to him of truth, and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moder-But he said we quarrelled with priests, whom he called ministers. I told him, I did not quarrel with them, but they quarrelled with me and my friends But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherdsas the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against, but we must declare agrunst them by the same power and spirit. Then I shewed him that the prophets, Christ,

and the apostles declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely, such as preached for filthy lucre, and divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough, and that they that have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he would several times say it was very good, and it was truth I told him, that all-Christendom (so called) had the scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in scllowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the scriptures, nor one with another. Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back, and as I was turning, he catched me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other, ' adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own I told him if he did he wronged his own soul, and I bid him hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it, and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart, but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened And he said it was true Then I went out, and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me his lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine And I asked them what they brought me hither for They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them bid them let the Protector know I would not eat a bit of his bread, nor drink a sup of his drink heard this he said 'Now I see there is a people risen and come up that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places, but all other sects and people I can' It was told him again, that we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him

In 1656, in Hyde Park, Fox 'espyed the Protector coming in his coach Whereupon I rode up to his coach-side, and some of his life guard would have put me away, but he forbade them So I rode down by his coach-side with him, declaring what the Lord gave me to say unto him of the condition and of the suffering of friends in the nation, shewing him how contrary this was to Christ's word and his apostles, and to Christianity When we were come to James's Park gate, I left him, and at parting he desired me to come to his house' He had a brief meeting with Cromwell very shortly before the Protector's death, described in a passage on which Carlyle founded a famous apostrophe

The same day, taking boat, I went down [really up] to kingston, and from thence to Humpton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of friends. I met him riding into Humpton Court Park, and before I came at him, as he rode at the head of his life guard, I saw and felt a waft (whaff, omen) of death go forth against him. And when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of friends before him, and had warned him according as I was

moved to speak to him, he hid me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to have spoken further with him. But when I came, he was sick, and Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should come in to speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him any more

The principal writings of George Fox, less frequently referred to as authorities on doctrine than Penn's and Barclay's (see Vol II pp 38 and 41), are comprised in three folio volumes, printed re spectively in 1694, 1698 and 1700. The first contains his Journal (reprinted 1885), the second, his Epistles the third, his Gospel Truth, a collection of Doctrinal Books. A fourth folio (1659) contains The Great Mistery. But the list of Fox's works, many of them pamphlets, occupies fifty three pages of Joseph Smith's Catalogue of Friends Books (1868). See Lives by Marsh (1848), Janney (Phila 1853), Watson (1860), Bickley (1884), Budge (1893), and especially Hodgkin (1896).

John Bunyan,

author of the Pilgrin's Progress, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628 By universal assent the 'inspired tinker' is ranked with our English classics and great masters of allegory, his masterpiece was one of the few books Dr Johnson wished had been longer, and yet, so late as 1782, Cowper dared not name him in his poetry lest the name should provoke a sneer According to the transcript registers from the parish of Elstow, Bunyan's father, who described himself as a 'braseyer,' married Margaret Bentley on the 23rd of May 1627, and on the 30th of November 1628 their illustrious son was baptised at Elstow church In his seventeenth year John Bunyan, who was bred to his father's trade, was-doubtless under a levy made by Parliament upon the villages of Bedfordshire-drafted into the army, and took part in the civil war between Roundhead and Royalist. has lately been ascertained that he served in the garrison at Newport-Pagnell for two and a half years (1644-47), under the commander assumed to be the original of Butler's Hudibras, Sir Samuel Luke (see page 735) On the disbanding of the army Bunyan returned to Elstow, and about 1649 married a wife who brought him no dower of worldly wealth, for, as he put it, 'this woman and I came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwint us both' She brought with her, however, two books which had belonged to her father, the Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven and the Practice of Puty, in which they read together, and by which Bunyan was observably influenced His Life and Death of Mr Badman, published in 1680, shows not a little resemblance to the first of Now it was-in the years when he these books took a lively delight in ringing the bells of Elstow church—that he passed through the deep rehgious experiences so vividly described in Grace Abounding There is no reason to believe that at any time Bunyan led a vicious or depraved life, or was what Southey said he wis-a blackguird Rather he seems always to have been well disposed and tender in conscience, though careless and addicted, like his neighbours, to the customary

English habit of swearing rather freely A sincere religious enthusiast applies a severe standard to his own past life.

Dr Brown of Bedford strongly disapproves Sir Walter Scott's suggestion that, as tinkers were often Gypsies, 'the poet-apostle of the English middle classes,' as Mr Froude has called him, may have been of Gypsy race, there were Bonyons or Buingnons in Bedfordshire in the twelfth century, and the name is found in thirty different spellings. On the other hand, it has been shown that there was at least one 'Egyptian rogue' of the name of Bownian in Cornwall in 1586, but the theory of Gypsy origin is at most a speculation

The young Bedford brazier was introduced by some Puritan friends to their minister, John Gifford, a converted royalist major who had organised a little community sometimes incorrectly described as a Baptist church, it being a church in which baptism and some other questions much debated in those days were left to the individual conscience, and not made an essential part of church life Bunyan joined this Christian fellowship in 1653, and about 1655 he was asked by the brethren to address them in their church gatherings to his beginning to preach in the villages round Bedford, and in 1656 he was brought into discussions with the followers of George Fox, this again moved him to authorship, his first book, Some Gospel Truths Opened, being published against the Quakers in 1656. That earliest effort of his pen, though rapidly but vigorously written, is altogether remarkable as the composition of a working-man whose schooldays had become a faroff memory To it Edward Burrough, an eminent Quaker, replied, and Bunyan made rejoinder in A Vindication of Gospel Truths Opened Two other works were published by him ere, in November 1660, he was arrested while preaching in a farmhouse at Samsell, a small hamlet a little to the south of Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. The imprisonment which followed upon this arrest lasted for twelve long years, during which Bunyan wrote Profitable Meditations, Praying in the Spirit, Christian Behaviour, The Holy City, The Resurrection of the Dead, Grace Abounding, and some smaller works The place of incarceration was the county jail, which stood at the corner of the High Street and Silver Street, in the centre of the town The prisoner for conscience' sake was released after the Declaration of Indulgence of 1672, under which he became a licensed preacher, having been chosen by the church to which he belonged as their pastor He had held this office for three years when in February 1675 the Declaration of Indulgence was cancelled and the licenses of the Nonconformist preachers recalled by proclamation The following month a warrant was issued for his arrest, signed by no fewer than thirteen magistrates, and sealed by ten of thema document which came to light in 1887 when the Chauncy MSS came to the hammer at Sotheby's Brought to trial at the midsummer sessions under the Conventicle Act, Bunyan was sent to prison for six months in the town jail on Bedford Bridge It was during this later and briefer imprisonment that he wrote the first part of his memorable Pilgrin's Progress-entered in the register of the Stationers' Company on 22nd December 1677, and licensed 18th February 1678 When first issued it was shorter than in its final form-it then contained no Mr Worldly Wiseman and no second meeting with Evangelist The discourse with Charity at the Palace Beautiful, the further accounts of Mr By-ends' rich relations, the story of Diffidence, the wife of Giant Despair, with other not unimportant passages, were added in the second and third editions (1678 and 1679) This was followed by the Life and Death of Mr Badman in 1680, containing, as Mr Froude said, a vivid picture of rough English life in the days of Charles II, by the Holy War, his most notable work after the Pilgrim's Progress, in 1682, and by the second part of the Pilgrim, containing the story of Christiana and her children, in 1684. Bunyan had been pastor of the Bedford church for sixteen years, when, after a ride through the rain on horseback from Reading to London, he was seized with a fatal illness at the house of his friend, John Strudwick, a grocer at the sign of the Star on Snow Hill, Holborn, and here he died on the 31st of August 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, the Nonconformist Campo Santo.

During the sixty years of his life Bunyan wrote something like sixty books, but he will be best remembered by three of these-the Grace Abounding, the Holy War, and the Pilgrim's Progress, and best of all by the last of the three Abounding Macaulay describes as one of the most remarkable pieces of autobiography in the world, the Holy War is an allegory of the struggle between God and the devil for man's soul-an allegory vastly less fully realised and visualised than the opus magnum The Pilgrin's Progress sprang at once into fame, 100,000 copies being sold during the subsequent ten years of its author's life. was also printed at Boston, in New England, in 1681, a Dutch translation was issued at Amsterdam in 1682, and both this and a handsomer edition of 1685 were illustrated by Dutch engravers, then the leaders of the art of engraving in Europe The book was also translated into Welsh, Walloon, French, German, Polish, and Swedish between 1688 and 1743 Since then it has been translated a into about a hundred languages and dialects, the versions in Japanese and the Canton vernacular being admirably illustrated by native artists, who have adapted scenery and costumes to Chinese conditions

When in 1830 Southey's edition of the *Pilgrin's Progress* appeared, with a Life of Bunyan, Macaulay—not a very likely person to appreciate the religious power of the book, its value as a manual of devotional thought, its vivid realisation of the sense of sin and of absolute need for supernatural re-

the Idea with him to be define a torrest title in the education and a south to the lattering ed is drawn for Polosia we are arguesticled is a political transplant of the first expendence in an expensive transplant is a second of the contract of the co Ar the prosect the world is that it had a treet homes street. In the wide to set of secretarity consents in sort in the Donate contributes of second the Id rim's Progress is the delight of the prountil In every our by the foliation of the real cultures the characters and 1 2 sector town to this fine the to me of e gir of that the district the Plane et e get

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permanent vitality of the book, and its power of appealing to all kinds of Christians and unchristians in so many nations and languages. The very homeliness of conception, the familiarity of the imagery, the accepted symbolisms, the shrewd, practical common-sense, and the combination of homely vernicular and Bible English all contribute to heighten the realism of the whole

It is the irony of history that the next very eminent English writer to attach a very high value to Bunyan and Bunyan's work should also completely reject the theological system that underlies all Bunyan's writings Mr Froude was a much deeper critic than Macaulay, he gave full weight in human life and in literature to the ever-pressing problems of religion and ethics, but must have seemed to Bunyan almost as much an alien to the household of faith as Macaulay was Yet, protesting throughout his book on Bunyan against the shallow judgment of those who called him 'a Philistine of genius,' Froude thus comments 'And yet Bunyan, intensely religious as he was, and narrow as his theology was, is always human His genius remains fresh and vigorous under the least promising conditions All mankind being under sin together, he has no favourites to flatter, no opponents to misrepresent. There is a kindliness in his descriptions, even of the Evil One's attacks upon himself

'The Pilgrini's Progress, though professedly an allegoric story of the Protestant plan of salvation, is conceived in the large, wide spirit of humanity Anglo-Catholic and Lutheran, Calvinist ıtself and Deist, can alike read it with delight, and find their own theories in it. Even the Romanist has only to blot out a few paragraphs, and can discover no purer model of a Christian life to place in the hands of his children The religion of the Pilgrin's Progress is the religion which must be always and everywhere, as long as man believes that he has a soul and is responsible for his actions, and thus it is that, while theological folios once devoured as manna from Heaven now lie on the bookshelves dead as Egyptian mummies, this book is wrought into the mind and memory of every well-conditioned English or American child, while the matured man, furnished with all the knowledge which literature can teach him, still finds the adventures of Christian as charming as the adventures of Ulysses or Æneas'

Mr Froude protests against 'the common fashion' of calling Bunyan's verse doggerel, and disputes the universal judgment mainly on the (debatable) ground that 'no verse is doggerel which has a sincere and rational meaning in it.' But few will agree with him that 'Bunyan's lines are often as successful as the best lines of Quarles or George Herbert.' Perhaps the best-known is the first verse of the shepherd-boy's song in the second part of the *Pilgrim*

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Bunyan sometimes saw the events of everyday life through a poetical magnifier. The very simple enterprise of killing an adder is described in the extract from *Grace Abounding* as if it had been a death-struggle with a dragon. The adder's bite, though painful, is not dangerous to any healthy man, and the sting—since adders administer their poison from a hollow tooth—was the harmless forked tongue.

Allegorical pilgrimages from this to a better world were no novelty in European literature. In 1858 an interesting parallel was shown to exist between the Pilgrin's Progress and Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme of De Guileville or Guilleville, 2 Parisian poet who died about 1360 The pilgrim age here too was from the world and its vices and sorrows, through difficulties and dangers, to the celestial city of Jerusalem, the work was Englished as The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, or Pilgrimage de Mounde, by Lydgate, in 1,426 (printed by Mr Furnivall for the EETS, Another translation was printed Part I, 1899) by Caxton Geiler von Kaisersberg wrote also a Christliche Pilgerschaft zum ewigen Vaterland in 1512, and as Bunyan seems to have learnt something from the Anabaptists, this German 'pilgrimage to the everlasting Fatherland' might possibly have indirectly influenced him is a detailed examination of the many resemblances between Bunyan and earlier dreamers of dreams with a purpose — including Hampole, Wyclif, Spenser, 'Piers Plowman,' and Walter Map-in Nathaniel Hill's Guillaume de Guileville compared with Bunyan (1858)

Hundreds of notable English writers from his own day till ours have owned their deep debt to Bunyan, and shown in their style traces of his influence And not merely English writers Bunyan's stamp has been found on some of Schiller's poems, and Wieland, of all people in the world, received an impulse from the English dreamer of dreams Mr F T Bullen has professed that his style is wholly based on the Bible and Bunyan Henley has said of the chamæleon-like R L. Stevenson (who surely in this respect more than any man served many masters) 'Bunyan was born a master Stevenson was born—a student of There is the difference.' Bunyan

From 'Grace Abounding'

In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss if in the first place I do in a few words give you a hint of my pedigree and manner of bringing up, that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men

For my descent then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's

house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood and of any high-born state according to the flesh, though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel. But notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write, the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was indeed according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, Eph 11 2, 3 It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, 2 Tim ii 26, being filled with all unrighteousness, the which did also so strongly work both in my heart and life, that I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blas pheming the holy name of God Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me, the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord that even in my childhood he did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For often after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be Also I should at these years be greatly troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day

These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much east down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot, for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been, wherefore with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lusts, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God, so that until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts of the flesh on my poor soul, that had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but also laid myself open to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and shaine before the face of the world

In these days the thoughts of religion were very

grievous to me, I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should, so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God. Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways, Joh, and 14, 15. I was now void of all good consideration, heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind, and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways are not hid from thee?

But this I well remember, that though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, yet even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble As once, above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments mixed with mercy I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped Another time I fell out of a boat into drowning Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me, besides, another time being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers, by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might by my desperateness have brought myself to my end also I have taken notice of with thanksgiving I was a soldier, I with others were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it, but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room, to which when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket bullet and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to rightcousness, wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly, this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betweet us both, yet this she had for her part, The Plain Man's Pathroay to Heaten, and The Practice of Piety, which her father had left when he died. In these two books I sometimes read, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasant to me, but all this while I met with no conviction. She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, bo h in word and deed. Wherefore these books, though the, did not reach my heart to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very cagerly with the religion of the times to wit, to go to church twice a day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life, but withal was so overrein with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things thoth the lighplace, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else)

belonging to the church, counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein. This conceit grew so strong upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him, yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them (supposing they were the ministers of God) I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them—their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin, I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ Nay, I never thought whether there was such a one or no Thus man while blind doth wander, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God, Eccles x 15

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the Sabbath day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports, or otherwise, wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to shew me my evil doing that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember, but then I was for the present greatly loaded therewith, and so went home, when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit This, for that instant, did embitter my former pleasures to me, but hold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course, but oh, how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze, wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices.

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion, wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading. Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven, which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort, yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience, but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again, for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England

Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners, and indeed so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope, for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been But, I say, my neighbours were amazed most fearful at this my great conversion-from prodigious profane ness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now therefore they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my Now I was, as they said, become godly, now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well, for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly I was proud of my godliness, and indeed I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men, and thus I continued for about a twelvementh or more

Now you must know that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it, yet my mind hankered, wherefore I would go to the steeple house and look on, though I durst not ring, but I thought this did not become religion neither, yet I forced myself, and would look on still But quickly after, I began to think, 'How if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure, but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple door, and now, thought I, I am safe enough, for if the bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstand ing So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any further than the steeple door, but then it came into my head, 'How if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought (it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on) did con tinually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head

Another thing was my dancing, I was a full year before I could quite leave that But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me, yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while igno rant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness, and had perished therein, had not God in his mercy shewed me more of my state by nature.

The Golden City-from 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrim's were got over the Inchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for a season. Yea, here they

heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country, the sun shineth night and day, wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed, yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine, for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh, behold, his reward is with him. Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' &c.

Now as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound, and drawing near to the city they had yet a more perfect view thereof it was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold, so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick, Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out because of their pangs 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love'

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway Now as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties, he also shewed them there the King's walks and arbors where he delighted to be, and here they tarried and slept

Now I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey, and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me. Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke they addressed them selves to go up to the city. But as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for the city was pure gold) was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light. These men asked the pilgrims whence they came, and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and plea sures, they had met with in their way, and they told

them. Then said the men that met them You have_ but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city

Christian then and his companion asked the men to go along with them, so they told them they would, but, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river, the pilgrims were much stounded, but the men that went with them said. You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate, to which they answered Yes, but there hath not any save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to dispond in his mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said. No, yet they could not help them in that case, for said they, You shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entring, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said I sink in deep waters the billows go over my head, all the waters go over me. Selah Then said the other Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good Then said Christian Ah' my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse To whom also Hopeful added this word Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh I see him again, and he tells me 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got Now upon the bank of the river on the other side. they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them saying 'We are ministring spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation' Thus they went along towards the gate Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms, they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds They therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate,

behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them, to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name, and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy Then the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb ' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, cloathed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud made even the heavens to echo with their sound These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world, and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet

This done, they compassed them round about on every side, some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as 'twere to guard them through the upper regions) continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high, so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if herven itself was come down to meet them therefore, they walked on together, and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them and now were these two men, as 'twere, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto, but above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed? Thus they came up to the gate

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c, to whom it was said. These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place, and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning those therefore were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said. Where are the men? To whom it was answered. They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate, and lo, as they entered, they were trans figured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them, the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them. 'Enter ye into the

Joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun, the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal

Seven copies of the first edition of the first part of the *Pilgrims Progress* are in existence—a perfect copy was sold in 1901 for £1475, there is also a complete series of editions down to the thirty fourth, with the exception of the seventeenth. Since the thirty fourth no record has been kept, the later editions being countless. An incomplete folio edition of Bunyan's general works was published in one volume in 1692, and complete editions in two volumes folio were issued in 1736-37 and in 1767. A thick folio of 1112 pages, double columns, was also published in Edinburgh in 1771, and other collected editions have been issued in Éngland, Scotland, and America. A statue of Bunyan by Boehm was unveiled in Bedford in 1874. See the Lives of him by Southey (1830), Offor (1862), Froude (1880), Venables (1888), and Dr John Brown of Bed ford (the fullest and completest, 1885, new ed. 1888).

Robert Boyle (1627-91), the most distinguished of the 'experimental philosophers' who in England hastened to possess the new worlds of which Bacon had glimpses, was a son of the first ('great') Earl of Cork, at whose mansion of After studying at Eton and Lismore he was born Geneva, he travelled through Italy, returning to England in 1644, and henceforward to the end of his life he devoted himself to researches and experi ments in chemistry and physics From 1644 till 1650 he lived in the manor of Stalbridge in Dorset, now his by his father's death. In 1654 he settled at Oxford From 1645 weekly meetings were held at London and at Oxford for the cultivation of what was then termed 'the new philosophy'-in Oxford first at the lodgings of Dr Wilkins, and subsequently, for the most part, at Boyle's scientific students-Wilkins, Boyle, Seth Ward, Wren, Wallis, Petty-with others who afterwards joined them, were incorporated by Charles II in 1662 as the Royal Society Boyle, in London after 1668, was one of its most active members, and many of his treatises originally appeared in the Society's Transactions He died in 1691, and his works are voluminous enough to fill five folio They consist chiefly of accounts of his experimental researches in chemistry and natural philosophy, especially on the mechanical and chemical properties of air, on freezing, boiling, refraction, specific gravity, and electricity means of the air-pump, the construction of which he materially improved, he made valuable discoveries In 1662 he published experimental proof of the proportional relation between elasticity and pressure, properly called Boyle's Law (sometimes called Mariotte's, after the experimenter who in 1676 confirmed Boyle's results) His researches and results in many departments mark the final defeat of mediævalism and the triumph of the modern spirit-though he clung to the belief in

A devout and amable the transmutation of gold man, he published much in defence of Christianity, and on the importance of studying the Divine attributes as displayed in the material world devoted much time and money to missionary enterprises, and made provision for the delivery of eight lectures yearly in London 'for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels, namely, atheists, theists, pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans, not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves' In 1660 he was solicited by Lord Clarendon to take orders, but modestly professed himself unequal to the high duties of the pastoral office, he thought he had even a better chance to advance religion by his writings as a layman. He spent large sums in the translation and diffusion of the Scriptures, in publishing useful books (such as Burnet's History of the Reformation), and in advancing science. In spite of feeble health and positive illness, he continued research and writing till shortly before his death at the end of 1691 He had been elected president of the Royal Society (an honour he declined), governor of the corporation for the spread of the gospel in New England, and director of the East India Company (whose charter he helped to obtain)

Besides treatises such as The Origin of Forms and Qualities, Experiments touching Colours, Hydrostatical Paradoxes, disquisitions on gems, the temperature of the blood, the usefulness of experimental philosophy, Observations touching Cold, &c., he published books on the style of the Scriptures, against swearing, on the reconcilableness of reason and religion, on final causes, The Christian Virtuoso [1 e. experimentalist], and A Treatise on Seraphic Love, not to speak of the famous Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects (1665), mostly written in early life, which Butler caricatured and Swift ridiculed in his Meditations on a Broom-stick Even without this association, the Reflections inevitably provoke a smilelessons on the goodness of the Creator, the duty of humility, the uncertainty of life, &c, drawn from such 'occasions' as 'his manner of giving meat to his dog, 'on sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast,' 'upon the taking of physic,' 'upon one's drinking water out of the brims of his hat,' and 'on killing a crow (out of a window) in a hog's trough, and immediately tracing the ensuing reflection with a pen made of one of his quills,' solemnly set forth in handsome type on great folio pages Fifteen meditations turn on 'the accidents of an ague,' the first—'Upon the first invasion of the disease' describing how the 'chilness' surprised him as he was 'sitting quietly in his chamber, delightfully entertained by an outlandish virtuoso with an account of the several attempts that are either made or designed in foreign parts to produce curiosities and improve knowledge The last of the series appropriately arises out of his 'reviewing and tacking together the several bills piled up in the apothecary's shop! It will not be unfair to this voluminous author to choose our specimens not from the more ponderous works-written mostly in a plain and clear yet prolix style—but from the Occasional Reflec-The first is a fair average one, the second, more whimsical, contains a number of physiological remarks here omitted as now quite unsuited for general reading But it has the reputed merit of having by its concluding paragraphs given Swift the suggestion for Gulliver's Travels At least it is entitled to the credit of having fairly formulated the ingenious though simple plan for bringing veiled but effective satire to bear on home foibles by the ingenuous remarks of intelligent but imaginary foreigners, the device that was carried out in the next century by Dufresny, by Montesquieu, and by Goldsmith in his Citizen of the World, as also since by Morier in Hajji Baba in England and Martin Toutrond, by Mr Punch from time to time in very various guises, and by many others

Upon the Sight of Roses and Tulips growing near one another

It is so uncommon a thing to see tulips last till roses come to be blown, that the seeing them in this garden grow together, as it deserves my notice, so methinks it should suggest to me some reflection or other on it And perhaps it may not be an improper one to compare the difference betweet these two kinds of flowers to the disparity which I have often observed betwixt the fates of those young ladies that are only very handsome, and those that have a less degree of beauty, recompensed by the accession of wit, discretion, and virtue for tulips, whilst they are fresh, do indeed by the lustre and vivid ness of their colours more delight the eye than roses, but then they do not alone quickly fade, but as soon as they have lost that freshness and gaudiness that solely endeared them, they degenerate into things not only undesirable but distasteful, whereas roses, besides the moderate beauty they disclose to the eye (which is sufficient to please, though not to charm) do not only keep their colour longer than tulips, but when that decays, retain a perfumed odour, and divers useful qualities and virtues that survive the spring and re commend them all the year Thus those unadvised young ladies, that because nature has given them beauty enough despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but as soon as they have lost that youthful freshness that alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn, whereas those that were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with medio crity of beauty be very desirable whilst that lasts, but notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may by the fragrancy of their reputation and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those that have merit enough to discern and value such excellences, and whose esteem and friendship is alone worth their being concerned for In a word, they prove the happiest as well as they are the wisest ladies, that, whilst they

possess the desirable qualities that youth is wont to give, neglect not the acquist [acquisition] of those that age cannot take away

Upon the Eating of Oysters

Eugenius Whilst every body else is commending these oysters, either with his tongue or with his teeth, so that one of the company sticks not to say that they are as much worth as if they contained each of them a pearl, you only seemed as unconcerned a spectator, as if you thought their proper use, like that of flowers, were rather to be looked on than to be eaten

Lindamor I confess, Eugenius, that I found my self more inclinable to reflect on what you are doing, than to keep you company in it, and whilst I saw such persons so gustfully swallow these extolled fishes, the sight led me to take more notice than perhaps you have done of the strange power of education and custom

Eug And what, I pray you, has custom to do with oysters?

Lind You will soon know that, if I tell you, that I was considering on this occasion how forward we are to think other nations absurd or barbarous for such practices, that either the same or little better may be found unscrupled at among our selves, and I acknowledge it to be one of the chief advantages I account my self to have obtained by my travels, that as I do not easily admire, so I am not forward to deride, the practice of any people for being new, and am not apt to think their customs must be therefore worse than ours, because they widely differ from them

I could give you store of instances to justify this im partiality, but because the circumstances of eating and drinking are those which make men with the greatest confidence term other nations brutish and barbarous, I will confine my self to some examples of that nature.

We impute it for a barbarous custom to many nations of the Indians, that like beasts they eat raw flesh. And pray how much is that worse than our eating raw fish, as we do in eating these oysters? Nor is this a practice of the rude vulgar only, but of the politest and nicest persons among us, such as physicians, divines, and even ladies. And our way of eating seems much more bar barous than theirs, since they are wont to kill before they eat, but we scruple not to devour oysters alive, and kill them not with our hands or teeth, but with our stomachs, where (for aught we know) they begin to be digested before they make an end of dying Nay, sometimes when we dip them in vinegar, we may, for sauce to one bit, devour alive a shoal of little animals, which, whether they be fishes or worms, I am not so sure as I am that I have by the help of convenient glasses seen great numbers of them swimming up and down in less than a saucer full of vinegar

We detest and despise some other nations for feeding upon caterpillars, grasshoppers, and other insects, and others for feeding upon carrion and stinking food

And do not many of us do as bad, when we not only eat but extol rotten cheese, whose livid colour sufficiently betrays its putrefaction, and whose odious small offends most men's noses and turns some men's stomachs? Nay, when this cheese is grown to that high degree of rotten ness that our critical palates like it best in, we then devour whole hundreds of mites, which are really crawling insects, bred out of putrefaction, and these too are so numerous and little, that our greediness makes us swallow many of them alive

Eug You put me in mind of a fancy of your friend Mr Boyle, who was saying that he had thoughts of making a short romantick story, where the scene should be laid in some island of the southern ocean, governed by some such rational laws and customs as those of Utopia, or the New Atlantis, and in this country he would introduce an observing native, that upon his return home from his travels made in Europe should give an account of our countries and manners under feigned names, and frequently intimate in his relations (or in his answers to questions that should be made him), the reasons of his wondering to find our customs so extravagant, and differing from those of his country your friend imagined that by such a way of proposing many of our practices, we should ourselves be brought unawares to condemn or perhaps laugh at them, and should at least cease to wonder to find other nations think them as extravagant as we think the manners of the Dutch and Spaniards, as they are represented in our travellers' books.

Lind I dislike not the project, and wish it were prosecuted by somebody that being impartial were more a friend to fables. For when I consider that the name of Barbarian was given by the two noblest people of the earth, the Greeks and Romans, not only to all the rest of the world, but to one another, though both those nations were highly civilized, and the courtly Persians, and other voluptuous Asiaticks were perhaps no less so than they, I doubt that most nations in styling one another's manners extravagant and absurd are guided more by education and partiality than reason, and that we laugh at many customs of strangers only because we never were bred to them, and prize many of our own only because we never considered them. And we may well believe that custom has much a larger empire than men seem to be aware of, since whole nations are wholly swayed by it that do not reckon themselves among its subjects, nor so much as dream that they are so

THE RESTORATION.



HOUGH the greatest writer of his generation—Milton—strove with all the energy of despair to support the falling fabric of republicanism, to no section of the community was the restoration

of Charles II more welcome than to men of letters. Notable books had been published during the Civil Wars and Protectorate, but the chief literary product had been a rank crop of unprofitable pamphlets.

An immediate result of the Restoration was the revival of the drama. For nearly eighteen years the acting of plays had been prohibited, but at the Restoration permission was given for the establishment of two theatrical companies-the King's (under Thomas Killigrew) and the Duke's (under Sir William D'Avenant) Of the famous dramatists who flourished before the outbreak of the Civil Wars only one survived -James Shirley, who in 1659 had published The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses (written for a private entertainment), containing the fine and solumn song, 'The glories of our blood and State,' which Bowman the actor used to sing to Charles II Several of Shirley's plays were revived at the Restorntion (The Cardinal and The Traitor most frequently), but in the preface to The Con tention he had announced that 'nothing of this nature shall after this engage either my pen or invention,' and he kept his word He died in 1666, and in MacFlecknoe (1682) Dryden held up his works, with Thomas Heywood's, to derision On the Restoration stage revivals of old plays-notably of Beaumont and Fletcher-were constantly produced, not seldom in garbled versions The store of old dramatic poetry was ransacked from end to end by rapacious plagiarists Shakespeare kept his popularity, though his plays were less frequently acted than Beaumont and Fletcher's. but irreverent playwrights did not hesitate to mutilate even Shakespeare's masterpieces by wanton and insipid 'alterations'

The foremost part in restoring the fortunes of the theatre was taken by Sir William D'Avenant, who had written for the stage in

the days of Charles I He is not to be ranked with the elder and nobler dramatists, but he possessed high accomplishments and versatile abilities, and he never grew old his philosophical poem Gondibert he achieved a solid success Some of his songs (notably 'The lark now leaves his watery nest') are of He was a devoted admirer rare excellence of Shakespeare, but he had lived an exile in France, and came back a modern of the Dryden found him of 'so quick a fancy that nothing was proposed to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising? Four years before the Restoration he had obtained leave from the authorities to produce at the Cockpit an operatic piece, The Suge of Rhodes After the Restoration he wrote regularly for the stage, sometimes in conjunction with Dryden, down to the year of his death (1668) Too much attention was paid by D'Avenant to spectacular effects, but it cannot be denied that the personation of women's characters by women, instead of by boys as heretofore, was a welcome innovation

One of the earliest of the Restoration dramatists was John Wilson, Recorder of Londonderry, who wrote comedics of considerable merit on the model of Ben Jonson Earl of Orrery was due the introduction of rhymed tragedies Dryden followed Orrery's lead, and wrote play after play in rhymed heroics, mixing good poetry with intolerable Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brotherin law, also cultivated the heroic drama. Crowne and, at a somewhat later date, William Lcc-writers who sixty years earlier might have done excellent work-composed tragedies that, in spite of crudeness and violent exaggeration, have unmistakable power Lee confined himself to tragedy, but Crowne, in Sir Courtly Nice, showed comic talent of a high order The best picture of contemporary manners is to be found in the plays of Thomas Shadwell, whom Dryden assailed so bitterly We must not look to Shadwell for poetry, though he was appointed poet-laureate at the Revolution; but in depicting the brisk, bustling life of the

town he showed himself an apt pupil of the master in whose steps he essayed to tread-More refined than Shadwell was Sir George Etheredge, who may claim to be the founder of 'artificial comedy' or 'comedy of manners' Foremost among the writers of this school are Wycherley and Congreve licentiousness which disfigures the Restoration drama becomes in Wycherley's plays (valuable though they be for their vigorous satire and abundant mirth) positively revolting For wit and brilliancy Congreve has never been surpassed, indeed, the wit and brilliancy are lavished with so free a hand as to cause at times a feeling of fatigue. In tragedy Congreve does not show to advantage Tenderness and a measure of tragic power belonged to the ill-starred poet Thomas Otway, whose Orphan and Venice Preserved stirred by their pathos many generations of playgoers John Vanbrugh wisely refrained from attempting tragedy, but his comedies are very readable for their vivacious dialogue and dexterous plots The plays of Mrs Aphra Behn, though they transgress the bounds of decency and decorum, are bustling and diverting Manley's contributions to the stage may be safely neglected, but the farcical comedies of Mrs Centlivre will repay perusal Thomas Southerne, an amiable poet, who was the friend of Dryden, and in his old age was complimented by Gray, wrote tragedy and comedy with equal facility His Oroonoko, founded on Mrs Behn's once-famous romance, appealed effectively to sentimental audiences, and contains a few passages that rise above mediocrity George Farquhar, who died at nine and-twenty (in 1707), achieved a brilliant success with The Beaux' Stratagem, but in his less famous plays there is no lack of evuberant spirits and comic invention Among playwrights who would claim notice in an extended survey of the drama are the Killigrews, Sir John Sedley, Lacy the actor, Ravenscroft (a brutal writer), honest Tom Durfey, and Elkanah Settle (whose Empress of Morocco is prized by collectors for the 'sculptures' with which it is adorned)

Dryden's supremacy in the drama was maintained throughout the later years of the seventeenth century. His first play, *The Wild Gallant* (1663), with a plot drawn (as frequently in Restoration plays) from Spanish sources, was a distinct failure, and *The Rival Ladics*, produced later in the same year,

attained only a moderate success He established his reputation firmly in 1667 by his Secret Love, which placed him at the head of contemporary playwrights In 1671 the Duke of Buckingham, collaborating with Samuel Butler and others, held up the heroic drama to ridicule in that brilliant burlesque The Rehearsal (Dryden figuring therein as the poet Bayes), but Dryden's popularity was secure against all assaults-though not all his plays achieved success In 1675 appeared the last of his rhymed tragedies, Aureng-Zebe, and for three years he ceased to write for In All for Love (1677-78) he the stage abandoned rhyme, declaring, 'In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare, which that I might perform freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme, not that I condemn my former way, but that it is more proper to my present purpose' On the present occasion he wrote 'for himself,' his earlier plays were 'given to the people' No notice, however brief, of Dryden's connection with the stage should fail to make mention of his admirably pithy and pointed prologues and epilogues, wherein he surpassed all his contemporaries

In the Restoration drama we see reflected the dissolute manners of the court. inevitable reaction against Puritanism had set in strongly, sweeping away the restraints prescribed by decency and good taste Teremy Collier's famous attack on contemporary playwrights, in his Short View (1698), was inspired by honest indignation. Not only does the drama of the Restoration and the Revolution oftend by its grossness, but it leaves on the reader's mind an impression of ignobility and unreality Only in an unheroic age would the impossible 'heroic tragedy' have been In Elizabethan plays rant and bombast can be freely found (and grossness frequently abounds), but these faults are redeemed by the presence of fine poetry and exalted sentiment. Chapman in Bussy D'Ambois raved furiously, but his ravings were the frenzy of a poet, Dryden's extravagances, or Crowne's, or Lee's, simply provoke the reader's impatient derision. The ignobility of the Restoration drama is shown most clearly by reference to Molière With avidity the English dramatists seized the delicate creations of the French master, and produced coarse, depraved imitations-turning pure gold to dross

In non-dramatic poetry Dryden established his supremacy even more firmly than in the drama Milton was to publish Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, but into a discussion on Restoration poetry Milton's namemust not come, for he stands aloof and afar from the Restoration writers—in solitary grandeur, unregarding and unregarded. Never was a poet more divinely inspired than Milton's friend Andrew Marvell, when he wrote in earlier manhood, 'Where the remote Bermudas ride,' and his garden fancies, 'How vainly men themselves amaze,' but at the Restoration he became more scurrilous in his satires than a fishwife The oldest surviving poet was George Wither (born in 1588), who far back in the days of James I had written fresh coloured eclogues and delightful songs Always an ardent reformer, he had suffered imprisonment in youth for his outspoken satires Through the Civil Wars his sword and pen had been freely used in the service of the Parliament At the Restoration his possessions were confiscated and he was flung into prison, where he still continued to issue pamphlet after pamphlet. Released in 1663, he ended his stormy career four years later. It is no light task to read even the titles of his multitudinous productions That joyous lyrist Robert Herrick, who was only three years younger than Wither, had given to the world his Hesperides and Noble Numbers in At the Restoration he was reinstated 1647-48 in his Devonshire rectory, and there died in 1674 No lyrical poet's fame is more secure to-day than Herrick's, but his fame suffered neglect for upwards of a century The wits of the Restoration reserved their warmest praise for Edmund Waller (1605-87), whose verses to Sacharissa are occasionally models of pointed felicity, and who undoubtedly did much to perfect the form of the heroic couplet Dryden declared in 1664 that 'the excellence and dignity of rhyme were never fully known till Mr Waller taught it,' but Dryden's eulogy was far too extravagant. Much of Waller's writing (and he wrote comparatively little) is cold and laboured Another poet whom it was the fashion of the age to overpraise was Sir John Denham, author of the descriptive poem Cooper's Hill, which contains the justly celebrated address to the Thames Great, too, was the fame of Abraham Cowley, a poet who has been badly treated by posterity When criticism has said its last word about Cowley's tortured and mept concerts, his harshness and obscurity, the frigidity of his love-poems, and the chaotic metre of his Pindariques, a few readers in every age will be attracted by the tenderness and sincerity of his elegies, the eloquence and weightiness of his didactic verse, the archness and sprightliness (though the note of genuine passion be wanting) of the group of poems devoted to his imaginary 'Mistress' His best work was done long before the Restoration, and in later life his poetical efforts were chiefly confined to the penning of Pindariques irregular, bastard odes that pleased the town and set a bad example to younger writers nant's Gondibert was written in the long rhymed quatrains that Sir John Davies had employed in Nosce Tespsum, and Dryden followed D'Avenant when he chose this stately but somewhat wearisome metre for Annus Mirabilis Very different was the metre employed by Samuel Butler in This witty and whimsical satire on the Puritans is written in rhymed octosyllables that hurry the reader along willy-nilly ingenuity in rhyming was simply astonishing Rhymed octosyllables had been employed not unsuccessfully by previous writers for lampoons, but as a metrical funambulist Butler is unequalled Moreover, by his force of genius he was able to make this skimble-skamble metre a fitting vehicle for heightened descriptive poetry and profound moral reflection Charles Cotton, a man of varied accomplishments, in Scarronides attempted to write in Hudibrastic verse, but showed more indelicacy than wit was, however, a genuine poet his New Year verses (admired by Charles Lamb and Wordsworth) and his poetical addresses to Izaak Walton amply testify Other poets who resembled Cotton in the extent and variety of their attainments were Thomas Stanley and Sir Richard Fanshawe, the former translated Anacreon, the latter Il Pastor Fido, and both wrote graceful original poetry A greater poet than these was Henry Vaughan, who-taking George Herbert for his model—excelled his master After keeping silence for nearly thirty years, he published in 1678 his last volume, Thaha Rediviva, containing many poems that are evidently early pieces, but some that were written after the Restoration Among his friends was Mrs Katherine Philips, 'the matchless Orinda,' who presided over a literary coterie at Cardigan, translated with the help of friends some plays of Corneille, and published a volume of miscellaneous poems, which was praised by Cowley and Dryden Another lady who cultivated poetry and patronised poets was the fantastic Duchess of Newcastle, best known by her biography of her husband (who befriended Shirley, and wrote plays in which Shirley had a hand) Her verse is diffuse and rambling, but in an artificial age she had a feeling for Nature, and has left some happy descriptive passages—such as we find later in the writings of Anne Finch, Countess of Winchester (1660–1720) The poetic achievements of these titled ladies were, it must be allowed, far surpassed by the notorious Mrs Behn, whose songs at their best are hard to beat.

Dryden's first mature poem was his Heroic Stanzas (written in his twenty-eighth year) on the death of Oliver Cromwell (1658) Elsewhere will be found (pages 791 to 797) a record and estimate of his long and varied life-work continued working to the end, though his health was failing fast His Fables—renderings from Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Ovid—were published at the end of 1699, and only a few days before his death (1st May 1700) he had written a prologue and epilogue for a revival of Fletcher's No sign of decaying power is notice-But with all his high and able in the Fables varied accomplishments, Dryden could not write such songs as may be found by the score among the Elizabethan dramatists The songs scattered through his plays are well turned and tunable, but they lack the incommunicable charm of the earlier singers To the highest regions of romantic poetry he could not ascend But he sharpened the weapons of satire so effectively that even Pope could hardly put a finer edge upon them, he made the heroic couplet an eloquent vehicle for philosophical argument, and in his best epistles he showed more sincerity than Horace, and hardly inferior

In satire Dryden's aptest pupil was Oldham, who died at thirty, and to whose memory the master paid a fine tribute A crowd of writers essayed satire, but their efforts are chiefly marked by dullness and obscurity The most licentious was Rochester, but he must not be held responsible for all the scurnlous effusions that were fathered upon him, and it must be allowed that he had genuine talent for song-Sir Charles Sedley wrote numerous gay and sparkling songs (occasionally with too much freedom), and the generous Lord Dorset handled lyric verse lightly Thomas Flatman, the miniaturist, wrote Pindariques (after Cowley) execrably, but his poems inspired by meditations on death are profoundly impressive John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire, gained some applause by his Essay on Satire (1679) and Essay on Poetry (1682), the former containing a bitter attack on Rochester, and Went-Earl of Roscommon, Dillon, extravagantly lauded for his Essay on Translated Verse At the close of the century two physicians made some stir in the world of Sir Richard Blackmore—'everlasting Blackmore'—published huge epics which provoked the derision of the wits, but the more furiously they lampooned him the faster he wrote, issuing folio after folio until out of sheer weariness they forbore to attack The other was Sir Samuel Garth, a genial, cultivated man, the friend of Dryden and Pope His fame rests-not too securely-on The Dispensary (1699), a mock-heroic satire that has lost its Thomas D'Urfey (Tom Durfey), if only for his Winchester Wedding, should not be passed over, and he did really valuable service by collecting together, from every quarter, songs old and new in his Pills to Purge Melancholy. One of his own most popular songs, 'She rose and let me in,' was Scotticised, and wrongly attributed to Francis Sempill of Beltrees, author of the oldest version of 'Auld Langsyne' (Ebsworth's Roxburghe Ballads, vol vi pp 193-199) Anacreontics of John Oldmixon had a vein of sprightliness, but Pope consigned him to A playful eternal infamy in The Dunciad poem, The Despairing Lover, by Pope's friend William Walsh, has found a place in modern anthologies, and Peter Anthony Motteux' 'Man is for the woman made' is still re-But never was English poetry in a more deplorable condition than in 1700 when Dryden died and the author of The Castle of Indolence was born

It is commonly held that, though poetry deteriorated at the Restoration, prose was improved and refined, and Dryden is regarded by competent critics as 'the great reformer of English prose'. In the second half of the seventeenth century prose certainly began to be written with more orderliness, plainness, and conciseness, but these qualities, valuable though they be, were obtained at a heavy sacrifice. At the Restoration two writers were alive whose prose has never been surpassed for lofty, sustained eloquence—the royalist physician Sir Thomas Browne, and the Puritan poet Milton. No lessons in style were needed by

Browne or Milton from their younger contemporaries. Nor is it easy to see how the enduring charm of Walton's Compleat Angler could have been heightened by added graces Fuller will outlive from any later hand South—his witty periods were richer in terse epigram and more graciously attired Teremy Taylor, who combines the ripe wisdom of the man of the world with the spiritual ecstasy of the divine, is widely read to day, while Tillotson and Stillingfleet are coldly remembered and Sherlock is forgotten. When we turn from divinity to philosophy, we cannot but admit that Hobbes wrote with a force and incisiveness that were denied to Locke. The difference between the older school and the newer is nowhere more clearly seen than in comparing Clarendon's History of the Rebellion with Burnet's History Not only is Clarendon of my own Time more generous and just in his judgments, but his diction has the weight and dignity that befit a serious historian, while Burnet writes in the facile style of modern journalism

Few have written better prose than Cowley, whose essays have a leisurely, unstudied grace that contrasts strangely with the violent conceits of his Pindariques Something of the same charm is found in the writings of Sir William Temple, particularly when he is discoursing on the subject of gardens authority on gardening and forestry was John Evelyn, a high-minded country gentleman, whose Diary contains much information on the history and social life of the second half of the seventeenth century Evelyn viewed with anxious concern the dissolute life of the king and the court, and gravely animadverted in his Diary on the 'inexpressible luxury and profaneness' But we must turn to another that prevailed diarist, Samuel Pepys, if we wish to see a lively picture of Restoration society Pepys was at once a hard-working official and frivolous man of pleasure, and in his Diary—the most astonishing record of its kind in existence-he set down, for several years together, in minutest detail his day-to day experiences, never imagining that the key to the cipher in which-it was written would one day be found, and that the frank confessions of his foibles and follies -would be printed for the instruction and amusement of posterity

Some of the best memoirs in the language belong to the second half of the seventeenth century Walton's fragrant *Lives*, delightful in their artless simplicity, were written at various

times, the earliest being the Life of Donne (1640), and the latest the Life of Bishop Sanderson (1678) On the Puritan side is Mrs Hutchinson's Life of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, which is deservedly popular, but the Duchess of Newcastle-'Mad Madge,' whom Lamb chivalrously evalted-merits as full a recognition, while Lady Fanshawe is perhaps the most fascinating of the three With these memoirs may be placed the letters of Dorothy Osborne, written a few years before the Restoration (1652-54), to her affianced husband, Sir William Temple Such books as Ludlow's Memoirs and Whitelocke's Memorials appeal to the historical student rather than to the lover of literature. A capital, but unedifying, sketch of the court of Charles II is afforded by the Mémoires which the Comte de Grammont dictated early in the next century, in his old age, to his brother-in-law, Anthony Hamilton Very entertaining and very valuable is the posthumous Lives of the Norths, by Roger North (1653-1734), who-having secured, by the practice of the law, an ample fortuneretired at the Revolution (being an honest nonjuror) to his estate at Rougham, Norfolk, where he lived the life of a country gentleman, and amused himself in later years by writing memoirs of his distinguished kinsmen

After the Restoration the study of natural science made great strides The Royal Society, incorporated in 1662, grew out of some scientific meetings held at Oxford in the rooms of Dr John Wilkins, President of Wadham liberal divine is the author of some curious and fantastic treatises, written with ease and elegance Dr Isaac Barrow was equally eminent as a mathematician and theologian. In 1660 he resigned his chair of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics to the greatest of all natural philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton Robert Boyle, a son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, cultivated natural science with success, but his moral Reflections are superficial and prolix and natural science were closely connected in the early days of the Royal Society, men of science (Newton among them) writing on theology, and theologians discussing scientific subjects John Ray, the botanist, published in 1691 The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation, which was widely and deservedly popular Dr Thomas Burnet's Sacred Theory of the Earth combines high imagination with gorgeous wealth of expression most interesting group of writers were the

'Cambridge Platonists'—Henry More, Cudworth, Glanville, and others—profoundly learned men, steeped in mysticism

The ranks of Dissent furnished many admir-Richard Baxter's Call to the Unable writers converted and Saints' Everlasting Rest were as widely popular as The Whole Duty of Man (ascribed to Richard Allestree, Provost of In his old age, when he published his autobiography, Baxter became very tolerant of the opinions of others, and very critical of himself Quakerism was well represented by the Journal of George Fox, Barclay's Apology, William Penn's No Cross, no Crown ('a most capital book, good thoughts in good language,' wrote Lamb to Coleridge), and the autobiography of Milton's young friend, Thomas To a Dissenter, John Bunyan, we owe the most popular religious work in the English language, Pilgrim's Progress Bible and Foxe's Book of Martyrs were Bunyan's prison companions, and Pilgrim's Progress, with its story of Christian's difficulties, is written in language of the bare simplicity of the Book of Genesis-language that lives in the heart of the people. Allegones are usually tedious, Pilgrim's Progress was a shining exception, but the more laboured Holy War is at times fatiguing Bunyan's humour and irony were well displayed in his Life and Death of Mr Badman

During the Civil Wars the French heroical romances found readers, translators, and imitators in England, and these interminable productions maintained their vogue at the Restoration John Crowne, the Earl of Orrery, Sir Henry North, and others wrote romances—quite unreadable to day—after the manner of Madeleine de Scudéry and La Calprenède. The modern novel had not been born, but Mrs Behn—in her humanitarian romance *Oroanoko*—has been claimed as a forerunner of Rousseau

In criticism as in poetry Dryden was unrivalled. He was often captious in his judgments, but his critical dissertations are models of felicitous writing—flexible and forcible, neither ornate nor bare. For criticism and exposition no style could be better than Dryden's, and the last piece of prose to which he set his hand (the preface to his *Fables*) shows all his good qualities in full perfection—his clear and vigorous understanding, his adroitness and versatility, his large-heartedness, his pride of spirit, his manly blend of patience and disdain An enlightened critic was John Dennis, Milton's

admirer, who has never recovered from the attack made upon him by Pope At the close of the seventeenth century Thomas Rymer, historiographer, put forward some extraordinary views about Shakespeare, denouncing Othello as 'a bloody farce without salt or savour' His Tragedies of the Last Age is entertaining, but it is hard to believe that he was writing sen-Milton's nephews, John and Edward Phillips, who were educated by their uncle, had a love for letters Edward Phillips published an interesting anthology, The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, and Theatrum Poetarum, an account of the English poets, in which Milton is traditionally supposed to have revised the notice of Shakespeare A valuable Account of the English Dramatic Poets (enlarged from his earlier work Momus Triumphant, 1687) was published in 1691 by Gerard Langbaine the younger, who showed with some humour and gusto how the later writers had freely plagiarised from the old playwrights whom they affected to In 1698 Jeremy Collier startled the town with his Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, in which he sturdily attacked Dryden, Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and others. Some of Colher's strictures betray petulant intolerance, but this tractate -to which Congreve, Vanbrugh, and others replied-was by no means deficient in good sense and sound judgment, and its publication had a salutary effect

Much attention was devoted in the later years of the seventeenth century to the study of historical antiquities It was the age of Dugdale, Strype, Rymer, Anthony Wood, Aubrey, and many other curious inquirers economics Sir William Petty and Sir Josiah Child achieved high distinction The finest classical scholar that England ever produced-Richard Bentley—published his famous Dissertation on Phalaris in 1698 Two unscrupulous controversialists, Needham and L'Estrange, claim notice as pioneers of the modern newspaper press

'I question whether in Charles II's reign English did not come to its full perfection, and whether it has not had its Augustan age as well as the Latin' So wrote the anonymous critic—doubtless Francis Atterbury—who contributed the Preface to the Second Part of Waller's Poems, 1690 'But posterity,' he adds, 'will best judge of this' Posterity has judged that Waller's services to English poetry were greatly overestimated by his contem-

poraries, and that the Restoration poetswhether lyric or dramatic—were far inferior to their Elizabethan and Jacobean predecessors The influence of Donne had powerfully affected the Caroline poets, who reproduced his extravagant conceits so closely that it is hard at times to distinguish the master's hand from the But these imitators, able as they were (such men as Carew, Randolph, and Cleveland), could not follow him in his higher flights was incutable that there should be a reaction in the direction of 'smoothness,' and Waller set the example of writing smoothly prose-writers a similar movement set in Elaborate and intricate periods were exchanged for an easier and simpler style Younger writers cultivated lucidity of expression, and their prose-though it lacked the stateliness and energy that distinguished the Elizabethan writers -is engagingly frank and straightforward

However necessary it may be for convenience of treatment to divide the writers of the seventeenth century into chronological series— Elizabethan, Jacobean, Caroline, Restoration, Revolution—it is well to remember that those most strictly contemporary were often separated in tone and temper by a wide gulf, and that the

continuous succession cannot be broken up without some arbitrariness Wither, who, as we have seen, was famous in James I's time, was imprisoned for his satire on a Restoration Milton, an approved poet by 1630, wrote most of Paradise Lost under Charles II Dryden, whose first-fruits date from 1650, was still writing for the press in the very last year of the century Many of the authors of 'good King Charles's golden days' were even more conspicuous under William and Mary, and some of them lived on well into the period of Queen Anne Hence some of those just named in connection with the Restoration period will be found treated in an earlier, some in a later, section of this work

Though the second half of the seventeenth century was not one of the great ages of English literature, it was a time of varied intellectual activity. The drama merely supplied amusement for a dissolute court, and high romantic poetry was dead. But the spirit of speculation was abroad, and keen intellects were engaged in searching 'Nature's infinite book of secrecy' An age which nurtured Newton, Bunyan, Dryden, and Locke can never be described as barren.

A H BUILEN

Samuel Butler.

The author of *Hudibras*, the most brilliant satiriccomic genius our country has ever produced, was born in 1612 at Strensham, Worcestershire, the son of a farmer, a yeoman of small estate From Worcester grammar-school Samuel Butler went, says Wood, 'as his brother, now living, affirms, to the university of Cambridge, yet others of the neighbourhood say to Oxon, but whether true I cannot tell.' As clerk to a justice of the peace, Mr Jeffreys of Earls Croome, Worcestershire, he occupied his leisure with music and painting was afterwards in the service of the Countess of Kent at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, where he had the use of a library and conversed with Selden, who often employed him as amanuensis, he also at this time made the friendship of Samuel Cooper, the miniaturist. He is next found acting as clerk to the Puritan Sir Samuel Luke, of Cople Hoo, near Bedford I uke was one of Cromwell's officers -scoutmaster for Bedfordshire-and was doubtless marked by the convictions and usages of his party, the post must necessarily have been a trying one for such a wit and humorist, even had his gifts not made him a royalist Daily exposed to association with persons whose character he could not but dislike, Butler conceived the design of a general satire on the sectaries Perhaps personal grievances of his own might add to the poignancy of his feelings regarding the Puritans The matchless fiction of Cervantes supplied him with a model, in which he had to substitute the extravagances of political and religious fanaticism—even more absurdly evaggerated by the caricaturist-for those of chivalry -In disregard of the stricter rules of courtesy between patron and client, he is understood to have more or less directly and obviously satirised Luke himself in Sir Hudibras, but this assumption, though not improbable, is by no means certain, and in any case the picture could not have been designed to be a recognisable portrait. Luke is an odd link between two men so widely apart as Butler and Bunyan, it was under I like that Bunyan served as a soldier (sec page 719)

The Restoration throw a faint and brief sunshine over the life of Butler. He was appointed socretary to the Earl of Carbery, president of the principality of Wales, and when the Wardenship of the Marches was revived, the Earl made his secretary steward of Ludlow Castle. The poet, now fifty years of age, seemed to add to his security for the future by marrying a widow named Herbert, who was of good family and

fortune, but this prospect proved delusive, in consequence of the failure of persons on whom the lady's fortune depended It was now that Butler appeared as an author The first part of Hudibras was published in 1663, and immediately became popular Its wit, so suited to the taste of the time, and the breadth of the satiric pictures, for which most men could doubtless supply prototypes from memory, could not fail to give it extensive currency By the Earl of Dorset, an accomplished friend of letters, it was introduced to the court, and the king is said to have had pleasure in reading and quoting it. A second part appeared in 1664, and a third in 1678 though the poet and his work won the praise of all ranks, from royalty downwards, he was himself



SAMUEL BUTLER

From the Picture by E. Lutterell in the National Portrait Gallery

little benefited by it, the later part of his life was spent in poverty and obscurity in London The Earl of Clarendon promised him a place at court he never got, the king was said to have ordered him a present of three hundred guineas that never reached him, and he was favoured with an interview with the Duke of Buckingham, who, seeing two court-ladies pass, ran out to them, and did not come back. Such are the only incidents reported as having checkered twenty years of obscure misery Butler died in Rose Street, Covent Garden, 25th September 1680, and was buried in St Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden, the expense of his funeral being defrayed by his friend William Longueville of the Temple. He is described as 'of a leonine-coloured hair, sanguine, choleric, middle-sized, strong'

It is rarely that a pasquinade written to satirise living characters or systems outlives its own age,

when it does, we may well conclude that there is something remarkable as well in the work as in its author Such a work is Hudibras, the Cavalier burlesque of the extreme views and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the Civil War and Commonwealth Marked alike by the ingenuity of its versification and the profusion of its wit, this marvellous medley still retains, its place amongst the classic monuments of English literature, although it is seldom read through at once-a test for which its incessant brilliancy in some measure unfits it. Yet it is not only the best burlesque on the Puritans of that age, so fertile in satire, but is the best burlesque in the English tongue Such wealth of knowledge of the world, not always unkindly cynicism, wit, shrewdness, acute suggestion, felicitous illustration, and irresistible drollery has never been comprised within the same limits The idea of the knight, Sir Hudibras, going out 'a-colonelling' with his squire Ralph, is of course imitated from Cervantes, but the filling-up of the story is original. Don Quixote presents us with a wide range of adventures which interest the imagination and the feelings, there is a tenderness and romance about the Spanish hero, a tone of high honour and chivalry, which was in nowise cognate to Butler's scheme. His aim was to cast ridicule on the whole body of the English Puritans, especially their leaders, and to debase them by low and vulgar associations many of their proceedings, no doubt, there was ground for sarcasm The affected dress, language, and manners of some of them, their fanatical legislation against walking in the fields on Sundays, village May-poles, and other unimportant matters, were fair subjects for the satirical poet, and their religious zeal led them into intolerance and absurdity Contending for so dear a prize as liberty (and constraint) of conscience, and believing that they were specially appointed to shake and overturn the old corruptions of the Lingdom, the Puritans were hardly guided by prudence, policy, or forbearance Even Milton, the friend and associate of the party, was forced to admit that 'New Presbyter was but Old Priest writ large.' The higher qualities of these men, their indomitable courage and lofty zeal, were of course overlooked or despised by their royalist opponents, and Butler did not choose to remember them His burlesque was read with delight, and was popular for generations after the more eccentric Puritans had merged into the sober English Dissenters plot or action of Hudibras is narrow and defective, and seems only to have been used as a sort of peg on which the satirist could hang his caricatures and allusions The first cantos were written early, when the Civil War commenced, but we are immediately carried on to the death of Cromwell, at least fifteen years later, and have a sketch of public affairs to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. The idea of a Presby terian justice sallying out with his attendant, an Independent clerk, to

redress superstition and correct abuses, is sufficiently preposterous, and the incredible extravigance is maintained by the dialogues between the parties, however witty and ludicrous, by their attack on the bear and the fiddle, their imprisonment in the stocks, the voluntary penance of whipping submitted to by the knight, and his adventures with his lady. The love of Hudibras is almost as outré as that of Falstaff, and he argues in the same manner for the utmost freedom, men having nothing but 'frail vows' to oppose to the stratagems of the fair. This kind of deliberate outrage on Puritanism was not peculiar to Butler, who makes his hero thus moralise

For women first were made for men,
Not men for them It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own,
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soc'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice nor foul play,
And that you ought to take that course
As we take you, for better or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose

The poem was left unfinished, but even King Charles's contemporaries would hardly have demanded much more of it. There is a plethori of wit in *Hudibrus*, and an artificial terseness of thought and style which becomes oppressive and tiresome. After thirty or forty pages, the reader is fun to seck a change of subject or of occupation. But many of the short burlesque descriptions are minitable. In the Morning—

The sun has long since, in the lap Of Phetis, taken out his map, And, like a lobster boiled, the morn From black to red began to turn

At Night-

The sun grew low, and left the skies, Put down, some write, by ladies' eves, The moon pulled off her veil of light, That hides her face by day from sight—Mysterious veil, of brightness made, That's both her lustre and her shade—And in the lantern of the night, With shining horns bung out her light, For darkness is the proper sphere, Where all false glories use t' appear. The twinking stars began to muster, And glitter with their borrowed lustre, While sleep the wearied world relieved, By counterfeiting death revived.

Many of the lines and similes in *Hudibras* are completely incorporated with the language—such as the opening lines of Part II canto in

Doubtless the pleasure is as great Of being cheated as to cheat. As lookers on feel most delight That least perceive a juggler's sleight, And still the less they understand, The more they admire his sleight of hand

Or where, on the head of money, the knight asks.

For what in worth is anything, But so much money as 'twill bring?

Accomplishments of Hudibras.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore
When gospel trumpeter, surrounded
With long cared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling

A wight he was, whose very sight would Entitle him mirror of knighthood, That never bowed his stubborn knee To anything but chivalry, Nor put up blow, but that which had Right worshipful on shoulder-blade Chief of domestic knights and errant, Either for cartel or for warrant Great on the bench, great in the saddle, That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle Mighty he was at both of these, And styled of war as well as peace (So some rats, of amphibious nature, Are either for the land or water) But here our authors make a doubt Whether he were more wise or stout Some hold the one, and some the other But howsoc'er they make a pother, The diffrence was so small, his brain Outweighed his rage but half a grain, Which made some take him for a tool That knaves do work with, called a fool For't has been held by many, that As Montaigne, playing with his cat, Complains she thought him but an 155, Much more she would Sir Hudibris (For that's the name our valuant kingle To all his challenges did write) But they 're mistaken very much, 'Tis plain enough he was no such We grant, although he had much wit, He was very shy of using it, As being loath to wear it out, And therefore bore it not about, Unless on holidays or so, As men their best apparel do, Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greel As naturally as pigs squeak, That Latin was no more difficile Than to a blackbard 'tis to whistle being rich in both, he never scanted His bounty unto such as wanted,

cudgel

But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word,
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised

He was in logic a great critic, Profoundly skilled in analytic, He could distinguish, and divide A hair 'twixt south and south west side . On either which he would dispute, Confute, change hands, and still confute, He'd undertake to prove by force Of argument a man's no horse, He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl. And that a lord may be an owl, A calf an alderman, a goose a justice. And rooks committee men and trustees. He'd run in debt by disputation, And pay with ratiocination All this by syllogism true In mood and figure he would do

For rhetoric, he could not ope His mouth but out there flew a trope, And when he happened to break off I' th' middle of his speech, or cough, H' had hard words, ready to shew why, And tell what rules he did it by Else, when with greatest art he spoke, You'd think he talked like other folk, For all a rhetorician's rules Teach nothing but to name his tools But when he pleased to shew't, his speech In loftiness of sound was rich, A Babylonish dialect, Which learned pedants much affect It was a party coloured dress Of patched and piebald languages, Twas English cut on Greek and Latin, Like fustian heretofore on satin It had an odd promiscuous tone, As if he had talked three parts in one, Which made some think, when he did gabble, Th' had heard three labourers of Babel, Or Cerberus himself pronounce A leash of languages at once This he as volubly would vent As if his stock would ne'er be spent, And truly, to support that charge, He had supplies as vast and large For he could com and counterfeit New words, with little or no wit. Words so debased and hard, no stone Was hard enough to touch them on And when with hasty noise he spoke 'ein, The ignorant for current took 'em, That had the orator, who once Did fill his mouth with pebble stones When he harangued, but known his phrase, He would have used no other ways. In mathematics he was greater A Jewish doctor to Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater, whom various as trological works For he by geometric scale were ascribed. Could take the size of pots of ale, Resolve by sines and tangents straight

If bread or butter wanted weight,

And wisely tell what hour o' th' day The clock did strike, by algebra.

His Religion.

For his religion, it was fit To match his learning and his wit. 'Twas Presbyterian true blue, For he was of that stubborn crew Of errant saints, whom all men grant To be the true church militant, Such as do build their faith upon The holy text of pike and gun. Decide all controversy by Infallable artillery, And prove their doctrine orthodox By apostolic blows and knocks, Call fire, and sword, and desolation, A godly thorough reformation, Which always must be carried on, And still be doing, never done, As if religion were intended For nothing else but to be mended. A sect whose chief devotion lies In odd perverse antipathies, In falling out with that or this, And finding somewhat still amiss, More peevish, cross, and splenetic, Than dog distract or monkey sick, That with more care keep holiday The wrong, than others the right way, Compound for sins they are inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to Still so perverse and opposite, As if they worshipped God for spite, The self same thing they will abhor One way, and long another for, Free-will they one way disavow, Another, nothing else allow, All piety consists therein In them, in other men all sin, Rather than fail, they will defy That which they love most tenderly, Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge; Fat pig and goose itself oppose, And blaspheme custard through the nose

His Outer Man.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace Both of his wisdom and his face. In cut and dye so like a tile, A sudden view it would beguile. The upper part thereof was whey, The nether, orange, mixed with gray This hairy meteor did denounce The fall of sceptres and of crowns, With grisly type did represent Declining age of government, And tell with hieroglyphic spade Its own grave and the state's were made Like Samson's heart breakers, it grew love-locks In time to make a nation rue. Though it contributed its own fall, To wait upon the public downfall, It was monastic, and did grow In holy orders by strict yow,

distraughs

Of role as sullen and corn, As that of mind Cor leher. "I way bound to suffer person in And muttyrdom with readance a, For appear at self to unset the late. And vengeance of the means, I state, In who e defiance it was write. Still read, to be pulled and term With red hot mans to be featured Reviled, and spit upon, and married Mangre all which 'twas to 1 m l fa i As long as monarchy should litt, But when the state should hap to a cl, Twis to submit to fittl steel, And fall, as it was conscirate, A acribice to fall of state, Who e thread of life the fital Si fer Did twist together with its whi ker And twine so close, that Time she ald never In life or death, their fortunes ever, But with his tusty ackle max Both down to other at a blow

His doublet was of turdy buff. And though not aword, yet cherry's proof Whereby twas filter for his u.c. Who teared no blass but such as brane His breeches were of ro, well modlen And hallbeen at the expect Pallen 1544 to old king Harry so xell ha wa, Some vitters held they were his own Human they were I ned with many apt to Of immination, Is ad an I cheese And lit black jeddinge grant food Lor uniters that delight in I had, for as ne still be alwassed x Brearry entual or test are, That often temperature and in a the ainte our sto infire. Acd wheater it abir I but in Places of there is a They steath in tien in the 1 Arthurther dollar dien hand And till the secret rate for the steer to Secription for the land to a And the Shield tract we was the in the termination of the the the an aberth a entreet Ante a color spect What leb or a new Orieles, was retrated to Leater to Ities to Olitera in research Let a fit & fire and 1 to part the sta than a told of th Amperon a 2 x 10 1/2 1 3 Eurol Lay 1 List 1 1 2 1 1 2 x x x

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the original MSS by Thyer Next to the amusing verse satire on the Royal Society called *The Elephant in the Moon*, the most interesting of these relics are *Characters* in prose, resembling in method and style those of Hall, Overbury, and Earle

Fragments from the 'Remains'

The truest characters of ignorance Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance, As blind men use to bear their noses higher Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond, The more exact and curious 'tis ground, Is forced for every carat to abate As much in value as it wants in weight

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess,
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to heaven but love

All love at first, like generous wine, Ferments and frets until 'tis fine. For when 'tis settled on the lee, And from the impurer matter free, Becomes the richer still the older, And proves the pleasanter the colder As at the approach of winter, all The leaves of great trees use to fall, And leave them naked, to engage With storms and tempests when they rage, While humbler plants are found to wear Their fresh green liveries all the year, So when their glorious season's gone With great men, and hard times come on, The great'st calamities oppress The greatest still, and spare the less.

In Rome no temple was so low As that of Honour, built to shew How humble honour ought to be, Though there 'twas all authority

All smatterers are more brisk and pert Than those that understand an art, As little sparkles shine more bright Than glowing coals that give them light.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief

To his Mistress.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long supprest
In its own ashes it designed
For ever to have lain,
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again

A Small Poet

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him, like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit, and whatsoever he lights upon either in books or company he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly that you may perceive his own wit as the rickets by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him for as those that have money but seldom are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear perpetual talker, and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murthers, to prevent discovery, so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected He appears so over concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own, and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights and pots that want measure. he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful and not fit to be made by a Christian poet, and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best, for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustra tion is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did, for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics, a trick of sowing wit like clover grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday, there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum porridge. When he writes, he com monly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry, a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them, for there is hardly a pond, a sheep walk, or a gravel pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry By this means, small poets have such a stock of

able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamidryades, aonides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c. that signify nothing at all, and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year

The Puritans were constantly contending for a 'thorough reformation' of the Church of England. The Platonic year or perfect year was a great cycle at the end of which all the heavenly bodies were supposed to be in the same relative places as at the Creation

A Vintner

Hangs out his bush to shew he has not good wine, for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more, for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does underground in his cellar, for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, of it. but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, 'In vino veritas,' for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated, for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men He is an anti Christian with it, as he did birds cheat, for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can, especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle-a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his When he is found to over reckon own conscience with notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake, by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to dis cover it, for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.

A Prater

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties, or a trade wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an earwig, when he gets within a man's car he is not easily to be got out again He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape ship wreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making

An Antiquary Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and

conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future, but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, 'You are my father,' and to rottenness, 'Thou art my mother He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards He had rather interpret one obscure word in any old senseless discourse than be author of the most ingenious new one values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most uncient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use, as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but he living

Among editions of Butler's Poetical Works may be mentioned those of Bell (3 vols. 1855) and Brimley Johnson (2 vols. 1893)

Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616-1704) enjoyed in the reigns of Charles II and James II great notoriety as a political writer A native of Hunstanton, Norfolk, he took up arms for the king in 1638, and in 1644 headed a conspiracy to seize the town of Lynn, but being captured, he was condemned to death, and in Newgate for almost four years constantly expected to be led forth to execution He escaped by the connuance of the jailer, attempted a rising in Kent, then fled to Holland, but in 1653 was pardoned by Cromwell On the eve of the Restoration he wrote vehemently in support of monarchy In 1663 he published Considerations and Proposals in order to the Regulation of the Press, a pamphlet for which he was rewarded by being appointed licenser or censor of the press, and also by a grant of the sole privilege of printing and publishing news As licenser he carried out his functions rigorously In August 1663 appeared his newspaper The Public Intelligencer From this time till a few years before his death he was constantly occupied in editing newspapers and writing pamphlets, mostly against Whigs and Dissenters, in support of the court, from which he at last received the honour of knighthood In 1687 he prefixed to the third series of his paper called The Observator, A Brief History of the

Times, relating chiefly to the Popish Plot the Revolution he lost his post, and was repeatedly imprisoned As a controversialist L'Estrange was bold, lively, and vigorous, but coarse, impudent, abusive, and by no means a scrupulous regarder of truth He is conspicuous in the history of jour-Johnson said he was the first writer who regularly engaged himself to support a party, right or wrong, and Defoe, Addison, and Steele accepted many useful hints from L'Estrange He is known also as the translator of Æsop's Fables, Seneca's Morals (abridged), Cicero's Offices, Erasmus's Colloquies (a selection), Quevedo's Visions, several French novels of startling impropriety, Bona's Guide to Eternity (compiled from the Fathers), and the works of Josephus The elder D'Israeli commented on the curiously familiar style of Ticknor thought his trans-L'Estrange's Æsop lation of Quevedo the most spirited, though it is hardly faithful or accurate he altered the jokes to suit purely English contemporary conditions Clarendon and Pepys praise his wit and conversation, Macaulay and Hallam denounce his style as 'a mean and flippant jargon' and 'the pattern of bad writing' He was certainly copious, inexhaustible, and ready-witted, with a great power of raillery and vituperation, and wrote with ease and familiarity, making a free use of slang

Much in the *Esop* the Greek fabulist is in nowise responsible for, though it is too much to say, as some have said, that L'Estrange's version is a new work. Further, of the five hundred fables in the volume, only two hundred and one—not to speak of the copious 'reflexions'—are professedly Æsop's, the rest being from Phædrus, Babrius, Poggio, Alciatus, La Fontaine, and many less-known authors L'Estrange was no doubt the sole original authority for some of them The following is a chapter on the domestic *milieu* in which Æsop served as slave, from the Life prefixed to the *Fables*

Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband after she had left him.

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entituled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are, easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again, perpetually chatter ing at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse, for upon harder usage the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still, beside that, there was matter of interest in the case, and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in 't, it seems, and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon't, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him Come, master (says he), pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you. What does me Asop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poul terers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c. for the best of everything that was in season. Nay he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by inistake This way of pro ceeding set the whole town a gog to know the meaning of all this bustle, and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had marry'd another, his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tydings of it to the runaway lady-for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language, and after the easing of her mind a little, No, Xanthus, says she, do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive. Xanthus look'd upon this as one of Æsop's masterpieces, and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

How very far we have got from Æsop will be sufficiently plain from Fables accessivily and accessive, even without premising that the 'Reflexion,' or moral, on the first discusses the 'political robbers' of these times, 'cabals of sharpers,' and the 'Committee of Safety,' while that on the second recites an illustrative story 'from the French farce'

The Conscientious Thieves

There was a knot of good fellows that borrow'd a small sum of mony of a gentleman upon the king's high way when they had taken all they could find, Dam ye for a dog, says one of the gang, you have more mony about you sırrah, some where or other Lord, brother, says one of his companions, can't ye take the gentleman's mony civilly, but you must swear and call names! As they were about to part, Pray by your favour gentlemen, says the traveller, I have so many miles to go, and not one penny in my pocket to bear my charges, you seem to be men of some honour, and I hope you'l be so good as only to let me have so much of my mony back again, as will carry me to my journeys end Ay, ay, the Lord forbid else, they cry'd, and so they open'd one of the bags, and bad him please himself He took them at their word, and presently fetch'd out a handfull, as much as ever he could gripe Why how now, says one of the blades, ye confounded son of a -, ha' ye no conscience?

The Trepanning Wolf

There's a story of a man of quality in Ireland, that a little before the troubles there, had wall'd in a piece of

ground for a park, and left only one passage into't by a gate with a portcullis to't The Rebellion brake out, and put a stop to his design The place was horribly pester'd with wolves, and his people having taken one of 'em in a pit-fall, chain'd him up to a tree in the enclosure, and then planted themselves in a lodge over the gate, to see what would come on 't. The wolf in a very short time fell a howling, and was answer'd by all his brethren thereabouts, that were within hearing of it, insomuch that the hubbub was immediately put about from one mountain to another, till a whole herd of 'em were gotten together upon the outcry, and so troup'd away into the park. They were no sooner in the pound, but down goes the portcullis, and away scamper the wolves to the gate, upon the noise of the fall on't When they saw that there was no getting out again where they came in, and that upon hunting the whole field over, there was no possibility of making an escape, they fell by consent upon the wolf that drew them in, and tore him all to pieces

The following is an extract from the *Brief History*, of which the point is in the original emphasised to the eye not merely by the multiplication of capitals, but by the printing a large proportion of the whole in italics and black-letter

The Popish Plot.

At the first opening of this plot, almost all people's hearts took fire at it, and nothing was heard but the bellowing of execrations and revenge against the accursed bloudy Papists. It was imputed at first, and in the general, to the principles of the religion, and a Roman Catholique and a regicide were made one and the same thing Nay, it was a saying frequent in some of our great and holy mouths, that they were confident there was not so much as one soul of the whole party, within his majesty's dominions, that was not either an actor in this plot, or a friend to't In this heat, they fell to pick ing up of priests and Jesuits as fast as they could catch 'em, and so went on to consult their oracles the witnesses (with all formalities of sifting and examining) upon the particulars of place, time, minner, persons, &c., while Westmuster Hall and the Court of Requests were kept warm, and ringing still of new men come in, corroborating proofs, and further discoveries, &c Under this train and method of reasoning, the managers advanced, decently enough, to the finding out of what they themselves had laid and concerted beforehand, and, to give the devil his due, the whole story was but a farce of so many parts, and the noisy informations no more than a lesson that they had much ado to go through with, even with the help of diligent and careful tutors, and of many and many a prompter, to bring them off at a dead lift But popery was so dreadfull a thing, and the danger of the king's life and of the Protestant religion so astonishing a surprize, that people were almost bound in duty to be inconsiderate and outrageous upon't, and loyalty itself would have looked a little cold and indifferent if it had not been intemperate, insomuch that zeal, fierceness, and jealousy were never more excusable than upon this occasion. And now, having excellent matter to work upon, and the passions of the people already disposed for violence and tumult, there needed no more than blowing the coal of Oates's narrative, to put all into a flame, and in the meantime, all arts and accidents were improved, as well toward the entertainment of the humour, as to the

kindling of it The people were first hayred [hared, worned, frightened] out of their senses with tales and jealousies, and then made judges of the danger, and consequently of the remedy, which upon the main, and briefly, came to no more than this The plot was laid all over the three kingdoms, France, Spain, and Portugal taxed their quotas to't, we were all to be burnt in our beds, and rise with our throats cut, and no way in the world but exclusion and union to help us of this exclusion spread immediately, like a gangrene, over the whole body of the monarchy, and no saving the life of his majesty without cutting off every limb of the prerogative the device of union passed insensibly into a league of conspiracy, and, instead of uniting Protestants against Papists, concluded in an association of subjects against their sovereign, confounding policy with religion

A poem on *The Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalists*, supposed to have been written by him when in Newgate in 1645, is ascribed to L'Estrange on no very convincing evidence. There are in it choes from other Cavaliers, as will be seen from the following stanzas

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
Your incivility shall show
That innocence is tempest proof
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm,
Ther strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm

That which the world miscalls a gool,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty
Locks, bars, walls, leanness, though together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser parts be mewed,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
Fo company my solitude,
And though rebellion may my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind

Have you not seen the nightingale
A pilgrim cooped into a cage,
And heard her tell her wonted tale,
In that her narrow herinitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am the bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty,
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free,
And though I'm mewed, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my 1 ing!

Walter Charleton, M D (1619-1707), born at Shepton Mallet, studied at Oxford, was physician to Charles I and II, a friend of Hobbes, and schior censor 1698-1706 in the College of Physicians in London. He wrote many works on theology, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, and antiquities. He was a disciple of Van Helmont, and his medical theories were as speculative as his

arguments for the immortality of the soul. In his Chorea Gigantum (1663) he maintained the Danish origin of Stonehenge, in opposition to Inigo Jones, who still more absurdly believed it to be a Roman temple. Charleton held it was a place of assembly, and the scene of the coronation of the Danish kings of England. His Brief Discourse concerning the Different Wits of Men (1675) contains lively and accurate sketches of character, two of which we quote, and, anticipating the phrenologists, attributes the varieties of talent found among men to differences in the form, size, and quality of their brains

The Ready and Nimble Wit

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extem porary acuteness of concert, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions, but being gene rally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design, like fly boats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then too more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus,' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and like the City pageants discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all extempo rary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and then you shall soon discover their weakness, and contemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the diffi culties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons. Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and venty, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found ' how much will they lose of that applause, which their tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! greatest part therefore of such men you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few plashes, and those too not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

The Slow but Sure Wit

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are indeed of both conception and expression, yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes as it were dropping from their lips, even where they are

encouraged by familiar entreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests, which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them Costive they are also in inven tion, so that when they would deliver somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to-But after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of busi ness, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Burren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive Their gifts lie deep and concealed, but being furnished with notions, not airy and umbratil ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful-and if they have been manured with good learning and the habit of exercising their pen-often times they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be transmitted to posterity Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt. Hence it comes that excellent parts remaining unknown often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits course therefore for these to overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties, or by writing on some new and useful subject to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intrinsic

He wrote some of his things in Latin, translated from Latin into English, and rendered into Latin the Duchess of Northumberland's Life of her husband. Some thirty works are credited to him

William Chamberlayne (1619-89) practised as a physician at Shaftesbury, but wielded the sword as well as the lancet, for he fought among the royalists at the second battle of New-He complains keenly of the poverty of poets, and of being debarred from the society of the wits of his day. His works consist of Love's Victory, a Tragi-Comedy (1658), of which an altered form was acted in 1678, and Pharonnida, an Heroick Poem (1659). The scene of the first is laid in Sicily, that of Pharonnida chiefly in Greece Pharonnida is the daughter of the King of the Morea, Argalia, a Christian warrior who had fought at Lepanto They love at first sight, and jealous relations, rival suitors, Turks, bandits, sieges, abductions, imprisonment, poison, and amazing adventures innumerable fail to prevent the triumph of true love With no light or witty verses to float him into popularity, and relying solely on his two long (and not seldom tedious) works, Chamberlayne was an unsuccessful poet. His works were almost totally forgotten when Campbell, in his Specimens (1819), by quoting largely from Pharonnida, and pointing out the 'rich breadth and variety of its scenes,' and the power and pathos of its characters and situations, drew attention to the passion, imagery, purity of

sentiment, and tenderness of description, which lay, 'like metals in the mine,' in the neglected volume. Southey was an admirer But Chamberlayne's beauties are marred by infelicity of execution, he had some of the gifts of a poet, but little of the skill of the artist, though parallels have been found in him both to Endymion and to Don Juan The impossible names and the lack of local colour and vraisemblance irritate a modern reader. The rather awkward heroic couplet, the rather lumbering blank verse, wandered sometimes into a 'wilderness of sweets,' but at other times into tediousness, mannerism, and absurdity. His discontent with his own obscurity and poverty breaks out in a description of a rich boor in his (blank verse) play

How purblind is the world, that such a monster, In a few dirty acres swidled, must Be mounted, in Opinion's empty scale, Above the noblest virtues that adorn Souls that make worth their center, and to that Draw all the lines of action! Worn with age, The noble soldier sits, whilst in his cell The scholar stews his catholique brains for food The traveller, returned and poor, may go A second pilgrimage to farmers' doors, or end His journey in a hospital, few being So generous to relieve, where vertue doth Necessitate to crave Harsh poverty, That moth which frets the sacred robe of wit, Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else Had spun rich threads of fancy from the brain But they are souls too much sublimed to thrive (From Act 1 sc 1)

The leading thought of the splendid opening lines of Dryden's *Religio Laici* is anticipated in this dream from *Pharonnida*

A strong prophetic dream, Diverting by enigmas nature's stream, Long hovering through the portals of her mind On vain fantastic wings, at length did find The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by A brighter beam of pure divinity Led into supernatural light, whose rays As much transcended reason's, as the day's Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be Beneath the glimmerings of divinity Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all Terrestrial thoughts (like its original In heaven, pure and immaculate), a fit Companion for those bright angels' wit Which the gods made their messengers, to bear This sacred truth, scenning transported where, Tixed in the flaming centre of the world, The heart o' th' microcosm, about which is hurled The spangled curtains of the sky, within Whose boundless orbs the circling planets spin Those threads of time upon whose strength rely The ponderous burthens of mortality An adamantine world she sees more purc, More glorious far than this-framed to endure The shock of doomsday's darts.

Chamberlayne, like Milton, was fond of describing the charms of morning For example

Where every bough
Maintained a feathered chorister to sing
Soft panegyries, and the rude wings bring
Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm,
With an intent, before the next sun's birth,
To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth
Received from last day's beams.

Of virgin purity he says

The morning pearls, Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun Hath kissed them into heat

In a grave narrative passage of *Pharonnida*, he stops to note the beauties of the morning

The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to night, the lark was fled,
On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams

When commanded by her father to marry a neighbouring prince, Pharonnida soliloquises (Argalia being happily within earshot) thus

'Is't a sin to be Born high, that robs me of my liberty? Or is 't the curse of greatness to behold Virtue through such false opticks as unfold No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine? What Heaven made free, ambitious men confine In regular degrees Poor Love must dwell Within no climate but what's parallel Unto our honored births, the envied fate Of princes oft these burthens find from state, When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice A negative, make a free happy choice.' And here she sighed, then with some drops, distilled From Love's most sovereign elixir, filled The chrystal fountains of her eyes, which, ere Dropped down, she thus recals again 'But ne'er, No'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy My hopes of thee Herven! let me but enjoy So much of all those blessings, which their birth Can take from frail mortality, and Earth, Contracting all her curses, cannot make A storm of danger loud enough to shake Me to a trembling penitence, a curse, To make the horror of my suffering worse, Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell From angry Heaven, upon my head may dwell In an eternal stain—my honoured name With pale disgrace may languish—busy fame My reputation spot—affection be Lermed uncommanded lust-sharp poverty, That weed that kills the gentle flower of love, As the result of all these ills, may prove My greatest misery—unless to find Myself unpitied Yet not so unkind Would I esteem this mercenary band, As those far more malignant powers that stand, Armed with dissussions, to obstruct the way Fancy directs, but let those souls obey I heir harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed Repentant tears I am resolved to tread Those doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear That now benights them Love! with pity hear

Thy suppliant's prayer, and when my clouded eyes Shall cease to weep, in smules I'll sacrifice To thee such offerings, that the utmost date Of Death's rough hands shall never violate.'

The Pharonnida was edited by Professor Saintsbury in Minor Poets of the Caroline Period (vol. 1, 1905). In Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets there are twenty four pages of extracts, and see two long articles in the Retrospective Review, vol. 1 (1820).

Thomas Stanley (1625-78), the editor of Æschylus (1663), and author of a biographical History of Philosophy (4 vols 1655-62), based mainly on Diogenes Laertius and Aristotle, published in 1651 his fourth volume of verse, in which his earlier pieces were also included. The only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, of Cumberlow, Hertfordshire, he was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, spent several years in France, and afterwards lived in the Middle Temple. His poems, whether original or translated (edited in two vols by Sir Egerton Brydges in 1814-15), display vigorous thought and graceful expression, though the conceits of his age sometimes disturb

The Tomb

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of death,
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in death than love

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And (as a victor) proud,
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade,
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devoured by this revengeful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst hid in some dark ruins, I,
Dumb and forgotten, lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me,
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will or forget or not believe this story
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast

The Loss

Yet ere I go,
Disdainful Beauty, thou shalt be
So wretched as to know
What joys thou fling'st away with me.
A faith so bright,
As time or Fortune could not rust,

So firm that lovers might

Have read thy story in my dust,

And crowned thy name
With laurel verdant as thy youth
Whilst the shrill voice of Fame
Spread wide thy beauty and my truth

This thou 'ast lost,

For all true lovers, when they find

That my just aims were crost,

Will speak thee lighter than the wind

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrinc,
But such as would betray
Thy faith to faiths as false as thine

Yet, if thou choose
On such thy freedom to bestow,
Affection may excuse,
For love from sympathy doth flow

The Deposition.

Though when I loved thee thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so
Those glories, all the pride they wear
Unto opinion owe
Beauties like stars in borrowed lustre shine,
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
Do now with mine expire,
Thy brightest graces fade and die
At once with my desire
Love's fires thus mutual influence return,
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implored or woodd,
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestowed,
And thy despised disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind

Mrs Katherine Philips (1631-64), 'the matchless Orinda,' as she was called in her own time, was honoured with the praise of Cowley and Dryden, and Jeremy Taylor addressed to her a famous letter 'on the offices of friendship' The daughter of a London merchant, she became in 1647 the wife of James Philips of The Priory, Cardigan, whose father had married her own widowed mother, Mrs Fowler, and she divided her time between London and Cardigan, dying of smallpox in the former city 'Orinda' was the name she chose for herself in a social and literary coterie of Antenors and Palæmons, of Celimenas and Rosanias, English contemporaries of the precieuses of the Hôtel Rambouillet Most of the verses are addressed to her friends on special occasions, thus, 'To my Lady M Cavendish chusing the name of Policrite,' there are a number on friendship, love, the soul, resignation, death, and like subjects, some on the politics of the day, and one on 'The Irish Greyhound' in praise of the old wolf-hound Her poems were enshined by Professor Saintsbury in his Minor Poets of the Caroline Period (vol 1 1905)

Against Pleasure

There's no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit,
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair,
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch,
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess

For by our pleasures we are cloyed,
And so desire is done,
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channel where they run,
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys

We covet pleasure easily,
But it not so possess,
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less,
Nay, were our state as we could chuse it,
'Twould be consumed by fear to lose it

What art thou, then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than I ame,
Whose next successor is Despair,
And its attendant Shame?
The experience prince then reason had
Who said of Pleasure, 'It is mad'

John Aubrey, antiquary and folklorist, was born at Easton Piercy, near Chippenham, Wilts, on 12th March 1626, and was educated at Malmesbury (under Robert Latimer, Hobbes's preceptor), Blandford, and Trinity College, Oxford He entered the Middle Temple in 1646, but was never called to the Bar, in 1652 he succeeded to his father's estates in Wiltshire, Herefordshire, and Wales, but was forced through lawsuits to part with the last of them in 1670, and with his very books in 1677 His later years were passed, 'in danger of arrests,' with Hobbes, Ashmole, Lady Long of Draycott in his native county, and other protectors, till in June 1697 he died at Oxford on his way from London His quaint, credulous Miscellanies to Draycott. (1696) was the only work printed in his lifetime, but he left a large mass of materials Of these, his Wiltshire and Surrey collections have in part been published, his 'Minutes of Lives' (Hobbes, Milton, Bacon, &c), given to Anthony Wood, appeared first in Bliss's Letters written by Eminent, Persons (1813), but has been first adequately edited by Mr Andrew Clark as Brief Lives, chiefly of Contemporaries (2 vols 1898), and his Remains of Gentilism and Judaism was issued by the Folklore Society in 1880 See an article by Professor Masson in the British Quarterly (1856)

Dreams

When Sir Christopher Wren was at Paris about 1671, he was ill and feverish, had a pain in his reins. He sent for a physitian, who advis'd him to be let blood, thinking he had a pleurisy but bleeding much disagreeing with his constitution, he would defer it a day longer that night he dreamt that he was in a place where palmtrees grew (suppose Egypt), and that a woman in a romantick habit reach'd him dates. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him of the pain in his reins.

Mr Winstanly (surveyor of the king's works) hath built a handsome house at Littlebury in Cambridgshire near Audely Inn, where are to be seen several ingenious machines, one whereof is thus a wooden slipper finely carved lieth on the floor of a chamber about a yard and an half within the door, which the stranger is to take up (it comes up pretty stiff) and up starts a skeleton J H, Esq , had been there and being at West Lavington with the Earl of Abbington, dream'd December the 9th, that he was at Mr Winstanly's house, and took up the slipper, and up rose his mother in mourning and anon the queen [Mary of Orange] appeared in mourning dream the next morning to my lord, and his lordship im parted it to me (then there) Tuesday Dec 11 in the evening, came a messenger post from London to acquaint Mr H that his mother was dangerously ill he went to London the next day his mother lived but about 8 days On Saturday Dec. 15 the queen was taken ill, which turned to the small-pox, of which she died Decem 28 about two a clock in the morning

Apparitions

Sir Walter Long of Draycot (grandfather of Sir James Long) had two wives, the first a daughter of Sir -Packinton in Worcestershire, by whom he had a son his second wife was a daughter of Sir John Thinne of Longleat, by whom he had several sons and daughters. The second wife did use much artifice to render the son by the first wife (who had not much Promethcan fire) odious to his father, she would get her acquaintance to make him drunk, and then expose him in that condition to his father, in fine she never left off her attempts, till she had got Sir Walter to disinherit him. She laid the scene for the doing this at Bath at the assizes, where was her brother Sir Egrimond Thinne, an eminent serjeant at law, who drew the writing, and his clerk was to sit up all night to engross it, as he was writing, he perceived a shadow on the parchment, from the candle, he look'd up, and there appear'd a hand, which immediately vanish'd, he was startled at it, but thought it might be only his fancy, being sleepy, so he writ on, by and by a fine white hand interposed between the writing and the candle (he could discern it was a woman's hand), but vanish'd as before, I have forgot if it appeared a third But with that the clerk threw down his pen, and would engross no more, but goes and tells his master of it, and absolutely refused to do it. But it was done by somebody, and Sir Walter Long was prevailed with to seal and sign it. He lived not long after, and his body did not go quiet to the grave, it being arrested at the church porch by the trustees of the first lady heir's relations took his part, and commenc'd a suit agrunst Sir Walter (the second son) and compell'd him to accept of a moiety of the estate, so the eldest son kept South Wranchester, and Sir Walter the second

son Dracot Cernes, &c. This was about the middle of the reign of King James the First

Anno 1670, not far from Cyrencester, was an appurition being demanded, whether a good spirit, or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious per fume and most melodious twang Mr W Lilly believes it was a farie

Mr T M an old acquaintance of mine hath assured me, that about a quarter of a year after his first wives death, as he lay in bed awake with his little grand child, his wife opened the closet door, and came into the chamber to the bed side, and looked upon him, and stooped down and kissed him, her lips were warm, he fancied they would have been cold He was about to have embraced her, but was afraid it might have done him hurt When she went from him, he asked her when he should see her again? She turned about and smil'd, The closet door striked, as it uses to but said nothing do, both at her coming in and going out He had every night a great coal fire in his chamber, which gave a light as clear almost as a candle (he was hypocondrical) marry'd two wives since, the later end of his life was uneasie.

Impulses

Oliver Cromwel had certainly this afflatus. One that I knew, that was at the battle of Dunbar, told me that Oliver was carried on with a divine impulse he did laugh so excessively as if he had been drunk, his eyes sparkled with spirits. He obtained a great victory, but the action was said to be contrary to human prudence. The same fit of laughter seiz'd Oliver Cromwel just before the battle of Naseby, as a kinsman of mine, and a great favourite of his, Colonel J. P. then present, testifi'd Cardinal Mazerine said, that he was a lucky fool

Mirandum.

Anse Evans had a fungous nose, and said it was re veal'd to him that the king's hand would cure him and at the first coming of King Charles II into St James's Park he kiss'd the king's hand, and rubb'd his nose with it, which disturb'd the king, but cured him. Mr Ashmole told me.

John Hales

He had a noble librarie of bookes, and those judicially chosen, which cost him li. (quaere Mr Sloper), and which he sold to Cornelius Bee, bookeseller, in Little Britaine (as I take it, for 1000 li), which was his maintenance after he was ejected out of his fellowship at Eaton College He had then only reserved some few for his private use, to wind up his last dayes withall.

The ladie Salter (neer Eaton) was very kind to him after the sequestration, he was very welcome to her ladyship, and spent much of his time there. At Eaton he lodged (after his sequestration) at the next house to the Christopher inne, where I sawe him, a prettie little man, sanguine, of a cheerfull countenance, very gentile, and courteous, I was recieved by him with much humanity he was in a kind of violet colourd cloath gowne, with buttons and loopes (he wore not a black gowne), and was reading Thomas à Kempis, it was within a yeare before he deceased He loved canarie, but moderately, to refresh his spirits!

He had a bountifull mind I remember in 1647, a

little after the visitation, when I homas Mariett, esq, Mr William Radford, and Mr Edward Wood (all of Trinity College) had a frolique from Oxon to London, on foot, having never been there before, they happened to take Windsore in their way, made their addresse to this good gentleman, being then fellow Mr Edward Wood was the spookes man, remonstrated that they were Oxon scholars he treated them well, and putt into Mr Wood's hands ten shillings.

He lies buried in the church yard at Eaton, under an altar monument of black marble, erected at the sole chardge of Mr Curwyn, with a too long epitaph He was no kiff or kin to him

Mr John Hales dyed at Mris Powney's house, a widow-woman, in Eaton, opposite to the churchyard, adjoyning to the Christopher Inne southwards 'Tis the howse where I sawe him

She is a very good woman and of a gratefull spirit She told me that when she was maried, Mr Hales was very bountifull to them in helping them to live in the world. She was very gratefull to him and respectfull to him.

She told me that Mr Hales was the common godfather there, and 'twas pretty to see, as he walked to Windsor, how his godchildren asked him blessing. When he was bursar, he still gave away all his groates for the acquittances to his godchildren, and by that time he came to Windsor bridge, he would have never a groate left

William Harvey

He was not tall, but of the lowest stature, round faced, olivaster complexion, little eie, round, very black, full of spirit, his haire was black as a raven, but quite white 20 yeares before he dyed

I first sawe him at Oxford, 1642, after Edgehill fight, but was then too young to be acquainted with so great a doctor I remember he came severall times to Trin Coll. to George Bathurst, BD, who had a hen to hatch egges in his chamber, which they dayly opened to dis cerne the progres and way of generation. I had not the honour to be acquainted with him till 1651, being my cosen Montague's physitian and friend I was at that time bound for Italy (but to my great griefe disswided by my mother's importunity) He was very communica tive, and willing to instruct any that were modest and respectfull to him And in order to my journey, gave me [dictated to me] what to see, what company to keepe, what bookes to read, how to manage my studies in short, he bid me goe to the fountain head, and read Aristotle, Cicero, Avicenna, and did call the neoteriques

He wrote a very bad hand, which (with use) I could pretty well read.

I have heard him say, that after his booke of the circulation of the blood came out, that he fell mightily in his practize, and that 'twas believed by the vulgar that he was crack brained, and all the physitians were against his opinion, and envyed him, many wrote against him, as Dr Primige, Paracisanus, etc (vide Sir George Ent's booke) With much adoe at last, in about 20 or 30 yeares time, it was recieved in all the universities of the world, and, as Mr Hobbes sayes in his book De Corpore, he is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his owne doctrine established in his life time

He understood Greek and Latin pretty well, but was no critique, and he wrote very bad Latin. The Circuitus Sanguinis was, as I take it, donne into Latin by Sir George

Ent (quaere), as also his booke *De Generatione Ant malium*, but a little book in 12mo against Riolani (I thinke), wherein he makes out his doctrine clearer, was writt by himselfe, and that, as I take it, at Oxford

His majestic king Charles I gave him the wardenship of Merton Colledge in Oxford, as a reward for his service, but the times suffered him not to receive or injoy any benefitt by it.

He was physitian, and a great favorite of the Lord High Marshall of England, Thomas Howard, earle of Arundel and Surrey, with whom he travelled as his physitian in his ambassade to the Emperor—at Vienna, Anno Domini 163—Mr W Hollar (who was then one of his excellencie's gentlemen) told me that, in his voyage, he would still be making of excursions into the woods, makeing observations of strange trees, and plants, earths, etc., naturalls, and sometimes like to be lost, so that my lord ambassador would be really angry with him, for there was not only danger of thieves, but also of wild beasts.

He was much and often troubled with the gowte, and his way of cure was thus, he would then sitt with his legges bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaine house, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himselfe to his stove, and so 'twas gonne.

He was hott headed, and his thoughts working would many times keepe him from sleepinge, he told me that then his way was to rise out of his bed and walke about his chamber in his shirt till he was pretty coole, i.e. till he began to have a horror, and then returne to bed, and sleepe very comfortably

I remember he was wont to drinke coffee, which he and his brother Ehab did, before coffee houses were in fashion in London

Anthony Wood, or A WOOD (1632-95), was born at Oxford, studied at Merton College, and being of independent means, devoted himself to heraldry and antiquarian studies, and lived mostly in Oxford His History of Oxford the delegates of the university press had translited into Latin as Historia et Antiquitales Universitatis Oxonicusis (1674) Wood was ill satisfied with the translation, and mide a new copy of his English MS, which was long after published in 1786-96 His great Athenae Oronunses was a history of all the writers and bishops who had been educated in Oxford from 1500 to 1690, together with the Fasti or Annals for the said time (1691-92) Other works were The Ancient and Present State of the City of Oxford (1773) and the ill-natured Modeus Saleum, a Collection of Pieces of Humour (1751) He was laborious in research, but did not generously icknowledge help received from Aubrey and others Hc was peevish in temper, and seemed to welcome spiteful A third volume of the Athenæ was included in the second edition printed by Tonson The third edition is that by Philip Bliss (1813-20), a projected fourth by him reached only the first volume, contuming Wood's Life and Times, an autobiography (1848). This list was edited in 1892-1900 by Mr Andrew Clirk for the Oxford Historical Society as vols 1-1 of a complete edition of Wood's works

From the 'Life and Times.'

An Dom 1632 (Dec 17) — Anthony Wood or a Wood, son of The Wood or a Wood, bachelaur of arts and of the civil law, was borne in an antient stone house, opposite to the forefront of Merton coll. in the collegiat parish of S John Baptist de Merton, situat and being within the city and universitie of Oxford, on minday the seventeenth day of December (S Lazarus day) at about 4 of the clock in the morning which stone house, with a backside and garden adjoying, was bought by his father of John Lant, master of arts of the univ of Oxon, 8 December, 6 Jac I Dom 1608, and is held by his family of Merton coll before mention'd

An Dom 1633—He was altogether nursed by his mother (of whome shal be mention made under the yeare 1666) and by none clse. For as she nursed his 3 elder brothers, so she nursed him (whom she found very quiet) and the two next that followed

An Dom 1637—He was put to school to learne the Psalter And about that time playing before the dore of his father's house, neare Merton coll one of the horses, called Mutton, belonging to Tho Edgerley, the university carrier, rode over him (as he was going to be watered) and bruis'd his head very much. This caused a great heaviness for some time after in his head, and per haps a slowness in apprehending with quickness things that he read or heard, of which he was very sensible, when he came to reason

1n Dom 1638—In the beginning of this yeare his cldest brother Thomas Wood (who was borne at Ietsworth in Oxfordshire) became one of the students of Christ Church, by the favour of Dr Tho Iles, he being then 14 yeares of age.

An Dom 1639 — He was in his Bible, and ready to go into his Accedence

(Mar 8)—His yonger brother John Wood died, and was buried the day following in Merton coll church

In Dom 1640—He was put to a Latine school in a little house, neare to the church of S. Peter in the Baylie, and opposite to the street, called the North Brylie, which leads from New Inn to the Bocherew. The name of his master he hath forgot, but remembers, that he was master of arts and a preacher, by a good token, that one of the beadles of the universitie did come with his silver staff to conduct him from the said little house (a poore thing God wot) to the church of S. Marie, there to preach a Latin sermon he thinks (for it was on a working or school day) before the universitie.

In Dom 1641—He was translated to New coll schoole, situated between the West part of the chappell and E part of the cloyster, by the advice, as he usually conceived, of some of the fellowes of the said coll who usually frequented his father's house. One John Maylard, fellow of thes aid coll, was then, or at least lately, the master (afterwards rector of Stanton 5 John neare Oxon), and after him succeeded Joh Davys, one of the chaplaynes of the said house, whome he well remembers to be a quiet man

His grandmother Penelopic, the wildow of capt. Kob. Pettic or Le Petite gent (his mother's fither), died with grief at or neare Charlemount in Ireland, the sent of her nephew William viscount Caulfield, occasion'd by the barbarous usuage of her intimate acquaintance (but a bigotted Pipist) Sr. Philim O Neale, who acted the part of an arch traytor and rebell, when the grand relation broke out in that kingdome 23 October 1641

An Dom 1642.—Upon the publication of his majestie's proclamation, for the suppressing of the rebellion under the conduct and command of Robert earl of Essex, the members of the universitie of Oxon began to put themselves in a posture of defence, and especially for another reason, which was, that there was a strong report, that divers companies of soldiers [were] passing thro' the country, as sent from London by the parliament for the securing of Banbury and Dr Pink of New coll the deputy vicechancellour, called before him to the public schooles all the privileged men's armes, to have a view of them where not onlie privileged men of the universitie and their servants, but also many scholars appeared, bringing with them the furniture of armes of every col that then Mr Wood's father had then armour or furniture for one man, viz. a helmet, a back and breast piece, a pyke and a musquet, and other appurtenances And the eldest of his men servants (for he had then three at least) named Thomas Burnham, did appeare in those armes, when the scholars and privileged men trained, and when he could not train, as being taken up with business, the next servant did traine and much adoe there was to keep Thomas, the eldest son, then a student of Chr Ch. and a youth of about 18 yeares of age, from putting on the said armour and to traine among the The said scholars and privileged men did somtimes traine in New coll. quadrangle, in the eye of Dr Rob Pink, the dep vicechancellour, then warden of the said coll And it being a novel matter, there was no holding of the school boyes in their school in the cloyster from seeing and following them And Mr Wood remembred well, that some of them were so besotted with the training and activitie and gaytie therein of some youg scholars, as being in a longing condition to be of the traine that they could never be brought to their books againe It was a great disturbance to the youth of the citie, and Mr Wood's father foresaw, that if his sons were not removed from Oxon they would be spoyl'd.

(Oct 23)—The great fight at Edghill in Warwickshire, called Keynton battle, between the armies of K. Ch I and his parliament was begin

(Oct 29) — Upon the first news at Oxon that the armies were going to fight, Mr Woods eldest brother Thomas, before mention'd, left his gowne at the Town's end, ran to Edghill, did his Majestie good service, return'd on horseback well accountred, and afterwards was made an officer in the king's army

An Dom 1653 - After he had spent the Summer at Cassington in a lonish and retir'd condition, he return'd to Oxon., and being advised by some persons, he entertain'd a master of musick to teach him the usual way of playing on the violin, that is, by having every string tuned 5 notes lower than the other going before master was Charles Griffith, one of the musitians belong ing to the city of Ovon whom he thought then to be a most excellent artist, but when A. W improv'd himself in that instrument, he found him not so He gave him 2s 6d. entrance, and 10s. quarterly This person after he had extreamly wondred how he could play so many tunes as he did by fourths, without a director or guide, he then tuned his violin by fifths, and give him instruc tions how to proceed, leaving then a lesson with him to practice against his next coming

The last yeare, after he was entred into the publick library (which he took to be the happiness of his life, and into which he never entred without great veneration) he could do but little in it, because he was entred but a little while before his ague took him. But this yeare being a constant student therein, he became acquainted with the places in the arts library, (for no farther could bachelaurs of arts then goe,) where the books of English historic and antiquities stand He lighted upon The Description of Leycestershire, written by Will Burton: and being exceedingly delighted with the performance, he did this or in the yeare following, take notes thence, and make collections from it, which he had lying by him in his last dayes. He took great delight in reading The Display of Heraldry, written by John Guillim, and in other books of that faculty, written by Joh Bossewell, John Ferne, &c., and endeavour'd to draw out and trick armes with his pen. And afterwards when he came tofull yeares, he perceived it was his natural genie, and could not avoid them. Heraldry, musick and painting did so much crowd upon him, that he could not avoid them, and could never give a reason why he should delight in those studies, more than in others, so prevalent was nature, mix'd with a generosity of mind, and a hatred to all that was servile, sneaking or advantagious for lucresake His brother Edw Wood was much against these studies, and advised him to enter on those that were beneficial, as his mother did. He had then a gentile companion of the same coll (I W) who delighted in vertuous studies as he did, and would walk several times with him in shady recesses and retired walkes, to each others content, but the same J W being a gent of a good descent, and an heir to an estate of 700l per an. at least, he went afterwards to London, mixed himself with idle company that flatter'd and admired him, and at length debach'd him, which did not a little rouble-

An Dom 1658 (Aug 30) —Munday, a terrible raging wind hapned, which did much hurt Dennis Bond, a great Olivarian and anti monarchist, died on that day, and then the Devil took Bond for Oliver's appearance.

(Sept 3)—Oliver Cromwell the protector died This I set downe, because some writers tell us, that he was hurried away by the Devill in the wind before mention'd

(Sept. 6)—Richard Cromwell his son was proclaimed protector at Oxon at the usual places where kings have been proclaimed While he was proclaiming before S Marie's church dore, the mayor, recorder, townclerk, &c, accompanied by col. Unton Croke and his troopers, were pelted with carret and turnip tops, by yong scholars, and others, who stood at a distance

Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605-75), the son of a judge, and himself an eminent lawyer, was bred at St John's College, Oxford, and the Middle Temple. His Memorials of English Affairs from the beginning of the reign of Charles I to the Restoration mirror the times from a point of view opposite to that of Lord Clarendon, though, like Selden and other moderate anti-royalists, he was averse to a civil war. He was chairman of the committee which managed Strafford's prosecution As a member of Parliament, and one of the commissioners appointed to treat with the king at Oxford, he advocated pacific measures, and being an enemy to arbitrary power both in Church and State,

he in the Westminster Assembly refused to admit the divine right of presbytery Under Cromwell he held several high appointments, and during the government of the Protector's son Richard, acted as one of the keepers of the great seal the Restoration he retired to his Wiltshire estate The Memorials were not intended for publication, and, written almost wholly in the form of a diary, are to be regarded rather as a collection of historical materials than as history itself mutilated edition of them appeared in 1682, a much more satisfactory one in 1732 In a posthumous volume of Essays, Ecclesiastical and Civil, he strongly advocates religious toleration His Journal of his embassy in 1653 to Sweden was edited by H Reeve (1855) See his Memoirs by Professor R. H Whitelocke (1860)

Thomas Rymer (1641-1713), born at Yafforth Hall, Northallerton, was the son of a Roundhead gentleman hanged at York in 1664. studied at Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, and at Gray's Inn, he published translations, critical discussions on poetry, dramas, and works on history, and in 1692 was appointed historiographer royal He is remembered as compiler of the invaluable collection of historical materials known as the Tædera, extending from the eleventh century to his own time (vols 1-xv in 1704-13, continuation by Sanderson in vols xvi-xx in 1715-35) principal critical work is The Tragedies of the Last Age Considered (1678), in virtue of which Pope considered him 'one of the best critics we ever had,' Macaulay, 'the worst critic that ever lived.' Dryden, who wrote the 'heads of an answer to Rymer,' treated with great respect 'this excellent critique,' but stated a case for the English poets against the Greek Rymer's classical prejudices made him view modern English poetry and drama with jaundiced eye Paradise Lost, 'which some are pleased to call a poem,' pleased him more, however, than Othello, 'a bloody farce without salt or savour' His own poems are inconsiderable-verses to the memory of Waller, a poem on Queen Mary's arrival, and a few amorous ditties

Sir William Temple (1628-99), diplomatist and essay-writer, was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, but was born in He studied at Cambridge under Cudworth as tutor, but being intended for public life, devoted his attention chiefly to French and Spanish, and at nineteen went abroad for some He had ere this fallen in love with Dorothy Osborne (1627-95), whose father, Sir Peter, a strong royalist, disliked the matchfor Temple's father sat in the Long Parlia-But the lovers were constant in their affection, and their seven years of separation gave occasion for Dorothy's delightful letters married her in 1655, lived in Ireland, and was returned to the Irish Parliament for Carlow in 1660 On his removal two years afterwards to England, the introductions which he carried to leading statesmen speedily procured him employment in the diplomatic service He was sent in 1665 on a secret mission to the Bishop of Munster, and on his return he was made a baronet and appointed English resident at the court of Brussels Temple's great diplomatic success was the negotiation at the Hague in 1668, with the Grand Pensionary De Witt, of the famous Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden, by which the ambition of Louis XIV was for a time He took part in the Coneffectually checked gress of Aix-la-Chapelle (1668), and as ambassador at the Hague, enjoyed for a year the intimacy of De Witt, and also of his strenuous opponent, the young Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. Recalled in 1669, he retired from of England public business to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, and there employed himself in literary occupations and gardening. In 1674, again ambassador to Holland, he contributed to bring about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Duke of York's eldest daughter, Mary (1677) Having finally returned to England in 1679, Temple refused the king's offer of a Secretaryship of State Charles used to hold anxious conferences with Temple on the means of extricating himself from the embarrassments created by a long course of misgovernment, and Sir William advised the appointment of a privy-council of thirty persons, in conformity with whose advice the king should always act. Temple, who was himself for a time one of an inner council of four (with Halifax, Essex, and Sunderland), soon became disgusted with the policy in vogue and the constant intrigues, and in 1681 finally retired from public life spent the remainder of his days chiefly at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey, so called by him after the other Moor Park, a seat of the Bedford family near Rickmansworth in Herts-'the sweetest place that I have seen in my life either before or since, at home or abroad.' He has left a description of the Herts garden in a famous essay, quoted below At Moor Park, Temple had for secretary and humble companion the famous-Jonathan Swift, who retained no very agreeable recollection of that period of dependence and There also resided one with whom Swift is indissolubly associated—Esther Johnson, immortalised as 'Stella,' the daughter of Temple's housekeeper

After the Revolution King William sometimes visited Temple and sought his advice about public affairs. Throughout his whole career his conduct was marked by a cautious regard for his personal comfort and reputation, which strongly disposed him to avoid risks of every kind, and to stand aloof from public business where special courage or decision was required, he seems to have had a lively consciousness that neither his abilities nor dispositions fitted him for vigorous action in stormy times, but as an adviser he was en-

lightened, safe, and sagacious. In character Sir William was estimable and decorous, his temper, naturally haughty, was generally kept in order, and among his foibles, vanity was the most prominent

The works of Sir William Temple consist chiefly of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest disquisition is Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands, composed during his first retirement at Sheen, and both this and his Essay on the Original and Nature of Government show his gift as an observer and describer Besides several political tracts, he wrote essays entitled Miscellanea (1680-92), which became famous, on Ancient and Modern Learning, on Gardening, Heroic Virtue, Poetry, Popular Discontents, Health and Long Life, and other miscellaneous



SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE
From the Picture by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery

subjects Though his philosophy was not very profound nor his intellectual power great, his Miscellanea contain many sound and acute observations, expressed in an easy and perspicuous style. Dr Johnson said 'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.' This is hardly fair to Ben Jonson, to Bishop Hall, Cowley, and Jeremy Taylor But even Dryden, Halifax, and Tillotson are hardly so modern as Temple, who may fairly rank as the forerunner of the eighteenth-century essayist. His Letters are many of them admirable The three following extracts are from the Miscellanea

English Gardening and the English Climate

But after so much ramble into ancient times and remote places, to return home and consider the present way and humour of our gardening in England, which seem to have grown into such vogue, and to have been so mightily improved in three or four and twenty years of his Majesty's reign, that perhaps few countries are before us, either in the elegance of our gardens, or in the number of our plants, and, I believe, none equals us in the variety of fruits, which may be justly called good, and from the earliest cherry and strawberry, to the last apples and pears, may furnish every day of the circling year For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, I may truly say that the French, who have eaten my peaches and grapes at Shene in no very ill year, have generally concluded that the last are as good as any they have eaten in France on this side Fountainbleau, and the first as good as any they have eat in Gascony. I mean those which come from the stone, and are properly called peaches, not those which are hard, and are termed pavies, for these cannot grow in too warm a climate, nor ever be good in a cold, and are better at Madrid than in Gascony itself. Italians have agreed my white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there, for in the latter kind and the blue we cannot come near the warm climates, no more than in the Frontignac or Muscat grape

My orange trees are as large as any I saw when I was young in France, except those of Fountainbleau, or what I have seen since in the Low Countries, except some very old ones of the Prince of Orange's, as laden with flowers as any can well be, as full of fruit as I suffer or desire them, and as well tasted as are commonly brought over, except the best sorts of Sevil and Portugal And thus much I could not but say, in defence of our climate, which is so much and so generally decried abroad, by those who never saw it, or, if they have been here, have yet perhaps seen no more of it than what belongs to inns, or to taverns and ordinaries, who accuse our country for their own defaults, and speak ill, not only of our gardens and houses, but of our humours, our breeding, our customs and manners of life, by what they have observed of the meaner and baser sort of mankind, and of company among us, because they wanted ' themselves perhaps either fortune or birth, either quality or merit, to introduce them among the good.

I must needs add one thing more in favour of our climate which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England that loved and esteemed his own country, 'twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France. He said he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year and the most hours of the day, and this he thought he could be in England more than in any country he knew of in Europe And I believe it true, not only of the hot and the cold, but even among our neighbours of France and the Low Countries themselves, where the heats or the colds and changes of the seasons are less treatable than they are with us

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to produce excellent fruits, and the default of it is only the short seasons of our heats or summers, by which many of the

later are left behind and imperfect with us. But all such as are ripe before the end of August are, for aught I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England to be the compass of ten miles about London, where the accidental warmth of air from the fires and steams of so wast a town, makes fruits as well as corn a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks in other countries very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland, as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer, nor, indeed, is it to be found but in the finest of our soils

Moor Park Garden.

The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertford shire, when I knew it about thirty years ago made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne, and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost, but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our And whether the greatest of mortal men governments should attempt the forcing of nature may best be judged, by observing how seldom God Almighty does it himself, by so few, true, and undisputed intracles as we see or For my own part, I know not hear of in the world three wiser precepts for the conduct either of princes or private men, than

----Servare modum, finemque tueri, Naturamque segui

Because I take the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the figure and disposition, that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expence It has on the side of a hill (upon which the house stands), but not very steep The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, hes upon the breadth of the garden, the great parlour opens into the middle of a terris gravel walk that his even with it, and which may be, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion, the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange trees out of flower and fruit from this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large patterre is divided into quarters by gravel walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters, at the end of the terris walk are two summer houses, and the sides of the parterre are runged with two large cloisters, open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer houses even with the closters, which are paved with stone, and designed for 18

walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terrasses covered with lead, and fenced with balusters, and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer houses, at the end of the first terras walk. The cloister freing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles, or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been east for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now

From the middle of the parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them (covered with lead, and flat) into the lower, garden, which is all fruit trees ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shidy, the walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell-rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens, but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock work and fountains

This was Moor Park, when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad, what it is now; I can give little account, having passed through several hands that have made great changes in gardens as well as houses, but the remembrance of what it was is too pleasant ever to forget, and therefore I do not believe to have mistaken the figure of it, which may serve for a pattern to the best gardens of our manner, and that are most proper for our country and climate.

On Poetry

But to spin off this thread, which is already grown too long what honour and request the ancient poetry has lived in, may not only be observed from the universal reception and use in all nations from China to Peru, from Scythia to Arabia, but from the esteem of the best and the greatest men as well as the vulgar. Among the Hebrews, David and Solomon, the wisest kings, Job and Jeremiah, the holiest men, were the best poets of their nation and language Among the Greeks, the two most renowned sages and lawgivers were Lyeurgus and Solon, whereof the last is known to have excelled in poetry, and the first was so great a lover of it, that to his care and industry we are said (by some authors) to owe the collection and preservation of the loose and scattered pieces of Homer in the order wherein they have since appeared. Alexander is reported neither to have travelled nor slept without those admirable poems, thusys in his company. Phalaris, that was inexorable to all other enemies, relented at the charms of Stesichorus his muse. Among the Romans, the last and great Scipio passed the soft hours of his life in the conversation of Terence, and was thought to have a part in the composition of his comedies. Clesar was an excellent poet as well as orator, and composed a poem in his voyage from Rome to Spain, relieving the tedious difficulties of his march with the entertainments of his muse was not only a patron, but a friend and companion of Virgil and Horace, and was lumself both an admirer of poetry and a pretender too, as far as his gennes would reach, or his busy seem allow. His true, since he age we have few such examples of great princes favouring

or affecting poetry, and as few perhaps of great poets deserving it Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours or noise of their perpetual wars frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it, certain it is that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common They still find room in the courts of time and life princes and the cottages of shepherds They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturba tions of the greatest and the busiest men these effects are of equal use to human life, for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales, and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would I think do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into ques tion it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though no body hurts them!

When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over

Temple's Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning gave occasion to a very celebrated literary controversy The question was raised by a work of Charles Perrault (immortal as the author of 'Puss in Boots,' 'Cinderella,' and 'Blue Beard') in which, with the view of flattering the pride of the Grand Monarque, it was affirmed that the writers of antiquity had been excelled by those of modern times Boileau strenuously opposed the doctrine, and in behalf of the ancients Sir William also took the field According to Perrault, 'we must have more knowledge than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own, as a dwarf standing upon a grant's shoulders sees more and further than he,' the ancients are really the young of the earth, and we are the true ancients replies that the ancients derived vast stores of knowledge from their predecessors—the Chinese, Indians, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, and Jews, and thence, no doubt, Orpheus, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, and Plato drew their stores. Temple, whose scholarship was inadequate (he knew no Greek, and the essay was rather a 1est d'esprit than a critical performance), absurdly assumed as facts the veriest fables-as about Orpheus, asking triumphantly, 'What are become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and their very natures changed, by which the passions of men were raised to the greatest height and violence, and then as suddenly appeared, so that they might be justly said to be turned into lions or lambs, into wolves or into harts, by the powers and charms of this admirable art?' The more ancient sages of Greece were greater men than Hippocrates, Plato, and Xenophon 'There is nothing new in astronomy, he says, 'to vie with the ancients, unless it be the Copernican system, nor in physic unless Harvey's circulation of the blood'! But it is disputed whether these discoveries are not derived from ancient fountains, in any case they have 'made no change in the conclusions of astronomy nor in the practice of physic, and so have been of little use to the world, though perhaps of much honour to the authors'(1) In comparing 'the great wits among the moderns' with the authors of antiquity, he mentions no Englishmen except Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden, leaving Shakespeare and Milton altogether out of view After Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he 'knows none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording' Descartes and Hobbes are 'the only new philosophers that have, made entries upon the noble stage of the sciences for fifteen hundred years past.' But Temple's most unlucky blunder was his adducing the Greek Epistles of Phalaris to prove that 'the oldest books we have are still in their kind the best,' these Epistles 'I think to have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have seen, either ancient or modern' In fairness to Temple, however, it must be added that in the essay on Poetry, published in the same volume, he shows a much more adequate knowledge and appreciation of the moderns, extolling 'the matchless writer of Don Quixote,' and asserting that the English drama, in its development under Shakespeare and his successors, had 'in some kind excelled both the ancient and the modern? achievements in that line. Temple's Essay led to the appearance of a new edition of the Epistles by Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, and so Boyle got into a quarrel with the great critic Bentley Bentley demonstrated the Epistles to be a forgery, spoke irreverently of Temple, and in his immortal dissertation (1699) overwhelmed Boyle, Aldrich, Atterbury, and other Christ Church doctors with ridicule Swift came into the field on behalf of his patron with his famous Battle of the Books, and to the end of

his life spoke of Bentley with contempt. Many other contemporaries also engaged in the fray, critical opinion being all on one side, though good wit and satire were squandered on the other—and not wholly in vain, for the uncritical view continued to assert itself from time to time. To one of Bentley's allics Temple wrote a reply, which might partly have suggested Swift's account, in Gulliver's Travels, of experimental researches of the projectors at Lagado.

What has been produced for the use, benefit, or pleasure of mankind, by all the airy speculations of those who have passed for the great advancers of knowledge and learning these last fifty years (which is the date of our modern pretenders), I confess I am yet to seek, and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences on foot in this age, and the progress they are like to make in the next, as the universal medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it, the philosopher's stone, which will be found out by men that care not for riches, the transfusion of young blood into old men's yeins, which will make them as gimesome as the lambs from which 'tis to be derived, an universal language, which may serve all men's turn when they have forgot their own, the knowledge of one unother's thoughts with out the grievous trouble of speaking, the art of flying, till a min happens to fall down and break his neck, double bottomed ships, whereof none can ever be cast away besides the first that was made, the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will come to be sold, and very cheap, in the apothecaries' shops, discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon, to be made as frequently as between York and London which such poor mortals as I am think as wild as those of Anosto, but without half so much wit or so much instruction, for there these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in phials with those of Orlando

The following is part of one of Dorothy Osborne's letters to her betrothed, written from her father's house of Chicksands, in Bedfordshire, in 1653

You ask me how I pass my time here I can give you a perfect account not only of what I do for the present, but of what I am likely to do this seven years if I stay here so long. I rise in the morning reasonably early, and before I am ready I go round the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows too hot for me About ten o'clock I think of making me ready, and when that's done I go into my father's chamber, from whence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room, and at a table that would hold a great many more After dinner we sit and talk till Mr B comes in question, and then I am gone The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that hes hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there, but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so Most commonly, when we are in the midst of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I, that am not so nimble, stay behind, and when I see them driving home their cattle, I think 'tis time for me to return too When I have supped, I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, when I sit down and wish you were with me (you had best say this is not kind In earnest, 'tis a pleasant place, and would be much more so to me if I had your company I sit there sometimes till I am lost with tlunking, and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of our fortunes that will not let me sleep there, I should forget that there were such a thing to be done as going to bed

Since I writ this my company is increased by two, my brother Harry and a fair niece, the eldest of my brother Peyton's children She is so much a woman that I am almost ashamed to say I am her aunt, and so pretty, that, if I had any design to gain of servants, I should not like her company, but I have none, and therefore shall endeavour to keep her here as long as I can persuade her father to spare her, for she will easily consent to it, having so much of my humour (though it be the worst thing in her) as to like a melancholy place and little company My brother John is not come down again, nor am I certain when he will be here. He went from London into Gloucestershire to my sister who was very ill, and his youngest girl, of which he was very fond, is since dead. But I believe by that time his wife has a little recovered her sickness and loss of her child, he will he coming this way. My father is reasonably well, but keeps his chamber still, and will hardly, I am afraid, ever be so perfectly recovered as to come abroad again

Temple's collected works fill 4 vols. (1814). See, besides the older Lives by Boyard, Swift, and Temple's sister, Lady Giff'ird, the elaborate Memoirs by T. P. Courtenay (1836), Macaulay's brilliant Essay thereon, and E. A. Parry's admirable edition of seventy-one of Dorothy Osborne's Letters (1888). The best of all criticisms of Temple as an essayist is Charles Lamb's essay on 'The Genteel Style in Writing

The Marquis of Halifax (George Savile, 1633-95) was distinguished as statesman, orator, and political writer. In the contests between the Crown and the Parliament after the restoration of Charles II he was alternately in high favour with both parties as he supported or opposed the measures of each. He opposed the Test Bill in 1675, as a keen critic of the Cabal he secured the king's dislike, but after 1678 became the chicfest favourite at court. To popery he was unfergredly hostile, and he disliked the Duke of York as the representative of French in fluence and Catholic hopes, yet it was his skill and power in debate that did most to defeat the bill excluding the Duke from the succession to the throne. For this he was elevated to the dignity of marquis, Keeper, of the Privy Seal, and President of the Council. He retained his offices till his opposition to the proposed repeal of the Test and Habeas Corpus Acts caused his After the night of James, Halifax was

chosen Speaker of the peers in the convention, and obtained his old office of Privy Seal, but he again lost favour, and joined the ranks of the Opposition He was a Trimmer, as Lord Macaulay says, from principle, as well as from constitution faction in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph incurred his censure, and every faction when vanquished and persecuted found in him a protector,' and according to the same authority, the Revolution 'bears the character of the great and cautious mind of Halifax.' He figures (favourably) as Jotham in Absalom and Achitophel political and miscellaneous tracts deserve to be studied for their political insight and literary merit, and entitle him to a place among English classics They consist of short treatises, including Advice to a Daughter, The Character of a Trimmer, Anatomy of an Equivalent, Maxims of State, and Letter to a Dissenter Mackintosh said (hyperbolically) that the Letter to a Dissenter was the finest political tract ever written The modern character of Halifax's style is no less remarkable than his logic and happy illustration He ranks as one of the founders of modern English prose, and in his best passages matches the true eloquence of Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor The Character of a Trimmer (1685), interpreting the word in a good sense, was meant to advise Charles II to throw off the influence of his brother The Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea, not published till 1701, fully recognises the importance to England of the sea and of her navy, and contains the sentence 'To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this world? there is no answer but this Look to your moat.' Amongst his Maxims of State are 'He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place,' and 'Men love to see themselves in the false lookingglass of other men's failings' It was Halifax who said that Rochester, when appointed to the post of Lord President, 'had been kicked upstairs' His first wife was a daughter of Waller's 'Sacharissa,' his daughter was the mother of the famous Earl of Chesterfield. Henry Carey, the poet-musician, was a natural son of Halifax

Miss Forcroft has no doubt that the Character of a Trimmer was a retort to a denunciation by L'Estrange (see page 741), in the Observator in December 1684, of 'the humour of a trimmer,' as L'Estrange's burst was a reply to a pamphlet called The Observator proved a Trimmer L'Estrange rails at a Trimmer as 'a hundred thousand things,' as 'a man of latitude as well in politiques as divinity,' as 'one that for the ease of travellers towards the New Jerusalem proposes the cutting of the broad way and the narrow both into one,' and so on, in a vehement paragraph As L'Estrange was licenser of the press, Halifax must have made up his mind beforehand to circulate his pamphlet It was presumably written in December 1684 or January 1685, and was not published till some time in 1688

The following are extracts (the first being the preface, the last the conclusion) from

'The Character of a Trimmer'

It must be more than an ordinary provocation that can tempt a man to write in an age overrun with scribblers as Egypt was with flies and locusts. That worse vermin of small authors hath given the world such a surfeit that, instead of desiring to write, a man would be inclined to wish, for his own ease, that he could not read, but there are some things that do so raise our passions that our reason can make no resistance, and when madmen in the two extremes shall agree to make common sense treason, and join to fix an ill character on the only men in a nation who deserve a good one, I am no longer master of my better resolutions to let the world alone, and must break loose from my more reasonable thoughts to expose those false coiners who would make their copper words pass upon us for good payment.

Amongst all the engines of dissension there hath been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach reason is plain in respect of the people, who, though generally they are uncapable of making a syllogism or forming an argument, yet they can pronounce a word, and that serveth their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like. Such things ever begin in jest, and end in blood, and the same word which at first maketh the company merry, groweth in time to a military signal to cut one another's These mistakes are to be lamented, though not easily to be cured, being suitable enough to the corrupted nature of mankind, but it is hard that men will not only invent ill names, but they will wrest and misinterpret good ones. So afraid some are even of a reconciling sound that they raise another noise to keep it from being heard, lest it should set up and encourage a dangerous sort of men, who prefer peace and agreement before violence and confusion. Were it not for this, why, after we have played the fool with throwing Whig and Tory one at another as boys do snowballs, do we grow angry at a new name which by its true signification might do as much to put us into our wits as the others have done to put us out of them?

This innocent word 'Trimmer' signifieth no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down of one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary, it happeneth there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers. Now, it is hard to imagine by what figure in language, or by what rule in sense, this cometh to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy But it so happeneth that the poor Trimmer hath now all the powder spent upon him alone, whilst the Whig is a forgotten or at least a neglected There is no danger now to the state (if some men may be believed) but from the beast called a Take heed of him he is the instrument Trimmer that must destroy Church and State—a strange kind of monster whose deformity is so exposed that, were it a true picture that is made of him, it would be enough to fright children and make women miscarry at the first sight of it. But it may be worth examining whether he is such a beast as he is painted I am not of that opinion, and am so far from thinking him an infidel either in Church or

State that I am neither afraid to expose the articles of his faith in relation to government, nor to say I prefer them before any other political creed that either our angry divines or our refined statesmen would impose upon us I have therefore in the following discourse endeavoured to explain the Trimmer's principles and opinions, and then leave it to all discerning and impartial judges whether he can with justice be so arraigned, and whether those who deliberately pervert a good name do not very justly deserve the worst that can be put upon themselves.

Political Agitation not always Hurtful.

Our government is like our climate There are winds which are sometimes loud and unquiet, and yet with all the trouble they give us, we owe great part of our health They clear the air, which else would be like a standing pool, and instead of a refreshment would be a disease to us There may be fresh gales of asserted liberty without turning into such storms of hurricane as that the state should run any hazard of being cast away Those strugglings which are natural to all by them mixed governments, while they are kept from growing into convulsions, do by a natural agitation of the several parts rather support and strengthen than weaken or main the constitution, and the whole frame, instead of being torn or disjointed, cometh to be the better and closer knit by being thus exercised

Truth and Moderation.

Our Frimmer adoreth the goddess Truth, though in all ages she has been scurvily used, as well as those She showeth her greatness in that worshipped her this, that her enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it, nothing but powerful truth hath the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victory, but in spite of it, and to put conquest itself out of countenance She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remaineth with her, even when she is in chains. False hood with all her impudence hath not chough to speak Such majesty she carrieth about ill of her before her face her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason, all the power upon the earth can never extinguish her, she hath lived in all ages, and, let the mistaken zeal of prevailing authority christen an opposition to it with what name they please, she makes it not only an ugly and unmannerly but a dangerous thing to persist. She has lived very retiredly indeed, may some times so buried that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her, with all that, she hath eternity in her, she knoweth not how to die. and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaketh from time to time with triumph for her friends and terror to her enemies

Our Trimmer, therefore, inspired by this divine virtue, thinks fit to conclude with these assertions. That our climate is a trimmer between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen that our church is a trimmer between the frenzy of function visions and the lethargic ignorance of popish dreams that our laws are trimmers, between the excess of unbounded power and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained that true virtue liath ever been thought a trimmer, and to have its dwelling between the two extremes that even God Almighty himself is divided between his two great attributes, his mercy and justice. In such company, our Trimmer is

not ashained of his name, and willingly leaveth to the bold champions of either extreme the honour of contending with no less adversaries than nature, religion, liberty, prudence, humanity, and common sense

The works of Halifax were for the first time collected, revised, and edited along with his Letters and a Life by Miss H C. Foxcroft in 1898.

Isaac Barrow (1630-77) was the son of a London linen draper At the Charterhouse he was more distinguished for pugnacity than for application to his books, but at Felstead, in Essex, his next school, he greatly improved He studied for the Church at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was elected a fellow in 1649 Perceiving that under the Commonwealth the ascendency of alien theological and political opinions gave him little chance of preferment, he turned to medicine, anatomy, botany, and chemistry, but ere long he returned to theology, with mathematics and astronomy In 1655, disappointed in his hopes of the Greek professorship at Cambridge, he went abroad for four years, visiting France, Italy, Smyrna, Constantinople, Venice, Germany, and On his outward voyage he fought Holland bravely in a brush with Algerine corsairs, at the Turkish capital, where he spent twelve months, he studied with great delight the works of St Chrysostom, originally written in Constanti-He returned to England in 1659, and in the following year obtained the Greek chair without opposition, and in 1662 he was further made Professor of Geometry at Gresham College in Both these appointments he resigned in 1663, on becoming Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge After lecturing for six years, and publishing a profound work on Optics, he resolved to devote himself to theology, and in 1669 resigned his chair to Newton He was appointed one of the royal chaplains, in 1672 he was nominated to the mastership of Trinity College by the king, and for the two years before his death he was vice chancellor of the university, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey candour, modesty, disinterestedness, and serenity of temper were conspicuous, his manners and aspect were more those of a student than of a man of the world, and he was oddly heedless about dress

Of his great powers as a mathematician Barrow left evidence in a series of treatises, nearly all in Latin, though afterwards translated, and he wrote Latin verses. But it is by his theological works that he is generally known—expositions of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments, treatises on the Pope's Supremacy and the Unity of the Church, and sermons prized for depth and copiousness of thought, and nervous though unpolished eloquence Less academic, more modern and popular than South, Barrow was rather fond of antitheses and rhetorical interrogations, and occasionally permitted himself a very homely vernacular word or a

fantastic coinage from Latin He transcribed his sermons three or four times, they seldom occupied less than an hour and a half in delivery. At a charity sermon before the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, he spoke for three hours and a half, and when asked, on coming down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, he replied, 'Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long'

Of Apparitions

I may adjoin to the former sorts of extraordinary actions, some other sorts, the consideration of which (although not so directly and immediately) may serve our main design, those (which the general opinion of



ISAAC BARROW

From the Portrait by Claude Le Fevre in the National Portrait Gallery

mankind hath approved, and manifold testimony hath declared frequently to happen) which concern appari tions from another world, as it were, of beings unusual. concerning spirits haunting persons and places (these discerned by all senses, and by divers kinds of effects), of which the old world (the ancient poets and historians) did speak so much, and of which all ages have afforded several attestations very direct and plain, and having all advantages imaginable to beget credence, concerning visions made unto persons of especial eminency and influence (to priests and prophets), concerning presigni fications of future events by dreams, concerning the power of enchantments, implying the co operation of invisible powers, concerning all sorts of intercourse and confederacy (formal or virtual) with bad spirits which things he that shall affirm to be mere fiction and delusion, must thereby with exceeding immodesty and rudeness charge the world with extreme both vanity and malignity, many, if not all, worthy historians, of much inconsiderateness or fraud, most lawgivers, of great silliness and rashness, most judicatories, of high stupidity or cruelty, a vast number of witnesses, of the greatest malice or madness, all which have concurred to assert these matters of fact

It is true no question but there have been many vain pretences, many false reports, many unjust accusa tions, and some undue decisions concerning these matters, that the vulgar sort is apt enough to be abused about them, that even intelligent and considerate men may at a distance in regard to some of them be imposed upon, but, as there would be no false gems obtruded, if there were no true ones found in nature, as no counterfeit coin would appear, were there no true one current, so neither can we well suppose that a con fidence in some to feign or a readiness in most to believe stories of this kind could arise or should subsist without some real ground, or without such things having in gross somewhat of truth and reality However, that the wiser and more refined sort of men, highest in parts and improvements both from study and experience (indeed the flower of every commonwealth, statesmen, lawgivers, judges, and priests), upon so many occasions of great importance, after most deliberate scanning such pretences and reports, should so often suffer themselves to be deluded, to the extreme injury of particular persons concerned, to the common abusing of mankind, to the hazard of their own reputation in point of wisdom and honesty, seems nowise reasonable to conceive. In like lihood rather the whole kind of all these things, were it altogether vain and groundless, would upon so frequent and so mature discussions have appeared to be so, and would consequently long since have been disowned, exploded, and thrust out of the world, for as upon this occasion it is said in Tully, Time wipeth out groundless concerts, but confirms that which is founded in nature and real.

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From the Portrait by Claude Le Fevre in the National Portrait Gallery ISAAC BARROW

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Of Apparitions

I may adjoin to the former sorts of extraordinary actions, some other sorts, the consideration of which (although not so directly and immediately) may serve our main design, those (which the general opinion of



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Men indeed, who affix themselves to things which their sense offers, may be indisposed to abstract their minds from such things, may be unapt to frame con ceptions about any other sort of things, but to think there can be no other things than such as we see and feel, that nothing endued with other properties than such as these objected to our sense have can exist, implies a great dulness of apprehension, a greater shortness of reason and judgment, it is much like the simplicity of a rustic, who, because he never was above three miles from home, cannot imagine the world to reach ten miles farther, and will look upon all that is told him concerning things more distant to be false, and forged to abuse him I add that these men's incredulity is hence more inexcusable, bu cause the possibility of such a being's existence, the compatibility and concurrence of such properties in one thing, is (as we otherwhere have largely shewed) by a very plain instance declared, even by that being within every man, which in a degree partakes of all those properties

I shall leave this head of discourse, with this one remark', that they are much mistaken who place a kind of wisdom in being very incredulous, and unwilling to assent to any testimony, how full and clear soever for this indeed is not wisdom, but the worst kind of folly. It is folly, because it causes ignorance and mistake, with all the consequents of these, and it is very bad, as being accompanied with disingenuity, obstinacy, rudeness, uncharitableness, and the like bad dispositions. from which credulty itself, the other extreme sort of Compare we, I say, these two sorts of folly, is exempt fools, the credulous fool, who yields his assent hastily upon any slight ground, and the suspicious fool, who never will be stirred by any the strongest reason or clearest testimony, we shall find the latter in most respects the worst of the two, that his folly arises from worse causes, hath worse adjuncts, produceth worse -effects Credulity may spring from an airy complexion, or from a modest opinion of one's self, suspiciousness hath its birth from an earthy temper of body, or from self conceit in the mind that carries with it being civil and affable, and apt to correct an error, with this a man is intractable, unwilling to hear, stiff and incorrigible in his ignorance or mistake that begets speed and alacrity in action, this renders a man heavy and dumpish, slow and tedious in his resolutions and in his proceedings both include want of judgment, but this pretending to more thereof, becomes thereby more dangerous Forward rashness, which is the same with that, may sometimes, like an acute disease, undo a man sooner, but stupid dotage, little differing from this, is (like a chronical distemper) commonly more mischievous, and always more hard to cure. In fine. were men in their other affairs or in ordinary converse so diffident to plain testimony as some do seem to be in these matters concerning religion, they would soon feel great inconveniences to proceed thence, their business would stick, their conversation would be dis tasteful, they would be much more offensive, and no less ridiculous than the most credulous fool in the world While men therefore so perversely distrustful affect to seem wise, they affect really to be fools, and practise according to the worst sort of folly

(From Sermon, 'The Being of God proved from Supernatural Effects.)

What kind of Jesting Paul forbids

But however manifest it is that some kind thereof he doth earnestly forbid whence, in order to the guidance of our practice, it is needful to distinguish the kinds, severing that which is allowable from that which is unlawful, that so we may be satisfied in the case, and not on the one hand ignorantly transgress our duty, nor on the other trouble ourselves with scruples, others with censures, upon the use of warrantable liberty therein

And such a resolution seemeth indeed especially need ful in this our age (this pleasant and jocular age), which is so infinitely addicted to, this sort of speaking, that it scarce doth affect or prize any thing near so much, all reputation appearing now to veil and stoop to that of being a wit to be learned, to be wise, to be good, are nothing in comparison thereto, even to be noble and rich are inferior things, and afford no such glory Many at. least, to purchase this glory, to be deemed considerable in this faculty, and enrolled among the wits, do not only make shipwreck of conscience, abandon virtue, and forfeit all pretences to wisdom, but neglect their estates and prostitute their honour so to the private damage of many particular persons, and with no small prejudice to the public, are our times possessed and transported with this humour. To repress the excess and extravagance whereof, nothing in way of discourse can serve better than a plain declaration when and how such a practice is allowable or tolerable, when it is wicked and vain, unworthy of a man endued with reason, and pretending to honesty or honour

This I shall in some measure endeavour to perform

But first it may be demanded what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, It is that which we all see and know any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him by description It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it scemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable appli cation of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale sometimes it-playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyper bole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it, some times an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how Its ways are unaccountable and mexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is in short a

manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expres sion doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto It raiseth admirațion, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable, a notable skill, that he can dexter ously accommodate them to the purpose before him, together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination (Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed επιδέξιοι, dexterous men, and εὔτροποι, men of facile or versatile manners. who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves) It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty (as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity, as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure), by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts, by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit, by provoking to such dis positions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance, and by seasoning matters otherwise distasteful or insipid with an unusual and thence grateful tang

(From Sermon 'Against Foolish Talking and Jesting ')

There is an edition of Barrow's Theological Works by Napier with a Memoir by Whewell (9 vols 1859).

Robert South, D D (1634-1716), the wittiest of English divines, was born a London merchant's son at Hackney, educated for four years under Busby at Westminster, and elected student of Christ Church, together with Locke, in 1651 Three years later he took his bachelor's degree, and wrote a Latin copy of verses congratulating the Protector Cromwell on his peace with the In 1658 he received orders from a deprived bishop, and was appointed in 1660 public orator to the university During his tenure of this office occurred many striking occasions for his eloquence—the installation of Clarendon as chancellor in 1661, the burial of Juxon and the translation of Laud in July 1663, the visit of the king and queen, and the presentation of Monmouth for a degree, in September 1663, the foundation of the Sheldonian Theatre in 1664, and its formal opening in 1669 His vigorous sermons, full of sarcastic mockery of the Puritans, were delightful to the restored royalists He became domestic chaplain to Clarendon, and further preferment followed quickly In 1663 he was made prebendary of Westminster, canon of Christ Church in 1670, and rector of Islip in Oxfordshire in 1678 went as chaplain with Clarendon's son, Laurence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, on his embassy to congratulate John Sobieski on mounting the throne of Poland (1677), and in December wrote from Danzig his impressions in the long and interesting Account sent to Pocock, the Oxford professor of Hebrew It is supposed that South might have been a bishop if he would, and there is one story on record of his preaching !

in 1681 before the king on 'The lot is cast into Speaking of the strange the lap' (Prov vvi 33) accidents of fortune, he said, 'And who, that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament-house with a threadbare, torn cloak and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?' At these words the king fell into a violent fit of laughter, and turning to Lord Rochester, said, 'Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next death' Unfortunately for the story, this sermon—one of those published by South himself-is inscribed as 'Preached at Westminster Abbey, February 22, 1684-85,' a fortnight after Charles's death South suppressed his disapproval of James II's Declaration of Indulgence, 'acquiesced in' the Revolution, but blazed out with anger against the proposed scheme of Comprehension In 1693 began his great controversy with Sherlock, Dean of St Paul's, who, in defending the Trinity against the Socinians, had used language capable of a heterodox inter-South flung his Animadversions anonymously into the fray, but the bitter irony and fierce sarcasms quickly betrayed his hand Not content with demolishing Sherlock's learning, he abused his style, his orthography, the errors of the press, and even descended so low as to sneer at him as a henpecked husband 'Sherlock published a Defence, to which South rejoined, and still anonymously, in his no less vigorous Tntheism charged upon Dr Sherlock's new notion of the Trinity The controversy became the talk of the town, until the king himself interposed by an injunction addressed to the archbishops and bishops to the effect that no preacher should advance views on the Trinity other than those contained in Scripture, and agreeable to the three Creeds and the Thirty-nine Articles One of the last things recorded of South is his activity in making interest on Dr Sacheverell's behalf, and he is said to have refused the see of Rochester and deanery of Westminster on the death of Dr Sprat (1713) He survived till eighty-three, and was buried in Westminster

South's sermons are masterpieces of clear thought expressed in direct, vigorous English, sometimes rising to splendid eloquence, and often seasoned with a wit and sarcasm altogether unusual in the pulpit, and at times far beyond the limits of propriety. A masculine intellect, a mastery of arrangement and analysis, and an uncompromising strength of conviction and of confidence in his own opinions were qualities enough to make a great preacher, but the one supreme gift of the orator, that of genuine and quickening enthusiasm, was denied him. Still

more, even his noblest passages are too often marred by a bitterness and party-spirit which warped his judgment and clouded his intellect with prejudice 'A learned but ill-natured divine,' as Burnet calls him, he abhorred all mysticism and extravagance, sneered at the new philosophy and the recently founded Royal Society, and carried to a height unusual even among royalists the fatal Stuart theorics of passive obedience and the Still, though South loved divine right of kings to be called the 'preacher of the Old Cavaliers,' he did not spare their vices, while it still remains true that hatred of vice is far less prominent in his preaching than hatred of Nonconformity South could rise to the height of a great argument, and such sermons as that on 'Man made in the Image of God' give him rank among the greatest masters of English pulpit eloquence Just as on the one side his power of wrapping up in homely words the bitterest ridicule and invective recalls the stronger hand of Swift, so on the other his positiveness of mind, dialectic skill, and power of passionate indignation remind us of the greater The extracts that follow are all, except the first, from the Sermons

John Sobieski

This king is a very well spoken prince, very easy of access, and extreme civil, having most of the qualities requisite to form a complete gentleman He is not only well versed in all military affairs, but likewise, through the means of a French education, very opulently stored with all polite and scholastical learning. Besides his own tongue, the Sclavonian, he understands the Latin, French, Italian, German, and Furkish languages delights much in natural history, and in all the parts of physic, he is wont to reprimand the clergy for not admitting the modern philosophy, such as Le Grand's and Cartesius's, into the universities and schools, and loves to hear people discourse of those matters, and has a particular talent to set people about him very artfully by the ears, that by their disputes he might be directed, as it happened once or twice during this embassy, where he shewed a poignancy of wit on the subject of a dis pute held between the Bishop of Posen and Father de la Motte, a Jesuit and his Majesty's confessor, that gave me an extraordinary opinion of his parts

As for what relates to his Majesty's person, he is a tall and corpulent prince, large faced, and full eyes, and goes always in the same dress with his subjects, with his hair cut round about his ears like a monk, and wears a fur cap, but extraordinary rich with diamonds and jewels, large whiskers, and no neckeloth. A long robe hangs down to his heels, in the fashion of a coat, and a wristcoat under that, of the same length, tied close about his waist with a girdle. He never wears any gloves, and this long coat is of strong scarlet cloth, lined in the winter with rich fur, but in summer only with silk stead of shoes, he always wears, both abroad and at home, Turkey leather boots with very thin soles, and hollow deep heels, made of a blade of silver bent hoop wise into the form of a half moon. He carries always a large cometar by his side, the sheath equally flat and broad from the handle to the bottom, and curiously set with diamonds (From the Account)

The Will for the Deed.

The third instance in which men used to plead the will instead of the deed, shall be in duties of cost and expense Let a business of expensive charity be proposed; and then, as I shewed before, that, in matters of labour, the lazy person could find no hands wherewith to work, so neither in this case can the religious miser find any hands wherewith to give. It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing at all to give who at the very same instant want nothing to spend So that instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently let the danger of their prince and country knock at their purses, and call upon them to contribute against a public enemy or calamity, then immediately they have nothing, and their riches upon such occasions—as Solomon ex presses it-never fail to make themselves wings, and to fly away

To descend to matters of daily and common occurrence, what is more usual in conversation than for men to express their unwillingness to do a thing by saying they cannot do it, and for a covetous man, being asked a little money in charity, to answer that he has none? Which, as it is, if true, a sufficient answer to God and man, so, if false, it is intolerable hypocrisy towards both. But do men in good earnest think that God will be put off so? or can they imagine that the law of God will be baffled with a lie clothed in a scoff?

For such pretences are no better, as appears from that notable account given us by the apostle of this windy, insignificant charity of the will, and of the worthlessness of it, not enlivened by deeds (James, ii 15, 16) 'If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?' Profit, does he say? Why, it profits just as much as fair words command the market, as good wishes buy food and raiment, and pass for current payment in Come to an old rich professing vulpony [volpone, fox], and tell him that there is a church to be built, beautified, or endowed in such a place, and that he cannot lay out his money more to God's honour, the public good, and the comfort of his own conscience, than to bestow it liberally upon such an occasion, and in answer to this it is ten to one but you shall be told, 'how much God is for the in ward, spiritual worship of the heart, and that the Almighty neither dwells nor delights in temples made with hands, but hears and accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, and in the homeliest and meanest cottages, as well as in the stateliest and most magnificent churches.' Thus I say you are like to be answered In reply to which, I would have all such sly sanctified cheats-who are so often harping on this string-know once for all that that God, who accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, when, by his afflicting providence, he has driven them from the appointed places of his solemn worship, so that they cannot have the use of them, will not for all this endure to be served or prayed to by them in such places, nor accept of their barn worship, nor

their hog sty worship, no, nor yet of their parlour or their chamber worship, where he has given them both wealth and power to build churches For he that com mands us to worship him in the spirit, commands us also to honour him with our substance. And never pretend that thou hast an heart to pray while thou hast no heart to give, since he that serves Mammon with his estate cannot possibly serve God with his heart. For as in the heathen worship of God a sacrifice without an heart was accounted ominous, so, in the Christian worship of him, an heart without a sacrifice is worthless and impertment. And thus much for men's pretences of the will when they are called upon to give upon a religious account, according to which, a man may be well enough said—as the common word is—to be all heart, and yet the arrantest miser in the world

But come we now to this rich old pretender to godli ness in another case, and tell him that there is such an



ROBERT SOUTH
From the Portrait in the Collect Biography

one, a man of good family, good education, and who has lost all his estate for the king, now ready to rot in prison for debt, come, what will you give towards his release? Why, then answers the will instead of the deed as much the readier speaker of the two 'The truth is, I always had a respect for such men, I love them with all my heart, and it is a thousand pities that any that had served the king so faithfully should be in such want ' So say I too, and the more shame is it for the whole nation that they should be so But still, what will you give? Why, then answers the man of mouth charity again, and tells you that 'you could not come in a worse time, that money is nowadays very scarce with him, and that therefore he can give nothing, but he will be sure to pray for the poor gentleman.' Ah, thou hypocrite! when thy brother has lost all that ever he had, and lies languishing and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think thus to lick him whole again only with thy tongue? Just like that old formal hocus who denied a beggar a farthing, and put him off with his blessing

Ingratitude an Incurable Vice

As a man tolerably discreet ought by no means to attempt the making of such an one his friend, so neither is he, in the next place, to presume to think that he shall be able so much as to alter or meliorate the humour of an ungrateful person by any acts of kindness, though never so frequent, never so obliging Philosophy will teach the learned, and experience may teach all, that it is a thing hardly feasible. For, love such a one, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and as occasion serves he shall revile you. Give to him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life, but, when you have done, look to your own

The greatest favours to such an one are but like the motion of a ship upon the waves, they leave no trace, no sign behind them, they neither soften nor win upon him, they neither melt nor endear him, but leave him as hard, as rugged, and as unconcerned as ever kindnesses descend upon such a temper as showers of rain or rivers of fresh water falling into the main sea, the sea swallows them all, but is not at all changed or sweetened by them I may truly say of the mind of an ungrateful person that it is kindness proof. It is impenetrable, unconquerable, unconquerable by that which conquers all things else, even by love itself Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrate ful heart cannot, no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame. After all your attempts, all your experiments, for anything that man can do, he that is ungrate ful will be ungrateful still. And the reason is manifest, for you may remember that I told you that ingratitude sprang from a principle of ill nature which being a thing founded in such a certain constitution of blood and spirit, as, being born with a man into the world, and upon that account called nature, shall prevent all remedies that can be applied by education, and leaves such a bias upon the mind as is beforehand with all instruction

So that you shall seldom or never meet with an ungrateful person but, if you look backward and trace him up to his original, you will find that he was born so, and if you could look forward enough, it is a thousand to one but you will find that he also dies so, for you shall never light upon an ill natured man who was not also an ill natured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by anything but death not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world, and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom fails but an ill principle has its course, and nature makes good its blow

Man before the Fall.

The noblest faculty of man, the understanding, was before the Fall sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty, all the passions wore the colours of reason, it did not so much persuade as command, it was not consul but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition, it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding, it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility, it knew no rest but in motion,

no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object, not so much find as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination, not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively, open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth, it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things, and was not only a window, but was itself the prospect.

Study was not then a duty, night watchings were needless, the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth in profundo, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful and controverted There was then no poring, no struggling conclusion with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite, they answered without knock ing, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess tis difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual per fections that attended our nature in the time of inno cence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced by sin and time admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once borc, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing drafts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudi ments of Paradise

A Good Life the Christian's Logic

The truths of Christ crucified are the Christian's philosophy, and a good life is the Christian's logic, that great instrumental introductive art that must guide the mind into the former. And where a long course of piety and close communion with God has purged the heart, and rectified the will, and made all things ready for the reception of God's Spirit, knowledge will break in upon such a soul like the sun shining in his full might, with such a victorious light that nothing shall be able to resist it

If now at length, some should object here, that from what has been delivered it will follow that the most pious men are still the most knowing, which yet seems contrary to common experience and observation. I answer that as to all things directly conducing and necessary to salvation, there is no doubt but they are so, as the meanest common soldier that has fought often in an army has a truer and better knowledge of war than

he that has read and writ whole volumes of it, but never was in any battel.

Practical sciences are not to be learnt but in the way of action. It is experience that must give knowledge in the Christian profession, as well as in all others. And the knowledge drawn from experience is quite of another kind from that which flows from speculation or discourse. It is not the opinion but the path of the just that the wisest of men tells us shines more and more unto a perfect day The obedient and the men of practice are those sons of light that shall outgrow all their doubts and ignorances, that shall ride upon these clouds and triumph over their present imperfections, till persuasion pass into knowledge, and knowledge advance into assur ance, and all come at length to be completed in the beatifick vision and a full fruition of those joys which God has in reserve for them, whom by his grace he shall prepare for glory

Against Lewd Wits

In the mean time, it cannot but be matter of just indignation to all knowing and good men, to see a company of lewd, shallow brain'd huffs making atheism and contempt of religion the sole badge and character of wit, gallantry, and true discretion, and then, over their pots and pipes, claiming and engrossing all these wholly to themselves, magisterially censuring the wisdom of all antiquity, scoffing at all piety, and (as it were) new modelling the whole world When yet such as have had opportunity to sound these braggers throughly, by having sometimes endured the penance of their sottish company, have found them in converse so empty and insipid, in discourse so trifling and contemptible, that it is impossible but that they should give a credit and an honour to whatsoever and whomsoever they speak against they are indeed such as seem wholly incapable of entertaining any design above the present gratification of their palates, and whose very souls and thoughts rise no higher than their throats, but yet withal of such a clamorous and provoking implety that they are enough to make the nation like Sodom and Gomorrha in their punishment, as they have already made it too like them in their sins. Certain it is that blasphemy and irreligion have grown to that daring height here of late years that had men in any sober, civilized heathen nation spoke or done half so much in contempt of their false gods and religion, as some in our days and nation, wearing the name of Christians, have spoke and done against God and Christ, they would have been infallibly burnt at a stake, as monsters and public enemies of society

The truth is, the persons here reflected upon are of such a peculiar stamp of impiety, that they seem to be a set of fellows got together and formed into a kind of diabolical society for the finding out new experiments in vice, and therefore they laugh at the dull, unexperienced, obsolete sinners of former times, and scorning to keep themselves within the common, beaten, broad way to hell, by being vicious only at the low rate of example and imitation, they are for searching out other ways and latitudes, and obliging posterity with unheard of inventions and discoveries in sin, resolving herein to admit of no other measure of good and evil but the judgment of sensuality, as those who prepare matters to their hands, allow no other measure of the philosophy and truth of things but the sole judgment of sense. And these (forsooth) are our great sages, and those who must pass for

the only shrewd, thinking and inquisitive men of the age, and such as by a long, severe, and profound speculation of nature have redeemed themselves from the pedantry of being conscientious and living virtuously, and from such old fashioned principles and creeds, as tie up the minds of some narrow spirited, uncomprehensive zealots, who know not the world nor understand that he only is the truly wise man who per fas et nefas gets as much as he can

But for all this, let atheists and sensualists satisfy themselves as they are able The former of which will find, that as long as reason keeps her ground, religion neither can nor will lose hers. And for the sensual epicure, he also will find that there is a certain living spark within him which all the drink he can pour in will never be able to quench or put out, nor will his rotten abused body have it in its power to convey any putrefying, consuming, rotting quality to the soul no, there is no drinking, or swearing, or ranting, or fluxing a soul out of its immortality. But that must and will survive and abide, in spite of death and the grave, and live for ever to convince such wretches to their eternal woe that the so much repeated ornament and flourish of their former speeches, 'God damn 'em!' was commonly the truest word they spoke, though least believed by them while they spoke it

Canting Prayers and the English Liturgy

And thus having accounted for the prayers of our Church according to the great rule prescribed in the text, Let thy words be few let us now, according to the same, consider also the way of praying, so much used and applauded by such as have renounced the com munion and liturgy of our Church, and it is but reason that they should bring us something better in the room of what they have so disdainfully cast off But, on the contrary, are not all their prayers exactly after the heatherish and pharisaical copy? always notable for those two things, length and tautology? Two whole hours for one prayer at a fast used to be reckoned but a moderate dose, and that for the most part fraught with such irreverent, blasphemous expressions, that to repeat them would profane the place I am speaking in, and indeed they seldom carried on the work of such a day (as their phrase was), but they left the Church in need of a new consecration Add to this, the incoherence and confusion, the endless repetitions, and the unsufferable nonsense that never failed to hold out even with their utmost prolixity, so that in all their long fasts from first to last, from seven in the morning to seven in the evening (which was their measure), the pulpit was always the emptiest thing in the Church and I never knew such a fast kept by them but their hearers had cause to begin a thanksgiving as soon as they had done the truth is, when I consider the matter of their prayers, so full of ramble, and inconsequence, and in every respect so very like the language of a dream, and compare it with their carriage of themselves in prayer, with their eyes for the most part shut, and their arms stretched out in yawning posture, a man that should hear any of them pray, might by a very pardonable error be induced to think that he was all the time hearing one talking in his sleep besides the strange virtue which their prayers had to procure sleep in others too So that he who should be present at all their long cant, would shew a greater ability in watching than ever they could pretend

to in praying, if he could forbear sleeping, having so strong a provocation to it and so fair an excuse for it. In a word, such were their prayers, both for matter and expression, that could any one truly and exactly write them out, it would be the shrewdest and most effectual way of writing against them that could possibly be thought of

I should not have thus troubled either you, or my self, by raking into the dirt and dunghill of these men's devotions, upon the account of any thing either done or said by them in the late times of confusion, for as they have the king's, so I wish them God's pardon also, whom I am sure they have offended much more than they have both kings put together But that which has provoked me thus to rip up and expose to you their nauseous and ridiculous way of addressing to God even upon the most solemn occasions, is that intolerably rude and unprovoked insolence and scurrility with which they are every day reproaching and scoffing at our liturgy and the users of it, and thereby alienating the minds of the people from it, to such a degree that many thousands are drawn by them into a fatal schism, a schism that, unrepented of and continued in, will as infallibly ruin their souls as theft, whoredom, murther, or any other of the most crying, damning sins whatsoever But leaving this to the justice of the government, to which it belongs to protect us in our spiritual, as well as in our temporal concerns, I shall only say this, that nothing can be more for the honour of our liturgy than to find it despised only by those who have made themselves remarkable to the world for despising the Lord's Prayer as much

In the mean time, for our selves of the Church of England, who, without pretending to any new lights, think it equally a duty and commendation to be wise, and to be devout only to sobriety, and who judge it no dishonour to God himself to be worshipped according to law and rule If the directions of Solomon, the precept and example of our Saviour, and lastly, the piety and experience of those excellent men and martyrs, who first composed and afterwards owned our liturgy with their dearest blood, may be looked upon as safe and sufficient guides to us in our public worship of God, then upon the joint authority of all these we may pronounce our liturgy the greatest treasure of rational devotion in the Christian world And I know no prayer necessary that is not in the liturgy but one, which is this That God would vouchsafe to continue the liturgy it self in use, honour, and veneration in this Church for ever doubt not but all wise, sober, and good Christians will with equal judgment and affection give it their Amen

Characteristic sayings are 'An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise,' of elderly men and women, '"Time out of mind" is wrote upon every line of their face,' and of the people in Isaiah XXX. 10, who exclaim 'Prophesy not unto us right things, but prophesy unto us smooth things, As if they had said, Do but oil the razor for us, and let us alone to cut our own throats'

South himself published many single sermons, and a collected edition in six volumes in 1692, which went through various editions, and was supplemented by five additional volumes in 1744. In 1717 appeared his Posthumous Works, with a Memoir, also his Opens Posthuma Latina The foregoing were republished at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 7 vols. in 1823 (5 vols. 1842). A useful edition of the sermons was that published by Bohn (2 vols. 1844).

John Evelyn (1620-1706) was born at Wotton near Dorking, studied at Balliol, and was admitted to the Inner Temple, but after 'studying a little, but dauncing and fooling more,' joined the king's army in 1642, only to leave it in three days lest himself and his brothers should be 'expos'd to ruine, without any advantage to his majestie' The Covenant being pressed on him, he travelled for four years in France, Italy, and Holland, married at Paris in 1647 the ambassador's daughter, and settled in England in 1652 at Sayes Court near Deptford A gentleman of easy fortune and amiable character, Evelyn was one of the first in this country to treat gardening and planting scientifically, and his grounds at Sayes Court were much admired for the number of foreign plants which he reared in them, and the fine order in which they were kept Peter-a 'right nasty' inmate-occupied the house after the removal of Evelyn to Wotton, and the old man was mortified by the gross manner in which his house and garden were abused by the Russian potentate and his retinue It was one of Peter's amusements to demolish a 'most glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge,' by riding through it on a wheelbarrow A thorough-going but prudent royalist, Evelyn was much about the court after the Restoration, he acted on many committees, was one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal, and Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital first a conspicuous member of the Royal Society, he remained vigorous in intellect to the last Active and intelligent, though neither a sage nor a hero, Evelyn wielded a busy pen and wrote on a multitude of subjects-'architecture, painting, engraving, numismatics, history, politics, morals, education, agriculture, gardening, and commerce.' He spake also of trees, from the cedar in Lebanon (Of Forest Trees, 1664) even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall (Acetaria, a Discourse of Sallets, 1699), of London fogs ('the hellish and dismal cloude of sea-coale'), of men's fashions and women's (Tyrannus, 1661, and Mundus Muliebris, 1690), and, in The Three Late Famous Impostors (1669), of Sabatai Sevi, the most recent of Jewish Messiahs His Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees (1664), was written after an appeal to the Royal Society by the Commissioners of the Navy, dreading a scarcity of timber, and this work, aided by the king's example, stimulated the landholders to plant an immense number of oaktrees, which, a century after, proved of the greatest service to the nation for building ships of-war Terra, a Discourse of the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it, appeared in 1675

The entertaining Diary (first published in 1818, in 2 vols 4to), to which Evelyn owes his present fame, covers a period of seventy memorable years, and is a treasury of inestimable value for our knowledge of the time, Scott said he 'had never seen a mine so rich'. In its pages Evelyn entered every remarkable event in which he was in any

way concerned He chronicles, without loss of dignity, familiar as well as important circumstances, and everywhere preserves the tone of an educated and reflecting observer. It is amusing to read in this work of great men going after dinner to attend a council of State, or the business of their offices, of an hour's sermon being thought of moderate length, of ladies painting their faces treated as a novelty, or of their receiving visits from gentlemen whilst dressing, after having just risen out of bed, of the Abigail of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillion behind one of the footmen, and footmen riding When on his travels, this unrowith swords mantic traveller found the scenery of the Alps horrid and melancholy Nature seemed to him to have 'swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy' In his notices of the court, Evelyn passes quickly, but with austere dignity, over the scenes of folly and vice displayed in that circle Thus

I thence walk'd thro' St James's Parke to the garden, when I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between [the king] and Mrs Nellie, as they cal'd an impudent comedian [Nell Gwynn], she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [the king] standing on the greene walke under it I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the Dutchess of Cleaveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation

The Last Sunday of Charles II.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfullnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'ennight I was witnesse of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Muzarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!

The Great Fire in London.

1666 2nd Sept This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire neere Fish streete in London

3rd I had public prayers at home The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my Wife and Sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near the water side, all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames streete and upwards towards Cheap side, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd, and so returned exceedingly astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it kindl'd back against ye wind

as well as forward), Tower streete, Fen church streete, Gracious [Gracechurch] streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly flagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like districted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange con sternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other, for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner



JOHN EVELYN
After an Engraving by Nanteuil

houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happly the world had not seene since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shreik ing of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clowds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem ['for here we have no continuing city']. the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned

4th The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple all Fleete streets, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick lane, Newgate, Paul's chaine, Watling streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes, the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more im petuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for youne was ye help of man

5th It crossed towards White nall but oh, the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Majesty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines, this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd neere ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permitt, because their houses must have ben of the first It was therefore now commanded tobe practic'd, and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no further than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despaire, it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gapsand desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption the back fire did not so vehe mently urge upon the rest as formerly There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space The coale and wood wharfes. and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischiefe, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills,

bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty. In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound

7th I went this morning on foot from Whitchall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleetc streete, Ludgate hill, by St Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff [moat], which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demo lition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church St Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massic Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six akers by measure) was totally mealted, the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a wecke following observable that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early picty in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c mealted, the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, enterics all in dust, the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling, the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clowds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles traversing about, I did not see one loade of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white is snow The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy, to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, and other combustible goods Sir Tho Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye Kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgite, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Citty streetes, lunges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrower streetes, but kept the widest, the ground and air, smoake and ficry vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feetc unsufferably surbated [bruised] The bye lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle re-I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse, and the ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relieft, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their relicfe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions In yo midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the Citty There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those two nations joyning, and now that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrific, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casualy met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the Citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Matys proclama tion also invited them

Still ye plague continuing in our parish, I could not adventure to our church

10th I went agains to ye ruines, for it was now no longer a Citty

A Fortunate Courtier not Envied.

Sept 6 [1680] I din'd with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of ye Frensury This gentleman came first a poore boy from the quire of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bp Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy (brother to Algernon L. of Northumberland), who procur'd for him an inferior place amongst the Clerks of the Kitchen and Greene Cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his Maty being in exile, and Mr Fox waiting, both the King and Lords about him frequently employ'd him about their affaires, trusted him both with receiving and paying the little mony they had Returning with his Maty to England, after greate wants and greate sufferings, his Maty found him so honest and industrious, and vithall so capable and ready, that being advanc'd from Clerk of yo Kitchen to that of yo Greene Cloth, he procur d to be Paymaster to the whole Army, and by his dexterity and

punctual dealing he obtained such credit among the banquers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of mony, and the souldiers moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so inrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000 honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle all this he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesie as ever he was He is generous, and lives very honorably, of a sweete nature, well spoken, well bred, and is so highly in his Maty's esteeme, and so usefull, that being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of ye Lords Commissis of ye Treasurie, and has the reversion of the Cofferer's place after Harry Brounker He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her 12,000 pounds, and restor'd that intangl'd family besides He match'd his son to Mrs Trollop, who brings with her (besides a great sum) neere, if not alto gether £2000 per ann Sr Stephen's lady (an excellent woman) is sister to Mr Whittle, one of the King's chirur geons In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen, he is an handsome person, vertuous, and very religious

Fox was founder of the noble English house to which the Lords Holland and Charles James Fox belonged

Frost Fair on the Thames

1683-4. Ist January The weather continuing intoler ably severe, streetes of booths were set upon the Thames, the aire was so very cold and thick, as of many yeares there had not ben the like. The small pox was very mortal

9th I went crosse the Thames on the ice, now be come so thick as to beare not onely streetes of booths, in which they roasted meate, and had divers shops of wares, quite acrosse as in a towne, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over So I went from Westminster Stayres to Lambeth, and din'd with the archbishop where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir Geo Wheeler, Coll. Cooke, and severall divines After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir Geo Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth Stayres to the Horse Ferry

16th The Thames was fill'd with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the Citty

24th The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with boothes in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnish'd and full of commodities, even to a printing presse, where the people and ladyes tooke a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames this humour took so universally, that 'twas estimated the printer gained £5 a day for printing a line onely, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other staires to and fro, as in the streetes, sleds, sliding with skeets, a bull baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays and interludes. cookes, tipling and other lewd places, so that it seem'd to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water. whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not onely splitting as if lightning struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so lock'd up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come The fowles, fish, and birds, and all our exotiq plants and greenes, universally perishing Many parkes

of deer were destroied, and all sorts of fuell so deare that there were greate contributions to preserve the poore alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spaine and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldnesse of the aire hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steame of the sea coale, that hardly could one see crosse the streetes, and this filling the lungs with its grosse particles, exceedingly obstructed the breath, so as one could scarcely breath Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents

February 5th It began to thaw, but froze again My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horseferry at Millbank, Westminster The booths were almost all taken downe, but there was first a map or landskip cut in copper representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.

Mary Evelyn.

March 7 [1685] My daughter Mary [in the nine teenth year of her age] was taken with the small pox, and there was soon found no hope of her recovery A greate affliction to me, but God's holy will be done

March 10 She receiv'd the blessed sacrament, after which, disposing herselfe to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sick nesse with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction, and not to ours onely, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justnesse of her stature, per son, comeliness of countenance, gracefullnesse of motion, unaffected tho' more than ordinarily beautifull, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other vertuous exercises, she had collected and written out many of the most usefull and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of common place, as out of Dr Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical She had read and digested a considerable deale of history and of places [geography] The French tongue was as familiar to her as English, she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment, and she did make very prudent and discreete reflexions upon what she had observ'd of the conversations among which she had at any time ben, which being continualy of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she play'd a thorough-bass on the harpsichord, in both which she arrived to that perfection, that of the schollars of those two famous masters Signors Pietro and Bartholome she was esteem'd the best, for the sweetnesse of her voice and management of it added such an agreeablenesse to her countenance, without any constraint or concerne, that when she sung, it was as charming to the eye as to the eare, this I rather note, because it was a universal remarke, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in musiq desired to heare her, the last being at Lord Arundel's of Wardour What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerefullness

and agrecablenesse of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often reade to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of every body. She never played at eards without extreme importunity. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment, and, as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturitie of judgment and exactnesse of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of stile, that some letters of hers have astonish'd me and others.

Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole dayes, for, as I said, she had read aboundance of history, and all the best poets, even Terence, Plautus, Honrer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, all the best romances and modern poems, she could compose happily, and put in pretty symbols, as in the Mundus Muliebris, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to the sex, but all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorn'd her soule, she was sincerely religious, most dutifull to her parents, whom she lov'd with an affection temper'd with great esteeme, so as we were casy and free, and never were so well pleas'd as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety O deare, sweete, and desirable child, how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitternesse of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent! Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor lesse deare to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparallel'd, nor was thy returne to her lesse conspicu Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory !

From 'Tyrannus, or the Mode'

Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi, I vestimenti negli animali sono molto sicuri segni della loro natura, negli huomini del lor cervello-garments, says he, in animals are infallible signes of their nature, in men, of their understanding Though I would not judge of the monk by the hood he wears, or cclebrate the humour of Julian's court, where the philosophic mantle made all his officers appear like so many conjurors, 'tis worth the observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the toga, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude of their habite was little better than a presage of that of their fortune, for the military saga differencing them from their slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly And I am of opinion that when once wec shall see the Venetian senat quit the gravity of their vests, the state itself will not long subsist without some considerable alteration It is not a trivial remark (which I have somewhere met with) that when a nation is able to impose and give laws to the habit of another (as the Inte Tartars did to China) it has, like that of language, proved the forerunner of their conquests there. am of opinion that the Swiss had not been now a nation but for keeping to their prodigious breeches

But, be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, for the reasons deduced, 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, who have no dependency on them, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination, so as when the freak takes our Monsieurs to appear like so many farces or Jack Puddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape, and play the pantomims with them

Methinks a French taylor with his ell in his hand looks the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many formes while we are made to be loose in our clothes, by and by appear like so many malefactors sew'd up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent Now, we are all twist, and at a distance look like a pair of tongs, and anon stuff'd out behind like a Dutchman This gallant goes so pinch'd in the wast, as if he were prepar'd for the question of the fiery plate in Turkey, and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two, now, the short wasts and skirts in Pye court is the mode, then the wide hose, or a man in coats again, monstrum geminum, de viro famina, mox de famina Methinks we should learn to handle distaffe Hercules did so when he courted Omphale, and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petty coat with much confidence

It was a fine silken thing which I spied walking th' other day through Westminster Hall, that had as much ribbon about him as would have plundered six shops, and set up twenty country pedlers. All his body was drest like a May-pole, or a fom a Bedlam's cap. A fregat newly rigged kept not half such a clatter in a storme as this puppet's streamers did when the wind was in his shrouds, the motion was wonderfull to behold, and the well chosen colours were red, orange, blew, of well gum'd satin, which argued a happy fancy, but so was our gallant overcharged. [that] whether he did wear this garment, or as a porter bear it only, was not easily to be resolved.

For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerfull gaiety, affect and cultivate variety. The universe itself were not beautifull to me without it but as that is in constant and uniforme succession in the natural, where men do not disturb it, so would I have it also in the artificial. If the kings of Mexico chang'd four times a day, it was but an upper vest, which they were us'd to honour some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as oft as they please, so the change be for the better. I would have a summer habit, and a winter, for the spring and for the autumne. Something I would indulge to youth, something to age and humour.

What have we to do with these foreign butterflies? In God's name, let the change be our own, not borrow'd of others, for why should I dance after a Monsieur's flajolet only, that have a set of English viols for my concert? We need no French inventions for the stage, or for the back, we have better materials for clothes, they better taylors—I hope to see the day when all this shall be reform'd, and when all the world shall receive their standard from our most illustrious Prince and his grandees,—and that it shall be is presumptuous for any foreign nation to impose upon our court, as it is indeed ridiculous it should and its greatest diminution

His Memoirs, with letters and some of his smaller works, were published by Bray in 1818 (2 vols. 4to). The standard edition of the Diary is the fourth (4 vols. 1879)—a reprint of the third or library edition of 1825, with the addition of the Life by Mr H L. Wheatley

Samuel Pepys

was born 23rd February 1633, the son of a London tailor belonging to an old family in the eastern counties. It is doubtful whether he was born in London or at Brampton near Huntingdon, where his father's family had a small property, he certainly went to school at Huntingdon before entering St Paul's School. Thence he passed in 1651 to Magdalene College, Cambridge. In 1655, very

soon after leaving college, he married Elizabeth St Michel, a beautiful but portionless girl of fifteen, daughter of a refugee Huguenot who lived the precarious life of a Sir projector Edward Montagu (afterwards Earl of Sandwich). whose mother was a Pepys, gave a helping hand to the imprudent couple, and allowed them to live in his house Probably Montagu, his father's cousin, had ere this been Samuel's patron to Montagu, at all events, his start in life was entirely due He was secretary to Montagu when in command of the fleet that brought Charles

II back to England His appointment to the clerkship of the Acts of the Navy in 1660 was an obvious piece of nepotism, for he knew nothing about naval matters, but he soon became master of the work of his office, and both now and subsequently as Secretary to the Admiralty, he was an industrious, energetic, and distinguished naval official At the Revolution his career was closed, but until the end of his life he was still looked upon as the Nestor of navy affairs, to be consulted upon matters of par ticular importance. His longest expedition from home was when he accompanied the commander sent to Tangier to demolish the forts and bring home the garrison Pepys's life was prosperous, he lived well, kept a carriage, but steadily made He was twice Master of the Trinity House, was Master of the Clothworkers Company, twice sat for a short time in Parliament, and was even President of the Royal Society (1684–86) But he was not without his troubles At the Popish Plot in 1679 he was committed to the Tower, and in 1690 he was placed in Gatehouse at Westminster for a few days, and at his death the Crown was indebted to him to the extent of £28,000, a sum which was never paid He died on the 26th of May 1703 His library, bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge,

still remains in the exact condition in which he left it.

It is not as an official that the fame of Pepys still lives, nor as the author of important Memoires relating to the state of the Royal Navy (1690)—his only acknowledged publication-but as the writer of a Diary which is unique in the literature of the world This work has thrown the most unexpected light upon the history and manners of his day, while at the same time it presents a most remarkable psychological study Never before had man written down his inmost feelings with so little

The events of the day, the gaieties disguise of the court, his views on men and things, are not recorded with so much particularity as the steps in his own upward progress to credit, influence, wealth, his occupations, amusements, household economies, and even domestic squabbles His most trifling thoughts and sudden impulses, his vanities, his sillinesses, his numerous and considerable lapses from propriety in various directions—many of them such as even he himself regarded as distinctly discreditable-are set down with a frankness, fullness, and particularity that almost pass comprehension, even when we know that the catalogue was never meant for publicity, and did in fact escape the knowledge of the world for more than two hundred years. His record of ten years' experiences was enshrined in the shorthand Pepys doubtless used in his office, and



SAMUEL PEPYS
From the Portrait by Hayls in the National Portrait Gallery

the deciphering of it (by means of Pepys's own longhand transcript of a story in it) occupied John Smith, rector of Baldock in Herts, for some twelve or fourteen hours a day from 1819 till 1822 book was first published by Lord Braybrooke, with extensive omissions, in 1825 Mr Mynors Bright added many passages in his edition of 1875, but the Diary had never been published in practical entirety till 1893-96, when Mr Wheatley's great cdition appeared And even he had to omit some quite unprintable anekdota-such as Pcpys was wont even in his shorthand MS to partly disguise in French, Latin, Greck, or Spanish The Diary was begun on New Year's Day 1659-60, and discontinued 29th May 1669, when his eyesight began to fail

Why any sane man should have executed such a self-portraiture remains a mystery Very many of the peccadilloes recorded, even the most innocent of them, are exactly such as the average man is unwilling to plead guilty to at the bar of conscience, or if he secretly admits them, is eminently anxious to forget (and forgive) for ever there is here a vast quantity of materials wholly beside the purpose, even if Pepys had himself designed to construct a regular autobiography The broken straws in a turbid current, the trifles that are now held to be significant and interesting elements in the development of a soul (even of a fifth-rate one), were not then valued for biographical purposes Augustinc's Confessions were a spiritual exercise, a religious penance, even Rousseau's, a century after Pepys, were i literary tour de force meant to challenge the attention of all France and astonish the world In the contents of Pepys's six private MS volumes of secret notes, mcmoranda, and confessions, whatever purpose he meant them to serve, we have enough and to spire of interest, historical, social, and psycho-For the psychological attraction, though the most problematical, is not predominant. Pepys is an acute and observant authority on authentic history at first hand, especially of that kind of history which, though not included in the dignified annals of the time, is yet of essential importance in its own way, and of perennial interest. It deals largely with facts which, if not weighty in themselves or in their influence on the course of events, are yet wonderfully valuable for giving an insight into contemporary life, and for exhibiting to us a realistic picture of Pcpys's times The charm of Pepys's own character-studies does not depend mainly on its showing the development of a soul It is often said that a sincere and detailed record of the growth of any mind, however commonplace. would be profoundly interesting Interesting as psychology perhaps, not necessarily as literature. But Pepys's mind was by no means commonplace, though it had very many commonplace bits in it And in that department of his Diary he gives us exactly the kind of thing which as gossip has always enormously interested mankind. Usually

gossip, whether about neighbours or eminent persons, is meagre in detail and of dubious authority. Pepys has indefeasible fascination for his readers in that he furnishes a vast supply of what may be called gossip about himself, more highly detailed and fully authenticated than the most imaginative general rumour ever put in currency, and at least as highly seasoned

By his remorseless and superfluous confessions, Pepys unquestionably did himself serious injustice in the minds of those who came to know him through these long unseen and unread note-books of his Amidst so much high enting and deep drinking, such junketings, theatre-goings, and musical parties, it is difficult to remember that the writer transacted laborious and responsible work systematically and regularly The small vanities and multiform frailties, the childish ambitions and indiscreet and frequent amorous ebullitions, suggest a feeble, an absurd creature, a gadabout, a man without character Undoubtedly his character was far from perfect, but it must have had much good, sound stuff in it, correspondent of Israc Newton, of Christopher Wren, and of Hans Sloane was trusted by his superiors, liked by his inferiors in office, and is still remembered with respect at the Admiralty He loved emoluments, perquisites, and gifts, but in a corrupt age was not himself corrupt-was a determined foe to corruption in others, and a resolute, active, and patriotic reformer of abuses He had a lively interest in music and literature, and considerable culture in both arts, though his judgment in literature was not at all times sound, he was a virtuoso, a collector, and in the science of the time a very intelligent dilettante He was shrewd, sagacious, persistent throughout, and in many crises of life he acted a very In spite of his vanity and garmanful part rulousness, and the copiousness of his amazing self revelation, he has not been fur to himself in his Diary, his most sterling moods are hardly illuminated, his foibles and more serious failings stand out in too strong light One of the charms of the Diary is that it is so spontaneous, natural, and sincere, the style, always unstudied and often slipshod, lacks all literary merit except its perfect naturalness, its obvious closeness to the lively chatter of the man amongst his intimates in Good King Charles's golden days

At the commencement of his *Diary* his fortunes were at a low ebb, but after his voyage with Montagu in June 1660, he records that on casting up his accounts he found that he was worth £100, 'for which,' he piously adds, 'I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I came to sea, besides my house and goods' The emoluments and perquisites of his office soon added to his riches, and the Clerk of the Acts gradually soared into that region of fashion and gaiety which he had contemplated with wonder and

admiration from a distance On the 10th of July he put on his first silk suit, and the subsequent additions to his wardrobe—camlet cloaks with gold and silver buttons, and the like magnificence—are all carefully noted His wife (whom he is never tired of praising) also shares in this finery, and her first grand appearance is thus recorded

Mrs Pepys in a New Dress

August 18th, 1660 - This morning I took my wife to wards Westminster by water, and landed her at White friars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and I to the Privy By and by comes my wife to tell me that my father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26s a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry I did give her more money and sent her away, and I and Creed and Captain Hayward (who is now unkindly put out of the Plymouth to make way for Captain Allen to go to Constantinople, which I know will trouble my Lord) went and dined at the Leg in King Street, when Captain Ferrers, my Lord's cornet, comes to us, who after dinner took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to sec since my coming from sea, The Loyall Subject, where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life, only her voice was not very good. After the play done, we three went to drink, and by Captain Ferrers' means Kinaston, and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank

19th (Lord's Day) — This morning Sir W Batten, Pen, and myself, went to church to the churchwardens, to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us, but we are resolved to have one built. So we staid, and heard Mr Mills, a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace, but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show

In the Park.

July 14th, 1663 —Hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed a la négligence) mighty pretty, and the King rode hand in hand with her Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies, but the king took, methought, no notice of her, nor when they 'light, did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy, nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life But, above all, Mrs Stewart [afterwards Duchess of Richmond] in this dress,

with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life, and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine

Mr Pepys sets up a Carriage

November 5th, 1668.—Thence with Mr Povy, spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's that made Mr Lowther's fine coach, and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light and will be very genteel and sober to be covered with leather, and yet will hold four Being much satis fied with this, I carried him to White Hall. And so by coach home, where give my wife a good account of my day's work, and so to the office, and there late, and so to bed.

30th —My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad [in] her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs Creed, and my cozen Turner, while I at home all the afternoon and evening, very busy and doing much work, to my great content. Thus ended this month with very good content, that hath been the most sad to my heart and the most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I yet knew in the world, and do put me into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired, and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office, and by all reports we must all of us turn out

December 2nd — And so back home and abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's play house, and there saw Tre Usurper, a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly The play done, we to Whitehall, where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queen's side, to speak with the Duke of York and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's.

April 11th, 1669—Thence to the Park, my wife and I, and here Sir W Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own, and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice, but I must venture it now

May 1st — Up betimes Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year, but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afeard to be seen in it, but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired, and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty, and indeed was fine all

over, and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering, and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us, and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day But we set out, out of humour-I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us, and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine and she then ex pected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little com plaisant the day also being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain, and, what made it worst, there were so many hackney coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's, and so we had little pleasure here was W Batcher and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge, and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12s and pretty merry And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home

Pepys on 'Hudibras'

December 26th, 1662—Up, my wife to the making of Christmas pies all day, doeing now pretty well again, and I abroad to several places about some businesses, among others bought a bake pan in Newgate Market, and sent it home, it cost me 165. So to Dr Williams, but he is out of town, then to the Wardrobe IIIther come Mr Battersby, and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called Hudebras, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple cost me 25 6d But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it, and by and by meeting at Mr Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d

February 6th — Thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre now a building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought Hudibras again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit, for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no

November 28th — And thence abroad to Paul's Church yard, and there looked upon the second part of Hudibras, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cry so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. Back again and home to my office

Pepys at the Theatre

March 2nd, 1667—After dinner, with my wife, to the king's house to see The Mayden Queene, a new play of Dryden's mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit, and the truth is there is a comical part done by Nell [Gwynn], which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at

the play But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have It makes me, I confess, admire her Thence home and to the office, where busy a while, and then home to read the lives of Henry 5th and 6th in Speede, and so to bed

October 5th -And so to the King's house, and there, going in, met with Knepp, and she took us up into the tireing rooms and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And so walked all up and down the house above, and then below into the scene room, and here sat down, and she gave us fruit and there I read the questions to Knepp, while she answered me, through all her part of Flora's Figury's [Rhodes's play of Flora's Vagaries], which was acted to day But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them, and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit, was pretty, the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now a days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good

December 28th -Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, at noon home, and there to dinner with my clerks and Mr Pelling, and had a very good dinner, among others a haunch of venison boiled, and merry we were, and I rose soon from dinner, and with my wife and girle to the King's house, and there saw The Mad Couple, which is but an ordinary play, but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially hers which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as the other day, just like a fool or changeling, and in a mid part do beyond imitation almost It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children, brought on the stage the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child, and carried it away off the stage from Hart Many fine faces here to-Thence home, and then to the office late, and then home to supper and to bed

Iebruary 27, 1667-8 -All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb to the King's house, to see The Virgin Martyr [by Massinger and Dekker], the first time it hath been acted a great while and it is mighty pleasant, not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Becke Marshall But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife, that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me and makes me resolve to practise wind musique, and to make my wife do the like.

Pepys at Church.

May 26th, 1667 (Lord's Day) —Up sooner than usual on Sundays, and to walk, it being exceedingly hot all night (so as this night I begun to leave off my waistcoat this year) and this morning, and so to walk in the garden till toward church time, when my wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew After dinner, I by water alone to West minster, where did go towards the parish church

and then much against my will staid out the whole but I did entertain myself with my church in pain perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women, and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr Evelyn's late new book against Solitude [On Employment, against Sir George Mackenzie Upon Solutiude], in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse. I walked the length of the Elmes, and with great pleasure saw some gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and baskets, and chairs, and forms, to sup under the trees by the waterside, which was mighty pleasant. I to boat again and to my book, and having done that I took another book, Mr Boyle's Of Colours, and there read, where I laughed, finding many fine things worthy observation, and so landed at the Old Swan, and so home, where I find my poor father newly come out of an unexpected fit of his pain, that they feared he would have died

August 18th (Lord's Day) -Up, and being ready, walked up and down to Cree Church, to see it how it is but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's There dined with me Mr Turner and his daughter Betty Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. I and my wife are mightily pleased with her We had a good baunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner and merry I walked towards Whitehall, but, being wearied, turned into St Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place, and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand , but she would not, but got further and further from me, and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again-which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me, and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew So the sermon ended, and the church broke up

Dispeace between Mr and Mrs Pepys

May 11th, 1667—And so away with my wife, whose being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger After that Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks [false hair], swearing by God several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprized with it, and made me no answer all the way home, but there

we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed

12th (Lord's Day) —Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of keeping company with Mrs Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more-of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton-she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman-at least, to have her here more, but by and by I did give her money to buy lace, and she promised to wear no more white, locks while I lived, and so all very good friends as ever, and I to my business, and she to dress herself wife and I] bethought ourselves of going alone, she and I, to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden did find him at the door, and so we in, and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of pottage first, and then a couple of pigeons a la esterve, and then a piece of bouf a la mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking, at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg maker's house, but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily Our dinner cost us 6s, and so my wife and I away to Islington, it being a fine

His Great Speech in the House of Commons

March 5th, 1668 -With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me, which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of the office, and endure the trouble of it no longer than till I can clear myself of it. So with great trouble, yet with some ease from this discourse with my wife, I up and to my office, whither come my clerks, and so I did huddle the best I could some more notes for my discourse to day, and by nine o'clock was ready, and did go down to the Old Swan, and there by boat, with T H[ater] and W H[ever] with me, to Westminster, where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day, and to comfort myself, did go to the Dog, and drink half a pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall [Westminster] did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs Hewlett's, and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly So we all up to the lobby, and between eleven or twelve o'clock were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House, and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J Minnes, Sir T Harvey, and myself, W Pen being in the House, as a member I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably

and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon, and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker, but we withdrew And there all my fellow officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congritulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard, and my fellow officers overjoyed in it. After the play, to my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she over joyed, and, after talking' a while, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while

6th - Up betimes, and with Sir D Gawden to Sir W Coventry's chamber, where the first word he said to me was 'Good morrow, Mr Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament house ' and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother, that sat by him, admires me, and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a year, if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery bar, but what pleases me most, he tells me that the Sollicitor generall did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone touching his own businesses, he carried me to White hall, and there parted, and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him, and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me by and by overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York come to me both, and he [the King] said 'Mr Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday,' and fell to talk of my well speaking, and many of the Lords there My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it, and others, Parliament men there about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might teach the Sollicitor generall Everybody that saw me almost come to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogys as cannot be expressed From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr G Montagu, who come to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my hips protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me.

See Memoirs of Samuel Lepts, edited by Lord Braybrooke (2 vols. 1825), Diary and Correspondence, by Rev Mynors Bright (6 vols. 1875), Life, Journal, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepps, by Rev John Smith (2 vols. 1841), and Samuel Pepps and the World he lited in (1880), and the complete edition of the Diary (8 vols. 1893-96, besides 2 vols. containing index and Peppsiana) by Mr II B Wheatley

Charles Cotton (1630-87)—a name best known from its piscatorial association with that of good old Izaak Walton—was a cheerful, witty, accomplished man, and a versatile, pithy, and brilliant writer, who only wanted we ilth and prudence to have made him one of the leading characters of his day. Born at Beresford in northeast Staffordshire, he married in 1656 a sister of Colonel Hutchinson, and two years later inherited from his father estates in Stafford and Derby shires,

watered by the river Dove, so famous in the annals of trout-fishing. The property was much encumbered, and the poet soon added to its burdens a means of pecuniary relief, as well as recreation, Cotton translated books from the French and Italian, including Montaigne's Essays His Montaigne, casy and familiar in style, is certainly liker the garrulous and witty old Gascon's conversational diction than the more stately Elizabethan periods of his predecessor Florio In his fortieth year, Cotton obtained a captain's commission in the army, and afterwards made a fortunate second marriage with the Countess-Dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of £1500 1 year. But Cotton never got out of his difficulties, the lady's fortune was secured from his mismanagement, and the poet died insolvent. His happy, careless disposition seems to have enabled him to study, angle, and delight his friends amidst all his embirrass-He published several burlesques and travesties, some of them grossly indecent, but he wrote also many verses full of genuine poetry Onc. of his humorous pieces, A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque, seems to have anticipated, as Campbell said, the manner of Anstey in the New Bath Guide Both in prose and verse his style was simple and almost conversational, yet pithy and graceful Scarrondes, 'that villamous specimen of burlesque verse,' describes itself as 'the first book of Virgil Travestie,' and is on somewhat the same lines as Scarron's Virgile Travestie, it is witty certainly, but in deplorable taste. And so is Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer Scoft, parodies of Lucian's dialogues in 'English Fustian,' as Cotton himself describes it.

The New Year

Hark, the cock crows, and you bright star Tells us the day himself's not far, And see where, breaking from the night, He gilds the western hills with light With him old Janus does appear, Pecping into the future year, With such a look as seems to say The prospect is not good that way Thus do we risc ill sights to see, And 'gainst ourselves to prophesie, When the prophetic fear of things A more tormenting mischief brings, More full of soul tormenting gall Than direst mischiefs can befall But stay ! but stay ! methinks my sight, Better informed by clearer light, Discerns screneness in that brow, That all contracted seemed but now His reversed face may show distaste, And frown upon the ills are past, But that which this way looks is clear. And smiles upon the new born year He looks, too, from a place so high, The year her open to his eye, And all the moments open are to the exact discoverer Let more and more he smiles upon The happy revolution

Why should we then suspect or fear The influences of a year? So smiles upon us the first morn, And speaks us good as soon as born Pox on 't ' the last was ill enough, This cannot but make better proof, Or at the worst, as we brushed through The last, why so we may this too, And then the next in reason shou'd Be superexcellently good For the worst ills, we daily see, Have no more perpetuity Than the best fortunes that do fall, Which also brings us wherewithall Longer their being to support, Than those do of the other sort And who has one good year in three, And yet repines at destiny, Appears ingrateful in the case, And ments not the good he has Then let us welcome the new guest With lusty brimmers of the best Mirth always should good fortune meet, And renders e'en disaster sweet, And though the Princess turn her back, Let us but line ourselves with sack, We better shall by far hold out Till the next year she face about

The Princess is Fortune.

Invitation to Izaak Walton, then in his eightythird year, to come to him at Beresford.

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before,

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made,

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here

In this estate, I say, it is

Some comfort to us to suppose,

That in a better clime than this,

You, our dear friend, have more repose,

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply I may do again.

If the all ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly

A day with not too bright a beam,
A warm but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, Master, half our work is done

Then whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We ll prove it just, with treacherous bait
To make the preying trout our prey,

And think ourselves in such an hour Happier than those, though not so high, Who like leviathans devour Of meaner men the smaller fry

This, my best friend, at my poor home, Shall be our pastime and our theme, But then, should you not deign to come, You make all this a flattering dream

A Welsh Guide

The sun in the morning disclosed his light, With complexion as ruddy as mine overnight, And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up's head, The casement being open, espied me in bed, With his rays he so tickled my lids, I awaked, And was half ashamed, for I found myself naked; But up I soon start, and was dressed in a trice, And called for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice, Which having turned off, I then call to pay, And packing my nawls, whipt to horse, and away-A guide I had got who demanded great vails, For conducting me over the mountains of Wales Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is, Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges; And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast, The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest, It certainly was the most ugly of jades, His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades, His sides were two ladders well spur galled withal, His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall, For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare, For the creature was wholly denuded of hair, And except for two things as bare as my nail, A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider, With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider, A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat, The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat. Ev'n such was my guide and his beast, let them pass, The one for a horse, and the other an ass

(From the Voyage to Ireland.)

A nawl is for an awl, by misapprehension (as in a newt for an ewl), and awls is a pun for alls, vails, gifts to servants, helve,

handle, mall, mallet, hammer head

The Retirement.

Farewell, thou busie world, and may
We never meet again,
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vice and vanity do reign.

Good God, how sweet are all things here! How beautifull the fields appear! How cleanly do we feed and he! Lord, what good hours do we keep! How quietly we sleep! What peace, what unanimity! How innocent from the lewd fashion, Is all our business, all our conversation!

How calm and quiet a delight

Is it done
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease

Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove, Princess of rivers, how I love Upon thy flowery banks to lic, And view thy silver stream, When gilded by a summer's beam' And in it all thy wanton fry,

Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learned, to practise and to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot shew, The Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po, The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine, Are puddle water all compared with thine, And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are With thine, much purer, to compare, The rapid Garonne and the winding Scine

Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority,
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet

Lord, would men let me alone,
What an over happy one
Should I think myself to be,
Might I in this desert place,
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here in this despised recess
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old,
And all the while,

Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die

(From Stanzes Irreguliers, to Mr Izaak Walton)

The Earl of Roscommon (Wentworth Dillon, c 1633-85), naphew and godson of the famous Earl of Strafford, was born in Ireland while his uncle was Lord-Deputy there. During the Civil War he studied at Caen and travelled in Frince, Germany, and Italy, and returning soon after the Restoration, was reinstated in his large Irish possessions, and received appointments in the household of the Duke of York Roscommon, though addicted to gambling, cultivated literature, and produced a poetical Lissay on Translated Verse, translations from Horace's Art of Poetry, from Virgil, Lucan, and Guarini, and a few occasional verses of his own, such as prologues and epilogues

to plays, verses 'On the Death of a Lady's Dog,' and an address by the ghost of the old House of Commons to the new one. He was buried in Westminster Abbey 'At the moment in which he expired,' says Johnson, 'he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of Dies Ira-

My God, my Father, and my Friend, Do not forsake me in my end'

The Essay on Translated Verse, in which he inculcates in didactic poetry the rational principles of translation previously laid down by Cowley and Denham, was published in 1681, it is noteworthy that he commends the sixth book of Paradise Lost, published only four years before, for its sublimity Dryden heaped on Roscommon the most lavish praise, and Pope, who with some truth said that

In all Charles's days Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays,

declared that 'every author's merit was his own' Posterity has not confirmed the last judgment; Roscommon explicitly condemned indecency in verse as bad taste and lack of sense, and is much less immoral than most of his contemporaries, but, like Denham, is elegant and sensible, cold and unimpassioned.

From the 'Essay on Translated Verse'

Take then a subject proper to expound, But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice, For men of sense despise a trivial choice And such applause it must expect to meet. As would some painter busy in a street To copy bulls and bears, and every sign That calls the staring sots to nasty wine Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good, It must delight us when 'tis understood He that brings fulsome objects to my views (As many old have done, and many new) With nauseous images my fancy fills, And all goes down like oxymel of squills. Instruct the listening world how Maro sings Of useful subjects and of lofty things These will such true, such bright ideas raise, As merit gratitude, as well as praise But foul descriptions are offensive still, Lither for being like or being ill For who without a qualm hath ever looked On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked? Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods. Make some suspect he snores as well as node But I offend, Virgil begins to frown, And Horace looks with indignation down My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires, And whom they like implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts,
Which through the whole insensibly must piss
With vital heat, to animate the mass
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came.

Virgib

But few, few spirits pre ordained by fate, The race of gods, have reached that envied height. No rebel Titans' sacrilegious crime, By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb The grisly ferryman of hell denied Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide How justly then will impious mortals fall, Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call! Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault, Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought I pity from my soul unhappy men, Compelled by want to prostitute the pen, Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead, And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead ! But you, Pompilian, wealthy pampered heirs, Who to your country owe your swords and cares, Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce, For nch ill poets are without excuse, 'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse, The profit's small, and you have much to lose, For though true wit adorns your birth or place, Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race. No poet any passion can excite, But what they feel transport them when they write.

Part of his Version of the 'Dies Iræ'
That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say

What horror will invade the mind, When the strict Judge, who would be kind, Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound Shall through the rending tombs rebound, And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise, Behold the pale offender rise, And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread, The sacred mystic book be read, To try the living and the dead

The Judge ascends his awful throne, He makes each secret sin, be known, And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make To save my last important stake, When the most just have cause to quake?

Sir Charles Sedley (c. 1639–1701) was one of the brightest satellites of the court of Charles II—as witty and gallant as Rochester, hardly less notorious for dissipation of all kinds, and with something of the same gift as a writer. He was the son of a Kentish baronet, Sir John Sedley (or Sidley) of Aylesford. The Restoration drew him to London, and he became such a favourite for his taste and accomplishments that Charles is said to have asked him if he had not obtained from Nature a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. His estate, his time, and whatever character he had were squandered at court, but latterly the poet largely redeemed himself, attended Parliament, and pro-

moted or at least acquiesced in the Revolution James had made Sedley's daughter his mistress, and created her Countess of Dorchester ingratitude,' said the witty Sedley, 'as the king has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a queen'-this is one form of the anecdote. Sir Charles wrote plays, occasional poems, and songs, which were all extravagantly praised by his contemporaries Buckingham eulogised the 'witchcraft' of Sedley, and Rochester spoke of his 'gentle prevailing art.' Dryden called him the Tibullus of his age 'Lisideius' in 'The Essay of Dramatic Poesy' is a sort of anagram of his name Latinised (Sidleius, for he sometimes spelt himself Sidley) The plays (two tragedies and three comedies) are sometimes in prose, in couplets, or a combination of the two, sometimes in blank verse, the best, Bellamira, is founded on Terence, as Molière is the original of The Mulberry Garden His political pamphlets, speeches, and essays are in excellent prose. His songs are light and graceful, felicitous in diction, and at times sound a truer note of passion than is usual with the court-poets

His best-known song, 'Phillis is my only joy,' owes something of its continued popularity to the melody to which it is set, another is—

Get you gone, you will undo me, If you love me, don't pursue me.

To Celia

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each hour like them
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee, By every thought I have, Thy face I only care to see, Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find,
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind

Why then should I seek further store And still make love anew, When change itself can give no more, 'Tis easy to be true

To Chloris.

Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit As unconcerned as when Your infant beauty could beget No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away

Your charms in harmless childhood lay Like metals in the mine, Age from no face took more away, Than youth concealed in thine. But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest

My passion with your beauty grew, And Cupid at my heart, Still as his mother favoured you, Threw a new flaming dart

Each gloried in their wanton part
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art,
To make a beauty, she

Though now I slowly bend to love, Uncertain of my fate, If your fair self my chains approve, I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well At first disordered be, Since none alive can truly tell What fortune they must see

Love like the Sea

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose,
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days, And in rough weather tost, They wither under cold delays, Or are in tempests lost

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again

At first disdain and pride they fear, Which if they chance to 'scape, Rivals and falsehood soon appear In a more dreadful shape

By such degrees to joy they come, And are so long withstood, So slowly they receive the sum, It hardly does them good

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain, And to defer a joy, Believe me, gentle Celimene, Offends the winged boy

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove,
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love

To Phillis

Phillis, men say that all my vows Are to thy fortune paid, Alas! my heart he little knows, Who thinks my love a trade

Were I of all these woods the lord, One berry from thy hand More solid pleasure would afford Than all my large command My humble love has learned to live On what the nicest maid Without a conscious blush can give Beneath the myrtle shade

Of costly food it hath no need, and nothing will devour,

But like the harmless bee can feed,
And not impair the flower

A spotless innocence like thine May such a flame allow, Yet thy fair name for ever shine As doth thy beauty now

I heard thee wish my lambs might stray
Safe from the fox's power,
Though every one become his prey,
I'm richer than before!

The Earl of Rochester (JOHN WILMOT, 1647-80) is known principally from his having, to use Johnson's words, 'blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness,' and died from physical exhaustion and decay at the age of thirty-three Born at Ditchley in Oxfordshire, and edu-



JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER
From the Portrait by W Wissing in the National Portrait Gallery

cated at Burford school and Wadham College, Oxford, he travelled in France ind Italy, and on his return repaired to court, where his elegant person and lively wit soon made him a prominent figure. In 1665 he was at sea with the Earl of Sandwich and Sir Edward Spragge, and distinguished himself for bravery, in the heat of an engagement carrying a message in an open boat amidst a storm of shot. This manliness of character must have forsaken him in England, if he really betrayed cowardice in street-quarrels, and refused to fight with the Duke of Buckingham

Handsome, accomplished, witty, and with a remarkable charm of manner, he became a prime favourite of the king, though he often quarrelled with him In Charles's profligate court, Rochester was the most profligate, his intrigues, his low amours and disguises, his erecting a stage and playing the mountebank on Tower-hill, were notorious, he himself affirmed to Bishop Burnet that 'for five years together he was continually drunk? Yet his domestic letters show him in a different light-'tender, playful, and alive to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son' When his health was ruined and death approached, the brilliant, reckless profligate repented, Bishop Burnet, who was his spiritual guide on his deathbed, believed his repentance was sincere and unreserved. He was probably one of those whose vices are less the effect of an inborn tendency than of external corrupting circumstances, 'nothing in his life became him like the leaving it?

Some of his wittiest verses are the most objectionable. Of the rest, among the best Johnson ranked an imitation of Horace, the verses to Lord Mulgrave, a satire against mankind, and the poem *Upon Nothing*, which is an ingenious series of paradoxes, conceits, and puns on nothing and something (see page 786)

Nothing ' thou elder brother ev'n to shade, Thou hadst a being ere the world was made, And, well fixt, art alone of ending not afraid.

E'er time and place were, time and place were not When primitive nothing something straight begot Then all proceeded from the great united—What

Something the gen'ral attribute of all Sever'd from thee, its sole original Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall,

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy, Hibernian learning, Scotch civility, Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit are mainly seen in thee

—that is, in nothing, and the great man's gratitude to his best friend, king's promises, and vows,

towards thee they bend, Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end

The Satyr against Mankind sounds sufficiently misanthropic, beginning

Were I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange, prodigious creatures, man,
Spirit free to chuse for my own share
What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a monkey, dog, or bear,
Or any thing but that vuin animal
Who is so proud of being rational

And after showing the worthlessness of reason-

And 'tis this very reason I despise,
This supernatural gift that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the Infinite—

holds it proved that

For all his pride and his philosophy Tis evident beasts are in their degree As wise at least and better far than he.

Horace Walpole said 'Lord Rochester's poems-have more obscenity than wit, more wit than poetry, more poetry than politeness' But many of them are eminently witty, a few of the lyrics are full of true poetry, or touch a high poetical level. Some of the smoothest and most rhythmical are obviously artificial, here and there is a note of convincing passion. The satires are vivid but gross. The courtier did not spare his master's vices or his master's mistresses. 'A merry monarch, scandalous and poor,' is a royal character summed up in a line.

Here lies our sovereign lord the King, Whose word no man relies on, Who never said a foolish thing, Nor ever did a wise one—

is a well-authenticated epitaph-epigram, and is by no means Rochester's frankest testimony to his patron's eccentricities

Before his death Rochester expressed the wish that his indecent verses should be suppressed, but that very year these and many that he never wrote were published—ostensibly at Antwerp, really at London Some of the worst poems attributed to him are really not his his loose life encouraged the attribution to him of all manner of licentious rhymes. The grossest editions were the most frequently reprinted, the edition of 1691, issued by his friends, contained nothing very startling, but was less popular. His tragedy of Valentinian was but a poor adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's.

Love and Murder

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a bles'd amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin,
'Tis not for pity that I move,
His fate is too aspiring
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure,
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

Constancy

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain that sighs for you
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try,
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When, kill'd with prief, Amout when,
And you to mind hill call.
The sight that now onjuted now,
The terms that vanily fall;
That welcome hour that ends his smoot.
Will then begin your pane.
For such a faithful tender heart.
Can be er break, can never break in vanil.

Inseparable

My dear inistres, has a heart
Soft a these kind looks she gave me
When with love a reastless art
And her eyes she did enslave me.
But her constancy 'a so weal,
She 's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jedous heart would break,
Should we live one day sounder

Melting joya about her move,

Killing pleasure, wounding blives,

She can dress her eyes in love,

And her lips can warm with I isses

Angels listen when she speaks,

She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,

But my jedous heart would liteak,

Should we live one day asunder

In such verses as

The time that is to come is not.
How can it then he mine?
The present moment's all my hos,
And that, as fast as it is got,
I hills, is only thine—

we have a specimen of his Lineure an philosophisms

When we tried with a world of wee
for thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love and peace and to the does flow,
May I contented there expire—

breathes deep and undying devotion, but is less characteristic than the barch in than -

Disc a woman! You re an a sy.
The a most people for soon!
To chase out for your large researcher illest part of God's a cation.

The following charming lying turns language and additions and perhaps rather claberate adaptations and perhaps and combinations of cuptural process are alreaditional carried befored

To his Min man.

What is the residently becomes that a beautiful and in a constant and in

Michael Charles in

The profession of the same that we will be a superior of the same that t

My and common and a service of a service of

Heading way, I refer what, the distribution of the little acting life of the analysis of the life is the life of t

My cy care with and the theory the during the real about or about a simulating that we'll be the the transfer of the feet at the first and the feet at the feet at

If I have better path, but to ex-a.
Shall I till was be a reconstruct may?
Lose, shall a lamber I ranks not poll ray?

My patheralest, my mandern a deport y despert I cumulate, note in I along the a Whom should I at L but they may pather the selection

And yet thou turn't rear thy face a 2 system?

And yet I sae for prace and there is no state?

Speak, art thou rugar base, or only try of a

Thou if the philom's path, that stores excited each manshe. On the rish parts, If I but them remove, I are's die

The also the so its air, there the simps of the as See, be how I am blank a late of, and strong. Oh thou that are my life, my both my way?

Then work the will! High or below thes, My reason shall obey, my win a bill to Stretched out no farther than from meet of the

Lartes a disconfined a flate of the series of Acceptance of the series of the Wissenstein and the series of the se

The Earl of Dorsel Cusates Survive. 1638-1706) wrote little, but hid tim I in the have uritten much none north thanger, and be in a liberal patron of poets, he was a limited say our min of tash on. His manners and his maril / sie like those of his friends Sir Charles Sed'es and the test. In the first Dutch war, 1603, is lead lead. hurst, he went as a relativer under the Dian est York, and was said to have ration if each that each of one of the performance or was mid , werding to Prove ten It takes in real er gement in storet. Doth on t Oplin was block up in Plous as Indian sirensoli ilian, ba, b, em Par arras enjathenes extince y sons till to be a to be a faster day table to be during the built loadle diddista ex , d' vet a men n'az d'Example terre e le te z fe IN Payment a surran 114 ex of some of a week 1 - FX + 5 - 34 - 452 -1 2 1,- 1 without he is the " it is a time 4 11 -

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troduced Butler's *Hudibras* to the notice of the court, was consulted by Waller, and idolised by Dryden. Yet his works are few, trifling, and mostly indecent, a few satires and songs make up the catalogue. Smart and graceful though they are, Prior was absurd when he wrote of them, 'There is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes'. Three of the songs are given below. The refrain of the last is repeated at each verse.

Dorinda

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes, United, cast too herce a light, Which blazes high, but quickly dies, Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace,
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face

Love its own Reward.

May the ambitious ever find Success in crowds and noise, While gentle love does fill my mind With silent, real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great, And the world think 'em wise, While I lie dying at her feet, And all the world despise

To the Ladies at Home

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write,
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.

With a fa la, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind, And fill our empty brain, Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind, To wave the azure main, Our paper, pen, and ink, and we, Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind
Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day

The king with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree,
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foc.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play,
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote
Think then how often love we 've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.

In justice you can not refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness,
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears,
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa la, la, la, la, la.

Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723), dramatist and song-writer, had usually his name Anglicised and familiarised into Tom Durfey Born at Exeter of Huguenot ancestry (a fact gracefully alluded to by the 'facetious' Tom Brown, see Vol II), he was a nephew of Honoré d'Urfé (1568-1625), author of the famous romance of Astrée He early became a busy playwright, his comedies especially being popular Among these were The Fond Husband (1676), Madame Fickle (1677), and Sir Burnaby Whig (1681) In 1683 he published his New Collection of Songs and Poems, which was followed by a long series of songs, republished, along with some by other authors, as Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy (6 vols 1719-20, reprinted 1872) Not a few are set to Scotch and Northern tunes, some of them are written in an impossible Scotch dialect (see page 788) Several were afterwards attributed to Scottish authors, in particular (as has been said at page 732), the famous song

The night her blackest sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
And glittering stars there were no more
Than those in Stella's eyes,

each complete stanza of which ends with 'She'd rise and let me in,' 'That e'er she let me in,' &c, was Scotticised and claimed for Francis Sempill His songs, amorous (beyond the bounds of decency, not a few of them), bacchanalian, and political, were enormously popular, many of them being set to music by Purcell, Blew, and Farmer, who were friends of his Addison, a man of very different temper, invited the readers of the Guardian to a benefit for the decayed author's behoof, and praised Tom as a diverting companion, a cheerful, honest, good natured man, who, by making the world merry. had put it under a debt of gratitude Steele (also in the Guardian) upbraided that same world for its thanklessness to one 'who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest part of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them' The following song, reprinted in the Pills, is far from his most 'divertive' or tuneful lyrics, but has a literary interest as being a reply to Collier's impeachment of the contemporary stage Tom did not, like Congreve, plead guilty The full title is A Song sung in my play of 'the Campaigners,' extreamly divertive, just after Mr - Cvile Satyr upon Poets and the Stage Set to a tune of Mr Henry Purcell's

New reformation begins thro' the nation,
And our grumbling sages, that hope for good wages
Direct us the way
Sons of the muses, then cloak your abuses,
And least you shou'd trample on pious example,
Observe and obey
Time frenzy curers, and stubborn Nonjurors,
For want of diversion, now scourge the leud times
They've hinted, they've printed, our vein it profane is,
And worst of all crimes,
Dull clod pated railers, smiths, coblers and colliers,

Under the notion of zeal for devotion,
The humour has fir'd 'em, or rather inspir'd 'em,
To tutor the age
But if in season you'd know the true reason,
The hopes of preferement is what make the vermin
Now rail at the stage
Cuckolds and canters, with scruples and banters,
The old forty one peal against poetry ring
But let State revolvers, and treason absolvers,
Excuse me if I sing
The rebel that chuses to cry down the muses,

Wou'd cry down the king

Have damn'd all our rhimes

Thomas Flatman, born in London in 1637, passed through Winchester to New College, Oxford, and became a great miniaturist and a very minor poet. Painting miniatures was his profession, in rhyming, he protests, 'my utmost End was merely for Diversion of myself and a few Friends whom I very well love' He 'always took a peculiar delight in the Pindarique strain,' for reasons—rather arbitrary than artistic—which he details in the sprightly preface to his poems.

of his contemporaries treated him as a great poet, Rochester jeered at him as a poor imitator of Cowley, and what his and Izaak Walton's brilliant friend Charles Cotton praised (in verse) as 'charming numbers,' 'full of sinewy strength as well as wit,' are now neglected and forgotten his shorter poems are much more interesting than his more ambitious 'Pindarique odes' and elegies on dukes, earls, 'matchless Orindas,' and 'A Thought of Death' obviously influenced Pope's 'Dying Christian,' 'Death a Song,' is suggestive rather than melodious, some of the love-poems are graceful, and so are the translations from Horace 'An Appeal to Cats in the matter of love-making' is facetious and sounds modern

Ye cats that at midnight spit love at each other, Who best feel the pangs of a passionate lover, I appeal to your scratches and your tattered furr If the business of love be no more than to purr

A burlesque romance, *Don Juan Lamberto*, 'by Montilion,' was generally regarded as his, and so were some trifles more He died in 1688, having collected his *Poems and Songs* (1674), they had passed through four editions by 1686

Hymn for the Morning

Awake my soul! Awake mine eyes! Awake my drowsie faculties, Awake and see the new born light Spring from the darksom womb of night Look up and see, th' unwearied Sun Already has his race begun The pretty lark is mounted high, And sings her matins in the sky Arise my soul I and thou my voice In songs of praise, early rejoyce 1 O great Creator, heavenly king, Thy praises let me ever sing Thy power has made, thy goodness kept This fenceless body while I slept, Yet one day more hast given me From all the powers of darkness free O keep my heart from sin secure, My life unblameable and pure, That when the last of all my days is come, Chearful and fearless I may wait my doom.

A Thought of Death.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night,

Oh tell me you
That have been long below,
What shall I do?

What shall I think, when cruel Death appears, That may extenuate my fears?' Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,

Be not fearful, come away!
Think with thy self that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty,

Better thou mayst, but worse thou can'st not be Than in this vale of tears and misery Like Cæsar, with assurance then come on, And unamaz'd attempt the laurel crown, That lies on th' other side Death's Rubicon.

The Surrender

I yield, I yield! Divine Althea, see
How prostrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my captivity,
So weak am I, so mighty thou.
Not long ago I could defie,
Arm'd with wine and company,
Beauty's whole artillery
Quite vanquish'd now by thy miraculous charms,
Here, fair Althea, take my arms,
For sure he cannot be of human race,
That can resist so bright, so sweet a face.

Richard Flecknoe, Roman Catholic priest and playwright, was born at Oxford, the nephew of a distinguished Jesuit of the English Mission, Father William Flecknoe or Flexney (b. 1575) Richard was educated at various foreign Jesuit colleges, became a Jesuit, and was ordained priest He soon left the Society, was during the Civil War driven as a Catholic to go abroad, but after some ten years travels in the Low Countries, Rome, Constantinople, Portugal, and Brazil (1640-50), came to London, mingled in the wars of the wits, and became a writer for the press In Flecno an English Priest at Rome, Andrew Marvell gives an amusing account of his visit to the long, lean, halfstarved priest-poet, in his narrow garret up three pair of stairs in Rome. Flecknoe, who seems to have died about 1678, produced some volumes of religious verse and prose, several plays, a number of odes and occasional verses, Enigmaticall Characters, Heroick Portraits, Epigrams, all of which are long forgotten His name is now remembered only as that of the stalking-horse over whom Dryden applied the merciless lash of his satire to Shadwell-that savage Mac Flecknoe which served as part-model to Pope's more famous Dunciad Flecknoe, who-

In prose and verse was owned without dispute Through all the realms of nonsense absolute,

seeks a successor, and fixes on Shadwell as the one of his sons on whom most appropriately his mantle might be laid How far he owes his oblivion—an oblivion so complete that in several large and wellequipped libraries you shall with difficulty find one single odd specimen of all his twenty separate publications—to the inherent defects of his work and how far to Dryden's offended amour propre may be doubted And it is also open to doubt if Dryden thought him such an utter dullard and fool as he pretends It should be remembered—to Flecknoe's credit—that more than thirty years before Jeremy Collier's famous impeachment of the stage, Flecknoe, himself a playwright, made a pithy and vehement onslaught, in prose and verse, on the grossness and indecency of some contem-

porary plays And Dryden, whom Flecknoe in one of his epigrams had praised as

The Muses' darling and delight, Than whom none ever flew so high a flight, was notoriously one of the worst offenders against decency in his comedies An Evening's Love (1668) was condemned on this score not merely by Evelyn but by Pepys! Southey shrewdly guessed that this was probably a main reason for Dryden's dis like And Southey justly says that Flecknoe was 'by no means the despicable writer Dryden suggests'-adding, 'if the little volume of epigrams which I possess may be considered a sample' He further shows his limited acquaintance with Flecknoe by inferring from one of the epigrams that he must have been in Brazil, and regretting he did not write a book of travels Nou, 25 15 well known, Flecknoe did in 1656 publish his Relation of Ten Years Travel in Europe, Asia, Affrique, and America Southey not unjustly suggests that Flecknoe imitated D'Avenant, and finds fault with him for introducing conversational 'Far from desand unduly familiar expressions picable, is faint praise. Flecknoe was not a great poet, but some of his verses are pretty, his thoughts felicitous, and his conceits not so strained as those of many contemporaries. It seems hard that he should not merely have been driven from a modest place in the temple of Fame, but made a minus quantity in the scale of intelligence and a byword to boot, by a spiteful sneer of 'glorious John's'

Among the works were a Hurothalamium or the Heavenly Nuptials of our Blessed Saviour with a Pious Soule, The Affections of a Pious Soule unto our Saviour Christ, Love's Dominion, a Dramatick Piece, The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia, The Idea of his Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector, Erminia or the Fair and Virtuous Lady, The Damoiselles a la Mode, Sii William D'Avenant's Voyage to the other World Of his plays, only Love's Dominion, 'written as a pattern for the reformed stage,' was acted in London, but (as might be guessed) it was not successful

To the fair Daughter of as fair a Mother

What you'll be in Time we know By the stock on which you grow, As by Roses we may see
What in time the Buds will be
So in Flowers and so in Trees,
So in everything that is,
Like its like does still produce,
As 'tis Nature's constant use
Grow still then till you discover
All the beauties of your Mother,
Nothing but fair and sweet can be
From so sweet and fair a Tree.

To Sir K[enelm] D[igby] in Italy, with a Memorial.

I must beg of you, Sir, nay what is more
('Tis a disease so infectious to be poor')

Must beg you'd beg for me, which whilst I do,
What is't but even to make you beggar too?

But poverty being as honourable now
As 'twas when Cincannatus held the plough,
Senators Sow'd and Reap'd, and who had been
In Car of Triumph fetcht the harvest in
Whilst mightiest Peers do want, nay what is worse,
Even greatest Princes live on others purse
And very Kings themselves are beggers made,
No shame for any, Sir, to be o' th' I'ride

Flecknoe anticipates Burns writing thus pointedly

Of an Unworthy Nobleman.

See yonder thing that looks as if he'd cry I am a Lord, a mile ere he comes nigh? And thinks to carry it by being proud. Or looking high and big, and talking loud. But mark him well, you'll hardly finde enough. In the whole man to make a Laquey of, And for his words, you'll hardly pick from thence. So much of man as comes to common sence. Such things as he have nothing else of worth, But place and title for to set them forth. Just like a Dwarf drest up in Gyant's cloaths, Bigger he'd seem the lesser still he shows, Or like small Statues on huge Bases set. Their highth but onely makes them [seem] less great.

He ingeniously apostrophises the smallpox as

One of those *Devils* that by power Divine, Cast out of men once, went to the heard of *Swine*, And giving them the *Pox* art come agen To play the *Devil*, as thou didst, with men,

and says of a 'malitious person'

She lov'd not the world and 'twas less to be pittyed. Since the world lov'd not her, and so they were fitted

On your scurrilous and obscene Dramatick Poets

Shame and disgrace o' th' Actors and the Age Poet more fit for th' Brothel than the Stage! Who makes thy Muse a Strumpet, and she thec Rawd to her lust, and so you will agree. Bawdry however washt is foul enough, But thou dost write such foul unwashed stuff, Thou onely seems to have taken all the pain To write for Whitestones parke or Lewknors lane And Water poets we have had before, But never Kennel ones till thee before What Divel made thee write? for sure there's none Coud write so bad without the help of one, Which till't be exorcised and quite cast out, 1h' art onely fit to write for the common rout, And with thy impudent lines and scurrilous stile To make I ools laugh and wise men blush the while.

Whetstone's Park, between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Holborn was notorious for its immorality and Lewknor's Lane, off Drury Lane, was an even more unholy rendezvous.

If Dry den supposed he was even remotely alluded to in this, or supposed that the cap fitted, he might well conceive a profound disdain for Flecknoe's person, character, and abilities.

One of the pieces quoted by Southey (in Omniana), and from him probably by Lamb (prefixed to his essay on a Quaker's meeting), is from Flecknoe's play of Lord's Dominion, and called

Invocation to Silence

Shered Silence, thou that art
Floud gate of the deeper heart,
Off spring of a heavenly kinde,
Frost o' th' mouth, and thaw o' th' minde;
Admiration's readyest Tongue,
Leave thy Desert Shades among
Reverend Hermits hallowed cells
Where retyr'd devotion dwells,
With thy Enthusiasmes come,
Ceaze this Nymph, and strike her dumb.

Noble Love

It is the counterpoise that mindes
To fair and vertuous things inclines,
It is the gust we have and sence
Of every noble excellence,
It is the pulse by which we know
Whether our souls have life or no,
And such a soft and gentle fire
As kindles and inflames desire,
Until it all like Incence burns
And unto melting sweetness turns

In these fifth and sixth lines surely noble love is described by a noble metaphor nobly worded

In a little pastoral we have, neatly put, the very plot of Henryson's famous Robin and Malyne

A Rural Dialogue

Chorus Once a nymph and shepherd meeting,
Never past there such a greeting,
Nor was heard 'twist such a pair
Plainer dealing than was there
He pay d women, and she men,
He slights her, she him again
Words with words were overthwarted,
I'hus they meet and greet and parted

Shepherd He who never takes a wife Lives a most contented life.

Nymph She the whole contentment loses

Who a husband ever chooses.

Sh I of women know too much Ere to care for any such

Ny I of men too much do know
To care [whether you do or no]

5h Since you are resolv'd, farewell, Look you lead not Apes in Hell

Ny Better lead apes thither, then Thither to be led by men

Sh They to Paradise would bear ye, Be but rul'd by what they bid ye

Ny To Fools Paradise, tis true, Would they but be rul d by you

Chorus Thus they parted as they met,
Hard to say who best did get
Or of love was least affraid
When being parted either said

Ambo Love, what fools thou maket of men
When th' are in thy power, but when
From thy power they once are free,
Love, what a bool men make of thee!

In 1822 a writer in the Retrospective Review discovered Flecknoe, and, on the strength of the

than

Enigmaticall Characters and the Epigrams, sought to modify the harsh censure universally accepted, to show that Flecknoe was 'not the contemptible scribbler he has been generally represented,' while cautiously repudiating the wish to 'canonise dulness' He quoted freely from the only two small volumes at his command, including one smart and lively description from the Characters

A Make-bate

She is a tattling gossip that goes a fishing or groping for secrets, and tickles you under the gills, till she catches hold of you, only the politick eel escapes her hand, and wrigles himself out again she tells you others' secrets only to hook yours out of you, and baits men as they do fishes one with another still She is as industrious as a bee in flying about and sucking every flower, only she has the spider's quality of making poison instead of honey of it For she has all her species of arithmetic, multipli cation, addition, and detraction too, only at numeration she is always out, making everything more or less than tis indeed In fine you have divers serpents so venomous as they infect and poison with their very breaths, but none have breaths more infectious nor poisonous than she, who would set man and wife at dis sention the first day of their marriage, and children and parents the last day of their lives, nor will innocence ever be safe nor conversation innocent till such as she be banished human society, the bane of all societies where they come, and if I could afford them being anywhere with Ariosto's discord, it should be only amongst my enemies meantime 'tis my prayer, God bless my friends from them

It seems odd, but so it is, that critics who poohpooh Dryden's own plays, and while admiring the ability deny the poetry of his verse, should without inquiry or hesitation subscribe to his most damning critical judgments on dramatists and poets. And it should be remembered that in the poem which has overwhelmed Flecknoe and Mac Flecknoe, Dryden treats with the same contempt both Heywood and Shirley, as well as Ogilby and Shadwell. Among the forgotten rubbish of the past,

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there Iny, But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way

Now, Charles Lamb praises Heywood as a 'prose Shakespeare,' and calls Shirley the 'last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language,' and more modern critics recognise 'the simplicity and directness of Heywood's pathos,' and the 'charming poetry' and 'pleasing and musical songs' scattered through his plays It seems now agreed that Shirley, contemned by Dryden, was a 'dramatic poet of rare original power,' whose plays are 'adorned and elevated by the spirit of poetry' Without assuming that Flecknoe was either poet or dramatist of this rank we may hold that the reversal of Dryden's estimate of two such men as Heywood and Shirley Justify us in reconsidering the verdict, still currently taken as final, on Flecknoe (see pages 431 and 484, and for Ogilby, page 823)

Langbaine, the author of the Account of the

English Dramatic Poets, had a fierce and longmaintained feud with Dryden But it was not on that account presumably that he says of Flecknoe's Characters that 'they were written with all the advantages and helps that the noblest company, divertisements and accommodation could afford to quicken the wit, heighten the fancy, and delight the mind whose main design is to honour nobility, praise virtue, tax vice, laugh at folly, and pity ignorance?

Flecknoe anticipated Rochester in writing a poem On Nothing, which Flecknoe dedicated to some one who had already produced a poem on that interesting subject Flecknoe's pastoral may have suggested Rochester's cynical Dialogue bitween Strephon and Daphne, also two unloving lovers, and in the very same rhythms, beginning

> Prithee now, fond Fool, give over Since my Heart is gone before To what purpose should I stay? Love commands another way

It should be recorded to Flecknoe's credit that in D'Avenant's Voyage to the other World he shows more intelligent respect for Shakespeare than Dryden or most of his contemporaries, for Shakespeare amongst the shades is aggrieved at D'Avenant's 'so mangling and spoiling of his plays'

Gillow's Biographical Dictionary of the English Catholics (vol 11. 1885) has facts about Flecknoe not given in the Dictionary of National There is no ground for calling him an Irishman.

John Tatham was a minor dramatist of whose personal history little is known save that he seems to have succeeded Taylor, the water-poet, as laurente of the Lord Mayor's Show in 1653, the pageants in this connection having been regularly produced by him from 1657 to 1664. The dates of his birth and death are not known he printed a pastoral play, Love Crowns the End, in 1632, a dozen pageants-several of them bearing the same name, London's Triumphs or London's Glory, another The Royal Oak-are extant, but his chief dramatic productions are The Distracted State (written in 1641), The Scots Figgaries, or a Knot of Knaves (1651), and The Rump, or the Murrour of the Late Times (1661) Tatham was a vehement Cavalier who hated all Puritans, but especially loathed and abhorred the Scots, whom he represents also as base and contemptible. To this end apparently he invented for the Scots characters he introduces a marvellous jargon, which he may have believed to resemble the vernacular Scottish as spoken by his contemporaries. A good many of the words are actually genuine Scotch or very near it, some are exaggerated but not wholly unfair phonetic spellings of some Scottish pronuncrations of English words, Aberdonian and Border tones being quite impartially and impossibly compounded, many of the most conspicuous and characteristic Scots words or sounds have not been noted, and much of this preposterous lingo is mere perverted English, with no

kind of resemblance to anything spoken or heard in any part of Scotland at any period in the history of the world In The Distracted State 'a Scotch mountebank' jabbers some screeds of this gibberish in bargaining to poison a king for a trifling consideration In The Scots Figgaries half-a-dozen pages at a time are printed, continuously and unbrokenly, in this factitious dialect - for whose edification or amusement it is hard to say, for if spoken as printed it must have been, like so many Scotch jokes still made in England, almost as incomprehensible to Englishmen as In The Rump the jargon is more to Scotsmen sparingly used, mainly by 'Lord Wareston,' a caricature of Johnston of Warriston monstrous fiction seems not merely to have been accepted by Tatham's contemporaries as actual Scotch, but to have been rather extensively There is something of the kind in imitated the numerous songs supposed to be Scotch that appear in The Westminster Drollery and D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, and Lacy's Sauny the Scot, in the play so called (1686), though happily he talks less than Tatham's Scottish rogues and fools, is for a Scotsnian quite as puzzling In this artificial jargon, for example, the English no and go and so are represented by ma and gea and sea (for nac, gae, sae), tang is supposed to be Scotch for tongue, awd and cawd for old and cold Stomach is weem or wromb (wame being good Scotch), one finger is spelt not ae or ane finger, but ean finger, more is meer, and bearns It should be remembered that stands for bairns in Middle English at had the sound of the modern \bar{a} , and that ea had still quite regularly the sound it still keeps in great, break, steak, that in 1720 and later tea rhymed with pay and obey A short specimen from Tatham's Scots Figgaries has at The first act is least some linguistic interest munly a dialogue between two base Scotsmen who, to their good fortune, have found their way into England, and begins thus

Joeky A sirs! thes cyr hes a mickle good savour ha creept thus firr intol th' kingdom like an erivigg intoll a mons lug, and sall as herdly be got oout. Ise sa seff here as a sperrow under a penthoowse. I et the Sheriff o Cumberlond get hang himsell ins own gartropts, Ise ferr enough off him, ans fellow officer th' hangman noow I, a Scot theff may pass for a trow mon here empty weomb and thin hide I full oft bore in Scotland, an the good fare I get here! Be me saw, Ise twa yards gron about sin I cam fro Scotland, the Deele split me gif I com at thee mere, Scotland Ise eene noow ny the bonny court, wur meny a Scot lad is gron fro a maggot ta a bran goose, marry, Isc in a good pleight Scotland, weele, tow griffst me a mouth, but Angland mon find me met, tis a good soile, good feith, an gif aw my contremon wod plant here, th'od thrive better thon in thur non [Inter Billy] In the foul. Deel's name, wha's yon? A sud be me contremon by's scratin an scrubbin, a leokes like Scotland it sell, bar an naked, a carries noought bet tha walth o Can aboot him, filth and virmin

Billy Aw Scotlond, Scotlond, wa worth tha tim I cam oont o thee Ise like the wandering Jew ha worn my hoofes sa thin as pauper, an can get ne shod for um. Anglond has good sooft grond, bet tha peple ha mickle hard hearts. Aw Billy, Billy, th'adst better ha tane tha stripe for stelling in Scotlond (bet that 'tis sin ta rob the spettle) an ha thriv'd by 't, than ta come ta be hangd here or stervd, tis keen justace a mon sud dee sick a deeth for macking use o his hands, I ha ne oder mamber woorth ought

Eyr, air creept would in Scotch be cruppen firr and ferr, far (Scotch faur), earwig is in Scotch gellock, gollock, &c Ise, I am, gartropts is presumably meant for cart ropes (Sc. cart raips), I, ay, sa v, soul (Sc saul), vur, where (Sc. whaur), meny (Sc mony), maggot (Sc. mawk), contremon, both countryman and countrymen (Sc kintraman, kintramen) Can, Cain, hoofes and shed are not Scotch, nor met for meat, nor stelling for stealing, nor paper for paper, nor mamber for member, nor woorth for worth, soft, would in Scotch be saft spettle is spital, for hospital—Taiham's Dramatic Works were republished in 1879 in Paterson's Dramatiss of the Restoration'

Roger Boyle (1621-79), soldier, statesman, and dramatist, was third son of the Earl of Cork, and in childhood was made Baron Broghill Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he in the Civil Wir first took the royalist side, but after the death of the king came under the personal influence of Cromwell, and distinguished himself in the Irish He became one of Cromwell's special council, and a member of his House of Lords Cromwell's death he tried to support Richard, but foreseeing that his cause was hopeless, crossed to Ireland, and secured it for the king Four months after the Restoration he was made Earl of Orrery He is noteworthy as having introduced rhymed tragedies, having six tragedies and two comedies to his account (several of them fairly successful) Besides, he produced some poems, a romance entitled Parthemssa (1654), and a Treatise of the Art of IVar (1677), and he enjoyed the friendship of D'Avenant, Dryden, and Cowley

Sin Robert Howard (1626-98), sixth son of the first Earl of Berkshire, fought on the royalist side, was imprisoned under the Commonwealth, but after the Restoration held many public posts (including that of auditor of the Exchequer), besides being knighted. As a member of the House of Commons he was a strong Whig. He wrote half-a dozen tragedies and comedies, of which The Committee, a comedy, was the best and long held the stage. Very bad was the dramatic blankverse in which he wrote expressly to confute his brother-in-law Dryden's contention in favour of rhymed plays. He had collaborated with Dryden in the play of The Indian Queen

John Wilson (1627?-96), playwright, was born in London, was educated at Exeter College and Lincoln's Inn, and about 1681 was appointed Recorder of Londonderry. A devoted loyalist throughout, he followed James after the siege, and died in London. Besides two Jonsonian comedies, he wrote a tragi-comedy and a blank-verse tragedy.

The Duke of Buckingham (George VILLIERS, 1625-87), intriguing statesman and wit, was the son of the first duke, and after his father's assassination was brought up with Charles I's On the outbreak of the Civil War he children hurried from Cambridge to the royalist camp, and lost, recovered, and once more lost his estates He attended Charles II to Scotland, and after the battle of Worcester escaped in disguise to the Continent. There he was regarded with much suspicion by Clarendon and the king's other advisers, who could not make out whether he was a Papist or a Presbyterian, admitted his cleverness, but thought him wanting in judgment and character Estranged from the king, and returning secretly to England, he married, in 1657, the daughter of Lord Fairfax, to whom his forfeited estates had been assigned The Restoration gave them back to their owner and brought Buckingham to court, where for twenty-five years he was the wildest and wickedest In 1667 he killed in a duel the roué of them all Earl of Shrewsbury, whose countess, his paramour, looked on, disguised as a page. When sated with pleasure, he would turn for a change to ambition, and four times his mad freaks lodged him in the Tower He was mainly instrumental in Clarendon's downfall, was a member of the infamous 'Cabal,' and on its break-up in 1673 passed over, like Shaftesbury, to the popular side But crippled with debt, he retired, after Charles's death in 1685, to his manor of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, and amused himself with the chase He died on 16th April 1688 at Kirby-Moorside, miserably enough, if not, as Pope put it, 'in the worst inn's worst room' Buckingham, though best remembered as the 'Zimri' of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, a portraiture of merciless fidelity-

> A man so various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's epitome—

was the friend of Cowley from his youth up, of Etherege and Wycherley, a patron of writers, he was also an accomplished author in various kinds He wrote pamphlets on political and ecclesiastical questions, occasional poems, lampoons, several comedies (two being adaptations of Beaumont and Fletcher), and even a treatise in defence of Though the Duke was a spendthrift of body, time, and estate, a libertine in life, and without political morals, his Discourse on the Reasonableness of Religion seems sincere enough to disprove current suggestions that he was an atheist, his last lamentable letter from his death-bed-forsaken by all my acquaintances, despised by my country, and, I fear, forsaken by my God'-is rather repentant than despairing in tone

The wittiest of the plays, *The Rehearsal* (1671), a sature comedy or burlesque still read and edited, was a deliberate onslaught on the heroic drama that had come into vogue, and was specifically a travesty of several of Dryden's tragedies of this type. It was a carefully considered publication,

and secms, though not performed till 1671, to have been written before 1665 The Restoration dramatists, beginning with D'Avenant, contravened the rules of French taste, and in deference to English popular taste made their plays 'heroic' and sensa-Buckingham also detested rhyming plays. In The Rehearsal as first written D'Avenant was the Bayes satirised, and some of the points retained in the acted version apply only to him play was adapted to take off the foibles of Dryden, poet-laureate when it actually came on the stage, and the nickname 'Bayes' (i.e. 'laureate') stuck to Dryden, though originally meant for Dryden's predecessor in the laureateship Ultimately this clever burlesque, which served as model to Fielding for his Tom Thumb and to Sheridan for his Critic, is believed to have satirised and caricatured seventeen plays, of which six are Dryden's, a key to the points was published in 1705 Evelyn speaks of it as a 'ridiculous farce and rhapsody, buffooning all plays' It created a prodigious sensation, created a model for such things, and raised controversies, personal and literary, that lasted into another In his chef d'auvre Buckingham is generation said to have had the assistance of Martin Clifford, afterwards Master of the Charterhouse; of his own chaplain, Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester; and also of Butler, author of Hudibras, but there is no reason to doubt that the work was in substance mainly his own The plan is that Bayes, the author-manager, is made to submit his new piece to the criticism of a town amateur and a country gentleman, and receives their comments and suggestions with no very good grace

From 'The Rehearsal.'

Johnson Honest Frank! I am glad to see thee with all my heart how long hast thou been in town?

Smith Faith, not above in hour and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out, for I long to talk with you freely of all the strange new things we have heard in the country

Johns And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you at all the impertment, dull, fantastical things we are tired out with here.

Smith Dull and fantistical! that's an excellent composition Pray, what are our men of business doing?

Johns I ne'er inquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lies another way I love to please myself as much, and to trouble others as little as I can, and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn fops, who, being incapable of reason and insensible of wit and pleasure, are always looking grave and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of business.

Smith Indeed, I have ever observed that your grave lookers are the dullest of men

Johns Ay, and of birds and beasts too your gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an ass

Smith Well but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns Why, as I used to do, eat, drink as well as I can, have a friend to chat with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a play, where there are such things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself

to the solid nonsense of your men of business, as the more ingenious pastime

Smith I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new plays, and our country wits commend 'em

Johns Ay, so do some of our city wits too, but they are of the new kind of wits

Smith New kind! what kind is that?

Johns Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls, fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith Elevate and surprise! prithee, make me under stand the meaning of that

Johns Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter I don't understand that myself 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no meaning by I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is Let me see, 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, sing ing, crying, and everything, but thinking and sense

Bayes [entering] Your most obsceptions, and most observant, very servant, sir

Johns Odso, this is an author I'll go fetch him to you

Smith No, prithee let him alone

Johns Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him [Goes after him] Here he is, I have caught him. Pray, sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em, especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, sir, upon this—sweet sir, your servant

Smith Your humble servant, sir

Johns But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes Ay, sir, what is 't?

Johns Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play Bayes How, sir, the meaning? Do you mean the plot?

Johns Ay, ay, anything

Bayes Faith, sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head, but I have a new one in my pocket that I may say is a virgin, it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing 'tis all new wit, and, though I say it, a better than my last, and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and show, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, egad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted, and if you and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire, though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its naked ness unto you. I think it is in this pocket

Johns Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way, but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you, and I hope my friend will do so too

Smith Sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company

Bajes Yes, here it is No, cry you mercy this is my book of Drama Commonplaces, the mother of many other plays.

Johns Drama Commonplaces! pray what's that?

Bayes Why, sir, some certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of

Smith How, sir, helps for wit?

Bajes Ay, sir, that's my position. And I do here aver that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Johns What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or Regula Duplex, changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, alternative as you please.

Smith Well, but how is this done by a rule, sir?

Bayes Why thus, sir, nothing so easy when understood I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it, that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse, put it into prose

Johns Methinks, Mr Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called transprosing

Bayes By my troth, sir, 'tis a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so

Smith Well, sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes Make it my own 'Tis so changed that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table book. Pray observe.

Johns Wc hear you, sir, go on

Bayes As thus. I come into a coffee house, or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing, do you mark? but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that too my own

Johns But, Mr Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes No, sir, the world's unmindful they never take notice of these things

Smith But pray, Mr Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes Yes, sir, that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket

Smith What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Phny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns Indeed, Mr Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of

Bayes Sir, if you make the least scruples of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the playhouse, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects

(From Act : se. 1)

In the piece as rehearsed a battle is fought between foot and great hobby-horses. At last Drawcansir comes in and kills all on both sides. While the battle is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with them

Drawcansi Others may boast a single man to kill, But I the blood of thousands daily spill Let petty kings the names of parties know Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe. The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controls, And from their bodies drives their trembling souls. If they had wings, and to the gods could fly, I would pursue and beat 'em through the sky, And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see This single arm more dreadful is than he.

Bayes There's a brave fellow for you now, are. You may talk of your Hectors, and Achilles's, and I know not

who, but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to show me one such conqueror as this Drawcansir *Johns* I swear I think you may

Smith But, Mr Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'cm

Bayes Go off! why, as they came on, upon their legs how should they go off? Why, do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man your friend here is very silly, Mr John son, egad, he is. Ha, ha, ha! Come, sir, I'll show you how they shall go off Rise, rise, sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you now, ha, ha, ha! Mr Ivory, a word Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently

Johns Will you so? Then we'll be gone

Smith Ay, prithee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing One battle more will take mine quite away

Bayes [entering with Players]. Where are the gentlemen? 1st Player They are gone, sir

Bayes Gone! 'sdeath, this act is best of all I'll go fetch 'em again

1st Player What shall we do, now he is gone away? 2nd Player Why, so much the better, then let's go to dinner

3rd Player Stry, here's a foul piece of paper Let's see what 'tis

4th Player Ay, ay, come, let's hear it

3rd Player [Reads the argument of the fifth act] 'Cloris, at length, being sensible of Prince Prettyman's passion'—This will never do 'tis just like the rest Come, let's be gone

Most of the Players Ay, plague on 't, let's go away Bayes [entering] A plague on 'em both for me' they have made me sweat, to run after 'em A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner than see this play out, with a plague to 'em What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues! Come, Mr—1—where are you, sir? Come away, quick, quick.

Stage keeper Sir they are gone to dinner

Bayes Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone, but I ask for the players

Stage keeper Why, an't please your worship, sir, the players are gone to dinner too

Bayes How! are the players gone to dinner? 'tis im possible the players gone to dinner! egad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does them the honour to write for 'em, and all that A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross grain'd persons, and all that Egad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. Egad, I'll be revenged on 'em, I'll sell this play to the other house

Stage keeper Nay, good sir, don't take away the book, you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here this afternoon

Bayes That's all one, I must reserve this comfort to myself, my play and I shall go together, we will not part, indeed, sir

Stage keeper But what will the town say, sir?

Bayes The town why, what care I for the town?

Egad, the town has us'd me as scurvily as the players have done but I'll be reveng'd on them too, for I'll lampoon 'em all And since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satirist I am And so fare well to this stage, egad, for ever (From Act v sc. 1)

Tom Brown collected Buckingham's Miscellaneous Works in 1704-5, and they were repeatedly re-edited and reprinted. See the

Life of Buckingham by his faithful follower, Brian Fairfax, reprinted in Arber's edition of *The Relicarsal* (1868), G 5 Street's *Miniatures and Moods* (1893), and the *Quarterly Review* for January 1898, which gives a sketch of his life, and some account of an unpublished Commonplace book, as well as of the other works.

John Oldham (1653-83), son of a Nonconformist minister at Shipton-Moyne in Gloucestershire, studied at St Edmund Hall, Oxford, was for three years usher in Croydon Free School, and became subsequently a private tutor His early death (from smallpox) drew eloquent tributes from Waller and from Dryden, from Tate, Flatman, Tom Durfey, and Tom Brown Pope, who was indebted to him for some hints, regretted his 'indelicacy,' and thought his 'strong rage' too like He made clever paraphrases from Billingsgate the classical satirists, adapted to contemporary London conditions, and skilful translations from Greek, Latin, and French poets (including some of the least modest things of Petronius, Ovid, and Voiture), as well as of passages of Scripture, wrote four violent satires against the Jesuits, and an ironical one against virtue, satires on a false woman, on a printer, on the calamities of authors, and produced a number of occasional lyrics, many of them 'Pindarics' The most elaborate was a 'Pindaric' in memory of a college friend, one of whose forty-two stanzas runs thus

Thy soul within such silent pomp did keep,
As if humanity were lull'd asleep,
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise,
Or the soft journey which a planet goes,
Life scem'd all calm as its last breath,
A still tranquillity so husht thy breast,
As if some haleyon were its guest,

And there had built her nest,
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest.
As that smooth sea which wears the name of peace
Still with one even face appears,
And feels no tides to change it from its place,
No waves to alter the fair form it bears.

As that unspotted sky,
Where Nile does want of rain supply,
Is free from clouds, from storm is ever free
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,
And with such clear serenity still shone,
As caus'd thy little world to seem all temp'rate zone

The satire in which 'Spenser is brought in dissuading the author from poetry' gives a poor account of contemporary poets

So many now and bad the scribblers be,
'Tis scandal to be of their company
The fools are troubled with the flux of brains,
And each on paper squirts his filthy sense
A leash of sonnets and of dull lampoon
Set up an author, who forthwith is grown
A man of parts, of rhining, and renown
Even that vile wretch who in lewd verse each year
Describes the pageants and my good Lord May'r,
Whose works must serve the next election day
For making squibs and under pies to lay,
Yet counts himself of the inspired train,
And dares in thought the sacred name profane.

John Dryden

—one of the very few English writers who have been accepted as the greatest men of letters of their time, and the only one perhaps who holds a position of equal importance in verse, in prose, and (for his time) in drama—was born probably, if not certainly, on the 9th of August 1631, in the rectory of Aldwinkle All Saints, Northamptonshire (It was in the rectory of Aldwinkle St Peter's

that Fuller was born, see page 596) His father was Erasmus, the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Bart, of Canons Ashby, in the same county, but on the opposite or western side of it, Towcester, near while Aldwinkle is on the eastern side, in the Nen valley, between Thrapston and Oundle To this latter district belonged the family of the poet's mother, Mary Pickering, daughter of a clergym in and granddaughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, A small estate at Blakesley, in the Canons Ashby neighbourhood, descended to Dryden from his father, but he

never resided there, and his frequent visits in later life were always to his mother's relations in the Nen valley. The Dryden family themselves (who up to, and in some cases after, the poet's time usually spelt the name with an i) were of northern (probably Border) origin, and were not seated in Northants till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Canons Ashby came to them by marriage with the heiress of the Copes. It, with the baronetcy, would have come to the poet himself had he lived long enough, and both actually came to one of his sons. But the male line afterwards failed, and the late Sir Henry Dryden, who died recently, had the name only by assumption of his direct ancestors.

We know very little of Dryden's youth, but it seems to have been passed at Tichmarsh, the headquarters of the Pickerings Nor do we know when he went to Westminster, where he was a

king's scholar, and where, before he left it for Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650, he wrote his first published poem, a highly 'metaphysical' epicede on his schoolfellow, Henry Lord Hastings, who had died of smallpox. Its schoolboy exaggeration of the fashionable style of the time is exactly what we see in the early work of some, if not of all, great poets. Dryden held a Westminster scholarship at Trinity, and took his BA. in the beginning of 1654. But he did not proceed from his scholar-



JOHN DRYDEN

From the Portrait by Sir G Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery

ship to be Fellow, nor did he take his Master's, though he is said to have resided for the full. or nearly the full, seven years which qualified for that degree We know really nothing of his college career except that he knew Pepvs there. that he contributed soon after he went up another poem, commendatory this time to the book of a living friend, John Hoddesdon's Sion and Parnassus, and that in July of his second year he was discommonsed, gated, and sentenced to confess his crime in hall for disobedience to the vice-master and contuniacy His fither died six

months after he took his BA., and Dryden succeeded to two-thirds of the little Blakesley property (the other third not falling in till nearly twenty years later at his mother's death). The whole of this was valued then at about £60 a year. Dryden's share would probably be equal to about £150 per annum now, and he had therefore enough to live on, but no more. This is not quite superfluous in considering the character of his work.

He seems to have come to London about the middle of 1657, and as all his relations (more particularly his cousin, the Sir Gilbert Pickering of the day) were not only Pirliament men but Cromwellians, he may have expected some of those State pickings on which, as we know from his friend Pepys, all men who had any kind of interest then counted. But the rapid changes of events would have disappointed him if nothing else had.

though, in some times and circumstances, far worse poems than his Heroic Stanzas on the death of Oliver Cromwell have made a man's fortune But there was not in Dryden the making of a regular He was too shy, to begin with, proplace-man bably too much of a man of letters by taste and predestination, in the second place, and (though he has been accused of want of high-mindedness) almost certainly too fastidious, in the third. had not the slightest objection to flatter-hardly anybody in that day and long afterwards had But those who have taken the trouble to know Dryden thoroughly cannot imagine him either calmly embezzling, as most public servants then did, or unblushingly bargaining (as Pepys, who did not embezzle, bargained) with contractors and suitors and understrappers for palm-grease and 'pots of wine.'

Fortunately, however, literature was once more becoming something of a refuge for the destitute, and Dryden, though of no imperative or precocious literary tendencies, was, as was soon to be seen, endowed with a multifarious craftsmanship such as hardly any other writer has ever His enemies later accused him of possessed doing hack-work for the booksellers, especially Herringman, who certainly published most of his early pieces Anyhow, soon after the return of Charles, he produced palmodes to the Hiroic Stanzas (which, however, are themselves rather pro-Cromwellian than anti-royalist) in Astræa Redux, the Poem on the Coronation, and one to Clarendon—all couched in a splendid massive heroic couplet which owed very little to any fore-And when the taste of everybody, from the king to the rabble, for the newly revived drama had shown itself, he set to work manfully to achieve success in this no less profitable than popular kind He was not at first very successful, but after a time his plays added very largely to his Their literary value will best be considered together and later But for a period they drew him away from poetry proper, his last effort in poetry of any consequence for nearly fifteen years being the fine Annus Mirabilis (1666), in which he celebrated the Fire of London and the Dutch War

Although his relations do not appear to have done much for his worldly prosperity, it must have been partly due to his connection that-as it seems pretty early-he had access to various sides of 'the great world' He was an early member of the Royal Society, which was fashionable as well as scientific, he must soon after the Restoration have made acquaintance with Sir Robert Howard, son of the royalist Earl of Berkshire, and now, on 1st December 1663, he married Lady The usual books Elizabeth, Sir Robert's sister contain aspersions on this lady's character and temper, and expressions adverse to the happiness of the marriage, which, it may be well to say bluntly, rest upon no positive evidence whatsoever

For some sixteen or seventeen years after his marriage Dryden's life was one of hardly chequered good fortune, and was chiefly passed in London, though he spent the Plague-time and a little longer (1665-66) at Charlton, his father-in-law's seat in Wiltshire, and there composed not merely Annus Mirabilis, but the masterly Essay of Dramatic Poesy, which is a landmark alike in English criticism and English prose style. As his family increased so did his means. He held for some years a lucrative share in the King's Playhouse, was made (1670) poet-laureate in succession to D'Avenant, and historiographer-royal in succession to Howell, with a joint salary of £200, and later had additional pensions and small appointments These, with his own little means, may have at one time given him the value of some £2000 a year of modern money He knew many distinguished persons from the king downwards. He had for a time no great share of literary quarrels-it appears that the famous squib of the Rehearsal (see infra) in 1671, as it certainly did not in the least affect the public taste for the heroic style of play, so it affected his own com-Only towards the close of posure very little the period he had the unpleasant experience of being waylaid and cudgelled by bravoes hired (as it was believed, though never proved) by the malignant and cowardly Rochester, who had been a friend and patron of Dryden, but had taken a spite against him as more closely attached to Lady Elizabeth Rochester's enemy, Mulgrave. bore him three sons, two of whom were sent to their father's own old school (the third went to the Charterhouse), and of whom both parents appear to have been exceedingly fond. was somewhat later than this that Dryden settled in the well-known house in Gerrard Street, Soho, where he died, his longest residence during this time appears to have been in Fetter Lane knew Milton personally, and had a great admiration for him, while Milton, though denying him 'poetry' (of course in the classical sense of 'invention'), seems to have thought about as well of him as the difference of the two in politics, religion, morals, and poetical theory (not to mention the elder poet's arrogant and ungracious temper) could let us expect.

The frenzy of the Popish Plot, and the welter of conspiracy and partisanship into which it threw the nation, had the most important effects upon Dryden's life and literary career. At first it seemed rather doubtful what part he might take. He had had (or had been thought to have) some connections with Shaftesbury, he brought out, as late as 1681, The Spanish Friar as 'a Protestant play'. But it must be remembered that for some time the king himself either did not dare or did not choose to take any strong part against the plotmongers, and that it was only when they made a dead-set at his brother's succession, and almost directly threatened his own crown,

that he threw away the scabbard Charles has been traditionally said to have given Dryden hints both for Absalom and Achitophil itself and for He was quite clever enough, but The Medal though extreme originality was not Dryden's forte, he was himself more than capable of scizing the obvious handles presented. The results at any rate were, on the one hand, the production -in the original Absalom and Achitophel, in Dryden's contribution to its Second Part, in The Medal, and in the episodic or retaliatory lampoon of MacFlecknoe addressed to Shadwell-of such a series of political satires as the world had never Dryden's long practice in verse, and especially in the casuistical declamation of the heroic play (see *infia*), had supplied him with weapons of unparalleled sharpness and power, his temperament, neither phlegmatic nor sentimental, gave him exactly the cool command of vigorous method which the satirist requires On the other hand, the series identified him irrevocably with the Tory party, and drew upon him all the fury and all the venom of the Whigs

A more remarkable change (for he had been a royalist for twenty years, and there is no evidence that he had ever been at heart a Republican) seems about the same time to have come over Dryden's Hitherto he had been, at least in expression, by no means precise either in morals That curious depravation in both, or religion which Pepys exhibits to us more especially in himself and in Lord Sandwich, had no doubt taken place in Dryden likewise, and while great part of his drimatic work exhibits (to put it in the most favourable way) complete complaisance to the least respectable desires of the frequenters of the playhouse in language and choice of subject, his references to religion are, if not directly freethinking, inything but reverent or devout the very remarkable poem of Religio Laur (1682), written almost concurrently with the satires, all this is changed, and changed in a manner for which it is impossible to suspect or even suggest any unworthy motive. Dryden appears here as a philosophical but orthodox Anglican, with just a desire for some more authoritative decision on doubtful points of futh and practice than the Anglican creed provides

Such an attitude if feigned could have 'curried favour' with no person and no party it that time, but if not feigned, it clears away much if not all suspicion from Dryden's change of faith shortly after the accession of James II. This change was of course made the occasion of the most violent attacks on him at the time—attacks which have been more recently revived by Maciulay and others, sometimes with the assistance of false (it best mistaken) assertions as to the rewards he received. All that can be said truly is that Dryden is not the only person who has succumbed (especially after a youth of somewhat reckless living and thinking) to the attraction of an antible of the only have to the attraction of an antible of the other time.

Church, that the alleged lowness of his moral tone has been greatly evaggerated in order to disprove the possibility of his sincerity, that as a matter of fact he gained nothing (he simply did not lose) by his change, and that when the fresh change came it struck him impavidum and unfinching. It is simply absurd to suppose that a party in the dire struts for literary talent in which the Whigs were then would not have welcomed Dryden even if they had despised him, in fact, they could not have helped themselves. Had Dryden chosen to take the oaths, William might, even without 'Dutch rudeness,' have turned his back on him, and the wits might have emptied their quivers, but the Treasury could not have kept back his pay

The reign of James, which the almost infrahuman folly of the king made disastrous to himself and to all connected with him, was not, even while it lasted, particularly fortunate for Dryden only wages of what some are pleased to call his apostasy were troublesome commissions from the court—a translation of the Life of St Francis Xavier, an ill-starred attempt to urge Romanism on the people by help of the papers of the dead king, which brought upon him a severe castigation from the practised hand of Stillingfleet, &c better, though not wholly good, polemical poem of The Hind and the Panther could not possibly have owed anything to the dull brain of James as its forerunners had perhaps owed something to the bright one of Charles, and the laureate's poens on the birth of the Prince of Walcs, with some fine passages, was the least good of all the scrious efforts of his miturity. On the other hand, when the wreck crine it was, is far is place and pension went, total. For the last twelve years of his life Dryden had nothing to rely upon but his insignificant private fortune, the liberality of patron-friends like Dorset-who, in spite of all political differences, stuck to his old companion on the voyage down the river (see pages 781 and 813), when they talked of the English drama to the accompaniment of the Dutch gunsand the profits of his literary exertions litter were meagre, rather in proportion to the merit of the work than to the standards and necessities of the time His litest attempts it dram i are, in at any rite some cases, better literature than all save the best of his earlier, but they were much less successful. This was partly, no doubt, owing to the fiet that even Dryden's from criftsminship could not in old ige work gainst the grun (and such work, he himself acknowledged, druma had always been to him) as it had worked in youth, but partly also to the other facts that the public taste was changing, and that the interests, court and other, which had once been on his side were now against him

Oryden is not the only person who has succumbed. I ortunately he had another string to his bow (especially after a youth of somewhat reckless hving). The standard of English learning, both in the and thinking) to the attractions of in intallible classical and in the modern languages, was falling.

but, partly from this very cause, there was a greater appetite than ever for translations For translation-or at least for a peculiar kind of version which ranged from tolerably free translation to the loosest possible paraphrase-Dryden's genius, both creative and critical, was peculiarly suited He had indeed, by one of his characteristic processes of critical evolution, arrived at a regular theory of it which was perhaps better justified by his practice than in itself. According to this theory the translator frankly disclaims all literal fidelity, and endeavours to rearrange or recreate the work in his hands, so as to produce something that seems to him to stand in the same relation to the language of the time and the probable readers of his own day as that in which the original stood in regard to those to whom it was addressed He had, in the early volumes of a series of Miscellanies, begun this process on divers classical authors, almost as soon as the time of his first great satires In this latest period he carried it out, partially or exclusively, in three works of importance—a translation of Juvenal and Persius, executed partly by himself, partly by others, the famous version of Virgil, and his last and greatest book of verse, the Fables, of which the most considerable portions were what he called 'translations' of Chaucer and Boccaccio The Virgil is believed to have brought him in as much as £1200, the Fables were sold for the far more madequate initial price of two hundred and fifty guineas Moreover, during nearly the whole of his later literary life Dryden derived an income-small and uncertain in amount, but no doubt useful to him-from the supply of prologues and epilogues, according to the demand of the time, for plays other than his own As these pieces were specially addressed ad vulgus, some of the less estimable features of his language and sentiment appear in them, but hardly any part of his work shows more triumphantly his almost miraculous power of literary adjustment, the trumpet-ring and echo of his verse, and the clear, shrewd, solid strength of his sense and thought Although in these years his literary primacy was not really disputed by any competent judgment, he naturally had his share, and more than his share, of the controversial amenities of the roughest and fiercest period of political strife in English history, while very late in his life (1698) he was assailed from another side and in the house of his political friends, having to bear no small part of the brunt of Jeremy Collier's famous onslaught on the Profaneness and Immorality of the Stage He had not merely the good sense but (as everything tends to show) the sincere good feeling to plead guilty, at most claiming extenuating circumstances

Otherwise the last years of his life were fairly happy. All his family survived him—though all followed him at no great distance of time, death being in the case of his wife and youngest son preceded by impaired sanity. Some of his connec-

tions, both of the older and newer generations, were his fast friends to the last However much ha might be abused by mere snarlers or by political and religious partisans, everybody felt-and he knew that everybody felt-that he had succeeded to much more than the position of Ben Jonson as not merely official but actual head of English poetry and English literature, while all the best of the younger men of letters (except Swift, his kinsman, and the recipient of an imagined affront) It was while the Fables were his hearty admircrs were still in the first flush of success that he died (from mortification of the toe caused by gout) on 1st May 1700, and was (ultimately) buried in Westminster Abbey Even those who, like Macaulay earlier and Mr Leslie Stephen later, have taken, for political or other reasons, an unfairly low view of Dryden's moral character, admit his possession of not a few moral virtues-modesty, absence of jealousy, conceit, or arrogance, family affection. Others, acknowledging that some of the degradation of a rather degraded time affected him, regard him as on the whole in need of very little whitewashing even morally His intellectual and literary greatness, if not always fully or properly recognised, has scarcely ever been denied by any competent authority

His position can spare the aid of the historic estimate, but is largely heightened, widened, and In himself, and without strengthened thereby any account taken of independence of his predecessors or influence on those who came after him, Dryden is a dramatist of singular variety, volume, and (at his best) vigour, a prose-writer forcible, agreeable, and adequate to his subject asare few, a poet wanting only in the highest and rarest atmosphere of poetry, and in all these departments a master at once of the formal and the material constituents of literature. Hardly any one, except Lucretius, can argue in verse as he can, no one has a securer and defter grasp of the weapons of satire, in declamation (an inferior kind, no doubt) he has hardly a superior Whether we look at the variety of his gifts or at the excellences of their individual expression, his contribution to English literature approves itself at once But when we supplement this mere 'tasting' by an orderly examination of the state of that literature before and after his time, enjoyment. becomes definite appreciation We no longer, in a phrase of his own, 'like grossly,' but accurately, and with discrimination of what he did

In every one of the three departments it is all-important to notice that Dryden by no means-displaced or rejected the great Elizabethan work, preference (and just preference) of which has made some judges unjust to him. If one or two-men of the 'giant race,' such as Milton and Browne, survived till he was no longer young, they were but survivals, and even as such they passed away before he reached his own perfection. As a poet he is to be compared not with Milton, hardly.

even with Cowley, but with D'Avenant on the one hand and Chamberlayne on the other, as a prose-writer and a dramatist hardly with any one of his forerunners, seeing that he represents in each class a new style rising on the already broken-down ruins of the past Practically, with a decision and unanimity rare at such crises, the Restoration turned over a new leaf in all three volumes, and it was of the utmost importance that such a master as Dryden was there to set the copy on the blanks

It was also extremely fortunate that he was not a precocious writer, and that he was (beyond almost all other men of letters in any way his equals) in the habit of reconstructing his theory and practice from time to time But, like all great poets, he was born with certain secrets which he did not indeed discover or apply very early, but which gave an unmistrikable impress to his work when, and almost before, it became mature. In poetry the chief of these was the mastery of a singularly strong and nervous line, which, by the agency partly of the new-stopped or mainly-stopped couplet, was girded up from the flaccid looseness into which both the blank-verse practice of the later dramatists and the luxuriantly overlapped couplet of the poets from Wither to Chamberlayne, had plunged the decasyllable Something of this appears even in the Heroic Stanzas, but it is much more conspicuous in the three couplet poems above referred to and in Annus Mirabilis Up, however, to the date of the latter Dryden's versification worked a little stiffly It still needed expletives like 'do' and 'did,' still had recourse to effective but obvious tricks, such as the scattering of identical emphatic words like 'you' and 'your' in different places of His fifteen years' practice in dram1the line couplet at first, then blank-verse-relieved him of this, and when he reappeared with Absalom and Achitophel there was hardly a formal blemish left on his verse-for the uses of the triplet and the Alexandrine, to which he resorted to avoid monotony, cannot be called blemishes In the twenty years that remained to him he improved even on this standard, he certainly adjusted it to wider ranges of subject than political and controversial matters could afford And while the exquisite lines to the Duchess of Ormond in his latest volume take up the device of 'you' which has been noticed in him forty years before, they employ it, in common with other devices, after such a fishion of combined grace and grandeur as nothing but the very topmost summits of poetic workmanship can excel

Nor, though the couplet is Dryden's chief medium, is it by any means the only one of which he is a master. His 'Pindarics'—the irregularly rhymed stanzas which Cowley had made fashionable—are, not merely in the universally known Alexander's Feast, but in the partly better. Ode on Mrs Anne Killigrew and other places, the finest of their kind. His lighter lyrics (in his playsongs chiefly); though they never have the sweetest.

or airiest charm of those of the poets of Charles the First's time, or even that of the best pieces of Dorset and Rochester, Sedley and Afra Behn, have been as a rule much undervalued, and he gave no small assistance to the reintroduction of the triple-foot, anapæstic or dactylic, into English poetry for purposes superior to those of doggerel and ballad

The diction and the subjects of this verse were of equal importance As far as the latter head is concerned, Dryden's accomplishment in verseargument was of course not unmixedly beneficial to English literature It made poetry attempt as a main business what is really a main business of prose, and it gave, if not countenance, yet pretext to a deplorable family of verse didactics was in itself too consummate not to 'conquer time' (as Landor put it), and it by no means prevented the poet from doing much besides arguing, Dryden's narration is admirable, his discourse in non-argumentative ways superb, and his description has since the days of Wordsworth been unduly depreciated He cannot (or at least he does not) attempt to describe with the elaboration of the modern word-painter, but he is equal to the images he attempts to reproduce, and his single epithets are often admirably luminous and suggestive.

Undoubtedly, however, his great claim, next to his versification, lies in his diction He rejects the euphuistic promiscuousness of his forerunners. without falling into the mere vulgarity of some of his immediate contemporaries, or into the grayness. and lack of colour of standard eighteenth-century He has not the slightest horior either of a new word or of a foreign word or of an archaic word, yet by a half-instinctive process of selection he has arranged a vocabulary which, though no doubt there can never be any final standard of English, perhaps approaches that ideal as near as any that can be mentioned. So at least thought Charles James Fox, who, when he undertook his History of James II, resolved to use no word which was not to be found in Dryden Dryden's practice belies Fox's theory

The combination of these gifts with a far smaller portion of the true 'poetic fire' than has been assigned to Dryden by all but one-sided criticism would have sufficed to secure an altogether unusually high level of merit. It is not even true that (as Landor qualifies the praise given above by saying) he is 'never tender or sublime.' He is not often tender, but he is sometimes, he is sublime not seldom. But the intellectual and artistic qualities of his verse are no doubt on the whole above the emotional His best poems have been glanced at already, but a short catalogue of all the more important, with dates and a brief note of the subject, &c, of each, may be useful Heroic Stanzas, quatrains on Cromwell's death (1658), Astræa Redui, on the Ling's return, and, like the two following, in heroic couplets (1660), Panegyric on the Coronation (1661), To My Lord

Chancellor (New Year's Day 1662), Annus Mirabilis (winter of 1666), quatrains, Absalom and Achitophel, with its sequels, all in couplets, and all written and published between November 1681 and November 1682, Religio Laici, religiousphilosophical couplets (1682), Threnodia Augustalis, a Pindaric on the death of Charles II (1685), The Hind and the Panther, an allegorical polemic in couplets on the quarrel between the Anglican and Roman Churches, with side-hits at the Protestant sects and obnoxious persons like Burnet (1687), Britannia Rediviva, also couplets (1688), Eleonora, an epicede on Lady Abingdon, written to order, but with splendid passages, in couplets The dates of the great translations and of the Fables (which included rehandlings of the Knight's, Nun's Priest's, and Wife of Bath's Tales from Chaucer, of The Flower and the Leaf, and of the stories of Sigismonda, Honoria, and Cymon, from Boccaccio) have been given above. Dryden's minor poems, which are very numerous, are scattered over the whole forty years of his literary life, and in many places—his plays, those of others, the Miscellanies which he edited, and the various books for which, as compliments or commendations or otherwise, they were specially written.

It will have been observed from this catalogue—and indeed it is generally known—that the larger part of Dryden's poetical work is written in the heroic or decasyllabic couplet, to which he gave an entirely new stamp, and which, directly or through the refined but not in all ways improved form given to it by Pope, became the reigning metre of English verse for nearly a hundred and fifty years And attention has been drawn already to the importance of his dramatic work in reference to this. That work falls into four classes—comedies or tragi-comedies, heroic plays, later blank-verse dramas, and operas

Dryden's comedies have, in the general opinion, been ranked lowest among his works, and with some excuse. His touch was scarcely light enough for the kind, and, perhaps here only, he never worked out a distinct form of his own comedies, tragi-comedies, and (in the useful French limitation of the word) dramas float between the humour-comedy of Jonson, the romanticprosaic comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the brilliant new comedy of manners which, quite early in his career, Etherege aimed at, and which, late in that career, Congreve and Vanbrugh triumphantly achieved. This uncertainty of scheme and spirit is not helped by the very frequent coarseness of language and incident or by the indistinctness of comic character But in one particular situation-the pair of light-o'-loves who flirt and bicker but are really very fond of each other-Dryden is not unsuccessful, while in one figure of an affected coquette, the Melantha of Marriage à la Mode (1672), he has borrowed little from any one else, and has lent a great deal to one of Congreve's masterpieces, Millamant. The drawbacks of his comedy appear at once in his earliest play, The Wild Gallant (1663), and have not disappeared in his last, the tragi-comic Love Triumphant of 1694. Its merits appear chiefly in Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen (1667), where Nell Gwynne's acting undoubtedly helped, but by no means wholly created, the attractive part of Florimel, one of the flirts above mentioned, the also-mentioned Marriage à la Mode, The Spanish Friai (1681), and Amphitryon (1690) The blank-verse tragedies, which he produced after giving up rhyme, undoubtedly contain his noblest work in dramathe bold, but not wholly too bold, attempt on the subject of Antony and Cleopatra called All for Love, or the World Well Lost (1678), the carefully wrought and admirably written Don Sebastian (1690), and the fine rhetorical Cleomenes (1692), his last play but one. These, however, are inevitably brought into contrast with the Elizabethan masterpieces, and suffer accordingly The operas, Albion and Albanius (1685) and King Arthur (1691), contain good work, especially in the lyric parts, but they are mainly curiosities, historically interesting as marking a transition from the masque. A curiosity, again, is the rhymed or 'tagged' dramatisation of Paradise Lost, called The State of Innocence (1674), which Dryden also called an opera, and which is said to have been good-naturedly though half-contemptuously authorised by Milton himself Curiosities of a less agreeable kind occur in the Shakespearian alterations of The Tempest, after D'Avenant (1667), and of Troilus and Crissida (1679), but some of Dryden's drama is only 'curious' in a worse sense still

The heroic play deserves separate treatment for many reasons-the chief being its pre-eminent serviceableness in perfecting his verse, its odd historical isolation as a kind immensely popular for a time and then chiefly laughed at, and its close connection with the admirable Essay of Dramatic Poesy He did not exactly invent it, it is one of those literary kinds which, in a famous phrase, were never directly invented by any one, but 'growed.' The heroic play has something to do with the long-winded but universally read French novels of the Scudéry class, something with the French tragedy of Corneille and his earlier contemporaries, much with the out-at-heel degradation of blank-verse in the last plays written immediately before the closing of the theatres in 1642, much also with the growing distaste for remote imaginative conceit and emotion, the growing fancy for sharp intellectual rally and repartee. The first example of it in its high-flown sentiment, rhetorical style, and non-natural situation is D'Avenant's Stege of Rhodes, which, safeguarded by its title of 'opera,' actually preceded the Restoration and the reopening of the theatre generally It was written for nearly forty years after (1656) that date. But its flourishing time was from 1665 to 1680, and all its best examples were mainly or wholly Dryden's work. He it was who first

achieved the hectoring, ringing tenor of its couplet tirades, and the sharp battledore-and-shuttlecock (so admirably ridiculed by Butler and in the Rehearsal, and always on the point of burlesquing itself) of its single-line interchanges of speech The Indian Queen, which he wrote in collaboration with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, appeared as early as January 1664, The Indian Limperor, by himself, and far superior, followed in But he made much farther advances to the eccentric perfection which the thing admitted in Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr (1669), on the story of St Catharine, and the two parts of The Conquest of Granada (1670), all three of which are triumphs of preposterous situation and sentiment, carried off by the most extraordinary bravado of poetical rhctoric, which not seldom becomes, for moments, actual poetry of a high class and in some ways his greatest, heroic or rhymed tragedy was Aurengsebe (1675), a play interesting because of its contemporary if remote subject, and though not possessing the furia and sweep of its two predecessors, including passages (one especially) which display at nearly their best Dryden's masterly fashion of writing and his criticismnot subtle or profound, but strong and true and everlasting-of life

The transition to his prose is all the easier because, as was noted above, the first considerable example of that prose, the Essay of Dramatic Poesy, is in part a defence of rhymed plays Congreve represents Dryden as acknowledging indebtedness to Tillotson, but Dryden was too proud a man to be a vain one, and it is very difficult to trace the indebtedness chronologically as well as esthetically It is cert in that for years past there had been, unconsciously or consciously, both a vague desire for and actual attempts at a style less gorgeous but more generally useful than the styles of Milton, Taylor, and Browne, less intricate and cumbrous than that of Clarendon, easier and more conversational than that of Hobbes Beginnings of such a style ire found as far back is Jonson, Cov ley's essays mark a great advance in it. But these essays were not published early The real bringers of it about were a group of men-Tillotson, Temple, Halifax, South, Dryden himself, and one or two more-who were all born about the year 1630. For the perfecting of such a style the essay, with its freedom from stiff rhetorical rules of argument and its wide liberty, offered special advantages, and Dryden, who, if he did not require, always preferred, a model, found in Corneille's examens of his own plays one for the adjustment of the essay to purposes of literary criticism. Most of the long succession of essays, prefaces, and so forth with which he followed up the Essay of Dramatic Poesy itself are, like it, devoted to literary subjects, with, naturally enough, a strong admixture of political and other polemic, in the period from the Popish Plot to the Revolution But whatever the

subject, the style is the same, or rather it adjusts itself to almost any subject with slight variations I ault has been found with it (by Colcridge) for not possessing a 'stricter and purer grammar,' but this comes from the mistaken notion that English grammar has a 'sealed pattern' lying somewhere stored up and not to be varied from, instead of being, as it really is, in the main an induction from the practice of the best writers. At first he was perhaps a little too colloquial, but is this fault grew upon his contemporaries he himself corrected it. He was at first also too much given to the use of foreign words, but though he, wisely, never gave this up, he used it later with an equally wise moderation His diction has the same clear-cut force and form that it possesses in poetry, and the mould of his sentences, with its not excessive or monotonous antithesis, its easy swing and vibration, and the clenching stroke at the end, reminds one in no unpleasant way of his management of the couplet The great character of his prose throughout is its combination of ease that is never (or hardly ever) slipshod with weight which is still more rarely 'loaded' or clumsy Here, as in verse, he improved continually to the last, and his prose Preface to the Fables, with its opening epistle to the Duke of Ormond, is as much a 'diploma-piece' of his style in this harmony as the verses to the Duchess (given at page 801) are of his fashion of poetry. In both he was for his time a perfect master of the game, and in such mastery he is very unlikely to be excelled at any time, whatsoever may be the changes that come over English literature

I Dryden's Poems — The first group of illustrative extracts are from Dryden's poetry other than dramatic, the second from his dramas, the third from his prose

Character of Shaftesbury

Of these the false Achitophel was first A name to all succeeding ages curst For close designs and crooked counsels fit, Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit, Restless, unfixed in principles and place, In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace A fiery soul, which, working out its way, I retted the pigmy body to decay, And o'er informed the tenement of clay A daring pilot in extremity, Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high, He sought the storms, but, for a calm unfit, Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit Great with are sure to madness near allied, And thin partitions do their bounds divide, Else why should be, with wealth and honour blest, Refuse his age the needful hours of rest? Punish a body which he could not please, Bankrupt of life, yet prodigit of ease? And all to leave what with he toil he von To that unfurthered two legged thing, a son . Got while his soul did huddled notions try, And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy

In friendship false, implacable in hate, Resolved to run or to rule the state To compass this, the triple bond he broke, The pillars of the public safety shook, And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame, Usurped a patriot's all atoning name. So easy still it proves, in factious times, With public zeal to cancel private crimes. How safe is treason, and how sacred ill, Where none can sin against the people's will! Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known, Since in another's guilt they find their own ! Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge, The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge. In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin-With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean, Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress, Swift of despatch, and easy of access. 'Oh! had he been content to serve the crown With virtues only proper to the gown, Or had the rankness of the soil been freed From cockle that oppressed the noble seed, David for him his tuneful harp had strung, And heaven had wanted one immortal song But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand, And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land. Achitophel, grown weary to possess A lawful fame and lazy happiness, Disdained the golden fruit to gather free, And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree

(From Absalom and Achitophel)

It is significant that Dryden avoids the spelling Ahrthophel, which the Authorised Version had long made the stereotyped English spelling, and clings to Achitophel, the spelling not merely of the Latin Vulgate but of the (Catholic) Douay version. Abbethdin, father of the house of justice, was the Hebrew title of a Jewish supreme judge.

The Duke of Buckingham

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land In the first rank of these did Zimri stand, A man so various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's epitome Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong, Was everything by starts, and nothing long, But, in the course of one revolving moon, Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon, Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking, Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking Blest madman, who could every hour employ With something new to wish or to enjoy! Railing and praising were his usual themes, And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes, So over violent, or over-civil, That every man with him was god or devil In squandering wealth was his peculiar art, Nothing went unrewarded but desert Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late, He had his jest, and they had his estate, He laughed himself from court, then sought relief By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief, For, spite of him, the weight of business fell On Absalom and wise Achitophel Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft, He left not faction, but of that was left.

(From Absalom and Achitophel)

Shaftesbury's Address to Monmouth

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity Some royal planet ruled the southern sky, Thy longing country's darling and desire, Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire, Their second Moses, whose extended wand Divides the seas, and shews the promised land, Whose dawning day in every distant age Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme, The young men's vision, and the old men's dream, Thee saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess, And, never satisfied with seeing, bless Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim, And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy nanie How long wilt thou the general joy detain, Starve and defraud the people of thy reign? Content ingloriously to pass thy days, Like one of virtue's fools that feeds on praise, Fill thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright, Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight, Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late, Some lucky revolution of their fate, Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill, (For human good depends on human will,) Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent, And from the first impression takes the bent, But if unseized, she glides away like wind, And leaves repenting folly far behind Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize, And spreads her locks before you as she flies! Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring, Not dared, when fortune called him to be king, At Gath an exile he might still remain, And heaven's anomting oil had been in vain Let his successful youth your hopes engage, But shun the example of declining age, Behold him setting in his western skies, The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise. He is not now as when on Jordan's sand The joyful people thronged to see him land, Covering the beach and blackening all the strind!

(From Absalom and Ac'utophel.)

Jordan's sand is simply for the English coast, and refers to no incident in Hebrew history

Ode to the Memory of Mrs Anne Killigrew

Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest,
Whose palins, new-plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven-majestic pace,
Or, called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss
Whatever happy region be thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space,
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine

Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse, In no ignoble verse, But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
I o make thyself a welcome inmate there,
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven,

If by traduction came thy mind, Our wonder is the less to find A soul so charming from a stock so good, "I hy father was transfused into thy blood So wert thou born into the tuneful strain, An early, rich, and inexhausted vein But if thy pre existing soul Was formed at first with myriads more, It did through all the mighty poets roll, Who Greek or Latin laurels wore, And was that Sapplio last, which once it was before If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven born mind! Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find Than was the beauteous frame she left behind Return to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial

O gracious God! how far have we Profuned thy heavenly gift of Poesy! Made prostitute and profligate the Muse, Debased to each obscene and impious use, Whose harmony was first ordained above I or tongues of angels, and for hymns of love! Oh wretched we! why were we hurried down This lubric and adulterate age, (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own,) To increase the steaming ordures of the stage? What can we say to excuse our second fall? I et this thy vestal, Ileaven, atone for all, Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled, Unmixed with foreign filth and undefiled, Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child

When in mid air the golden trump shall sound, To ruse the nations underground, When in the valley of Jehosophat The judging God shall close the book of late, And there the last assizes keep For those who wake, and those who sleep, When rattling bones together fly From the four corners of the sky, When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread, Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead, The sacred poets first shall hear the sound, And foremost from the tomb shall bound, I or they are covered with the lightest ground, And straight, with inhorn vigour, on the wing, Like mountain larks, to the new morning sing There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go, As harbinger of heaven, the way to show, The way which thou so well hast learned below

(Miss) Anne Killigrew daughter if a prebendary of We minister (who was the brother of the two dramatis so see Vol. II), died of smallpox in 1635, aged twenty live. So painted pictures and a volunce of her poems was published after her deat. The triaduction of derivative theory of the origin of the individual soul is epposed to the restinuity view. John Plate is reither the Vulque nor the Douay spelling (Jupaar), nor yet that of the AV (Treas spens).

Satire on Shadwell

All human things are subject to decay, And, when I are summons, monarchs must obey This Elecknoc found, who, like Augustus, young Was called to empire, and had governed long, In prose and verse was owned, without dispute, Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute This aged prince, now flourishing in peace, And blest with issue of a large increase, Worn out with business, did at length debate To settle the succession of the state, And pondering which of all his sons was fit To reign and wage immortal war with Wit, Cried "Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he Should only rule who most resembles me Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, Mature in dulness from his tender years Shadwell alone of all my sons is he Who stands confirmed in full stupidity The rest to some funt meaning make pretence. But Shadwell never deviates into sense Some beams of wit on other souls may fall, Strike through, and make a lucid interval, But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray, His rising fogs prevail upon the day Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye, And scems designed for thoughtless majesty Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain, And, spread in solemn state, supincly reign Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee, Thou last great prophet of tautology ! Even I, a dunce of more renown than they, Was sent before but to prepare thy way '

(From Mac Flecknee)

For Flecknoe, see page 784 of this volume, and for Shadwell, Vol II p. 63 and for Heywood and Shirley unkindly comprehended in the same condensiation, pages 431 484 of this volume

To my dear Friend, Mr Congreve, on his Comedy called 'The Double Dealer'

Well then, the promised hour is come at last, The present age of wit obscures the past Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ, Conquering with force of arms and dint of vit Theirs was the girnt race before the flood, And thus, when Charles returned, our empire stood. Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manured, With rules of husbandry the rankness cured . I amed us to manners, when the stage was rude, And hoisterous English wit with art endued Our age was cultivated thus at length, But what we sained in skill we lost in strength Our builders were with want of genius cur.t. The second temple was not like the first Lill you, the best Vitravius, come at length, Our beauties equal, but excel our strength. Firm Doric pillars found your solid base, The fur Countlian crowns the higher space thus all below is strength, and ill above is grace In case dialogue is Eleicher's pair of He moved the mind, but had not power to rive Gight Jonson did by strength of judgment ple e. Yet, doubling Pletcher s force, he wants his case In differing talents both ador ed their oge, One for the study, t'other for the stage

But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly
All this in blooming youth you have achieved,
Nor are your foiled contemporaries grieved
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless Consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bowed to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he trught became

O that your brows my laurel had sustained ! Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned The father had descended for the son, For only you are lineal to the throne Thus, when the state one Edward did depose, A greater Edward in his room arose But now, not I but poetry is curst, For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first But let them not mistake my patron's part, Nor call his charity their own desert Yet this I prophesy—Thou shalt be seen, Though with some short parenthesis between, High on the throne of wit, and, seated there, Not mine-that's little-but thy laurel wear Thy first attempt an early promise made, That early promise this has more than paid So bold, yet so judiciously you dare, That your least praise is to be regular Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought, But genius must be born, and never can be taught. This is your portion, this your native store, Heaven, that but once was produgal before, To Shakespeare gave as much, she could not give him

Maintain your post—that's all the fame you need,
For 'tis impossible you should proceed
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent charge on His providence,
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains, and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend'
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you
And take for tribute what these lines express
You merit more, nor could my love do less

Tom the First and Tom the Second are apparently Thomas Shadwell and Thomas Rymer of the Fædera, also a dramatist, and the worst of all actual and possible critics.

On Milton.

Three poets, in three distant ages born, Greece, Italy, and England did adorn The first in loftiness of thought surpassed, The next in majesty, in both the last. The force of Nature could no farther go, To make a third, she joined the former two

On Cromwell.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone, For he was great ere Fortune made him so, And wars, like mists that rise against the sun, Made him but greater seem, not greater grow

Nor was he like those stars which only shine When to pale mariners they storms portend, He had his calmer influence, and his mien Did love and majesty together blend

(From Heroic Stanzas.)

Reason and Religion.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars. To lonely, weary, wandering travellers, Is Reason to the soul, and as on high I hose rolling fires discover but the sky, Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way, But guide us upward to a better day And as those nightly tapers disappear, When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere, So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight, So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light

(From Religio Laici)

It is worth noting the rhyming of stars with travellers

Hind and Panther Described

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged, Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged; Without unspotted, innocent within, She feared no danger, for she knew no sin. Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds, And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds Aimed at her heart, was often forced to fly, And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind, And fairest creature of the spotted kind, Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away, She were too good to be a beast of prey! How can I praise or blame, and not offend, Or how divide the frailty from the friend? Her vaults and virtues lie so mixed, that she Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free. Then like her injured Lion, let me speak, He cannot bend her, and he would not break Unkind already, and estranged in part, The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart. Though unpolluted yet with actual ill, She half commits who sins but in her will If, as our dreaming Platonists report, There could be spirits of a middle sort, Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell, Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell, So poised, so gently she descends from high, It seems a soft dismission from the sky

(From The Hind and the Panther, Part L)

The Swallow

The swallow, privileged above the rest
Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold.
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold,
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine
This merry chorister had long possessed
Her summer seat, and feathered well her nest,

Lill frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turned up the wrong side of the year,
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow
Such auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew,
When prudence warned her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven and warmer climes,
Her sons were summoned on a steeple's height,
And, called in common council, vote a flight
The day was named, the next that should be fair,
All to the general rendezvous repair, [in air
They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves

Who but the swallow now triumphs alone? The canopy of heaven is all her own Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair, And glide along in glades, and skim in air, And dip for insects in the purling springs, And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings

(From The Hind and the Panther, Part in)

The Church's Testimony

But, gracious God' how well dost Thou provide. For erring judgments an unerring guide! Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light, A blaze of glory that forbids the sight. O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed, And search no farther than Thy self revealed, But her alone for my director take. Whom thou hast promised never to forsake! My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires, My manhood, long misled by wandering fires, I ollowed false lights, and when their glimpse was gone, My pride struck out new sparkles of her own Such was I, such by nature still I am, Be I hinc the glory, and be mine the shame!

(From The Hind and the Panther, Part 1)

The four lines from the eighth present a noteworthy parallel to the keynote of Newman's 'Lead, kindly Light.

The Cost of Conversion

If joys hereafter must be purchased here With loss of all that mortals hold so dear, Then v eleonic infamy and public shame, And last, a long farewell to worldly fame 'I's said with ease, but oh, how hardly tried By haughty souls to human honour tied ! O sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride! Down, then, thou rebel, never more to rise, And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize, That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice 'I is nothing thou hast given, then add thy tear-For a long race of unrepenting years 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give, Then add those may be years thou hast to live Yet nothing still, then poor and naked come Thy I ather will receive his unthrift home, And the blest Swiour's blood discharge the mighty sum (From The Hand and the Pauther, Part in)

Droams.

Dreims are but interludes which Fancy makes, When monarch Reason sleeps, this munic wikes Compounds a medley of disjointed things, A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings

Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad Both are the reasonable soul run mad, And many monstrous forms in sleep we see, That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind The nurse's legends are for truths received, And the man dreams but what the boy believed Sometimes we but rehearse a former play, The night restores our actions done by day, As hounds in sleep will open for their prey (From The Cock and the Fox, modernised from Chaucer)

To the Duchess of Ormond.

MADAM,
The bard who first adorned our native tongue
funed to his British lyre this ancient song,
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse
He matched their beauties, where they most exect,

Of love sung better, and of arms as well

Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold What power the charms of beauty had of old, Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done, Inspired by two fair eyes that sparkled like your own.

If Chaucer by the best idea wrought, And poets can divine each other's thought, The fairest nymph before his eyes he set. And then the fairest was Plantagenet, Who three contending princes made her prize, And ruled the rival nations with her eyes. Who left immortal trophies of her faine, And to the noblest order gave the name

Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own.
As when the stars, in their ethereal race,
At length have rolled around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,
From the same point of heaven their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance,
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restored in you, and the same place adorns
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic year

O true Plantagenet, O race divine, (For beauty still is fatal to the line,)
Had Chaucer lived that angel face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Ennly from you,
Or had you lived to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight,
And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.

Time shall accomplish that, and I shall see

A Palamon in lum, in you an Limity
Already have the I ates your path prepared,
And sure presing your future sway declared.
When westward like the sun, you tool your way,
And from benighted Britain hore the day,
Blue Priton gave the signal from the shore.
The ready Nervids heard, and swam before.
To smooth the seas, a soft Ltestan gale.
But jut inspired, and gently swelled the sail.
Portunus took his turn whose ample hand.
Heaved up the lightened keel, and surist the said,
And steered the sacred vessel safe to land.
The land, if not restrained had not your way,

Projected out a neck, and jut ed to the sea

Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, adored In you the pledge of her expected lord, Due to her isle, a venerable name, His father and his grandsire known to fame, Awed by that house, accustomed to command, The sturdy kerns in due subjection stand, Nor hear the reins in any foreign hand

At your approach, they crowded to the port, And scarcely landed, you create a court As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run, For Venus is the promise of the Sun

The waste of civil wars, their towns destroyed, Pales unhonoured, Ceres unemployed, Were all forgot, and one triumphant day Wiped all the tears of three campaigns away Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought, So mighty recompense your beauty brought As when the dove returning bore the mark Of earth restored to the long labouring ark, The relics of mankind, secure of rest, Oped every window to receive the guest, And the fair bearer of the message blessed So, when you came, with loud repeated cries, The nation took an omen from your eyes, And God advanced his rainbow in the skies, To sign inviolable peace restored, The saints with solemn shouts proclaimed the new

When at your second coming you appear, (For I foretell that millenary year)
The sharpened share shall ver the soil no more, But earth unbidden shall produce her store, The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile, And Heaven's indulgence bless the holy isle

Heaven from all ages has reserved for you That happy clime, which venom never knew, Or if it had been there, your eyes alone Have power to chase all poison, but their own

Now in this interval, which Fate has cast Betwixt your future glories and your past, This pause of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn, While England celebrates your safe return, By which you seem the seasons to command, And bring our summers back to their forsaken land

The vanquished isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send,
Nor can we spare you long, though often we may lend.
The dove was twice employed abroad, before
The world was dried, and she returned no more.

Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger, New from her sickness, to that northern air, Rest here awhile your lustre to restore, That they may see you, as you shone before, For yet, the eclipse not wholly past, you wade Through some remains and dimness of a shade,

A subject in his prince may claim a right, Nor suffer him with strength impaired to fight, Till force returns, his ardour we restrain, And curb his warlike wish to cross the main

Now past the danger, let the learned begin
The inquiry, where disease could enter in,
How those malignant atoms forced their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their
prey,

Where every element was weighed so well, That Heaven alone, who mixed the mass, could tell Which of the four ingredients could rebel, And where, imprisoned in so sweet a cage, A soul might well be pleased to pass an age

And yet the fine materials made it weak, Porcelain by being pure is apt to break. Even to your breast the sickness durst aspire, And forced from that fair temple to retire, Profancly set the holy place on fire. In vain your lord, like young Vespasian, mourned, When the fierce flames the sanctuary burned, And I prepared to pay in verses rude A most detested act of gratitude Even this had been your Elegy, which now Is offered for your health, the table of my vow

Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspired,
To find the remedy your ill required,
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolemy
Or Heaven, which had such over-cost bestowed
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So liked the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you,
Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear,
Well worth a miracle to keep you here,
And for that end preserved the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold,
And meditated, in his better mind,
An heir from you who may redeem the failing kind.

Blessed be the power which has at once restored The hopes of lost succession to your lord, Joy to the first and last of each degree, Virtue to courts, and, what I longed to see, To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.

O daughter of the Rose, whose cheeks unite The differing titles of the Red and White, Who heaven's alternate beauty well display, The blush of morning and the milky way, Whose face is Paradise, but fenced from sin, For God in either eye has placed a cherubin

All is your lord's alone, even absent, he Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widowed hours, For him your curious needle paints the flowers, Such works of old imperial dames were taught, Such for Ascanius fair Elisa wrought.

The soft recesses of your hours improve The three fair pledges of your happy love All other parts of pious duty done, You owe your Ormond nothing but a son, To fill in future times his father's place, And wear the garter of his mother's race.

The Duchess to whom Dryden dedicated Palamon and Arcile, his version of Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale,' was the second wife of the second Duke of Ormond son of the Earl of Ossory, who died before his father, the first Duke, The Duchess was daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. The traditional-and fabulous-story of the founding of the Order of the Garter confounds Joan, granddaughter of Edward I who was betrothed (but not married) to the second Earl of Salisbury, with the (non royal) Countess of the first Earl. For the Platonic year, see note above at Butler page 741 fated, destined. Portunus, guardian deity of harbours, Pales, of sheep walks. The Duchess had just recovered from fever, Dr Morley was her doctor Titus Vespasian wept at the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem. Alexander the Great dreamt of a remedy for the poisoned wound of Ptolemy Soter Cherubus and cherubim, both plural forms, are often used interchangeably with 'cherub Dido was also called Elissa or Elisa.

Theodore and Honoria.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief and most renowned Ravenna stands,
Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with generous hearts
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature blessed,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excelled

This noble youth to madness loved a dame Of high degree, Honoria was her name, Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind, And fiercer than became so soft a kind Proud of her birth (for equal she had none), The rest she scorned, but hated him alone His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gained, For she, the more he loved, the more disclained He lived with all the pomp he could devise, At tilts and turnaments obtained the prize, But found no favour in his lady's cycs Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid Turned all to poison that he did or said Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offered vows, could move, The work went backward, and the more he strove T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolved to die
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdained so mean a fate,
That passed, his next endeavour was to hate
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hoped, with more desire possessed,
I ove stood the siege, and would not yield his breast

Change was the next, but change deceived his care, He sought a fairer, but found none so fair. He would have worn her out by slow degrees, As men by fasting starve the untained disease. But present love required a present case. Looking, he feeds alone his famished eyes, I cods lingering death, but looking not, he dies. Yet still he chose the longest way to fate, Wasting at once his life and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pitted him in vain, for what advice can ease a lover's pain? Absence, the best expedient they could find, Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind. This means they long proposed, but little grined, Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtained.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a poinpous train,
Provided as to visit brance or Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main
But Love had clipped his wings, and cut him short,
Confined within the purheus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat.
His trivels ended at his country seat
To Chassi's pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitched his tents, and there resolved to stay

The spring was in the prime, the neighbouring grove Supplied with birds, the chort ters of love, Music unbought, that ministered delight To morning walks, and fulled his cares by night There he discharged his friends but not the expense Of frequent treats and proud magnificence He lived as kings retire, though more at large From public business, yet with equal charge, With house and heart still open to receive, As well content as love would give him leave He would have lived more free, but many a guest, Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast

It happed one morning, as his fancy led, Before his usual hour he left his bed, To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood On every side surrounded by the wood Alone he walked, to please his pensive mind, And sought the deepest solitude to find, 'Twas in a grove of sprending pines he strayed, The winds within the quivering branches played, And dancing trees a mournful music made The place itself was suiting to his care, Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair He wandered on, unknowing where he went, Lost in the wood, and all on love intent The day already half his race had run, And summoned him to due repast at noon, But love could feel no hunger but his own

Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood, More than a mile immersed within the wood, At once the wind was laid, the whispering sound Was dumb, a rising earthquake rocked the ground With deeper brown the grove was overspread, A sudden horror seized his giddy head, And his ears tingled, and his colour fled, Nature was in alarm, some danger nigh Seemed threatened, though unseen to mortal eye. Unused to fear, he summoned all his soul, And stood collected in himself—and whole, Not long—for soon a whirlwind rose around, And from afar he heard a screening sound, As of a dame distressed, who cried for aid, And filled with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood, With briers and brambles choked, and dwirfish wood, I rom thence the noise, which now, approaching near, With more distinguished notes invades his ear, He raised his head, and saw a beautious maid, With har dishevelled, issuing through the shade, Stripped of her clothes, and even those parts revealed Which modest nature keeps from sight concealed Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn, With passing through the bral es and prickly thorn, Two mastiffs grunt and grun her flight pursued, And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbrued Oft they came up, and pinched her tender side, 'Mercy, O mercy, Heaven 1' she ran, and cried, When Heaven was named, they loosed their hold again,

Then spring she forth, they followed her amain. Not fir behind, a knight of swarthy fice, High on a coal black steed pursued the chase, With flashing flames his ordent eyes were filled, and in his bands a naked sword he held. He cheered the dogs to follow her who fled, and vowed revenge on her devoted held.

As Theodore was born or noble kind. The brutal action roused his manly mind, Moved with unworthy usage of the mark, He, though unarmed, re olved to give her aid. A saplin pine he wrenched from out the ground, The readiest very on that his fore found.

Thus furnished for offence, he crossed the way Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey

The knight came thundering on, but, from afar, Thus in imperious tone forbad the war 'Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief, Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief, But give me leave to seize my destined prey, And let eternal justice take the way I but revenge my fate, disdained, betrayed, And suffering death for this ungrateful maid'

He said, at once dismounting from the steed, For now the hell hounds with superior speed. Had reached the dame, and, fastening on her side, The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed, Stood Theodore surprised in deadly fright, With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright, Yet armed with inborn worth. Whate'er,' said he, 'Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee, Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied,' The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied.

'Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I loved this haughty maid,
Not less adored in life, nor served by me,
Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answered with disdain
She scorned my sorrows, and despised my pain
Long time I dragged my days in fruitless care,
Then, loathing life, and plunged in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damned in hell

'Short was her joy, for soon the insulting maid By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid And as in unrepenting sin she died, Doomed to the same bad place is punished for her Because she deemed I well deserved to die, And made a merit of her cruelty There, then, we met, both tried, and both were cast. And this irrevocable sentence passed That she, whom I so long pursued in vain, Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain Renewed to life, that she might daily die, I daily doomed to follow, she to fly, No more a lover, but a mortal foe, I seek her life (for love is none below) As often as my dogs with better speed Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed Then with this fatal sword, on which I died, I pierce her opened back or tender side, And tear that hardened heart from out her breast, Which, with her entruls, makes my hungry hounds a Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain, Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain, Is saved to day, to morrow to be slain

This, versed in death, the infernal knight relates, And then for proof fulfilled their common fates, Her heart and bowels through her back he drew And fed the hounds that helped him to pursue, Stern looked the fiend, as frustrate of his will, Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill And now the soul, expiring through the wound, Had left the body breathless on the ground,

When thus the grisly spectre spoke again 'Behold the fruit of ill rewarded pain. As many months as I sustained her hate, So many years is she condemned by Fate. To daily death, and every several place, Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace, Must witness her just punishment, and he A scene of triumph and revenge to me! As in this grove I took my last farewell, As on this very spot of earth I fell, 'As I riday saw me die, so she my prey Becomes even here, on this revolving day'

Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the ground Upstarted fresh, already closed the wound, And unconcerned for all she felt before, Precipitates her flight along the shore. The hell hounds, as ungorged with flesh and blood, Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food. The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace, And all the vision vanished from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppressed with awe, And stipid at the wondrous things he saw, Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's law. He would have been asleep, and wished to wake, But dreams, he knew, no long impression make, Though strong at first, if vision, to what end, But such as must his future state portend, His love the damsel, and himself the fiend? But yet, reflecting that it could not be From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree, Resolved within himself to shun the snare. Which hell for his destruction did prepare, And, as his better genius should direct, From an ill cause to draw a good effect

Inspired from Heaven, he homeward took his way, Nor palled his new design with long delay But of his train a trusty servant sent Γo call his friends together at his tent. They came, and, usual salutations paid, With words premeditated thus he said 'What you have often counselled, to remove My vain pursuit of unregarded love, By thrift my sinking fortune to repair, Though late, yet is at last become my care My heart shall be my own, my vast expense Reduced to bounds by timely providence, This only I require, invite for me Honoria, with her father's family, Her friends and mine, the cause I shall display On Iriday next, for that's the appointed day'

Well pleased were all his friends, the task was light,

The father, mother, daughter, they invite, Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast, But yet resolved, because it was the last. The day was come, the guests invited came, And with the rest the inexorable dame A feast prepared with riotous expense, Much cost, more care, and most magnificence. The place ordained was in that haunted grove Where the revenging ghost pursued his love The tables in a proud pavilion spread, With flowers below, and tissue overhead The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place, Was artfully contrived to set her face To front the thicket, and behold the chase.

The feast was served, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were placed,
The fiend's alarm began, the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blackened, rolled the thunder, ground the ground

Nor long before the loud laments arise.

Of one distressed, and mastiffs' mingled cries,
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famished hounds that sought their food,
And griped her flanks, and oft essayed their jaws in
Last come the felon on his sable steed, [blood
Armed with his naked sword, and urged his dogs to
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent— [speed
A guest unbidden—to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place orderined for punish
Loud was the noise, aghist was every guest [ment
The women shricked, the men forsook the feast,
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bayed,
The hunter close pursued the visionary maid,
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid

The gallants, to protect the lady's right, Their fauchions brandished at the grisly spright, High on his stirrups he provoked the fight Then on the crowd he cast a furious look, And withered all their strength before he strook *Back, on your lives! Ict be,' said he, 'my prey, And let my vengeance take the destined way Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence, Against the cternal doom of Providence Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven designed Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find ' At this the former tale again he told With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime, Nor needed to be warned a second time, But bore each other back some knew the face, And all had heard the much lamented case Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place

And now the infernal minister advanced,
Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced
Her back, and, picreing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, the offending part
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his ineagre mastiffs made a prey
The pale assistants on each other stared,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared,
The still born sounds upon the palate hung
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue
The fright was general, but the female band,
A helpless train, in more confusion stand
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done,
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their

So, spread upon a lake with upward eye, [ow A plump of fowl behold their foe on high They close their trembling troop and all attend On whom the sowsing eagle will descend

But most the proud Honoria feared the event, And thought to her alone the vision sent. Her guilt presents to her distracted mind. Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind, And the same fate to the same sin assigned, Mready sees herself the monster's prey, And feels her heart and entrails torn away. Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mixed with fear. Still on the table by the unmisshed cheer.

The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around the mangled dame by breathless on the ground. When on a sudden, re inspired with breath, Again she rose, again to suffer death. Nor stayed the hell hounds, nor the hunter stayed, But followed, as before, the flying maid. The avenger took from earth the avenging sword, And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurred. The clouds dispelled, the sky resumed her light, And Nature stood recovered of her fright.

But fear, the last of ills, remained behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind
Nor Theodore encouraged more his feast,
But sternly looked, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs, which, when Honoria viewed,
The fresh impulse her former fright renewed,
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurred the infernal
steed

The more dismayed, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless passed her o'er, nor graced with kind
That sting infixed within her haughty mind [adieu,
The downfull of her empire she divined,
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined
Home as they went, the sad discourse renewed,
Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
And of the sight obscene so lately viewed
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Even they who pitted most, yet blamed her more;
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damned the living dame.

At every little noise she looked behind, For still the knight was present to her mind And anxious oft she started on the way, And thought the horseman ghost came thundering for Returned, she took her bed with little rest, [his prey But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast Awaked, she turned her side, and slept again, The same black vapours mounted in her brain, And the same dreams returned with double pain.

Now forced to wake, because afraid to sleep, Her blood all fevered, with a furious leap. She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind, And feared at every step a twitching sprite behind. Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace, Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace, I ear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assailed, Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevailed. Friday, the fatal day, when next it came, Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game, And her pursue, or I heodore be slain, And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her our the

This drendful image so posses ed her mind, I plain. That, desperate any succour else to find, She ceased all farther hope, and now legan To make reflection on the unhappy man, Rich, brave, and young, who past expression loved, Proof to disdain, and not to be removed. Of all the men respected and admired. Of all the dames, except herself, desired. Why not of her? preferred above the rest. By him with knightly deeds, and open love professed? So had another been, where I e his vows addressed. This quelled her pride, set other doubts remained, That once disdaining, she might be disdained.

The fear was just, but greater fear prevailed, Fear of her life by hellish hounds assailed He took a lowering leave, but who can tell What outward hate might inward love conceal? Her sex's arts she knew, and why not then Might deep dissembling have a place in men? Here hope begin to dawn, resolved to try, She fixed on this her utmost remedy Death was behind, but hard it was to die 'Twas time enough at last on death to call, The precipice in sight, a shrub was all That kindly stood betwirk to break the fatal fall

One maid she had, beloved above the rest, Secure of her, the secret she confessed, And now the cheerful light her fears dispelled, She with no winding turns the truth concealed, But put the woman off, and stood revealed With faults confessed, commissioned her to go, If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe, The welcome message made, was soon received, 'Twas what he wished, and hoped, but scarce believed, Fate seemed a fair occasion to present, He knew the sex, and feared she might repent, Should he delay the moment of consent There yet remained to gain her friends (a care The modesty of maidens well might spare), But she with such a zeal the cause embraced (As women, where they will, are 3ll in haste), The father, mother, and the kin beside, Were overborne by fury of the tide, With full consent of all, she changed her state, Resistless in her love, as in her hate

By her example warned, the rest beware, More easy, less imperious, were the fair, And that one hunting, which the devil designed For one fair female, lost him half the kind

(From Boccaccio)

Enjoy the Present Hour

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,

And always in extreme Now with a noiseless gentle course It keeps within the middle bed, Anon it lifts aloft the head,

Anon it lifts aloft the head,

And bears down all before it with impetuous force,

'And trunks of trees come rolling down,

Sheep and their folds together drown

Both house and homestead into seas are borne,

And rocks are from their old foundations torn,

And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone
He who can call to day his own
He who, secure within, can say,
To morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to day
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of fate are mine
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour!

Fortune, that with malicious joy Does man, her slave, oppress, Proud of her office to destroy,

Is seldom pleased to bless.

Still various and inconstant still,

But with an inclination to be ill,

Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,

And makes a lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while she's kind,

But when she dances in the wind,

And shakes her wings, and will not stay,

I puff the prostitute away

The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:

Content with poverty, my soul I arm,

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me, Who never sail in her unfaithful sea, If storms arise, and clouds grow black, If the mast split, and threaten wreck? Then let the greedy merchant fear For his ill gotten gain, And pray to gods that will not hear, While the debating winds and billows bear His wealth into the main For me, secure from Fortune's blows, Secure of what I cannot lose, In my small pinnace I can sail, Contemning all the blustering roar, And running with a merry gale, With friendly stars my safety seek, Within some little winding creek, And see the storm ashore.

(From Horace, Odes, in 29.)

From Song in 'The Conquest of Granada'

Beneath a myrtle's shade,

Which love for none but happy lovers made,
I slept, and straight my love before me brought
Phyllis, the object of my waking thought
Undressed she came my flame to meet,
While love strewed flowers beneath her feet,
Flowers which, so pressed by her, became more sweet.

From the bright vision's head
A careless veil of lawn was loosely shed,
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy sunshine, not too brown nor fair
Her hands, her lips, did love inspire,
Her every grace my heart did fire,
But most her eyes, which languished with desire

Song from 'Cleomenes'

No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endervour, Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her, My ravished eyes behold such charms about her, I can die with her, but not live without her, One tender sigh of hers to see me languish, Will more than pay the price of my past anguish. Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me, 'Twas a kind look of yours, that has undone me

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain, who did begin it,
Then no day void of bliss, of pleasure, leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
And keep out time and death, when they would seize us:
Time and death shall depart, and say in flying
Love has found out a way to live by dying

II. From Dryden's Dramas —Prcfixed to the two specimen scenes given here from Dryden's dramas arc a few shorter passages of exceptional poetic interest.

Freedom

No man has more contempt than I of breath,
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
Obeyed as sovereign by thy subjects be,
But know that I alone am king of me
I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran

(From The Conquest of Granada, Part i)

Timidity

As some fair tulip, by a storm opprest,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest,
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head
So shrouded up your beauty disappears,
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears
The storm that caused your fright is past and done
(From the same, Part 1)

Forgiveness

A blush remains in a forgiven face,
It wears the silent tokens of disgrace
Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they no'er pardon who have done the wrong
(From Part II)

Love

Love is that madness which all lovers have,
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave
' is an enchantment, where the reason's bound,
But Paradise is in the enchanted ground.
A palace void of envy, cares, and strife,
Where gentle hours delude so much of life
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery
And prudence, of whose care so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost
(From the same, Part ii)

That friendship which from withered love doth shoot, Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root, Love is a tender amity, refined Grafted on friendship, it exalts the mind, But when the graff no longer does remain, The dull stock lives, but never bears again (From Part IL)

So Venus moves when to the Thunderer
In smiles or tears she would some suit prefer
When with her cestus girt
And drawn by doves, she cuts the liquid skies,
To every eye a goddess is confest,
By all the heavenly nations she is blest,
And each with secret joy admits her to his breast

(From Part IL.)

Fair though you are
As summer mornings, and your eyes more bright
I han stars that twinkle on a winter's night,
Though you have eloquence to warm and move
Cold age and fasting hermits into love;
Though Almahide with scorn rewards my care,
Yet than to change 'tis nobler to despur

My love's my soul, and that from fate is free,
'Tis that unchanged and deathless part of me

(From Part 11.)

Love various minds does variously aspire
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid,
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade—
A fire which every windy passion blows,
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

(From Tyranic Love)

A change so swift what heart did ever feel!

It rushed upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore

I've loved away myself, in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion

Was it his youth, his valour, or success?

These might perhaps be found in other men

'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me,
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent carthquake shook his soul
But when he spoke, what tender words he said!

So softly that, like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell

(From The Spanish Friar)

Midnight

All things are hushed, as Nature's self lay dead, The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head, The little birds in dreams their songs repeat, And sleeping flowers beneath the night dew sweat, Even lust and envy sleep, yet love denies Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes

It was these famous lines on midnight that Wordsworth pronounced to be 'vague, bombastic, and senseless'

Tears

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew '
(From The Conquest of Granada, Part ii.)

Mankind.

Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetite's as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain,
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing,
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view

(From 121 for Love.)

Man is but man, unconstant still, and various, There's no to morrow in him like to-day Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain Make him think honestly this present hour, The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts May mount aloft, and where's our Egypt then? Who would trust chance? since all men have the seeds Of good and ill, which should work upward first

(From Cleomenes.)

Life

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat, Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit, I rust on, and think to morrow will repay To morrow's falser than the former day,

Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed Strange cozenage! None would live past years again, Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain, And from the dregs of life think to receive What the first sprightly running could not give. I'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold, Which fools us young, and beggars us when old—'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue, It pays our hopes with something still that's new Fach day's a mistress unenjoyed before, Like travellers, we're pleased with seeing more. Did you but know what joys your way attend, You would not hurry to your journey's end

(From Aurengzebe)

Fear of Death

Berenice Now death draws near, a strange per plexity

Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear the approach of certain fate?

St Catherine The wisest and the best some fear may show,

And wish to stay, though they resolve to go

Ber As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and sighing pulls it back
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap, and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again
So I at once
Both heavenly fath and human fear obes

Both heavenly faith and human fear obey, And feel before me in an unknown way For this blest voyage I with joy prepare, Yet am ashamed to be a stranger there.

(From Tyrannic Love)

Scene from 'All for Love'

[This was the only play Dryden wrote for himself, he said, all the rest were given to the people, the scene quoted he thought the best he had written in that kind. The play, avowedly in imitation of Shakespeare, is founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra, the dialogue quoted like that from Don Sebastian, given below, is obviously founded on the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius in Julius Casar Ventidius was Antony's general I

Antony They tell me 'tis my birthday, and I 'll keep it With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.

Why was I raised the meteor of the world, Hung in the skies, and blazing as I trivelled, Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward To be trod out by Cæsar?

Ventuarus [Aside] On my soul
Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant Count thy gains, Now, Antony wouldst thou be born for this? Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth Has starved thy wanting age

Vent [Aside] How sorrow shakes him! So now the tempest tears him by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin

[Antony throws himself down]

Ant Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor,
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now now it contains thee,

Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large, When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn, Shrunk to a few cold ashes, then Octavia (For Cleopatra will not live to see it), Octavia then will have thee all her own, And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep, To see his rival of the universu I'll think no more on 't. Lie still and peaceful there Give me some music, look that it be sad, I'll soothe my melancholy till I swell, And burst myself with sighing 'Tis somewhat to my humour Stay, I fancy I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature, Of all forsaken, and forsaking all, Live in a shady forest's silvan scene, Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak, I lean my head upon the mossy bark, And look just of a piece, as I grew from it, My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoc, Hang o'er my hoary face, a murmuring brook Runs at my foot-

Vent Methinks I fancy

Myself there too

Ant The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow citizen
More of this image, more, it lulls my thoughts.

Vent I must disturb him. I can hold no longer

[Stands before him]

Ant [Starting up] Art thou Ventidius?

Vent

Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him

I left you last.

Ant I'm angry

Vent So am I

Vent So am I
Ant I would be private Leave me

Vent Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant Will not leave me '
Where have you learned that answer? Who am I'

Vent My emperor, the man I love next heaven
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin

You are all that's good and godlike.

Ant

All that's wretched
You will not leave me, then?

Vent

'Twas too presuming
To say I would not but I dare not leave you,
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you

Ant Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied? For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough, And, if a foe, too much

Vent Look, emperor, this is no common dew, I have not wept this forty years, but now My mother comes afresh into my eyes, I cannot help her softness.

Ant By heaven, he weeps, poor good old man, he weeps! The big round drops course one another down The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius, Or I shall blush to death, they set my shame, That caused 'em, full before me.

Vent I'll do my best.

Ant Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends, See, I have caught it too Believe me, 'tis not For my own griefs, but thine—— Nay, father

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Vent
                                              Emperor !
  Ant Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so but never more
Shall that sound reach my cars
  Vent
                                 I warrant you
  Ant Actium, Actium ! Oh-
  Vent
                                    It sits too near you
  Ant Here, here it lies, a lump of leatl by day,
And in my short, distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams-
  Vent Out with it, give it vent
  Ant
                                  Urge not my shame-
I lost a battle
  Vent
                So has Julius done
                                               [think'st,
  Ant Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly,
But Antony-
   Vent
                  Nay, stop not
                                  Antony-
   1111
Well, thou wilt have it-like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought, fled first, Ventidius.
I hou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail
   Vent
                                      I did
  Ant I'll help thee-I have been a man, Ventidius'
   Vent Yes, and a brave one, but-
                                   I know thy meaning
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious case,
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woold it
And purple greatness met my ripened years
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs
 The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Received me as its pledge of future peace
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
hate could not run me, till I took prins,
And worked against my fortune, child her from me,
And turned her loose yet still she came again
 My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone
Gone, gone, divorced for ever
                               Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
                               Prythce, curse me.
 Who laboured to be wretched
   Vent No
   And
               Why?
                       You are too sensible already
   Vent
 Of what you have done, too conscious of your failings.
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
 To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge
 I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
 Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes
    Int I know thou wouldst
   I ent
                               I will
   Ant Ila, ha, ha, ha!
                          I ou laugh
   Lent
   Ant I do, to see officious love
 Give cordials to the dead
                            You would be lost, then?
   Vast
   Ant I am
    Vent I say you are not - Try your fortune.
    Int I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me
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desperate

Without just cause? No, when I found all lost Beyond repair, I hid me from the world, And learned to scorn it here, which now I do So hearfuly, I think it is not worth The cost of keeping Vent Cusar thinks not so He'll thank you for the gift he could not take You would be killed like fully, would you? Do Hold out your throat to Casar, and die tamely An. No, I can kill myself, and so resolve. Vent I can die with you, too, when time shall serve, But fortune calls upon us now to live, To fight, to conquer Ant Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius! Vent No, 'tis you dream, you sleep away your In desperate slath, miscalled philosophy Up, up, for honour's sake, twelve legions want you, And long to call you chief By prinful journeys I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger, Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile 'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces, Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands, there's virtue in'em They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates Than you trim bands can buy Ant Where left you them? Vent I said in I ower Syria .1111 Bring 'em hither, There may be life in these They will not come Ant Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids, To double my despair? They're mutinous. Vent Most firm and loyal Yet they will not march Lo succour me Oh, trifler ' They petition You would make haste to head 'em I'm besieged Vent There's but one way shut up How came I lather? Ant I will not stir Vent They would perhaps desire A better reason. Int I have never used My soldiers to demand a reason of Why did they refuse to march? My actions Vent They said they would not fight for Cleopatra. Ant What was 't they said? Vent They said they would not fight for Cleopatra. Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer, And make you more a slave? To gain you kingdoms Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast You'll sell to her? Then she new names her jewels, And ealls this diamond such or such a tax, Lach pendant in her car shall be a province Ant Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence On all my other faults, but, on your life, No word of Cleopatra, she deserves More worlds than I can love. Behold, you powers, To whom you have intrusted humankind, See Europe, Mrie, Asia put in Galance, And all weighed down by one light worthless woman! I think the gods are Antonie, and give, Like prodigals, this nether world away Fo none but wasteful hands

You grow presum to me

Vent I take the privilege of plain love to speak
Ant Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall
Oh, that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

Vent You may kill me
You have done more already, called me trutor
Ant Art thou not one?

Vent

For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done
But had I been
That name which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so called

Ant Forgive me, soldier,

I've been too passionate

Vent You thought me false, Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir, Pray kill me, yet you need not, your unkindness Has left your sword no work

Ant I did not think so, I said it in my rage, prythee, forgive me
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent

No prince but you

Could merit that sincerity I used,

Nor durst another man have ventured it,

But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,

Were sure the chief and best of human race,

Framed in the very pride and boast of nature,

So perfect that the gods who formed you wondered

At their own skill and cried, A lucky hit

Has mended our design Their envy hindered,

Else you had been immortal and a pattern,

When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,

To copy out again.

Ant But Cleopatra——Go on, for I can bear it now

Vent No more

Ant Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou mayst, Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me

Vent Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word May I believe you love me? Speak again

Ant Indeed I do Speak this, and this, and this.

[Hugging him

Thy praises were unjust, but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all Do with me what thou wilt,
Lead me to victory, thou knowst the way

Vent And will you leave this—

Ant Prythee, do not curse her, And I will leave her, though, Heaven knows, I love Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour But I will leave her

Vent That's my royal master And shall we fight?

Ant I warrant thee, old soldier, Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,

And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow mc

Vent Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word

Octavius fell Gods, let me see that day, And, if I have ten years behind, take all, I'll thank you for the exchange

Ant Oh, Cleopatra!

Vent Agun?

Ant I've done. In that last sigh she went, Cresar shall know what 'tis to force a lover

From all he holds most dear

Vent Methinks you breathe

Another soul, your looks are more divine, You speak a hero, and you move a god

Int Oh, thou hast fired me, my soul's up in arms, And mans each part about me Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me,
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way, in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield,
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below

Vent Ye gods, ye gods,

For such another honour!

Our hearts and arms are still the same I long
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field

(From Act 1.)

Scene from 'Don Sebastian.'

[Don Sebastian of Portugal defeated and taken prisoner by the Moors, is saved from death by Dorax, a noble Portuguese, then a renegade in the court of the Emperor of Barbary, but formerly Don Alonzo of Alcazar Attendants being dismissed, Dorax takes off his turban, and assumes his Portuguese dress and manner]

Dorar Now do you know me?

Sebastian Thou shouldst be Alonzo

Dor So you should be Sebastian,

But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,

I ceased to be Alonzo

Scb

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs.

And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?

Think not you dream or, if you did, my injuries

As in a dream

Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me
A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
Over these eyes, but ever when they closed,
Your tyrant image forced them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought
The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame

And that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome Seb I have not yet forgot I am a king, Whose royal office is redress of wrongs
If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face, I have not yet forgot I am a soldier

Dor 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me, Then though I loathe this woman's war of tongues, Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear, 'And, Honour, be thou judge

Seb Honour befriend us both. Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs In terms becoming majesty to hear I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper Is insolent and haughty to superiors How often hast thou braved my peaceful court, Filled it with noisy brawls and windy boasts, And with past service, nauseously repeated, Reproached even me thy prince?

Dor And well I might, when you forgot reward, The part of heaven in kings, for punishment Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils I must and will reproach thee with my service, Tyrant! It irks me so to call my prince, But just resentment and hard usage coined The unwilling word, and, grating as it is, Take it, for 'tis thy due

Scb

How, tyrant?

Dor

1 yrant '

Seb Traitor! that name thou canst not echo back That robe of infamy, that circumcision, Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee truitor, And if a name

More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade

Dor If I'm a traitor, think and blush, thou tyrant, Whose injuries betrayed me into treason, Effaced my loyalty, unhinged my faith, And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell, All these and all my yet unfinished crimes, When I shall rise to plead before the saints, I charge on thee, to make thy damning surc

Seb Thy old presumptuous arrogance again, That bred my first dislike and then my loathing, Once more be warned, and know me for thy king

Dor Too well I know thee, but for king no more This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this, Where like a statue thou hast stood besieged By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts, Where thy gulled eyes, in all the gaudy round, Mct nothing but a lie in every face, And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd, Livious who first should catch and first applaud The stuff or royal nonsense when I spoke, My honest homely words were carped and consured For want of courtly style related actions, Though modestly reported, passed for boasts Secure of merit, if I asked reward, Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded, And the bread snatched from pumps and parasites Henriquez answered, with a ready lic To save his king's, the boon was begged before

Seb What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by Herven,

Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him, Than all thy foul, unmannered, scurril trunts

Dor And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I named him, That thing, that nothing but a cringe and smile, That woman, but more daubed, or if a man, Corrupted to a woman, thy man mistress.

Seb All false as hell or thou

Yes, full as false As that I served thee fifteen hard campaigns, And pitched thy standard in these foreign fields By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it, But thy ingratitude outgrew them both

Seb I see to what thou tend'st, but tell me first, If those great acts were done alone for me If love produced not some, and pride the rest?

Dor Why, love does all that's noble here below

But all the advantage of that love was thinc For, coming fraughted back, in either hand With palm and olive, victory and peace, I was indeed prepared to ask my own (For Violante's vows were mine before), Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke, And asked me Violante for Henriquez

Seb I meant thee a reward of greater worth. Dor Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped? Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty From those rapacious hands who stripped him first?

Seb He had my promise ere I knew thy love Dor My services descreed thou shouldst revoke it.

Seb Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service, To violate my laws, even in my court, Shered to pence, and safe from all affronts, Even to my face, and done in my despite, Under the wing of awful majesty

To strike the man I loved!

Dor Lyen in the face of heaven, a place more sacred. Would I have struck the man who, propt by power, Would seize my right, and rob me of my love But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice, The hasty product of a just despair, When he refused to meet me in the field,

Seb He durst nay more, desired and begged with teary To meet thy challenge fairly 'twas thy fault Io make it public, but my duty then i To interpose, on pain of my displeasure, Betwixt your swords.

That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

DorOn pun of infumy He should have disobeyed

Seb The indignity thou didst was meant to me Thy gloomy eyes were east on me with scorn, As who should say the blow was there intended, But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands Against anointed power so was I forced To do a sovereign justice to myself, And spurn thee from my presence

Thou hast dared To tell me what I durst not tell myself I durst not think that I was spurned, and live. And live to hear it boasted to my free All my long avarice of honour lost, Heaped up in youth, and hoarded up for age Has honour's fountain then sucked back the stream? He has, and hooting boys may dry shod pass, And gather pebbles from the naked ford Give me my love, my honour, give them back, Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it

Seb Now, by this honoured order which I wenr, More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it Nor shall the sacred character of king Be urged to shield me from thy bold appeal If I have injured thee, that makes us equal The wrong, if done, debised me down to thee But thou hast charged me with ingratitude, Hast thou not charged me? Speak

Thou know'st I have = If thou disown'st that imputation, draw, And prove my charge a lie

Set No, to disprove that he, I must not draw Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul What thou hast done this day in my defence. To fight thee after this, what were it else

Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas,
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor
I'll cut that isthmus
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge
I saved thee out of honourable malice
Now draw, I should be loath to think thou dar'st not
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Scb Oh, patience, Heaven!

Dor

Beware of patience too,
That's a suspicious word—it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurned me, now 'tis base
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security
The only boon I begged was this fair combat
Fight or be perjured now, that's all thy choice

See Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be

Seb Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thanked [Drawing Never was yow of honour better paid,

Never was vow of honour better paid,

If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.

The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,

More gladly enters not the lists of love

Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summoned thus

Go, bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,

And say his master and his friend revenged him

Dor His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

Seb The question is beside our present purpose,

Dor A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us, throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall [take him
Seb He's dead make haste, and thou mayst yet o'er

Dor When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer I prithee, let me hedge one moment more Into thy promise for thy life preserved, Be kind, and tell me how that rival died, Whose death, next thine, I wished

Thou seest me ready, we delay too long

Scb If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth, Which found, will torture thee he died in fight Fought next my person, as in concert fought Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow, Save when he heaved his shield in my defence, And on his naked side received my wound Then, when he could no more, he fell at once, But rolled his falling body cross their way, And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor I never can forgive him such a death!

Seb I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.

Now judge thyself who best deserved my love.

I knew you both, and, durst I say, as Heaven

Foreknew among the shining angel host

Who should stand firm, who fall

Dor Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen, And so, had I been favoured, had I stood

Seb What had been is unknown, what is appears, Confess he justly was preferred to thee.

Dor Had I been born with his indulgent stars, My fortune had been his, and his been mine. Oh, worse than hell! what glory have I lost, And what has he acquired by such a death! I should have fallen by Sebastian's side, My corpse had been the bulwark of my king His glorious end was a patched work of fate,

Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life It suited better with my life than his So to have died—mine had been of a piece, Spent in your service, dying at your fect.

Seb The more esseminate and soft his life,
The more his same, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious sate consess, proud spirit—
For I will have it from thy very mouth—
That better he deserved my love than thou.

Dor Oh, whither would you drive me! I must grant, Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul, Henriquez had your love with more desert For you he fought and died, I fought against you, Through all the mazes of the bloody field Hunted your sacred life, which that I missed, Was the propitious error of my fate, Not of my soul, my soul's a regicide.

Seb Thou mightst have given it a more gentle name, Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?

Dor Can I speak?

Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo
Alonzo was too kind a name for me
Ther when I fought and conquered with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you named,
Till rage and pride debased me into Dorax,
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above

Seb Yet twice this day I owed my life to Dorax

Dor I saved you but to kill you there's my grief

Seb Nay, if thou canst be grieved, thou canst repent,

Thou couldst not be a villain though thou wouldst

Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast erred,

And I too little, who provoked thy crime.

Dor Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness, It comes too fast upon a feeble soul Half drowned in tears before, spare my confusion For pity spare, and say not first you erred For yet I have not dared, through guilt and shame, To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

Falls at his feet

Now spurn this relel, this proud renegade 'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first, But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

[Taking him up

Yes, I will raise thee up with better news
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine,
Compelled to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid

A widow and a maid [me?

Dor Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven blest I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy

What, in one moment to be reconciled

To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love!

But pity is my friend, and stops me short, For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!

Seb Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?
Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms, [Embracing nim
And all our quarrels be but such as these,.
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace
Be what Henriquez was be my Alonzo

Dor What! my Alonzo, said you? My Alonzo? Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak, And if I could,

Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

Seb Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven to bless me thus 'I is gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy
Be kind, ye powers, and take but half away
With case the gifts of fortune I resign,
But let my love and friend be ever mine

(Last Scene of Act iv)

III Dryden's Prose.—Scott was as enthusiastic as Johnson in his praise of Dryden's Essays and 'The prose of Dryden,' says Sir Walter, 'may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification, is equally spirited, and equally harmonious Without the lengthened and pedantic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified when dignity is becoming, and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contemporaries' Malone recorded that Dryden's prose writings were held in high estimation by Burke, who carefully studied them on account equally of their style and matter, and is thought to have in some degree taken them as the model of his own diction Dryden himself acknowledged that he had made Tillotson his model In so saying he must have referred to the easy modern style of the composition, in all other respects the copy immensely Besides his Prefaces and surpasses the model Essays, Dry den published several translations from the French, including Bouhours' Life of Francis Xavier (1687) and Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting (1695), also a Life of Plutarch, contributed to a translation, and a character of Polybius, produced in a like connection Dryden's Essay of Diamatic Poesy, which, according to Johnson, 'was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing,' opens with the following graphic exordium

It was that memorable day in the first summer of the late war when our navy engaged the Dutch, a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe while these vast floating bodies on either side moved against each other in parallel lines, and our country men, under the happy command of his Royal Highness [the Duke of York, afterwards James II], went breaking, little by little, into the line of the enemies, the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city So that all men being alarmed with it and in a dreadful suspense of the event which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him, and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the river, others down it, all seeking the noise in the depth of silence Amongst the rest it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius, and Neander to be in company together

Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisidcius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired after which having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the I hames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently, and then, every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory, adding that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast

The Essay concludes thus

Neander was pursuing this discourse so eagerly, that Eugenius had called to him twice or thrice ere he took notice that the barge stood still, and that they were at the foot of Somerset Stairs, where they had appointed it to land. The company were all sorry to separate so soon, though a great part of the evening was already spent, and stood a while looking back on the water, which the moon beams played upon, and made it appear like floating quick silver at last they went up through a crowd of French people, who were merrily dancing in the open air, and nothing concerned for the noise of guns which had alarmed the town that afternoon. Walking thence together to the Piazze, they parted there, Eugenius and Lisideius to some pleasant appointment they had made, and Crites and Neander to their several lodgings.

Neander was Dryden lumself I isideius Sir Charles Sedley (an anagram of Sidleius) Crites, Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother in law, Eugenius, the Earl of Dorset

The following finely-drawn characters of the great Elizabethan dramatists are also from the Essay of Dramatic Poesy

Shakespeare

To begin then with Shakespeare He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily When he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation He was naturally learned, he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature, he looked in wards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike, were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid, his comic wit degenerating into clenches [puns, word-plays], his scrious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him, no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

'Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi'

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare, and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contem poraries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him

Beaumont and Fletcher

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study, Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting if not contriving all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their Philaster, for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully as the like is reported of Ben Jonson before he wnt Every Man in his Humour Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death, and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentle men much better, whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet before them could paint as they have done Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe, they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's the reason is because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs

Ben Jonson.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure we had before him, but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavour ing to move the passions, his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them, there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those

times whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him there was any full in his language 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially perhaps too he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them, wherein though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours If I would compare him with Shake speare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing, I admire him, but I love Shakespearc. To conclude of him as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his Discoveries, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Dramatic Dialogue after the Restoration.

I have always acknowledged the wit of our predecessors with all the veneration which becomes me, but I am sure their wit was not that of gentlemen, there was ever somewhat that was ill bred and clownish in it, and which confessed the conversation of the authors

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets lived there was less of gallantry than in ours, neither did they keep the best company of theirs Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus in the retirement of his gardens, to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts except Ben Jonson, and his genius lay not so much that way as to make an improvement by it Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as it now is I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversa tion, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them And this will be denied by none but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars, who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to

Now, if any ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refined, I must freely and without flattery ascribe it to the court, and in it particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes and the nation's afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travelling and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe, and thereby of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion and as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern first awakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reservedness,

loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and plint to each other in discourse. Thus insensibly our way of living became more free, and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaicty of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in the three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it, or if they should not more easily imitate the with and conversation of the present age than of the past

(From the Defence of the Epilogue to the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*)

On Translation.

Translation is a kind of drawing after the life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable, and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole I cannot without some indignation look on an ill copy of an excellent original, much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching What English readers unacquainted with interpreter Greek or Latin will believe me or any other man when we commend these authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebies have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few, it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digest ing of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes, and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men tale up some cried up Inglish post for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and triffing, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thought, or the turn of both is unharmonious

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a mee critic in his mother tongue before be attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too he must be feetly under tand his author's tongue, and ab olately command his own, so that to be a thorough trund for he must be a

thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers, for though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, yet there remains a harder task, and it is a secret of which few translators have sum ciently thought. I have already limited a word or two concerning it, that is the maintaining the character of an author which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would Tor example, not only the thoughts but the interpret style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different, yet I see even in our best poets who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents, and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Virgil and which was Ovid It was objected against a late noble painter that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who In such translators I can caudy distinguish the hand which performed the worl, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness as in that of sugar and that of honey I can make the difference more plain, by Living you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of procceding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertool them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable, who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires, I may almost say, a grammar apart to construct him His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears, yet the numbers are per petually varied, to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice to other On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the vers h eation and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines and then be be in agrun in the same tenor, perpetually closing his new it the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which their call golden, or two substantives and two " lectives, with a verb betweet them to keep the peace. Ovel, with all his sweetness, has as little viriety of numbers and as aid as he, he is always, as it vere, upon the hand gallage, and his verse runs upon carpet ground. The available the other all syndephys, or cutting of one vised shan it comes before another in the fello sing wint, it has minding only shoothness, le suits loth surers and myesty. Let to return to Viral though he is a with where moothness is required, yet he is a fur to i rifecting it, that he see as rather to us family, frequently makes use of symmetries, and concludes have the muldle of his verse. He was cry there also a concer of of chigammatics it is I go so higher the measure of napots in the initia of lanness, le discolutions rote, and is dutily without " had no which an other a c of I ucan

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty, nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so mexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be copied, and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my per I may seem sometimes to have formance would allow varied from his sense, but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him, and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better, at least I writ without consulting them in many places. (From the Preface to the Second Miscellany, 1685.)

Spenser and Milton.

[In epic poetry] the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser, he aims at the accomplishment of no one action, he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference every one is most valiant in his own legend only we must do him that justice to observe that Magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines through out the whole poem, and succours the rest when they The original of every knight was then are in distress living in the court of Queen Elizabeth, and he attri buted to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design For the rest, his obso lete language and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude, for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice, and for the last, he is the more to be admired that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr Waller among the English

As for Mr Milton, whom we all admire with so much

justice, his subject is not that of a heroic poem, properly His design is the losing of our happiness. his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works, his heavenly machines are many, and his human But I will not take Mr Rymer's persons are but two work out of his hands he has promised the world a critique on that author, wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegan cies of Virgil. It is true he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity, for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer And though perhaps the love of their masters may have transported both too far in the frequent use of them, yet in my opinion obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice, and when their obscurity is taken away by joining other words to them which clear the sense, according to the rule of Horace for the admission But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them, for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him by the example of Hannibal Caro and other Italians who have used it, for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent, he had neither the east of doing it, nor the graces of it, which is manifest in his Juvenilia, or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet (From the Discourse on the Original and Progress

(From the Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire, 1093.)

Dryden's plays appeared in two folio volumes in the year of hisdeath, and were afterwards re edited by his friend Congreve, in six duodecimos. The Fables, supplemented by most, though not all, of his earlier non-dramatic verse, make another folio volume of the same date. One or two somewhat imperfect editions of his poems appeared during the eighteenth century, and Malone gave an admirable collection of the prose in four volumes. But all editions were superseded by that of Sir Walter (then Mr) Scott in 1808. This was reprinted in 1821, and in 1833-93 re edited (in 18 vols.) with additions and corrections by the present writer Scott's Life is excellent and is the standard, but the editions of Bell Mitford, and Christie are useful The new Aldine edition (by Hooper, 1892) is in 5 vols Mr Churton Collins edited the Satures in 1893, and Professor W P Ker a selection of the Essays in 1900. See Dryden in the 'Men of Letters series (1881) by the present writer, and the notices in Johnson's Lives, in Hazlitt's English Poets, in the first series of Lowell's Among my books and in Dr Garnett's Age of Dryden (1896). The section of the British Museum Catalogue on Dryden separately obtainable, is a full bibliography-

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

SCOTTISH LITERATURE

From the Civil War On.



page 505 and elsewhere it has been sufficiently insisted on that alike in volume and in quality Scottish literary production had declined to a low cbb during the troublous seven teenth century, when Scotland

was truly a most distressful country, rent by factions and antipathies tyranny and persecution, intrigue and war. Most of what came from the printing-presses, and what chiefly absorbed the interest of the nation, was not literature in the stricter sense at all, but theology, mainly polemical, and controversial politics. Yet of the small number of the second series of Scottish seventeenth century writers it may at least be said that they are wonderfully representative of the most opposite tempers and parties the royalist Montrose who made so much of the Highlanders, the Cameronian colonel who jeered at them in verse and foiled them in the field, Rabelaisian Urquhart and ultra-Puritan Gillespie, the sainted Archbishop Leighton and the irreconcilable Pres byterian mystic Rutherford face to face with the Sempills, delineators of rude and vulgar merri ment, the persecutor of the heroes of the Covenant and their panegyrist, and Fletcher, a whole party in himself. Some wrote in English almost as Englishmen understood it, some in the broadest west country vernacular, some in parti coloured transition between the two, while one at times wielded a language known to himself alone were men of mark in their time, but none of them great men of letters Meanwhile home-keeping Scotsmen were becoming more and more familiar with that larger literature-now no longer foreign -to which their own was contributory, English books of all kinds, religious as well as secular, were st and ird reading in Scotland, where Paradise Lost and the Pilgrim's Progress were not read as the work of thems

The Marquis of Montrose (James Graham, 1612-50), the brilliant royalist soldier whose loyalty, after six meteoric victories, brought him disastrous defeat and death on the scaffold, was in apt scholar of 5t Andrews University, an accomplished man of the world, and the author of a few passionately loyal poems. Unhappily, by far the most memorable—containing two thrice-famous verses—was not definitely ascribed to him till 1711, when it was printed in Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, and cannot be proved his. At most it is in adaptation of an old English song

Napier, Montrosc's biographer, interprets what seems to be a spirited love poem as a political allegory, in which King Churles I is the lover and the kingdom the mistress

I'll Never Love Thee More

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy,
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
Fo gain or lose it all

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe,
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
I hou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or committees if thou creet,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword,
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more

Lines written after Sentonce of Death.

Let them bestow on every ant a limb, quanter flexica. Then open all my vems, that I may some. To Theomy Maker in this enims n lake,.
Then place my pur boiled head upon a stake,. Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air.
Lord since Thou knows where all three a may are,. I'm hopeful Thou It recover once my dust,. And consident Thou I ruse me with the just to

See the selections from Montrose and Marvell by R. S. Rait (1901). 'I'le never love thee more' is an old Northern (i.e. North English) tune of the reign of James I, and the oldest set of words—one of many sets to the same air—belongs to the early years of the seventeenth century

'My dear and only love, take heed
How thou thyself expose,
And let not longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those
I il marble thee around about,
And build without a door
But if my love doth once break out,
I il never love thee more.

Simion Grahame, son of an Edinburgh burgess, was a competent scholar, a soldier and traveller of dissolute life, and ultimately an austere He must have been born Franciscan brother about 1570, Dempster—a poor authority—fixes the end of his very varied career in 1614, probably too early He spent the last years of his life in He dedicated to his patron, James VI, a collection of verses called The Passionate Sparke of a Relenting Mind in 1604, and in 1609 to the Earl of Montrose (father of the famous Marquis) his Anatomie of Humors-a dedication which may justify us in introducing him in this section along with his patron's son The most notable thing about the Anatomie is that it has been conjectured to have given Burton more than a suggestion for his Anatomie of Melancholy The work, interspersed with verse, gives striking pictures of typical charactersquacks, parasites, and many others—somewhat in the fashion of the 'characters' of Hall and Over-He wrote in what is approximately English of the period, but undisguised and unmistakable Scotticisms in words, spellings, and construction appear constantly Love 1s, as usual, the humour most elaborately anatomised, and was especially fair game for a friar This is a fragment on the lover

Being alone in their retearing [retiring] walks they surfat the solitarie deserts with the sorrowful voice of a discontented minde, with weeping eies in splaine [spleen, a fit] of passion O, saieth he,

The furious force of love's consuming fire

No tyme can quench, nor thoght can not expell

Such is the restles rage of my desire,

Which makes my wits within myselfe rebell

Thus am I wrongd and ever saikles slaine,

I shift my place but cannot shift my paine

They ever esteeme their paines worse than the paines of hell, such are the sort of penitentiall lovers, who are alwaies anatomisd with humorous follie and yet how often it coms to passe that they who taks most pains to please are most displeasd, for it is knowne be unfallable experience that the duetifull lover in a respected persute is often rejected with many ingratfull disdains pernllous it is to believe a Lover, how tempting their words will be, and how they will straine them selves to speak with vehemencie. Lady Rethorick ever hants the mouth of a Lover, and with borrowed speeches of braver wits doeth enlarge their deceit, his perjured promises, his oathes, his vowes, his protestations, his waiting on, and all his iron sences drawen to feed upon the attractive humors of her Adamantall beautie. Her smile is his heaven, and her fromne is his hell she is the only

idoll of his minde, for when he should serve God, he worships her, if he comes to Church, his looking on her behaviour takes away his hearing, robs him of devotion, and makes him a sencelesse blocke, with staring on her face he learns the arte of Physiognomie, his vain appre hentions will reade a woman's thought in her visage, and when he lookes on her hands, O then hee becomes a rare Palmister, for he will not spare to reade her fortunes by lynes, for heere (says hee) is the true score of death, and there goes the score of life. Hee spendes the time in his Chamber with no other thing but with a great Looking glasse, how to take off his hatt, how to make his gesture, and in a discourse how to frame the motion of his hands, to kisse his finger, to make courtesie with his legge, to set his arme, to smile, to looke aside, to walke, and then he stands gazing on the full proportion of his own bodie, which I sweare is not else but the very true image of superstitious vanitie

There are two forms of a poem written from Italy, thus beginning, and addressed

To Scotland his Soyle

To thee, my Soyle, where first
I did receive my breath,
These obsequies I sing
Before my Swan like death
My love by nature bound,
Which spotlesse love I spend,
From treasure of my hart
To Thee I recommend

And he praised the United Kingdom in another, much longer and more elaborate, in which he takes opportunity to congratulate and compliment the king as the good genius of the now united realm

With nine-voyc'd mouth my Delphin song I sound, Of all the world blest bee thou, Brittaine's Ile! Thou, onely thou, within this mortall round, On whom the heav'ns have lov'd so long to smile For Phænix-like thou hast renew'd thy kinde, In getting that which lay for thee inshrin'de

Robert Sempill of Beltrees in the Renfrewshire parish of Lochwinnoch (1595?-1659), humorous poet, was the son of Sir James Sempill of Beltrees, himself son of Lord Sempill, and so distantly related to the older Robert Sempill, author of the Sempill Ballates (see page 232) Sir James was contemptuously called by Knox 'the dancer' from his various social accomplishments, was conspicuous at the court of James VI, whom he assisted in the preparation of the Basilicon Doron, and wrote controversial works on the Presbyterian side, as well as the satirical poem against the Catholic Church, The Packman's Paternoster His son Robert continued this satire, wrote various pieces, but is remembered as author of the Life and Death of Habbie Simson, Piper of Kilbarchan, which gives a graphic and humorous account of old Scottish amusements Both Ramsay and Burns were influenced by this poem, and copied the form of verse, which became characteristic of Scottish vernacular poems, especially those of facetious type

From 'Habbie Simson.'

Kilbarchan now may say 'Alas''
For she hath lost her game and grace,
Both Trixie and the Maiden Trace,
But what remead?
For no man can supply his place—
Hab Simson's dead!

Now who shall play 'The Day it daws,'
Or 'Hunts up,' when the cock he craws?
Or who can for our kirk town cause
Stand us in stead?
On bagpipes now naebody blaws
Sin' Habbie's dead

So kindly to his neighbours neist, next
At Beltane and Saint Barchan's feast
He blew, and then held up his breast,
As he were weid, wood, mad
But now we need not him arrest,
For Habbie's dead

At fairs he played before the spearmen, halberdiers
All gaily graithed in their gear, men, clad
Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords so clear then,
Like any bead

Now wha will play before such weir men, warriors Sin' Habbie's dead?

At clerk plays, when he wont to come, stage plays
His pipe played trimly to the drum,
Like bykes of bees he gart it bum, hives—hum
And tuned his reed

Now all our pipers may sing dumb Sin' Habbie's dead

And at horse races many a day
Before the black, the brown, the grey,
He gart his pipe, when he did play,
Baith skirl and screed,
Now all such pastime's quite away
Sin' Habbie's dead

He counted was a waled wight man, picked champion
And fiercely at football he ran,
At every game the gree he wan first place
For pith and speed,
The like of Habbie wasna then,
But now he's dead

Francis Sempill (1616?-82), Robert's son, was also a vernacular poet, who, like his father, forms a link in the almost broken chain of humorous popular Scottish poetry, a link between Peblis to the Play and Sir David Lyndsay and the vernacular revival under Allan Ramsay Francis Sempill was also of the court party, inherited heavily burdened estates, and though he alienated some of his properties, welcomed the relief of the debtors' sanctuary at Holyrood-as recorded in his autobiographical 'Banishment of Poverty,' dedicated (with thanks rather for expected favours, apparently) to the Duke of York. He was ultimately Sheriff-Depute of Renfrewshire He unquestionably wrote a good deal of verse, but many of the things attributed to him are so credited on slender evidence 'She rose and let me in' is, as we have seen, Tom Durfey's, though Sempill may have made the Scots version The song 'Maggie Lauder,' found in most Scotch song-books, is very probably his 'The Blythsome Bridal,' claimed also for Sir William Scott of Thirlestane, an accomplished writer of Latin verse, is more likely Sempill's The first verse is

Fy, let's a' to the bridal,

For there will be lilting there,
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair
And there will be lang kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley meal,
And there will be good salt herring
To relish a cog of good ale

The nine stanzas of this song, rough, rude, and vulgar though they be in tone, rhymes, and words, are only more uncouth than some of Fergusson's, and are in the humour of *Peblis to the Play* and *Christis Kirk of the Grene* The same is true of 'Hallow Fair,' generally credited to Sempill, and quite distinct in plan and rhyme from the much later poem of the same name by Fergusson The earlier one thus begins

There's mony braw Jockies and Jennies
Comes weel buskit into the fair,
Wi'ribbons on their cockernonies, topknots of hair
And fouth o' braw flowers in their hair wealth
Maggie sae brawly was buskit
When Jockie was tied to his bride,
The pownie was ne'er better whiskit pony—whacked
Wi'a cudgel that hung by his side
Sing fal de ral la de

The following much less uncouth verses from 'The Banishment of Poverty' describe his first occupations in Edinburgh while still dogged by that unwelcome comrade, and show the Scots equivalent for 'dining with Duke Humphrey'

We held the Lang gate to Leith Wynd, now Princes
Where poorest purses use to be,
And in the Calton lodged syne,

Yet I the High town fain would see,
But my comrade did me discharge,
He willed me Blackburn's ale to pree,
And muff my beard that was right large.

Fit quarters for such company

The morn I ventured up the Wynd,
And slunk in at the Netherbow,
Thinking that troker for to tyne,
Who does me damage what he dow

His company he doth bestow
On me to my great grief and pain,
Ere I the thrang could wrestle through
The loun was at my heels again

I greined to gang on the plain stanes, longed—pavement
To see if comrades wad me ken
We twa gaed pacing there our lanes,
The hungry hour 'twist twelve and ane

rascal

Then I kenned no way how to fen, fend, make shift
My guts rumbled like a hurl barrow, wheel barrow
I dined with saints and noblemen,
Even sweet Giles and Earl of Murray

Samuel Rutherford (1600?-61), a pectoral theologian (to use Neander's phrase) if ever there was one, was born at Nisbet, near Jedburgh, and passed MA at Edinburgh in 1621 In 1623 he was appointed Professor of Humanity, the scandal created by his falling into disgrace with the girl he afterwards married caused his resignation in 1626, but next year he received Episcopal ordination and was settled as minister of Anwoth Here from the first he was a zealous student and devoted and beloved pastor, and here, within a year after his disgrace, he began that correspondence with his godly friends which has been called 'the most seraphic book in our literature' He seems never to have fully conformed to the Perth articles, which were utterly obnoxious to all Presbyterians Exercitationes pro divina Gratia (1636) was written against the Arminians, and brought him an invitation to a Divinity chair in Holland and a summons before the High Commission Court in July 1636, when he was forbidden to preach, and banished to Aberdeen, and there he wrote many of his most spiritual letters to his parishioners and friends in the There he was also free to debate with the Episcopalian-Arminian 'Aberdeen doctors' The national uprising and the Covenant gave him the welcome opportunity of returning to his parish, but under the Covenant he was appointed Professor of Divinity at St Andrews in 1639, and in 1647 Principal of the New College, in 1643 he was sent to the Westminster Assembly He wrote many works of controversial divinity and devotional theology, combining high Presbyterian divine right, Calvinistic orthodoxy, and fervid religion His Due Right of Presbyteries (1644), Lex Rex (1644), Trial and Triumph of Faith (1645), Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself (1647), belong to this period. His Free Disputation against Pretended Liberty of Conscience was pronounced by Bishop Heber as 'perhaps the most elaborate defence of persecution which has ever appeared in a Protestant country,' Milton included him amongst the 'new forcers of conscience' named in his sonnet. After the Restoration his Lex Rex was burned by the hangman in Edinburgh in 1661, and its author deposed and summoned for hightreason, but he received the citation on his death-Livingston said 'he had most sharp piercing wit and fruitful invention and solid judgment? But it is by the infectious fervour of his Letters that he remained for nearly two centuries a power amongst his countrymen, the work was eminently popular in all ranks of Scotsmen, and cherished in Scotland the less conspicuous graces of Presbyterian faith and love. To many the succession of highly sensuous images under which Rutherford expresses the ecstatic mood of an exalted sense of communion with Christ and God is non-natural, extravagant, and repellent The letters are largely a catena of scriptural fragments and phrases, a tangle of mixed metaphors, Hebraic and Scottish Yet the command of apt words is as remarkable

Though the letters are as the fertility in imagery conceived in sound English, Rutherford makes frequent, skilful, and very effective use of peculiarly Scottish words and phrases, and does not always avoid homely and even grotesque figures Thus he adjures an afflicted friend 'to be faithful to Him that can ride through hell and death on a windlestrae and His horse never stumble'-a windlestrae being a stalk of grass He not merely conceives the relation of Christ to the Church according to the old allegorical interpretation of the Song of Solomon, but uses the same language of Christ and the individual believer There is, accordingly, perpetual iteration of Christ's kisses, wooing, 'loveembracements,' of marriage with Him, even of being dandled on His knee, of the smell of His breath and of His garments, too great love of one's children is thus adultery, and the Catholic Church is 'Rome's brothel-house' It is characteristic that in a long letter to the Countess of Kenmure, daughter of the Earl of Argyll and wife of the patron who presented him to Anwoth, Rutherford mentions as it were casually in the very last short paragraph 'My wife now after long disease and torment for the space of a year and a month is departed this The Lord hath done it, blessed be His name' The following are extracts from letters to the same Countess, of date 1628, 1630, and 1631

Ye have lost a child may, she is not lost to you who is found to Christ. She is not sent away, but only sent before, like unto a star, which going out of our sight doth not die and evanish, but shineth in another hemisphere. Ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. If her glass was but a short hour, what she wanteth of time that she hath gotten of eternity, and ye have to rejoice that ye have now some plenishing up in heaven. Build your nest upon no tree here, for ye see God hath sold the forest to death, and every tree whereupon we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end we may fly and mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the holes of the Rock

For this is the house of wine, where ye meet with your Well Beloved. Here it is where He kisseth you with the kisses of His mouth, and where ye feel the smell of His garments, and they have indeed a most fragrant and glorious smell. Ye must, I say, wait upon Him, and be often communing with Him, whose lips are as lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrth, and by the moving thereof He will assuage your grief, for the Christ that saveth you is a speaking Christ, the Church knoweth Him by His voice, and can discern His tongue amongst a thousand.

It is God's mercy to you, madim, that He giveth you your fill, even to loathing, of this bitter world, that ye may willingly leave it, and, like a full and satisfied banqueter, long for the drawing of the table. And at last, having trainpled under your feet all the rotten pleasures that are under sun and moon, and having rejoiced as though ye rejoiced not, and having bought as though ye possessed not, ye may, like an old crazy ship, arrive at our Lord's harbour, and be made welcome, as one of those who have ever had one foot loose from the earth, longing for that place where your soul shall feast and banquet for ever and ever upon a glorious sight of

the incomprehensible Irinity, and where ye shall see the fair face of the man Christ, even the beautiful face that was once for your cause more marred than any of the visages of the sons of men, and was all covered with spitting and blood Be content to wide through the waters betwixt you and glory with Him, holding His hand fast, for He knoweth all the fords. Howheit ye may be ducked, but ye cannot drown, being in His company, and ye may all the way to glory see the way bedewed with His blood who is the Forerunner not afraid, therefore, when ye come even to the black and swelling river of death, to put in your foot and wade after Him The current, how strong soever, cannot carry you down the water to hell the Son of God, His death and resurrection, are stepping stones and a stay to you, set down your feet by faith upon these stones, and go through as on dry land If ye knew what He is preparing for you, ye would be too glad not (it may be) give you a full draught till you come up to the well head and drink, yea, drink abundantly, of the pure river of the water of life, that proceedeth out from the throne of God and of the Lamb Madam, tire not, weary not, I dare find you the Son of God caution, when ye are got up thither, and have cast your eyes to view the golden city, and the fair and never withering Tree of Life, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, ye shall then say, 'Four and twenty hours' abode in this place is worth threescore and ten years' sorrow upon earth' If ye can but say that ye long carnestly to be carried up thither (as I hope you cannot for shame deny Him the honour of having wrought that desire in your soul), then hith your Lord given you an earnest madam, do ye believe that our Lord will lose his earnest, and rue of the bargun, and change His mind, as if He were a man that can lie, or the son of man that can

See Lives by Murry (1828) and Thomson (1884), Bonar's edition of the Letters, and Dr A. Whyte's Samuel Rutherford and his Correspondents (1894).

George Gillespie (1613-48), who was born and died at Kirkcaldy, studied at St Andrews, and in 1638 was ordained minister of Wemyss, was, like Rutherford, one of the heroes of the Covenant He showed characteristic fearlessness at the Glasgow Assembly that same year, was in 1642 translated to Greyfriais Church in Edinburgh, in 1643 was sent up to the Westminster Assembly, where he took 1 great part in the debates on discipline and dogma, and was accounted a foeman worthy to meet Selden in debate. He represented the highest type of Covenanting theology and church government Almost all his publications, including most of his sermons, are controversial, impartially confuting Erastians, Arminians, Independents, Episcopalians, Papists, and right and left hand defecters amongst his own brethren of the household of faith, though there is at times a lofty tone of sincerity and feryour that redeems even the barrenness of dead controversies. He had an important share in drafting the admirably clear and well worded definitions and statements of the Westminster Confession of Fifth and Shorter Catechism. Auron's Rod Blossoming (1646) is a misterly statement of the high Presbyterian claim for spiritual independence—In 1648 he was Moderator of the famous General Assembly—For his death, see the extract from Wodrow, page 830—The following is a fragment of his sermon in 1645 before the House of Lords in Westminster Abbey, which is diversified with scraps of Chaldee and Hebrew as well as Greek and Latin, and with quotations from authorities as well known as Cajetanus, Grotius, Socinus, Gualterus, and Bullinger, as difficult to identify as Aricularius and Ribera

If it were not so, there should be no sure evidence of our closing in covenant with Christ, for then, and never till then, doth the soul give itself up to Christ to be his, and closeth with him in a covenant, when it renounceth all other lovers, that it may be his only Shall a woman be married to a husband with the reser vation of another lover, or upon condition that she shall ever stay in her father's house? So the soul cannot be married to Christ except it not only renounce its bosom sins, lusts, and idols, but be content also to part with the most lawful creature comforts for his sake 'I orget also thine own people, and thy father's house,' Psal xlv 10 The repudinting of creature comforts and a covenant with Christ go hand in hand together, Isa. lv 2, 3 Nahash would not make a covenant with the men of Jabesh Gilead, unless they would pluck out their right cycs, intending (as Josephus gives the reason) to disable them from fighting or making war, for the buckler or shield did cover their left eye when they fought, so that they had been hard put to it, to fight without the right This was a cruel mercy in him, but it is a merciful severity in Christ, that he will make no covenant with us, except the right eye of the old man of sin in us be put out

From 'Aaron's Rod Blossoming'

I have often and heartily wished that I might not be distracted by, nor engaged into, polenic writings, of which the world is too full already, and from which many more learned and idoneous have abstained, and I did accordingly resolve that in this controversial age I should be slow to write, swift to read and learn. Yet there are certain preponderating reasons which have made me willing to be drawn forth into the light upon this subject, for beside the desires and solicitations of divers. Christian friends, lovers of truth and peace, seriously calling upon me for an answer to Mr Prynne's Vindica tion of his Four Questions concerning excommunication and suspension, the grand importance of the Lrastian controversy and the strong influence which it hath into the present juncture of affairs doth powerfully invite me

Among the many controversies which have disquicted and molested the Church of Christ, those concerning ecclesistical government and discipline are not the least, but among the chief, and often managed with the greatest animosity and eagerness of spirit, whence there have grown most dangerous divisions and breaches, such as this day there are, and for the future are to be expected, unless there shall be (through God's mercy) some further composing and healing of these church consuming districtions, which, if we shall be so happy as once to obtain it will certainly contribute very much toward the accommodation of civil and state shaking differences, and, contrariwise, if no healing for the church, no healing for the state. Let the Gallies of this time (who care for no intrinsical evil in the church)

promise to themselves what they will, surely he that shall have cause to write with Nicolaus de Clemangis a book of lamentation, de corrupto ecclesiae statu, will find also cause to write with him de lapsu et reparatione justitiae

As the thing is of high concernment to these so much disturbed and divided churches, so the elevation is yet higher by many degrees. This controversy reacheth up to the heavens, and the top of it is above the clouds. It doth highly concern Jesus Christ himself, in his glory, royal prerogative, and kingdom, which he hath and exerciseth as Mediator and Head of his church crown of Jesus Christ, or any part, privilege, or pendicle thereof, must needs be a noble and excellent subject This truth, that Jesus Christ is a king, and hath a king dom and government in his church distinct from the kingdoms of this world, and from the civil government, hath this commendation and character above all other truths, that Christ himself suffered to the death for it, and sealed it with his blood, for, it may be observed from the story of his passion, this was the only point of his accusation, which was confessed and avouched by himself, was most aggravated, prosecuted, and driven home by the Jews, was prevalent with Pilate as the cause of condemning him to die, and was mentioned also in the superscription upon his cross

Nicolaus de Clemangis, a pupil and friend of Gerson, wrote books with the titles cited in 1414 and 1421 respectively. There are some fifteen publications set to Gillespie's account but his *Works* (1843-46) were comprised in two volumes. The use of the word 'creature comforts' in the first extract is much earlier than the earliest recorded in the great Oxford Dictionary

Archbishop Leighton (1611-84) was the son of a Scottish physician settled in London, Alexander Leighton, who was barbarously treated by the Star Chamber of Charles I A tract against Catholicism and Episcopacy (1624) brought the Scots doctor into trouble, and going abroad, he was ordained to the English Church in Utrecht, a post he soon resigned, returning to London in 1630 In Holland he had published (1628) an intemperate and virulent Appeal to the Parliament, or Sion's Plea against the Prelacie, for which he was now sentenced to be publicly whipped and set in the pillory, to have his nostrils slit, his ears cut off, and his cheeks branded with a hot iron, to pay a fine of £10,000, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Fleet—an imprisonment from which, after eleven years' confinement, he was liberated by the Long Parliament His son Robert, educated at the University of Edinburgh, resided for some time at Douay, where his intercourse with French friends and relations amongst the Catholic clergy not merely taught him perfect French, but broadened his theological views. He became also an accomplished Latinist, Hellenist, and Hebraist. December 1641 he was ordained minister of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, and there he delivered the sermons composing his celebrated Commentary on the First Epistle of St Peter In 1653 he resigned his parish of Newbattle to become Principal of the University of Edinburgh Soon after the Restoration Leighton was induced by the king himself to become one of the new bishops, chose Dunblane,

the poorest of all the dioceses, and for the next ten years he laboured to build up the shattered walls of His aim was to preserve what was best in Episcopacy and Presbytery as a basis for comprehensive union, but he succeeded only in being misunderstood by both sides-to both he seemed incomprehensibly latitudinarian on doctrines of vital interest. Neither Wodrow nor Row conceals his dislike of Leighton's policy and suspicion of his designs, and Leighton, too, spoke of the extreme Covenanters at times with considerable Weary at length of his uncomfortable position, he went to London in 1665 to resign his see, but Charles persuaded him to return in 1669 he went to London to advocate his scheme of 'accommodation,' and immediately after accepted the archiepiscopal see of Glasgow, his predecessor being deprived for opposing the 'indulgence' Next followed his fruitless conferences at Edinburgh (1670-71) with leading Presbyterians despair of success he begged for permission to retire, and at length in 1674 was allowed to lay down his archbishopric. His last ten years he spent at Broadhurst Manor, Sussex, the home of his sister, often preaching in the church of Horsted Keynes, where he lies He died in a London inn, His often-expressed wish to die 25th June 1684 in an inn is recorded by Bishop Burnet (in whose arms he died) in his sketch of Leighton's character, quoted in Vol II Burnet said of him that he had 'the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and most heavenly disposition that he ever saw in mortal' The famous reply to zealous brethren asking whether he preached to the times, that surely they might 'permit a poor brother to preach Jesus Christ and eternity,' is quite in his spirit, but does not seem well authenticated Coleridge held him, among all our theologians, as best deserving 'the title of a spiritual divine,' and based the Aids to Reflection on aphorisms culled from Leighton—surely a remarkable compliment to the modest divine. In one passage in the first chapter of the Commentary, Coleridge says we have 'religion, the spirit the philosophy, the soul, and poetry, the body and drapery, united, Plato glorified by St Paul 15 The pregnant passage is this

As in religion, so in the course and practice of men's lives the stream of sin runs from one age into another, and every age makes it greater, adding somewhat to what it receives, as rivers grow in their course by the accession of brooks that fall into them, and every man when he is born, falls like a drop into the main current of corruption, and so is carried down with it, and this by reason of its strength and his own nature, which willingly dissolves unto it and runs along with it

The sermon on Psalm CXII 7, called 'The Believer a Hero,' was read 'very often, and always with pleasure,' by Carlyle's friend, Erskine of Linlathen, who earnestly commended it to his friends The following are extracts

The Fear of God a Resting in His Love

All the passions are but several ebbings and flowings of the soul, and their motions are the signs of its temper, which way it is carried, that is mainly to be remarked by the beating of its pulse. If our desires and hopes and fears be in the things of this world and the interest of flesh, this is their distemper and disorder the soul is in a continual fever But if they move God wards, then is it composed and calm in a good temper and healthful point, fearing and loving Him, desiring Him and nothing but Him, waiting for Him and trusting in Him when any one affection is right, and in a due aspect to God, all the rest are so too, for they are radically one, and He is the life of that soul that is united to Him, and so in Him it moves in a peculiar spiritual manner, as all do naturally in the dependence of their natural life on Him that is the Fountain of Life

Thus we have here this fear of God, as often elsewhere, set out as the very substance of holiness and evidence of happiness. And, that we may know there is nothing either base or grievous in this fear, we have joined with it delight and trust, Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments, which is that badge of love to Him, to observe them, and that with delight, and with great, exceeding delight So then, the fear is not that which love easts out, but that which love brings in. This fear follows and flows from love, a fear to offend, whereof nothing so tender as love, and that, in respect of the greatness of God, both in it withal a humble reverence.

The fear of God is not, you see, a perplexing doubt and distrust of His love, on the contrary, 'tis a fixed resting and trust on His love Many that have some truth of grace are, through weakness, filled with disquiet ing fears, so possibly, though they perceive it not, it may be in some a point of wilfulness, a little latent un discerned affectation of scrupling and doubting, placing much of religion in it. True, where the soul is really solicitous about its interest in God, that argues some grace, but being vexingly anxious about it, it argues that grace is low and weak A sparkle there is even discovered by that smoke, but the great smoke still con tinuing and nothing seen but it, argues there is little fire, little faith, little love. And this as it is unpleasant to thyself, so to God, as smoke to the eyes.

This is the blessed and safe estate of believers can think they have a sad, heavy life? Oh! it is the only lightsome, sweet, cheerful condition in the world' The rest of men are poor, rolling, unstaid things, every report shaking them as the leaves of trees are shaken with the wind, yea, lighter than so, as the chast that the wind drives to and fro at its pleasure Would men but reflect and look in upon their own hearts, 'tis a wonder what vain childish things the most would find there, glad and sorry at things as light as the toys of children, at which they laugh and cry in a breath, how easily puffed up with a thing or word that pleaseth us, bladder like, swelled with a little air, and it shrinks again in discouragements and fear upon the touch of a needle point, which gives that air some vent. What is the life of the greatest part but a continual tossing betwixt vuin hopes and fears, all their days spent in these? Oh! how vain a thing is a man even in his best estate, while he is nothing but himself, his heart not united and fixed on God, disquieted in vain! How small a thing will do it, he needs no other but his own heart, it may prove disquictment enough to itself, his thoughts are his tormentors

I know some men are, by a stronger understanding and moral principles, somewhat raised above the vulgar, and speak big of a constancy of mind, but these are but flourishes, an acted bravery Somewhat there may be that will hold out in some trials, but far short of this fixedness of faith. Troubles may so multiply as to drive them at length from their posture, and come on so thick with such violent blows, as will smite them out of their artificial guard, disorder all their Seneca and Epictetus, and all their own calm thoughts and high resolves. The approach of death, though they make a good mich and set the best face on it, or if not, yet some kind of terror, may seize on their spirits, which they are not able to shift off But the soul trusting in God is prepared for all, not only for the calamities of war, pestilence, famine, poverty, or death, but in the saddest apprehensions of soul, above hope believes under hope, even in the darkest night casts anchor in God, reposes on Him, when he sees no light Yea, though He slay me, says Job, yet will I trust in Him, not only though I die, but though He slay me, when I see His hand lifted up to destroy me, yet from that same hand will I look for salvation

Well, choose you, but, all reckoned and examined, I had rather be the poorest believer than the greatest king on earth. How small a commotion, small in its beginning, may prove the overturning of the greatest kingdom! But the believer is heir to a kingdom that cannot be shaken. The mightiest and most victorious prince, that hath not only lost nothing, but hath been gaining new conquests all his days, is stopt by a small distemper in the middle of his course. He returns to his dust, then his vast designs fall to nothing, in that very day his thoughts perish. But the believer in that very day is sent to the possession of his crown, that is his coronation day, all his thoughts are accomplished.

'Its the godly man alone who by this fixed consideration in God looks the grim visage of death in the face, with an unappalled mind. It drimps all the joys, and defeats all the hopes of the most prosperous, proudest, and wisest worldlings. Though riches, honours, and all the glories of this world are with a man, yet he fears, yea, he fears the more for these, because here they must end. But the good man looks death out of countenance, in the words of David. I hough I walk through the valley and shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

None of Archbishop Leighton's writings were published during his lifetime. They consist of the Commentary on St Peter Sermons, preached at Newbattle. Lectures and Addresses, delivered (mostly in Latin) before the University of Edinburgh, and Spiritual Exercises, Letters, &c. There are editions of his works by hall (1692-1703), Doddridge (1748) Jerment (1805-8) Pearson (1805) Aikman (1831), and West (6 vols. 1869-75 unthoushed). There are Selections (1883) by Blair, and the luts to Keflection contain very many short passages most admired by Colendae

John Ogilby (1600-76) attained a sad commence as a bad poet not so much from the extraordinary demerit of his verses as from the sneers of Dryden (who groups him with Flecknoe) and—later—of Pope in the Dunciad. He was born near Edinburgh, and, while his father lay in the I'lect Prison, reached perfection in the art of dancing-master, figured as a dancer in court-masques, but becoming lame, was employed by Strafford when Lord Deputy

in Ireland to teach his children and serve him The Civil War in his house as amanuensis ruined his prospects, but after 1641 he acquired Latin and Greek, and took to translating the Restoration fortune became kinder, and he was made Master of the Revels in Ireland for a year or two, but before the Great Fire of 1666, by which he suffered, was a printer and publisherapparently prosperous-in London He produced a series of handsome folios on China, Japan, Africa, America, Britannia (Part 1), &c, with maps and fine illustrations by Hollar His principal poetic achievements were translations of Virgil in heroic verse, and of the Iliad and the Odyssey, also a rhyming paraphrase of Æsop, and some imitations of his own Of these also magnificent folio editions were issued with engravings by Hollar and others A play and three epic or narrative poems by him seem never to have been printed Pope tells us he read Homer in this form with joy when a schoolboy Ogilby's verses are utterly unpoetic, but they scan tolerably, and are perhaps hardly bad enough to justify the place that has been assigned him in the very lowest depths of the poetical inferno As poor poetasters have been more leniently judged

Thus Ogilby renders the *Odyssey's* picture (Book vi) of the island king's daughter Nausicaa and her companions, on their washing expedition (a sort of 'Caledonian washing') to the river by the shore, just before the shipwrecked Ulysses presents himself to them

When to the pleasant Fountain they drew near Where they might wash all seasons of the year, Where cleansing streams like purest Crystal spout. There they alight and sweating Mules take out, And on the Margents of the purling Flood Drove to sweet Grass, their Chariot next unload, And foul Weeds throw into the Crystall Spring, Which in full Troughs they trample in a ring, Each the Buck plying with a tab'ring Foot. All clear from Spots, discolouring Stains and Smut, They spread them forth in order near the Shore, Where they small Stones and Gravel 'spy most store. Themselves then bath'd, perfum'd, and neatly deckt To Dinner went, where sitting they expect, Until the Sun whiten their Weeds and dry When feasted well, they lay their Chaplets by, To play at Ball. Amidst her virgin train The Princess first warbled a pleasant Strain.

Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty (1611-60), the translator of Rabelais, was a man of somewhat remarkable accomplishments and not a little curious learning, but eminently conceited and eccentric, if not on some points hopelessly crazed. He traces the genealogy of his family up to Adam, from whom he was the 153rd in descent, and by the mother's side he ascends to Eve. The first of the family who settled in Scotland was one Nomostor, married to Diosa (daughter of Alcibiades), who took his farewell of Greece and arrived at Cromarty, or *Portus Salutis*, in 389 B.C. The

preposterous succession of fabulous personages, if not expressly and deliberately invented, seems to have come from the same sources as the fictitious lists of old Celtic Scottish kings Sir Thomas. having studied at King's College, Aberdeen, and travelled in France, Spain, and Italy, continued strenuously to support the court and oppose the Covenant. He was knighted by Charles I in 1641, and even after he succeeded to his father (also Sir Thomas), in the same year, was much plagued by creditors-for Sir Thomas the elder had recklessly and hopelessly embarrassed the family property, and, probably on that account, had been violently seized and imprisoned 'within ane upper chalmer [chamber] callit the Inner Dortour' by his undutiful sons The second Sir Thomas accompanied Charles II into England, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester (1651) is said to have died of an inordinate and unrestrainable fit of joyful laughter on hearing of the Restoration

It is often said that the heaven-born translator must be a spiritual brother and compeer of his original, that it needs a profound humourist to render another profound humourist, and that Urguhart was the northern Rabelais nothing but the translation of Rabelais to judge by, we might have been unable to dispute this so far as Urquhart is concerned But he left us other works, and in none of them is there a single gleam of real humour, but abundance of the very contrary Fantastical they are, eccentric, quaint, sometimes clever, copious, apt in vocables, and pointedly saturical, but usually merely verbose, magniloquent, pretentious, and tedious, save where the author's vanity and perverse foolishness make us laugh at him rather than with him In truth, he is precisely one of the types Rabelais most constantly makes fun of—Rabelais, Cervantes, and all the humourists -- an inaccurate pedant, full of ill-digested learning, whose conceit, vanity, and vaingloriousness lay him open to incessant ridicule and satire, and rise to the level of sheer hallucination No doubt Urquhart had some points in common with the creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel-hatred of the conventional, contempt for ascetic ideals, an affinity for mythical genealogies and exhaustive lists of nearly synonymous words, and a prodigious command of language, especially of out-ofthe-way words, very familiar and very unfamiliar slang, archaisms, and neoterisms, not to speak of a free exercise of the privilege of coining the copiousness in Urquhart's case is not from spontaneous suggestion, it is rather the outcome of the laborious or quasi-scientific imagination, and a painful dependence on the synonyms of Cotgrave's Dictionary, which he discharges at the reader in sheaves and armfuls He makes odd mistakes, wholly missing the meaning of hisoriginal, and trying very wild shots. He constantly takes extraordinary liberties with the text-abridges, alters, and greatly expands. Thus, in a famous

list of animal-cries, where Rabelais had been content with nine, his translation gives us no less than seventy-one, and suggests that he knew the Complaynt of Scotlande (page 215) His style, though far from perfect, is comparatively free from Scotticism, though Scotch words (such as laird and lairdship) and idioms do at times appear continuator, Motteux, follows him in this, making fiers comme Escossois 'as stout as any Scotch laird' Motteux, whose translation is naturally more accurate, also arrogates to himself Urquhart's freedom in introducing locutions quite unknown to France of the sixteenth century, referring freely in the translation to Poor Pilgarlick, to Hans Carvel, and other characters equally unknown to the curé of Mendon

Besides his unparalleled translation of (part of) Rabelais, the eccentric knight was author of a treatise on Trigonometry (1650), Epigrams, Divine and Moral (1646), Logopandectersion, or an Introduction to the Universal Language (1653), Ekskubalauron, or the Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, which is described on the title-page as 'more precious than Diamonds inchased in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age, found in the Kennel of Worcester Streets the day after the Fight and six before the Autumnal Equinox, anno 1651' This Jewel is a vindication of the honour of Scotland from the 'infamy' cast upon it by the rigid Presbyterian party, and from all false accusations of whatever sort, and is a panegyric on the Scots nation, it records the exploits of the Scot abroad-of learned doctors in foreign universities, and of gallant colonels who earned renown in France, Spain, Italy, Flanders, Holland, Dutchland, Denmark, Pole, Hungary, Swedland, and elsewhere, under 'Gustavus Cæsaromastıx' and other equally glorious This affords him a chance of giving commanders at great length the (highly embellished) adventures of the Admirable Crichton and others He set himself to show that it is the 'kirkomanetick philarchaists' of the Covenant who by their malignancy and narrow-mindedness have brought on the nation There are others, too, the charge of covetousness who are to blame! and of them he speaks with a vehemency evidently bred of personal affliction at their hands, in a breathless (but quite grammatical) paragraph of one huge denunciatory sentence

Another thing there is that fixeth a grievous scandal upon that nation in matter of philargyric or love of money, and it is this there hath been in London and repairing to it for these many years together a knot of Scotish bankers, collybists, or coine coursers, or traffickers in merchandize to and againe, and of men of other professions who by hook and crook, fas et nefas, slight and might, all being as fish their net could catch, having feathered their nests to some purpose, look so idolatrously upon their Dagon of wealth, and so closely, like the earth's dull center, hug all unto themselves, that for no respect of vertue, honor, kinred, patriotism, or whatever else, be it never so recommendable, will they depart from one single peny, whose emission doth not, without any hazard of loss, in a very short time superlucrate beyond

all conscience an additional increase to the heap of that stock which they so much adore, which churlish and tenacious humor hath made many that were not acquainted with any else of that country to imagine all their compatriots affected with the same leprosie of a wretched peevishness, whereof these quomodocunquizing cluster fists and rapacious varlets have given of late such cannibal like proofs, by their inhumanity and obdurate carriage towards some whose shoestrings they are not worthy to unty, that were it not that a more able pen than mine will assuredly not faile to jerk them on all sides, in case by their better demeanor for the future they endeavour not to wipe off the blot wherewith their native country by their sordid avarice and miserable baseness hath been so foully stained, I would this very instant blaze them out in their names and surnames, notwithstanding the vizard of Presbyterian zeal wherewith they maske themselves, that like so many wolves, foxes, or Athenian Timons, they might in all times coming be debarred the benefit of any honest conversation

The following paragraph, apologising for the plainness of his style in the Jewel, suddenly breaks away from comparative verbal reasonableness, and displays Urquhart in his most fantastic mood as phrase-maker. It illustrates the same perverse fecundity of words, pedantic and otiose rather than witty or amusing, put to happier use in the Rabelais

I could truly, having before mine eyes some known treatises of the authors whose muse I honour and the straine of whose pen to imitate is my greatest am bition, have enlarged this discourse with a choicer variety of phrase, and made it overflow the field of the reader's understanding, with an inundation of greater eloquence, and that one way, tropologetically, by metonymical, ironical, metaphorical, and synec dochical instruments of elocution, in all their several kinds, artifically affected, according to the nature of the subject, with emphatical expressions in things of great concernment, with catachrestical in matters of meaner moment, attended on each side respectively with an epiplectick and exegetick modification, with hyperboli cal, either epitatically or hypoconstically, as the purpose required to be elated or extenuated, with qualifying metaphors, and accompanied by apostrophes, and lastly, with allegories of all sorts, whether apologal, affabulatory, parabolary, ænigmatick, or paremiil And on the other part, schematologetically adorning the proposed theam with the most especial and chief flowers of the garden of rhetorick, and omitting no figure either of diction or sentence, that might contribute to the car's enchantment, or perswasion of the hearer I could have introduced, in case of obscurity, synonymal, exargastick, and palilogetick elucidations, for sweetness of phrase, antimeta thetick commutations of epithets, for the vehement excitation of a matter, exclamation in the front, and epiphonemas in the reer I could have used, for the promptlyer stirring up of passion, apostrophal and prosopopæial diversions, and, for the appeasing and settling of them, some epanorthotick revocations, and aposiopetick restrunes I could have inserted dialogismes, displaying their interrogatory part with communicatively pysmatick and sustentitive flourishes, or proleptically, with the relutative schemes of anticipation and subjection, and that part which concerns the responsory, with the figures of permission and concession. Speechesextending a matter beyond what it is, auxetically, digres sively, transitiously, by ratiocination, ætiology, circumlocution, and other wayes, I could have made use of, as likewise with words diminishing the worth of a thing, tapinotically, periphrastically, by rejection, translation, and other meanes, I could have served myself

His verse is cumbrous and commonplace, the following being a fair specimen

The way to vertue's hard, uneasie, bends
Aloft, being full of steep and rugged alleys,
For never one to a higher place ascends,
That always keeps the plaine, and pleasant valleyes
And reason in each human breast ordaines
That precious things be purchased with paines

Only the first two books of the History of Gargantua and Pantagruel were translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart in 1653. These were published in his lifetime, and Peter Anthony Motteux (1660-1718)—by birth a French Huguenot, but known as a dramatic writer in English—republished them in 1693, and added the third from Urquhart's papers. In 1708 he published a complete translation, the fourth and fifth books being his own. This joint production was again published in 1737 by John Ozell (d. 1743), with corrections and notes. The standard edition is that in the 'Tudor Translations (3 vols 1900), by Mr Charles Whibley. The Maitland Club published Urquhart's original works (2 vols. 1834), there is an excellent monograph on Urquhart's life and works (1899) by the Rev John Willcock

Sir George Mackenzie (1636-91) was a native of Dundee, nephew of the Earl of Seaforth He was educated at St Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. 1660 he published Aretine, or the Serious Romance, a tedious Egyptian story in a stilted style seems to have been almost the only learned man of his time in Scotland who maintained an acquaintance with the lighter departments of contemporary English literature He was a friend of Dryden, by whom he is mentioned with great respect, and he himself composed poetry, which, if it has no other merit, is at least in good English, and appears to have been fashioned after the best models of the He also wrote some moral essays, and deserves to be remembered as one of the first Scots authors to write English with purity 1665 he published at Edinburgh A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Public Employment, which drew forth an answer from John Evelyn. The writer who contended for solitude was busily employed in public life, being the principal lawofficer of the crown, the King's Advocate for Scotland, while Evelyn, whose pursuits were principally those which ornament retirement—who longed to be 'delivered from the gilded impertinences of life'-stood forward as the champion of public and active employment. Other essays deal with the religion of the Stoic, moral gallantry, the moral history of frugality, reason, and the like. literary efforts of 'the noble wit of Scotland,' as Dryden called him, were but holiday recreationshis business was law and politics He was author of Institutions of the Law of Scotland, and Laws and Customs in Matters Criminal, Jus Regium, treatises against the Covenanters, and a vindication of the government of Charles II in its severe treatment of them, also A Defence of the Antiquity of the Royal Line of Scotland, in which he gravely supports the story of the forty fabulous kings deduced from Gathelus, son-in-law of Pharaoh, and his spouse Scota (see page 256) His work on Heraldry was long a standard, but an important historical work, entitled Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II, lay in manuscript till 1821 Mackenzie, who in 1661 defended the Marquis of Argyll, unhappily disgraced himself by subserviency to the court, and by the inhumanity and cruelty with which, as Lord Advocate (after 1677), he conducted the prosecutions and persecutions of the Covenanters, and he lives in the memory of the Scottish people as 'Bluidy Mackenzie' There is, it need hardly be said, no bloodthirstiness in his poems, essays, or even law-books, he appears as an accomplished gentleman, a kindly philosopher, and an orthodox and even earnest Christian, and all his moral arguments were in favour of sweet reasonableness, though somewhat strenuous against fanatics and fanaticism. He was a friend of the pious Robert Boyle, to whom he dedicated his Essay on Reason Yet as a name of evil omen for cruelty, the accomplished advocate and public prosecutor ranks as the Scottish counterpart of Judge He himself said none had screwed the **Teffreys** king's prerogative higher than he, and he is mainly responsible for directing the savage persecution which Claverhouse had the ignoble task of seeing carried out He it was who founded the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, and so all workers in literature in Scotland owe him, and those who have since his time administered the library, a deep debt of gratitude At the Revolution he retired to England of his few poems he thus chaunted the

Praise of a Country Life.

O happy country life, pure like its air, Free from the rage of pride, the pangs of care. Here happy souls lie bathed in soft content, And are at once secure and innocent No passion here but love here is no wound But that by which lovers their names confound On barks of trees, whilst with a smiling face They see those letters as themselves embrace Here the kind myrtles pleasant branches spread, And sure no laurel casts so sweet a shade Yet all these country pleasures, without love, Would but a dull and tedious prison prove But oh! what woods [and] parks [and] meadows he In the blest circle of a mistress' eye! What courts, what camps, what triumphs may one find Displayed in Celia, when she will be kind! What a dull thing this lower world had been, If heavenly beauties were not sometimes seen ! For when fair Cælia leaves this charming place, Her absence all its glories does deface.

Against Envy

We may cure envy in ourselves either by considering how useless or how ill these things were for which we envy our neighbours, or else how we possess as much or as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him, and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy, all being And I have oft admired why we have suf fered ourselves to be so cheated by contradictory vices, as to contemn this day him whom we envied the last, or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy, and if we would Thus, when I envy a man for being take it at the price learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes if for being great, how he should flatter and serve for it, and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our neighbour and the overrating ourselves. As also I con sider that the perfections envied by me may be advan tageous to me, and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence or to envy a great soldier, because his valour may defend my estate or country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scenc, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man, and I remember, that though now I am angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charm ing, and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavour also to make such my friends as deserve my envy, and no man is so base as to envy his friend Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of ment, and thereby trouble them selves. I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burns [sic] them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun (From Essays on Happiness)

The True Path to Esteem.

I have remarked in my own time that some, by taking too much care to be esteemed and admired, have by that course missed their aim, whilst others of them who shunned it, did meet with it, as if it had fallen on them whilst it was flying from the others, which proceeded from the unfit means these able and reasonable men took It is very strange to hear to establish their reputation men value themselves upon their honour, and their being men of their word in trifles, when yet that same honour cannot tie them to pay the debts they have contracted upon solemn promise of secure and speedy repayment, starving poor widows and orphans to feed their lusts, and adding thus robbery and oppression to the dishonour And how can we think them men able breach of trust of honour, who, when a potent and foreign monarch is oppressing his weaker neighbours, hazard their very lives to assist him, though they would rail at any of their acquaintance, that, meeting a strong man fighting with a weaker, should assist the stronger in his oppression?

The surest and most pleasant path to universal esteem

and true popularity is to be just, for all men esteem him most who secures most their private interest, and protects best their innocence And all who have any notion of a Deity, believe that justice is one of His chief attributes, and that, therefore, whoever is just, is next in nature to Him, and the best picture of Him, and to be reverenced But yet how few trace this path! most men and loved choosing rather to toil and vex themselves in seeking popular applause, by living high and in profuse prodiga lities, which are entertained by injustice and oppression, as if rational men would pardon robbers because they feasted them upon a part of their own spoils, or did let them see fine and glorious shows, made for the honour of the giver upon the expence of the robbed spectators. But when a virtuous person appears great by his merit, and obeyed only by the charming force of his reason, all men think him descended from that heaven which he serves, and to him they gladly pay the noble tribute of deserved praises. (From the Essay on Reason)

Mackenzie's collected works appeared, with a Life, in 2 vols., edited by the grammarian Ruddiman. See also Thomson's edition of the Memoirs (1821), Omond, Ihe Lord Advocates of Scotland (1883) and Taylor Innes, Studies in Scotlish History (1892).

Andrew Fletcher, born in 1655, succeeded early to the family estate of Saltoun, was educated mainly by Bishop Burnet (then minister of Saltoun), and represented the shire of Lothian in the Scottish Parliament in the reign of Charles II He opposed the arbitrary designs of the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and retired to Hol-Here he formed a close friendship with the English refugee patriots, and he returned to England with the Duke of Monmouth in 1685 Happening, in a personal quarrel, to kill another member of the expedition (one Dare), Fletcher again went abroad, travelled in Spain, and in Hungary fought with distinction against the Turks. He returned at the Revolution, and took an active part in Scottish affairs His opinions were republican, and he was of a haughty, unbending temper. 'brave as the sword he wore,' according to a contemporary, 'and bold as a lion a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it' Fletcher opposed the union of Scotland with England in 1707, believing, with many zealous but narrow-sighted patriots of that day, that it would eclipse the glory of ancient Cale-He strove for a federative, not an incorporating union, and sketched out an ingenious but doctrinaire scheme for partitioning the three kingdoms into provinces or states, each with a local capital and a large measure of home rule little was he merely a fanatical Conservative Scot, that Scotland was to fall into two provinces, of neither of which was Edinbuigh to be capital, he thought Edinburgh very awkwardly situated for a metropolis, as being neither central, nor on the sea, nor on a navigable river After the Union he retired from public life in disgust, and devoted himself to promoting improvements in agriculture, and he died at London in 1716

Like his somewhat older contemporary, Sir

George Mackenzie, Fletcher wrote only in English (not Scots), and did succeed in writing a vigorous style wonderfully free from Scottish peculiarities His Discourse of Government appeared in 1698, his Two Discourses concerning the Affairs of Scotland in the same year The Discorso della Cose di Spagna (1698 also) was printed only in Italian His Speeches in the Scottish Parliament are both eloquent and sincere, though his political ideals were perverse and unpractical An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind (1703) is forcibly written, and contains much sound sense amidst its strong appeals in favour of Scottish independence In this letter occurs the famous saying, so constantly quoted and so universally misinterpreted, about ballads The conversation was supposed to be between the Earl of Cromarty, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, and Fletcher himself, and had nothing in the world to do with ballads such as 'Chevy Chase' or the Robin Hood series, but the unholy songs of the day, Tom Durfey's no doubt included, 'ballad' as used of romantic poems like the Border ballads is essentially a modern usage, the older custom always implying some kind of song Fletcher's argument was on the utter inefficiency of all government regulations, according to Sir Christopher Musgrave, to put down the corruptions of London society in those days—the luxury of women, the number of prostitutes, and the debauchery of the poor of both sexes, who are daily tempted to all manner of lewdness by the infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets "One would think," said the Earl, "this last were of no great consequence" I said I knew a wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation And we find that most of the antient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic, poet But in this city [London] the dramatic poet no less than the ballad-maker has been almost wholly employed to corrupt the people, in which they have had most unspeakable and deplorable success?

Enthusiastic admiration of the Greek and Roman republics led Fletcher to praise even slavery as maintained by them He represents the condition of the slaves as happy and useful, and by way of contrast paints the state of the lowest class in Scotland in colours that (even if they be somewhat too dark) show how frightfully disorganised the country was at that period In the Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland occurs this lurid picture

There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only noway advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature No magistrate could ever be informed or discover which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized Many murders have been discovered among them, and they are not only a most unspeakable oppres sion to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villainsin one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from In years of plenty many thousands any neighbourhood of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days, and at countryweddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us

But better than sending them to the plantations would be to keep them at home, utilising their services, and drilling them into a higher moral The scheme of setting native vagabonds to work as serfs was not, as is commonly supposed, a novelty in Fletcher, it was fully recognised by a long series of Scottish laws from 1579 to 1661, and partially enforced too Fletcher, however, went beyond the highest flight of Scots law in this department, and argued in favour of compelling all Scottish landlords to take white slaves in proportion to the size of their holdings scheme may well have suggested a similar one to Defoe for London vagrants, expounded in Everybody's Business Carlyle's views on the beneficence of the whip as a stimulus to honest industry at home and abroad have also points of affinity

Fletcher's Political Works appeared, 'with a character of the author, in 1732 and was reprinted in 1737 1747, and later. There is a short and rather meagre Life by G. Omond (1897) which passes too lightly over many of Fletcher's most pregnant ideas and interesting characteristics. On Serfdom in Scotland, see the Edinburgh Review for January 1899.

William Cleland (1661?–89) showed less to advantage as a poet than as the heroic defender of Dunkeld in 1689, when the Cameronian regiment under his command stemmed and turned backward the rush of four thousand Highlanders flushed with the victory of Killiecrankie of the Marquis of Douglas's gamekeeper, Cleland studied at St Andrews, became a zealous Covenanter, fought at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig (where he was a captain), and as a refugee in Holland studied law at Utrecht, and helped to negotiate the Prince of Orange's expedition He was the first lieutenant-colonel of the regiment raised after the Revolution from amongst the westland Cameronians (afterwards the 26th), and he fell, still under thirty years of age, in

the grim and bloody struggle round Dunkeld Cathedral Scott wrongly assumed him to have been the father of Pope's friend Cleland

But for the low ebb of literature in Scotland, Cleland would never be named amongst poets' Still, his uncouth verses—mainly satirical—record the temper of the times, and have a considerable linguistic interest. What he wrote was not old Scots, nor the Scots of Ramsay and Burns, but an imperfect English stuffed full of Scots words, forms, and locutions—gaunt (yawn), spear (ask), ther (these), kenn, leth, swerff, thou's (thou art), thou wear's (thou wearest), sawen (sown), crub'd (curbed), leugh (laughed) Further, words spelt as English ones must be pronounced as Scotch in order to rhyme—thus, wool rhymes with true, dissecting with checking, enacts them with takes them (pronounced enacks them, takes them), guard with laird Snizeing (sneeshing) is already used for snuff, in coarck his coots for 'grip his ankles' we have an odd combination of Scottish Ciceronianism and the mere vernacular, and 'makes the thrush bush [tuft of rushes] keep the cow' is an interesting echo of the famous vow of James I (of Scotland)

Cleland's *Poems and Verses* appeared in a small volume in 1697, and contain nine stanzas written by him as 'An Adition to the Lines of "Hollow my Fancie" when he was a student at St Andrews' The anonymous poem so named was well known before the middle of the century, and Cleland's addition falls far below the humble literary level of the original The first two stanzas given below are from the earliest set of words

From 'Hallo, my Fancy'

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me,
All the world's a gadding,
Running midding,

None doth his station hold

He that is below envieth him that riseth,

And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,

So every man his plot and counter plot deviseth

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling
Here I do espy,
Each another jostling,
Lvery one turinoiling,
I'h' other spoiling,
As I did pass them by

One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion, Another hings his head because he's out of fushion A third is fully bent on sport and recreation Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phacton,
I'll mount Phacbus' chair,
Having ne'er a hat on
All my hair a burning
In my journeying,
Iturrying through the air

Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing, And see how they on foamy bits are playing, All the stars and planets I will be surveying!

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Hallo, my fancy, hallo,
Stay thou at home with me,
I can thee no longer follow,
Thou hast betrayed me,
And bewrayed me,
It is too much for thee

Stay, stay at home with me, leave off thy lofty soaring, Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring, For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing Thou's welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to me

From Cleland's pen (less devterous than his sword) we have also one or two elegies—as on the famous Covenanter M'Ward-rhymed epistles, and other occasional verses, but the bulk of the book is occupied with two 'mock poems' or satires, one 'Upon the Expedition of the Highland Host, who came to destroy the Western Shires in Winter 1678,' and another on the Episcopal clergy who 'met to consult about the Test in 1681, The Highlanders, regarded then by all Lowlanders as savages on the level of the mere Irish, were—in spite of the earnest protest of the landed gentlemen of the west-let loose on the Covenanting shires to suppress conventicles, and to this end had free quarters imongst the countryfolk, and were empowered to seize horses and ammunition, and, if necessary, 'to kill, wound, apprehend, and imprison' Nonconformists following (in which the 'she'll' and the 'namsell' show that the jokes against the Highlander trying to speak Lowland Scotch were early stereotyped) describes

The Highland Host

But those who were their chief commanders, As such who bore the pirme standarts, parti-coloured Who lead the van and drove the rear, Were right well mounted of their gear, With brogues, and trews, and pirme plaides, And good blew bonnets on their heads, Which on the one side had a flipe, fold Adorn'd with a tobacco pipe, With durk, and snap work, and snuff mill, snaphance, p stol A bagg which they with onions fill, And, as their strick observers say, strict A tupe horn filled with usquebry, ram's horn A slashed out coat beneath their plaides, A targe of timber, male and hides, With a long two handed sword, As good 's the country can afford-Had they not need of bulk and bones, Who fights with all these arm at once? It's marvelous how in such weather, Ovr hill and hope they came together, VALOF How in such stormes they came so farr The reison is they're smeared with far Which doth defend them heel and reck, Just us it doth their sheep protect But least ye doubt that this is to e c t They rejust the colour of tard wook WYZ W

Nought like religion they retain,
Of moral honesty they're clean,
In nothing they're accounted sharp,
Except in bagpipe and in harpe.
For a misobliging word
She'll durk her neighbour ov'r the boord,
And then she'll flee like fire from flint,
She'll scarcely ward the second dint,
If any ask her of her thrift,
Forsooth, her nainsell lives by thift

Robert Wodrow (1679-1734), Scottish Church historian, was born at Glasgow and studied in its university, where his father was Professor of Divinity, in 1703 he became minister of East-His History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland 1660-88 (1721-22) was dedicated to George I He was a zealous Presbyterian, an indefatigable collector, and an honest recorder, though not free from partisanship and credulousness, and his work is of very high value for his period Not till next century were published his Lives of the Scottish Reformers (Maitland Club, 1834-45), Analecta, or a History of Remarkable Providences (Maitland Club, 1842-43), Correspondence (Wodrow Soc., 1842-43), and Biographical Collections (New Spalding Club, 1890) The following passages are both from the Analecta

The Divel and the Divinity Student.

When Mr Robert Blair was minister of St Andreus, there was a youth who applyed to that presbitry to be admitted to tryals Though he was very unfit, the presbitry appoints him a text, and after he had been at all the pains he could in consulting help, yet he got nothing done, so that he turned very melancholy, and one day, as he was walking all alone in a remote place from St Andreus, there came up to him a stranger, in habite like a minister, with black coat and band, and who addressed the youth very courteously, and presently falls into discourse with him after this manner 'Sir, you are but a young man, and yet appear to be very melancholy, pray, why so pensive?' He answered, 'It's to no purpose to communicat my mind to yow, seeing yow cannot help me' 'How know you that' Pray let me know the cause of your pressure.' Says the youth, 'I have got a text from the presbitry I cannot for my life compose a discourse on it, so I shall be affronted' The stranger replyed, 'Sır, I am a minister, let me hear the text.' He told him 'O, then, I have ane excellent sermon on that text here in my pocket, which yow may peruse and commit to your memory I engage, after yow have delivered it before the presbitry, yow shall be greatly approven and applauded,' so pulls it out and gives it to him, which he received very thankfully Then says the stranger, 'As I have obliged yow now, sir, so yow will oblige me again in doing any peece of kind ness or service when my business requires it,' which the youth promises. 'But, sir,' says the stranger, 'yow and I are strangers, and therefore I would require of yow'a written promise, subscribed with your hand, in case yow forget the favour which I have done yow,' which he granted likewise, and delivered it to him subscribed with his blood And thus they parted.

Upon the presbitry day the youth delivered ane

excellent sermon upon the text appointed him, which pleased and amazed the prosbitry to a degree, only Mr Blair smelt out something in it which made him call the youth aside to a corner of the church, and thus he began with him 'Sir, yow have delivered a nate sermon, every way well pointed The matter was profound, or rather sublime, your stile was fine and your method clear, and no doubt young men at the beginning must make use of helps, which I doubt not but yow have done.' The young man acknowledged he had 'But,' says Mr Blair, 'besydes the use of books, I know sometimes they are obliged to consult men that are scholars and wellversed in divinity, to help them in their composours Have yow not done soe?' He said he had Mr Blair says, 'Yow may use all freedome with me, I intend yow no hurt. Did yow not get the whole of this discourse written and ready to your hand from one who pretended to be a minister?' He acknowledged the same Blair says, 'No doubt but you would give him thanks for his favour, and promise to do him any peece of service he called for, when his business [doth] lye in yowr way?' He answered 'Yes.' 'But yowr verbal promises would not be sufficient did yow not give him a written promise subscribed with your blood?' All which he confessed with fear, blushing, and confusion Then Mr Blair, with ane awful seriousness appearing in his countenance, began to tell the youth his hazard, and that the man whom he took for a minister was the Divel, who had trepanned him and brought him into his net him to be earnest with God in prayer, and likewise not to give way to dispair, for there was yet hope

In the meantime the youth was so overcome with fearand terror that he was like to fall down. exhorts him to take heart, and brings him in with him into the presbitry and when all except the ministers were removed, Mr Blair recalls the whole story to them. They were all strangely affected with it, and resolved unanimously to dispatch the presbitry business presently, and to stay all night in town, and on the morrow to meet for prayer in one of the most retired churches of the presbitry, acquainting none with there busines, but taking the youth alongst with them, whom they keeped alwise close by them Which was done, and after the ministers had prayed all of them round, except Mr Blair, who prayed last, in time of his prayer then came a violent rushing of wind upon the church, so great that they all thought the church should have fallen down about there ears, and with that the youth's paper and covenant droops down from the roof of the church among the ministers. I heard no more of the story

Gillespie's End

It came to that, he keept his chamber still to his death, wearing and wasting, hoasting [coughing] and sweating. Ten dayes before his death his sweating went away, and his hoasting lesned, yet his weaknes still encreased. His wife seeing the time draw near, spake to him and said, 'The time of your releife is nou near and hard at hand!' He answered, 'I long for that time! O happy they that are there!' This was the last word he was heard sensibly to speak. Mr Frederick Carmichael being there, they went to prayer, expecting death so suddenly. In the midst of prayer he left his rathing, and the pangs and fetches of death began, thence his senses went away. Wherupon they rose from prayer, and beheld till in a very gentle manner the pinns of his tabernacle wer loosed.

WELSH, IRISH, AND COLONIAL CONTRIBUTIONS



N the first section, the influence of the Celtic temperament and culture has been recognised as stimulating and modifying the trend of early English intellectual life, but in this work it is not possible directly to

take cognisance of the literatures of the races other than Anglic who have contributed essential clements to the mixed people now inhabiting the British Islands Besides English in its various dialects and successive stages, at least five languages have been spoken by those at home within this area even if we arrange the Celtic tongues in two groups only-Irish, Manx, and Scotch Gaelic, Welsh and Cornish The lingua Latina rustica was spoken in the Roman colonies for four centuries at least, and in the Middle Ages Church and Law Latin was the literary vehicle of some of the greatest Englishmen, and practically the vernacular of synods and of monasteries From the Norman Conquest to the days of Edward III, as we have seen, Norman French was the language of literature. And it should be remembered that for generations the old Norse in some shape was spoken and written not merely in Shetland and Orkney and at the court of the Jarls of Caithness, but in the Western Islands of Scotland, in the Danelagh of England, and in the Danish kingdoms of Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford good authorities hold that considerable portions of the collection called the Corpus Poeticum Boreale were written by the Scandinavians of Ireland Other languages were doubtless spoken in Britain before the arrival of the first Celtic invaders, those of the Ivernian or other prehistoric inhabitants, and some Celtic philologists now trace the peculiarities of Irish, Welsh, and the neo-Celtic tongues to the old pre-Aryan language, characteristics they share with other languages of the old Mediterranean stock, ancient Egyptian and modern Berber In Wales, as in France, the best authoritics hold that the vast majority of the present inhabitants are sprung-not from the Celts or any of the successive invaders-but from the race or races who held the land before the coming of the Aryans A fortiori, this is even truer of Ireland and the Highlands The first Celts to invade Britain were the Goidels, who became incorporated with their non-Aryan subjects, a like process took place when the later Brythonic conquerors established themselves in Britain where in the 'Celtic fringe' are the people of pure Celtic descent, and it may well be that what is especially characteristic of Irish literature and is interpreted as the true 'Celtic note' is not of Celtic origin at all, but reflects the moods of the earlier non-Aryan inhabitants of Erin, from

whom the conquering Gael, invaders from Britain, learnt the manner of the gods of the land, the really autochthonous legends and folklore

The Cymric literature of Wales has a history of nine or ten centuries and still flourishes, and for three or four hundred years men of Welsh blood have been contributors to English literature Such Welshmen have not been very numerous nor of the first importance They have not been regarded as wholly aliens in England, and as they wrote in the literary English of their time, it has not been thought necessary to treat them in a separate division of this work Vaughan the Silurist and his brother are amongst the most unmistakable, James Howell, cosmopolitan though he was in temper, was Welsh by birth as he was in name and blood John Davies of Hereford was a Welshman born just outside the principality, Sir John Davies may have been of Welsh blood The Pembroke Herberts were a great Welsh house, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury and George Herbert were apparently both born at their father's home of Montgomery Castle John Donne, a power in English literature, was said to be of Welsh descent, and the great Puritan, John Owen, is known, apart from his Welsh name, to have been of an old Welsh family Roger Williams-in Milton's words, 'that noble confessor of religious liberty,' and founder of Rhode Island—was a fiery Welshman And earlier, Asser, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Walter Map, and the rationalist Bishop Pecock by their writings left their mark deep enough on mediæval Latin, Anglo-French, and English These are all notable figures in the thought history of our literature before the end of the seventeenth century, and are treated in their proper chronological places Guillim, in virtue of his great folio Display of Heraldrie (1610), the eponym of the science, was born at Hereford of Welsh family And dozens of others might be named, from the voluminous Giraldus Cambrensis to John Owen the Latin epigrammatist, whose interest asauthors, however great, is inconsiderable in connection with the story of English letters

From the Anglo-Norman Conquest of Ireland—which was both the continuation and the completion of the Norman Conquest of England—there had been much writing from Ireland and about Ireland by Englishmen for a longer or shorter time resident in Ireland, but not much that ranks as literature Spenser wrote his book on Ireland and most of the Faerie Queene at Kilcolman, his home from 1589 on, but his connection with Ireland is wholly external Sir John Davies, Sir William Temple, and Sir William Petty were Englishmen who lived for a time in Ireland and wrote about Ireland Richard Stanyhurst, on the other hand, was born

at Dublin (1547, see page 332) of a family settled in Ireland for three centuries, he was but a feeble forerunner of the glorious company which was in the eighteenth century to include Steele and Swift, Burke and Goldsmith Stanyhurst's nephew, Aichbishop Ussher, is a noble representative of Anglo-Irish Churchmanship, and was also born in Dublin Sir John Denham was born (1615) at (1581)Dublin, the son of an Irish judge, but was in no other sense an Irishman But the Hon Robert Boyle (born at Lismore Castle in 1627) bears the name of a great Anglo-Irish house Roger Boyle (page 787), Earl of Cork and dramatist, was also born at Lismore. The Earl of Roscommon was Irish born, but lived most of his life out of Ireland Tate and Brady both, as well as the dramatists Southerne and Farquhar, were Irishmen born and bred, but their work, like that of other notable Anglo-Irishmen—Swift, Toland, Steele, Parnell, and Berkeley—born before the Revolution, belongs mainly to the next period, and will be dealt with Of the Irish contributors in the next volume to English literature before the Revolution it may be said generally that though some of them, like Ussher, thoroughly identified themselves with the land of their birth, the Irish tone and temper is rather conspicuous by its The growth of that temper and the beginning of the Irish question are associated with the name of William Molyneu\ (died 1698), whose Case of Ireland being bound by Acts of Parliament passed in England, published in the same year, and burned by the order of the English House of Commons, marks him as the forerunner of Swift and Grattan

In the English colonies in North America there was hardly any literature of consequence till about the middle of the eighteenth century The books of travel, poems, sermons, and the like in the seventeenth century were largely the work of men and women English born, and, except for their change of residence, to all intents and purposes Britons of Captain John Smith, who toldthe native type if he did not also invent—the tale of Pocahontas, was a grown man when in 1605 he joined the Virginia expedition, spent only a small part of his life on American soil, and died in London his True Relation of Occurrences in Virginia (1608) ranks as the first book in American literature, though judged from the point of literature it has no great value In Virginia, George Sandys

(see page 450) completed that translation of Ovid which he dedicated to King Charles I Richard Ligon in his History of the Barbadoes (1657) furnished the materials out of which Richard Steele spun his famous novelette of Inkle and Yarico, but Ligon was a broken London merchant of sixty when in 1647 he sailed to begin life anew in the West Indies Roger Williams, though he became heart and soul a colonial, was a Welshman, and was also thirty years of age ere he arrived (1631) on the shores where he was to found the state of Rhode Island, and to be remembered for his vehement discourse against The Refoundy Tenent of Persecution John Eliot, 'the apostle of the Indians,' who went to America in the same year, was four years younger when he left his native Hertfordshire. Anne Bradstreet (1612-72), 'the first professional poetess of New England,' was a woman grown erc she left her home in Old England The works of all these authors were sent to England to be pub-The Bay Psalm Book, printed at Cambridge in Massachusetts in 1640, was the first book in English that issued from the press in America, it was largely the production of John Eliot and of Richard Mather, a Lancashire Puritan, who emigrated to the colony in 1635, and was father of Increase Mather and grandfather of Cotton Mather

Such were the slender beginnings of the vast and varied American literature, now one of the two great branches of literature in the English tongue. For well-nigh a century it has uttered the thoughts and feelings of a nation of marked characteristics, of strong originality, in which the English element has been the dominant constituent, and its history must be traced in another volume of this work Written in English—though English with a difference—the daughter literature in some respects rivals the parent, and has in many ways influenced, both in substance and in form, what is said and sung on the other side of the Atlantic. The people of the United States are now by far the largest section under one government of those who speak English In America some English books find their widest circle of readers older English literature is by Americans justly regarded as an inheritance common to them with us, and much helpful work towards the better understanding of the English language and of the triumphs of English letters has been done by American writers and in the United States

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Chambers's Cyclopaeou of English Laterature





SHAKESPEARE
(From the Chandos Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery discussed at page 376.)

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A HISTORY CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHI-CAL OF AUTHORS IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TILL THE PRESENT DAY, WITH SPECI-MENS OF THEIR WRITINGS 20 20 20

VOLUME I.

LONDON 30 30 AND 30 30 30 EDINBURGH W. & R CHAMBERS, LIMITED Edinburgh Printed by W & R Chambers Limited,

PREFACE



HEN Ælfred was crowned king of Wessex, it seemed as if the Danes were to blot out not only the English power but the English tongue, and put Danish in the place of English throughout these

The same Ælfred who made the first Cyclopædia of earlier English song and story saved the English land and folk and speech from Danish thraldom The English language held its own when, later, Danish kings did rule the land, it showed its irrepressible vitality during three centuries of depression under Norman-French supremacy, and triumphantly reasserted itself in greater flexibility and vigour The area of its currency has than before grown with the political and commercial sway of the people who speak it. In Ælfred's time the Low Dutch dialects called English, and spoken by a few hundred thousand islanders, were unknown outside the island Oueen Elizabeth ruled scarcely three million subjects, many of whom were not of English speech, while to many more in the north and west, who heard it or essayed to read it, Shakespeare's literary London dialect was barely intelligible now English, with no essential differences, is the mother tongue of more than a hundred and twenty millions of men and women, scattered over all the quarters of the planet. Some fifty millions of Britons at home and abroad rule about a fourth of the inhabitants of the In the United States the daughter nation now reckons her seventy-five millions, mainly of British stock, and, with trifling exceptions, all of English speech To multitudes of the darker skinned subjects of the British crown, English is only less familiar than their own vernaculars, and English literature a main instrument of education English is becoming more and more the language of commerce among men of all kindreds. And the writings of English authors, now read and studied by the educated of all races, are an element of culture in every civilised country

For it is not by reason of the vast numbers of those who speak it, or of the other myriads for whom it is a second vernacular, an in dispensable lingua franca, that English claims rank amongst languages, but in virtue of the thoughts that breathe and burn in English English literature is in the fullest words sense of the term a great literature, the English pen has been mightier than the English sword or the English steam engine Is it the irony of history that in the nation of shopkeepers one singer after another should be found endowed with a double portion of the spirit of poesy? And if it be saidas often it is said-that we are the most materialistic nation on the face of the earth. we have a cloud of witnesses to the contrary our divines, our siges, our poets, our storytellers, our men of science, our historians, have uttered in our tongue words which the world will not willingly let die It is no dream indeed that the other sheaves have made obeisance to our sheaf, Shakespeare is not the only Englishman who has won the willing homage of the world

In that vast English library which has been steadily growing for fourteen hundred years, there is happily much that concerns us not, much that is no part of our national inheritance There are more than enough of books that are no books, of literature that does not deserve the name, of poems that are not poetry, of prose which is a mere waste of weary words Even so, of English books new and old that it is worth our while to know, or know about, there are many more than would suffice for a lifetime of hard reading British publications multiply by thousands in a year, and American volumes at an almost equal rate. The flood. constantly swelling, threatens to engulf even the strongest swimmer Year by year the need becomes greater for an approved mentor, a comprehensive guide, and such a Vademecum Dr Robert Chambers devised and called, not unjustly, a Ciclopædia of English LITERATURE, the first of its kind in Britain

On a plan greatly more comprehensive than the time honoured Elegant Extracts of Vicesimus Knov, this Cyclopædia of English Literature - like all the old cyclopadias systematic and not alphabetic, and following the chronological order as obviously the only practicable onc-aimed to give a conspectus of our literature by a series of extracts from the more memorable authors set in a bio graphical and critical history of the literature itself Dr Chambers laid the plan in 1841, and for realising it secured the help of his friend Dr Robert Carruthers of Inverness The outcome of their joint labours, which begin to appear before the close of 1842, was completed in two volumes in 1844, and was brought down to date and reprinted in 1858. It was revised and extended under the charge of Dr Carruthers in 1876, and a fourth reissue, again incorporating new matter, took place a dozen years later But a keener interest in our older litera ture and a fuller knowledge of it, new facts, new theories, and new light on a thousand points, the increasing supply of new materials for selection, the continued activity of accepted authors, the rise of new and brilliant stars, and all that is implied in the unabated continuity of the 'iterary life of the nation, have rendered necessary a much more thorough going revision and reconstruction, a completely new edition is imperatively demanded

"Tis sixty years since—just sixty years since Dr Chambers began work on the first edition Coleridge had then been dead for half a dozen years, but Southey was still laureate and Wordsworth was in vigorous health Tennyson had not yet published those two volumes that gave him a secure place amongst English poets Ruskin and Matthew Arnold were still at Oxford, Kingsley was at Cambridge, and William Morris was a schoolboy Marian Evans had as yet no literary ambitions, and George Mcredith had not sent his first contribution to Chambers's Journal Macaulay was MP for Edinburgh, but had not published his Lays or begun his History The reputation Carlyle had made by the French Revolution was but five years old, Thackeray's first volume was lately published, and Dickens had issued only a very few of the long series of his stories Darwin had not yet put on paper the first rough sketch of his evolution theory, and Huxley was a young medical student. Emerson was hardly known in England, Longfellow and Lowell had each published but one volume of original

verse, and 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' had made but a few desultory efforts in literature. Howells was an infant, and Henry James was not yet born. A vast proportion of what gives character to modern letters had not yet been written or thought out. Upper and Lower Canada had just been united, the New Zealand Company had only begun to plant the colony, and the first great rush of free settlers had not yet given promise of the future Commonwealth of Australia.

Sixty years after Dr Chambers and Dr Carruthers addressed themselves to their task, we stand in a new century, and, as regards literature, in a new world. In the new edition, of which the first volume now appears, the essential plan has been retained. The aim has been to carry that plan out even more perfectly, and to make the new work more fully representative of our present and past literary history at the commencement of the I wentieth Century than the first edition was for the middle of the Ninetcenth Neither then nor now has a pedantic attempt been made to draw a hard and fast line between what is by right and what is not a part of pure or national literature, and to include only what wholly approves itself before the strictest canons of the higher criticism of the day The selection was made on a more catholic, comprehensive, and historical planbeing excluded whom the general consensus of the ages has adjudged worthy of remembrance In literature more than in most things human die Weltgeschichte ist das Welfzericht, history is the supreme and final judge, in the end it is the best books that live.

Our enterprise has a quite definite him, and from the nature of the case its scope is limited -severely limited by the boundlessness of the materials with which it deals. It is not, and is not meant to be, an anthology of the perfect models of our prose and verse, a chrestomathy of purple patches, a collection of elegant extracts. The acknowledged gem should be there, if the man is mainly known by some one noble passage, one sonnet, one song, one aphorism or sententious saying, but something there should be, as a rule, to illustrate his average achievement, the standard by which he may fairly be judged. Nor does the work profess to be a marrow of our literature, or to give the spirit and quintessence of the several authors, still less does it aim to

render its readers independent of the authors themselves or relieve them from the duty and pleasure of studying the original works. In no case will one rise from articles of ours flattering himself that now he knows his author and may consider that subject settled. What we give him is little more than a catalogue raisonné, an illustrated conspectus, a finger-post to the best books, a guide to that of which he is in search, to what he needs, to what will interest him, to what he can read with pleasure and profit The very shortness and fewness of the excerpts is a security that they shall only be taken as samples, they are meant to whet the appetite, to stimulate curiosity, to be steppingstones to the veritable books

The essential plan of the original Cyclopadia of English Literature, approved by generations of diligent readers and the testimonies of many who have themselves earned the best right to testify, has been adhered to and developed The extension from two to three volumes of like size has made room for the much required addition of new materials in all sections of the work Old English literature, formerly discussed in three pages, now occupies more than ten times the space, Middle English has no longer only some twenty pages allotted to it, but ninety In the first volume alone over fifty authors not named or hardly named in the older issues are treated-shortly, but it is hoped fairly-and illustrated by selections from their works Roper and Cranmer, Sir Thomas North and Philemon Holland, Florio and Zachary Boyd, Gervasc Markham and Kenelm Digby, William Prynne and Samuel Rutherford And as it is profitable to glance at the handwork of the eccentric, of the hopelessly mediocre, and even of those justly or unjustly condemned to the lower circles of literary lost souls, the Ogilbys and the Flecknoes, the Stanyhursts and the Drunken Barmbys, Corynte's Crudities and Boorde's Percgrinations, are treated as having their part in our literary history

The inconvenient arrangement by which an author was dealt with as poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist, and historian in separate sections of the work has been departed from Johnson no longer has a hundred and thirty pages intercalited between the sections devoted to him, nor Scott upwards of two hundred pages, each author is presented continuously and once for all

A very large proportion of the articles are

completely rewritten, and in all the others historical facts have been verified and corrected, and critical judgments carefully reconsidered. In very many cases the illustrative extracts are all different from those formerly given, where the passages in the old issue seemed well suited for the purpose in hand, they have been scrupulously collated, and often extended There has been a constant and added to effort to secure passages interesting in them selves, and least likely to suffer through separation from their context Appropriating a famous classification, we trust there may in our three volumes be found no passages that are not for some reason worth reading at least once, few that are worth reading once but once only, far more that are worth at least two or three readings in a lifetime, and very many that are worth reading again and again for ever

The work of the editorial staff has been much more largely supplemented than formerly by contributions from writers of approved authority In the first volume old English literature as a whole and all the writers who used to be called Anglo-Saxon-Cadmon, Breda, Ælfred, and the rest-arc dealt with by Dr Stopford Brooke Mr A W Pollard charged himself with Middle English and almost all the writers down to Reformation times There are essays from the pen of Mr Gosse on the Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, on the Anthologies, on the Elizabethan Song-Writers, on the Elizabethan Sonnet Cycles, as also on Sidney, Spenser, Webster, Ford, and Shirley speare is by Mr Sidney Lee Γo Dr Samuel Rawson Gardiner we owe the essay on the Puritan movement, to Mr A H Bullen that on the Restoration literature. The section on the Ballads is by Mr Andrew Lang Saintsbury's contribution to the first volume 15 on Dryden. Professor Hume Brown commented on James I, Knox, and Buchanan

Among notable contributions to the second volume are the introduction on the Eighteenth Century Literature by Mr Austin Dobson, and the same accomplished writer's authori tative articles on Richardson, Fielding, and Goldsmith, Professor Saintsbury's on Swift, Popc, and Sterne, Mr Gregory Smith's Addison, and Mr Robert Aitken's Steele, Mr James Douglas's Blake, and Dr William Wallace's Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns

The third volume opens with a remarkable essay on the Renascence of Wonder in Poetry entirely new a larger number have been almost | by Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton, who is author

also of the articles on Byron and Borrow Wordsworth and Scott are by Professor W P Ker, Coleridge is treated by his grandson, Mr Ernest Hartley Coloridge, Shelley by Mr Swinburne, Keats by Professor A C Bradley, Lamb and Hood by Canon Amger, Jeftrey and De Quincey by Mr Gregory Smith, Hazhtt and I eigh Hunt by Mr Nicol Smith, Carlyle by Dr W Wallace, Matthew Arnold by Professor Dowden, Darwin, Huxley, and A R Wallace by Professor J Arthur Thomson, Thackeray by Mr J A Blackte, Dickens by Mr Rudolph Lehmann, Beaconsfield by Mr Charles Whibley, Machulay, Green, Freeman, and Stubbs by Professor Richard Lodge, Froude and Gardiner by Professor Humc Brown, the Brontes, Mrs Gaskell, and Thomas Hardy by Dr Robertson Nicoll George Phot by R. Holt Hutton, Ruskin and Stevenson by Mr J W Mackail, the Rossettis by Professor Walter Raleigh, William Morris by Mr Robert Stecle, Buckle, Herbert Spencer, and Morley by Mr Hector Macpherson, 'Festus' Buley, Swinburne, and Watts Dunton by Mr Junes Douglas, Moore and Mangan, Lever and Lover, and other articles on Irish authors by Mr I itton Falkiner

Professor Woodberry has written the section on early American literature, and the greater American authors have been discussed by other American writers—Finerson by President Schurman, Hawthorne and Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell, Whitman and Whittier, Thoreau, Poe, and others indicated in the list prefixed to the third volume, by the Rev John White Chadwick, Parkman by Professor C. H. Hull Prescott and Motley by Miss Ruth Putnam

Some eminent men of our own time have assisted in choosing the passages by which they were content to be represented. Others have read a proof of our little lives of them, and given them an autobiographical sanction representatives of some great writers have both revised the articles and approved the selections made, I ord Tennyson and Mr Barrett Browning have laid us under this double obli Many of the articles show the accurate scholarship and incisive style of Mr Francis Hindes Groome, whose invaluable help was withdrawn by fatal illness while the first volume was in progress. The editor is especially responsible for the major part of the unsigned articles

The fac similes and portraits were executed expressly for this work by Messrs Walker & Boutall

The portraits, nearly three hundred in number, have been reproduced from the most authentic available lifenesses in the National Portrait Gallery, and other public and private collections. Fo the directors of the National Portrait Gallery and to the Paleographical Society especially our thanks are due for permission to reproduce portraits and fac similes. And all who write or revise biographical articles must constantly and gratefully refer to the Dictionary of National Biography.

Our language and our literature are the only property of our large and scattered family in which all its members share equally than any other single influence, perhaps, our general acceptance as standard literature of a certain series of books in the common lan guage has tended to make our very mixed rice one in temper, sympathy, aspiration. Norman, Iberrun, Celt, are we, but ill of us Angles in speech, the instrument of thought, the vehicle of our feelings. Queen Elizabeth's statesmen and soldiers and sailors had given England a new place in the councils of Europe, the Elizabethan poets had lent a new glory to the Judor court and capital, Linglish literature had reached its zenith, ere Scotsmen, by increasingly general consent, gave up the old Anglian tongue of the northern lowlands-Inglian, and so even more strictly Lughsh than the southron speech-for the tongue of Bacon and Shakespeare, of Hooker and Raleigh, and accepted the English Bible at once as their literary stindard and their rule Scotsmen have since contributed their quota to the stream of Linglish literature, only the more truly Linglish from the reinclusion of the Anglian northerners The Celtic tongue of the Highlands has steadily given way before book English And the use of this common tongue has educated Highlander and Lowlander into one people, has remoulded Scotsman and Englishman into brothers german, as no warfare had done, as neither Church nor constitution had made possible, as no legislation could ever accomplish. At no time has lengthsh thought been more thoroughly Inglish in spirit and temper than since the gathering in of the outlying sheep into the fold. Fill towards the end of the seventeenth century, Scottish authors, as using a different idiom, are dealt with in separate sections—a separation not needed in the case of Welshmen and Irishmen (see page 831), and after the Revolution, authors of Preface '

Scottish birth, save those writing in dialect, are fully naturalised in the British republic of letters

The Irish have no monopoly of Celtic blood, and are not even mainly Celtic in origin. Gaelic reached Erin with the first Celtic invaders from Britannia, so that even their Celtic tongue is a bond with the greater British island. Much more the tongue that has, save in the remoter districts, superseded it. However much Irish scholars may cherish the Gaelic, it is only as a secondary language, a literary luxury, a patriotic heirloom, spiritually, Irishmen have learnt incomparably more from the great body of English writers than from the ancient Irish bards or story tellers Happily there is no risk of Irishmen becoming altogether, or even almost, as Englishmen are, but in their common literary inheritance, in a literature to which they contribute their fair proportion, there is security for a modus vizendi not yet fully realised, there is a power working on both sides towards mutual understanding and Even now Irishmen glory in the sympathy triumphs of their countrymen whether by race or birth, and hardly even an irreconcilable would seriously demand a home rule in literature that should make Ussher and Berkeley. Burke and Goldsmith, Swift and Sheridan, aliens on Irish soil

Neither Virginian colonists nor Pilgrim Fathers were keenly interested in literature as such It was the English temper that led them into the wilderness, and it was the same spirit as had again and again moved their forefathers in the past of English history that led them finally to repudiate the English But they had no king and government thought of renouncing any essential of their English birthright, Puritan or Cavalier, they clung to the tradition which, over seas as in the mother-land, in literature as in life, makes for freedom, fur play, sanity, reserve, commonsense, steadiness, breadth, depth, strength, and individuality However far we may fall short of our ideals, we have essentially the same standards of uprightness, honour, dignity, the same delight in 'calm, open-eyed rishness' With them as with us, the absence of universally binding standards and models makes the attrinment of artistic style more difficult, independence tends to lawlessness, what is wanting in grace and polish has to be atoned for by vigour, simplicity, originality, and the free play of imagination, and substance

must supply the lack of academic or classical They too, like us, have their burden of uninspired pseudo-philosophy, feeble fiction, lamentable comicalities Blood is thicker than water, common lineage is more than geographical collocation or political constitution, of still more account for the true federation of peoples are intellectual and spiritual sympathies, common aspirations, like principles Erelong American writers attained a distinctive note, ever most welcome in literature But this is a development from within, not an approximation to foreign models humour is different from English humour, but it is vastly more akin to English humour than to any French or Spanish or German type Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Bacon, Raleigh and Ben Jonson, are theirs by inheritance as much as they are ours, the migration across seas did not make Dryden or Pope, Addison or Steele, Johnson or Gibbon, alien to them, and the change of government at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginnings of their own national literature did nothing to hinder the full appreciation and loving study of Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Scott Saitor Resartus first attained to book form in Massachusetts, and even yet some British authors find in America their most apprecia-As the English tradition has tive audience remained dominant in the constitution of the nation and the life of the people, our kindred both by lineage and language, so American literature has remained an offshoot, a true branch of English literature. In this work it has from the beginning been treated as an integral and important part of the literature of Greater Britain We do not look on Longfellow or Poe as foreigners, or read the histories of Prescott, Motley, and Parkman as if written by strangers

What holds of the United States is still more obviously true of the British dominions beyond seas, in Canada, South Africa, Australasia, our kith and kin have remained true to us and to themselves, and their literature is but a part of ours. Amongst them as in the United States we gladly recognise a growing individuality, a flavour racy of the soil, but the newest growths are but vigorous shoots from the English stem. Many of our most typically English writers, though they have chosen to remain Englishmen in the stricter sense, were not born within our four seas, but in further Britain or the remoter

dependencies Thus Thackeray was born in Calcutta, and so was Charles Buller, the philosophical Radical, Bombay was the birth place not merely of Rudyard Kipling, most imperialist of writers, but of such a representative Anglican dignitary as the Dean of Canterbury Laurence Oliphant, a cosmopolitan rolling-stone, yet British to the backbone, saw the light at Capetown There is inevitably in our home literature much that marks the world colonising nation, the empirebuilding race

Mankind may not be growing much holier or happier, but the stream of tendency makes for greater kindliness and the breaking down of boundaries, kindliness which begins at home inevitably extends by degrees to all the outlying kin in their several

places and relations, and at the close of the nineteenth century, in the last years of Victoria's reign, the bands of kindness have been drawn sensibly closer between the island people and their colonies, between the United Kingdom and the United States. To the youth of the English kin this work is once more and in a new shape offered as a help in seeking out and laying to heart the wisdom and the wit of our famous men of old and the fathers that begat us, in the confidence that allegiance to the highest traditions of our literature will increasingly obliterate local and temporary jealousies, and in the hope that many a saying herein recorded may make generations to come proud to be of the English name, and stir in them the thrill that tightens even the grasp of bloodbrotherhood

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FROM THE BEGINNINGS

TILL AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST



HE first indwellers of the islands we call Great Britain and Ireland were a wild folk, coming we know not whence, who made rude stone weapons of flint, lived by hunting, could make fires and gar-

ments of skin, and dwelt in caves These Palæolithic people were succeeded by, or developed into, a Neolithic race whose weapons, still of stone, were now highly polished and skilfully They began pastoral life in our wrought island, and settled finally into communities, and the large-chamber tombs under earth, or their denuded remains, extending from Caithness to Dorset, showed that they occupied all They were the habitable parts of the country a dark-haired, dark eyed, short, brave, and constant people, and when they mingled afterwards with the Celtic rice, they left some traces of their legends, religion, and law in the stories, the minners, and the language of the Celts We may, with great probability, identify them with the earliest Picts of Instory, and the Silures of South Wales were their descendants. It is only in folklore that we can hope to recover something of the way they thought and felt, but in the west of Ireland and Scotland, in Wales, and in the Midland Counties of England we still meet short, dirkhured, long-skulled people who retain the characteristics of this steady and valuant race. It is not impossible that some of the elements of their character and thought have entered into and still influence English poetry.

How long they lived undisturbed does not appear, but at last an Aryan folk, part of the first Celtic migration, invaded our island, drove back these Neolithic people to the west and north, but mingled with them, and the firther west and north they pushed the greater was the admixture This first Celtic race are named the Goidels or the Gaels, and they colonised not only Great Britain, but also the Isle of Man, the Western Isles, and Ircland have lasted down to our own day, and the imaginative and enkindling spirit of their thought, hterature, and art, infused into the English nature by intercourse and amalguna i tion, have had an intermittent and spiritual

Influence on the poetry and prose of England That influence was sometimes great, as at the beginning of our literature. Sometimes it was but little, but it always inspired when it came. After King Ælfred's days, and for a very long time, it ceased to do more than now and again to touch England, but it began to act on us again at the end of the eighteenth century, and at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth the Gaelic spirit is doing much the same kind of work it did in England during the seventh and eighth centuries.

It entered northern England from Iona, where Columba, bringing with him, and handing down to his successors, the poetry and learning of Ireland, had set up his church and Oswald, King of Northumbria, who had been educated at Iona, summoned the Celuc monks to convert his country in 634, and Oswiu, also trained at Iona, extended the Irish influence until the whole of Northumbria received the faith from Irish missionaries, and set up a number of civilising monasteries on the Irish pattern All the awakening and inspiring emotions of religion, out of which so much of literature is born, were kindled in the north of England at the Irish fire lasted untouched for thirty years, and then, alongside with the Celtic, the Latin forms of learning and religion began to make their way from Ripon, from Wearmouth, from Hexham and Jarrow The Celtic and the Latin influences mingled Meanwhile Irish impulse penetrated into Mercia and East Anglia from the north, and the communication between Ireland itself and England was constant, each interchanging the results of their exempt from the pressure of Irish wisdom The school at Canterbury in Theodore's days was full of Irish scholars 'Whole fleets' of students passed to and fro between Wessex and Ireland Men like Ealdhelm were trained by Irish hermits who set up schools, and Glastonbury became a special centre of Irish learning, legend, and song, so that we may even say that Dunstan, long years afterwards, derived from the nest of Irish scholars who were settled there part of the spirit which made his character, and began that Renaissance of English learning which Ælfred had failed, but so nobly failed, to establish. was the Goidelic invasion of England, and its imaginative and formative powers ran through all the poetry of Northumbria, and stimulated the desires of Wessex and Mercia to know, and to feel after, the unknown

A second Wandering of the Celtic race followed on the first, and some of its warriors, settling in Gaul, were allured by the white cliffs of England, and by the tales of sailors, to cross the Channel The first of these invaders landed on the south eastern coasts, perhaps as early as 300 BC, and drove back the Goidels, as these had driven back the Neolithic people, to the west and north The last of these Gaulish tribes who came to our land were the Belgæ To all these men of the second Celtic Wandering the name of 'Brythons' has been given When they had banished the Goidels from about a third part of Britain, the Romans checked their development for a year or two in 55 BC, but did not come again for ninety years During theseninety years the Brythons pushed on till they mastered the most of Britain, and even those lands where the Goidels remained (Devon, Cornwall, portions of Wales, Cumberland and Westmoreland, and part of Lancashire) became Brythonic in language, manners, and poetry North of the Solway and the Tweed the Brythons also drove their way, but with lessforce than in our England They found themselves among a mixed people of Goidels and Neolithic folk in the Lowlands, and this country, sometimes Brythonic, sometimes Goidelic, ended by having in it an exceedingly mixed race, made up of these two Celtic strains dissolved in a Neolithic infusion, but the Brythonic element was master Into the north of Scotland the Brythons scarcely pene-But wherever they were, their language prevailed. Later on they took the name of Cymry, and the English called them the Welsh The fate they had given to the Goidels they met with at the hands of the English, until, after a hundred and fifty years of war, the Brythons only existed as a separate people in Devonshire, Cornwall, Wales, and in Strathclyde, that is, in the country which extended from the Ribble through Cumberland and Westmoreland to the Clyde

The Cymry had a literature of their own, and they sang in verse the fortunes of their strife with the English, their own wars with one another, the war deeds of their chieftains, and the tales of their families. Moreover, they made a host of stories in prose in which they embodied their myths and the legends of their ancestral heroes. Four great bards are said

to have flourished among them in the later half of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh century These were Aneurin, Taliessin, Llywarch Hen, and Merddin, and we possess in manuscripts which date from the twelfth to the fourteenth century some of their poems, added to and modernised They sing the wars of the northern Cymry with the Angles, and of the Cymry of Wales with the West Saxons, in poems by Taliessin and Llywarch Hen These poems are of the sixth century In the seventh the poets celebrated the great struggle between the Northumbrians and Cadwallon and his son This is the first period of Cymric poetry When the northern kingdom of the Cymry decayed, and they emigrated to South Wales, the old poetry was applied in the tenth cen tury to the new dwelling place and the new fortunes of the Cymry This is the second Later on a third school of literature period arose, poetic in North Wales, and of mythical and romantic tales in South Wales, and these tales are at the root of a great deal of English romance and song up to the present day A fourth school of poetry, imitative of the old poetry of the north, continued under the Norman Welsh rule till the days of Henry the Second, when the Black Book of Carmarthen was made up of some of the ancient poetry the following centuries the Red Book of Aneurin, the Book of Taliessin, and the Book of Hergest contained some also of the old poetry and of its later imitations These were mingled with original work of a still later period.

There existed then, close to the border-land between the English and the Cymry, a great body of living and growing poetry, and of imagnative story-telling, which could hardly help influencing the Border-English when, after the first fierce years of the Conquest, the Welsh of West Wales, of Wales, and of Cumbria were so often either in alliance with the English or amalgamated with them The Celtic genius of the Brythons stole in, year by year, into the English of the Border, from Berwick to Carlisle, from Carlisle to Chester, from Chester to Bristol, and from Bristol to Glastonbury and Exeter When, after the Norman Conquest, the Normans seized a good part of South Wales, the Welsh imagination was interwoven with the Norman passion, and in days still later, after the twelfth century, the fifth period of Welsh poetry, developing itself in lyrics of love and of nature, full of lonely and graceful sentiment, had, as I believe, a well-marked influence on

the birth and growth of the earliest English lyrics. As far as we can conjecture, the best of these lyrics were born on the lands of the Severn valley, and the first English poem of imaginative importance after the Conquest—the Brut of Layamon—arose in the heart of one who dwelt at Areley, on the banks of the Severn

There was no such amalgamation in the first hundred and fifty years of the conquest of Britain by the English, the British were ruthlessly slain or driven away Among those who fled over sea was the only literary man among the Britons whose name has attained reputation This was Gildas, whose Latin book, De Excidio, describes the horrors of the first years of the English invasion, and whose Epistola, addressed to the kings and priests of the Britons, is a fierce and probably an exaggerated indictment of their rule and their immoralities theless, so far as his slight history goes, he is a sound authority When, weary of trouble, he fled to Gaul, founded the Abbaye de Ruis, and died, British culture also died with him He was not alone in his emigration dreds of Britons took flight from the English sword, and out of this furious expulsion a Brythonic colony arose in France which played its own part in English literature After the battles of Aylesford and Crayford in 455-57, and for fully a century and a half, the Britons of the southern counties and of South Wales emigrated to Armorica and made Brittany In that little corner of France the Brythonic traditions, legends, and myths, the imaginative ballads and story-telling of this Celtic race, lived on, and developed in freedom When the Arthurian legend, which probably began among the northern Cymry (and the first records of which are to be found embedded in the compilation which goes under the name of Nennius-the Historia Britonium), came to South Wales, it got from thence into Brittany, was taken up by Breton bards, freshly worked and added to, and then fell into the hands of the Normans. The Normans, having brought to bear upon it their formative genius, carried it back to South Wales, and then to England, and it was first thrown into clear shape by a dweller in Wales, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, who composed into twelve Latin books his History of the Britons, which, begun in 1132, took its final form in 1147 From that day to this, for nearly eight hundred years, the Brythonic story of Arthur has been one of the master-subjects of imaginative literature in

England This—the full tale of which belongs to the next section of this book—is the last thing to be said of the influence on English literature of the Brythons, the children of the second Celtic migration

These two Celtic invasions, the Goidelic and the Brythonic, were followed by another When the Brythons had been about four hundred years in Britain, the Romans, under Claudius, came to ninety years after the invision of Julius Cæsar in 55 BC Their occupation, which lasted till AD 410, has had no power over To some extent it had English literature Christianised and Romanised the Brythons, but the Roman influence did not really touch English literature till it came back with Christianity in the seventh century to England, and linked a converted people to the long traditions, literature, law, and glory of pagan and Christian Rome. But almost all the traces of this early occupation of Britain by the Romans were swept away by the hurricane of fire and sword which the English, coming in the middle of the fifth century to conquer and to settle the land, let loose on the provincial civilisation of Britain

Euglish Literature

Before the English Invasion of Britain

The first Engle land extended from South Sweden through Denmark and its islands to the lands about the mouth of the Elbe indwellers were men of three tribes—the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons-and their common name and tongue was English They lived along the coast, and in their marshy settlements fought on their western shores a fierce battle with the encroaching sea, but nature was not so rough with them on the eastern coasts of Denmark They had the expansive spirit which the sea encourages, and in their rude but seaworthy ships sailed in all weathers to ravage the neighbouring coasts, terrible for courage and activity, for cruelty and greed, fearless of death and rejoicing in danger From the Humber to Southampton they kept the British coast in terror during the later years of the Roman occupation

Like other nations, they sang their battles at the feast and celebrated their gods. They built up sagas of their ancestral heroes, and most of their chiefs were also bards. The older men who did not go on piracy farmed the lands of their settlements, and agriculture

as well as war had its own songs. In these lays of religion, of war and agriculture, English poetry began in the ancient Engle land while Britain was still a Roman province.

Of this heathen poetry on the Continent we have still some fragments left. Portions of the mythical sagas, founded on the doings of nature and of the ancestral heroes, lie cmbedded in Beowulf The Battle of Finnsburg is the sole remnant of a series of sagas which were made before the time when the Folk-Waldhere, the Wanderings began in 375 fragment of a sagi on the story of Walther of Acquitaine, carries us back to the days of the Theodoric cycle of tales entitled Widsith retains verses which date from the time when the English were still fighting in their lands about the Eyder and the Elbe The Complaint of Deor belongs to another world than that of our island, and we possess in the scattered verses of the Charms which the farmer sang as he ploughed and swarmed his bees, and went on a journey and exorcised the demons of cramp and fever, perhaps the oldest remains of heathen song

The Charm for Bewitched Land contains pure heathen lines such as

Hail be thou, Earth, mother of men.

Fruitful be thou in the arms of the God

Be filled with thy fruit for the fare-need of men

And the rites of the ploughing which are there described are the old heathen rites of the farmer when he first drove his plough through the acre As we have them, they are Christianised, but their pagan origin appears through the Christian recension In the Charm for the Swarming of Bees, gravel is thrown over the bees, and the spell-master sings, 'Let this earth be strong against all wights whatever,' and to the bees, 'Sit ye, Victory-women, sink ye to the earth' But the Charm against a Sudden Stitch is even closer to heathendom Charm-doctor stands over the sick man with his shield, guarding him from the darts of the Witch Maidens, and describes their ride over the hill and their flinging of spears, while he charms out the javelin which has caused the These are remnants as old as the hills, fragments from the ancient Teutonic lands before the English left them for Britain

The earliest of the longer poems is Widsith, the Far voyager—Its personal part, in which the bard tells of himself and his wanderings, may belong in its original form to the fifth century,

but many additions were afterwards made to these ancient verses Names of men much earlier and later than the fifth century were foisted in by later editors of the poem real interest of the verses is not in these questionable matters, but in the proud and pleasant account Widsith gives of himself as a wandering minstrel, and of the honour and gifts lavished on poets. We see him at the court of Eormanric, singing his mistress Ealdhild's praises over all lands We hear him and his mate Scilling singing in the hall while all the lords are listening. He tells of the fighting with the Huns in the Wistla woods, and he ends by an outburst of pleasure' in his art and in the honour it receives from all who care for a noble fame

The Scôp (that is, the Shaper, the Poet), in the Complaint of Deor, is not so happy as Widsith He is no rover, but lives with his lord, and has from him lands and wealth his rival, Heorrenda, supplants him, and this song is written to console his heart. Weland, Hild, Geat, Theodoric, suffered dread-'This he overwent, so also will I,' is the refrain of each verse. The allusions to the sagas of Theodoric and Gudrun and Lormanric prove that the English knew, as Waldhere also proves, the Germanic cycle of None of the examples are Christian, but the poem suffers from a Christian interpolation It is a true lyric, with a 'refrain' at the end of each verse, and this is unique in Old English poetry

The two fragments of the poem of Waldhere, found by Werlauff at Copenhagen, are made from the original German seventh century form of the poem. The Christian and chivalric elements of the later forms are entirely absent in the verses we possess. Waldhere flies with his love Hildeguthe from the Huns, and is pursued by Guthere and Hagena. She encourages him to fight against twelve warriors in our first fragment, the second is part of the dialogue between Guthere and Waldhere

The few lines we have of the Fight at Finnsburg belong to an older cycle of saga than that of Theodoric. There is another portion of this Finn saga in Beowulf, and the story there told either precedes or continues our fragment. It is sung by the Scôp at the feast in Heorot, Hrothgar's hall Finn, king of the North Frisians, has married Hildeburh, sister of Hnæf He invites Hnæf and his comrade Hengest, with sixty men, meaning to slay them

The verses describe the attack and defence of the hall It is a fierce, impassioned piece of war-poetry. The related passage in *Beowulf* describes the burning of Hildeburh's sons on the pyre, and her bitter mourning for them, and the vengeance taken on Finn

These are our heathen fragments, all of them so infiltrated with Teutonic saga that we believe that the English, when they came to our land, possessed and sang the great stories of their Of other stories, both Continental brethren mythical and heroic, we have remains scattered through Beowulf-the myth of Scyld, the story of Heremod, the story of Thrytho, which belongs to the ancient saga of Offa, the story of Ingeld and Froda and Freaware, which was the origin of a whole circle of tales, and, oldest of all, the story of Sigmund, which afterwards was developed into the great Volsunga Saga in the north, and in Germany into the Nibelungen Lied

Beowulf.

We have one great saga of our own—the Saga of Beowulf. The poem of Beowulf, as we possess it, was probably composed into its present form in the eighth century in England, we do not know by whom, and received, either then or afterwards when it was put into the West Saxon dialect, the addition, but in moderation, of certain Christian elements The story is, however, honestly heathen, and its original lays arose on the Continent among the English They came to our England with the Angles, were developed in Northumbria and Mercia, and may have reached full saga proportions in the seventh century In the eighth (though some make it later) one poet took up all the scat tered forms of it, wrought them into a whole, gave them an ethical unity in the character of Beowulf, the ideal hero and king, and filled the complete poem with his own personality

Beowulf seems to have been an historical person age of the sixth century, a Geat, and nephew of Hygelac, who is the Chochilaicus whom Gregory of Tours mentions as raiding the Frisian shore, and slain by its defenders Beowulf was present at the battle, and avenged his lord's death. Hygelac died in 520 Beowulf placed Hygelac's son on the throne, and after his death reigned fifty years. This brings the historic Beowulf up to about 570 . But this historic personage has not much to do Its main story (with folk lore with the poem admixtures from earlier and savage times) is the transference to the hero of the mythical deeds of Beowa, who is one of the presentations of the Sun and the Summer, and whose fight with the Winter and the Darkness, with the frost giants, the destroying sea and the poisonous mist of the moorland, imaged in the poem by the monster

Grendel and the Dragon, was sung in the ancient England over the sea. The destruction of Grendel and his dam by Beowulf is said to be the destruction of the winter powers of the sea coast is they attack one of the Danish settlements which felt thice the charging of the rey sea and the deadly cold and venom of the fenland. The story of Beowulf overcoming in his list fight the Drigon is probably the story

of the aging Summer contend

ing with the powers of incoming Winter, who attempts to grasp

the treasures of the harvest. The Summer God saves the

golden hoard, but dies in the

struggle. These myths are embodied in the story of Beowulf, and through them his person

dity is built up by the poet He becomes the English and

North Germanic ideal of along and the ideal is historic. The

manners and customs both in war and peace, the putter of

the young men suling on id venture, the town with its hall and meadows and parths, he

ctiquette and teast of the hall, the daily doings of the settle

ment from morn to malit, the position of women, the home-

life, the temper of mind, the thoughts and feelings of our

forefathers, are all portrayed in this poem, and there are few

historical records so vivid and so interesting. It is the book

of our beginnings. It is also a great sea tale, it for the origin

of the poetry of the mistress

Beowult he irs that Hrothy ir is harried by a monster, Grendel,

The distressful tile

who haunts Heorot, the hall of the folk, and devours Hrothgars

thrills the hero with pity and he sets sail to help the Danish

ful, greedy of blood, hating all

joy, who tears and cats his

of the seas

th mes

with tephe on bed fase no ic me dan here parmin hnaspat talize sub se which found thender hine toppan ic lime speople spelban, nelle aldre be neo can bear iceal maze nat he hana soda Theme on sean flea pand seheape beah Te hepor sie nip zepeojica acpiz on nihz sculon seeze open sizzan zichezze piz oper papen Tilban pizis se cean Jean 50d onfpalipaperichond halis dpylizen man To dome spahim zemes hince hylde hme pa heapo deop hleop bolfzer on renz coples and pluzan Ihme ymb monz Inellie ca pine rele perce zebeah nanz heopur police the panon scolle et earl upun appe zerecean poloobse preabuith bap he areded pag- as he hardon sexpunon phie arzo rela mole inham pin celepæl dend ronnam demzea leode achim July ren tob Zent his libera Ze broking

chief Arriving, he is told of Grendel, the man beast of some folk tale, the creature of the mist and the stormy sea, strong as thirty men, lonely and dread-

Reduced factimile of a page of the Beowulf MS written about vp 1000 amongst the Cotton MSS of the British Museum Transcription and translation are given below 1

Then the good (warnor), Beowulf the Ceat
Spake boasing words ere he went to his led
'Not myself do I reckon in mightiness of warfare,
it deeds of the war any worse than Grendel
So him, with the sword I will not put to sleep
deprive him (thus) of life, though I well can do it
knows he not the good (war) way—that he may strike me back,
hew upon the shield,—though he may be strong
in the works of warfare. But we two must at might
refrain from the sword, if he dare to seek
war without weapons—and then the wise God
the holy Lord afterwards the glory may award
on what hand soever meet may seem to him.

¹ Geata ar he on bed stige no ic nie an here waesmun hnagran talige guth ge weorea thonne grendel hine for than ic hine sweorde swebban nelle aldre beneo tan theah ic eal marge n'it he thara goda that he me ongean slea rand geheawe theah the he rof sie nith geweorea ac wit on niht sculon seege ofer sittan gif het ge secean dear wig ofer wapen ond siththan wing god on swa hwathere hond halig dryhten mar tho deme swa him gemet thince—hylde

[Continued at foot of page 7]

Beowulf,

victims Beowulf and his men sleep in the hall, and Grendel, stalking over the misty moors, strikes in the doors, and rends one of Beowulf's men, but meets at last the grip of the hero. In the ficree wrestle Grendel's arm is torn away, and the monster flies through the night to die. Next morning all is happiness at Heorot, the feast is held and gifts are given, but at night Grendel's dam comes to avenge her son, and Hrothgar's best battle man is torn in pieces by the wolf-woman of the sea.

This is the re-creation in a later form of the original myth-a separate and later lay now woven into the poem by the single writer of the whole. Grendel's dam is a sea-monster, and lives in a sea cave, her hands are armed with claws, her blood eats like fire, she is even more savage than her son The place where she dwells imong the cliffs, in a gorge where the black waters welter furiously, is as savage as her nature, and the description of it is the first of those natural descriptions of wild scenery of which our modern English poetry is so full Beowulf plunges into the sea, rises with the monster who has seized him into her cave, slays her with a magic sword, and returns triumphant with Grendel's head to Hrothgar, who sends him home to Hygelac laden with gifts and honour This closes the first part of the poem The second part opens some fifty years after, when Beowulf is an old man been long king of the country, and his people love him. A Drugon, angry that his hoard is robbed, flies forth to burn and ravage, and Beowulf arms to fight his last fight and to win the treasure for his Only one of his thanks comes to help him, and in the battle he is wounded to the death Dragon is slain, the treasure is won, and the hero burned on a lofty pyre overlooking the sea

The poem, many full accounts and translations of which have been set forth, runs to 3183 lines, and its manuscript is in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum. It has been said to be an epic, but it is more justly a narrative poem. It has neither the unity, the weight, the continuity, nor the mighty fates of an epic. Nevertheless it reaches a spiritual unity from the consistency of the hero's character developed from daring youth to wise and self-sacrificing age. It reaches even excellence in the clearness with which its portraits are drawn and its natural scenery represented. Our power of natural description in poetry begins with Beowulf. The verse has a fine ring in it, the tale, if we forget the bardie repetitions, is

simple, direct, and rapid, and the spirit of it is as bold and dashing as the stormy sea near which all its actors live. Indeed, the presence and power of the sea is everywhere felt in the poem. Its close is the close of the heathen poetry of England, for, though its composition into a whole belongs to Christian England, the lays worked up in it go back to the seventh, and some of them, it may be, to the sixth, century

The Embarking of Beowulf.

Then the well geared heroes
Stepped upon the stem, while the stream of ocean
Whirled the sea against the sand There into the ship's
breast

Bright and carved things of cost, carried then the heroes, And their armour well arrayed. And the men out pushed

Their tight ocean wood on adventure long desired Swiftly went above the waves, with a wind well fitted Likest to a fowl, their Floater, with the form around its throat.

Fill at last the Seamen saw the land ahead, Shining sea chiffs, soaring headlands, Broad sea nesses. So this Sailer of the sea Reached the sea way's end

Beowulf and Breca at Sea.

When we swam on the Sound, our sword was laid bare, Hard edged in our hands, and against the Hron fishes We meant to defend us nor might Breea from me Far o'er the flood waves at all float away.

Smarter on ocean, nor would I from him —
There we two together were tossed on the sea, Five nights in all, till the flood apart drove us Swoln were the surges, of storms 'twas the coldest, Wan waned the night, and the wind from the north, Battling grim, blew on us, rough were the fullows

Then, eastward, came light, Bright beacon of God, the billows grew still And now I could see the sea headlands shine, The wind swept rock walls. Wird often delivers An Earl yet undoomed if his daring avail

Half-Heathen Poetry.

Liegies and Biddles

When the lays of Bevoulf were made into a poem Christianity had been long established in England. It had come with Augustine in 597 Its last conquest was the Isle of Wight in 686. It took therefore, ninety years to Christianise England. During that interval, and indeed for a long time afterwards, a semi-heathenism prevailed.

Cer ti use from fat faire 6.]

hine the heatho deor bleer bolster on
feng corles and whiten out hine yinh moning
smellings rine sele reste gelean in ming
hear thatte that the theory colde efficient
lufan afre gesecent fole of the free buth
there he afetled uses as he hardon gefrunen
that he are to fele micles in them win sele
with death fornam deinges leade to him
driften forgett wis, peda gestofu

Then has down the war have, his cheek I ressed the blater, the face of the earliand round about him many a sea here ready bent to his half rest.

None of there thought there that thence should be after, exermore again, seek his horre beloved. (his) fill or (hi) free burg, where he had been foscered. Put they hid been bearing that by far two many crewhile in that wine-half shought releath had taken from the D mich folk. I ut to them the I ordinate wearing of the view ty.

Even in Cnut's reign we find the laws forbidding the worship of heathen gods by the farmers and labourers, and it is more than probable that the greater number of the warriors, bards, and chiefs of the seventh and eighth centuries were only Christian in name, and followed their heathen ways of thinking, feeling, and fighting poetry composed by the bards in a chick's following and by the wandering minstrels, outside of the montstic influence, was not likely to be influenced to any depth by Christianity There ire a few examples of such poetry in the Exeter Book, and five of them are of great interest—the Rumed Burg, the Wanderer, the Seafarer, the Wife's Complaint, and the Husband's Message Along with these we may place a number of the Riddles, written, it is supposed, by Cynewulf when he was a wild young poet at some noble's court, and which treat of natural phenomena, of war and irmour, of the feast and the hall of the folk, of duly life in the settlements, of hunting and cattle, of forest and fish and bird.

The first five poems mentioned above may fairly be called elegine. They are full of regret for the glory of the past and the sadness of the present, and though we have no means of dating them, I should be inclined to place them in the first quarter of the eighth century They are devoid of Christian sentiment and doctrine. The prologue and epilogue of the Wanderer, and the long tag added to the *Scafarer*, are Christian, but these are additions quite out of harmony with the body of the poems Where they were written is also unknown Some allot them to the south of England and to the ninth century, others to Mercia I believe them to be Northumbrian, and to belong to the beginning of the eighth century scenery is northern, their temper is northern, and even the Ruined Burg, which mourns in solemn verse the vanished glory of a desolate city, and is probably a description of the ruins of Bath, may have been written by a Mercian poet educated in the Northumbrian schools Their most remarkable quality, independent of their heathen dwelling on Fate rather than on the will of God, is their love of Nature-and this too has a heathen tinge They scarcely touch those softer aspects of the earth and sea and sky which poetry distinctly Christian loved to describe. They dwell on the tempest and the fury of the waves, on the hail lashing the broken fortress, on the thunder of the ice and the deathfulness of the snow, on the black caves in the forest and the cliffs white with the frost. There are half-a dozen of the Riddles concerned with the terrible play of Nature in the northern seas, in the storm-wearied sky, and in the wild marsh and forest land Our Naturepoetry of the nineteenth century is a reversion to this early English temper, and poetry of this kind in the eighth or the ninth century is unique in Feutonic literature of that time Poctry of natural description is to be found also in Welsh and Irish song, and it is probable that the writing of it in England is to be traced to the influence on Northumbria and Mercia of the Celtic poets I also believe-and the fact that the form of the English Nature-poetry of this time is finer than any Celtic work of the kind may be due to this -that these northern poets were well acquainted with Virgil, moreover, neither in Irish nor Welsh poetry of this period are there poems, such as the three Riddles on the storms, which treat of Nature alone, of Nature for her own sake One of these 15placed among the extracts. The finest of them is a long poem upon the Hurricane, impersonated is a grant rising from his prison under the earth to work his terrors on land and sea and in the sky, and in each of these realms it is described with somuch force, fire, and imagination that we know the poet had watched from point to point the actual thing

Of the Elegies the Wanderer is the best, but the The Wanderer Seafarer is the most interesting describes the mournful fates of men, the rum of great towns and earls, friendships lost, departed glory, the winter night and snow settling on the world and on the heart of min The Scafarer is perhaps a dramatic dialogue between an old and a young sailor, each telling of their terrible days at sea, yet each confessing the wild fascination of a sailor's life The Husband's Message, or ruher the Lover's Message, calls, in exile, on the sweetheart of the writer to join him in the foreign land where he waits for her 'Come in the spring, when the cuckoo calls from the cliff' The 11 ife's Complaint tells of her banishment by false tongues from her lord, and mourns her fate from the cave in the wood where she dwells, but mourns the most because she knows he loves her still, and suffers from want of her tenderness These two last poems are the only poems in Old English which touch upon the passion and subtlety of human There may have been many more, but all the poetry of which we have to speak in the next section was written under the shadow of the monasteries, and the subject of love is absent

The Last Verses of the 'Wanderer'

Whose then these ruined Walls wisely has thought over, And this darkened life of man deeply has considered, Sage of mood within oft remembers, far away, Slaughters cruel and uncounted, and cries out this

Word---

'Whither went the horse, whither went the man? Whither went the Treasure giver?

What befell the seats of feasting? Whither fled the joys in hall?

O, alas, the beaker bright! O, alas, the byrnied warriors!
O, alas, the people's pride! Ah, how perished is that
Time!

Veiled beneath Night's helm it lies, as if it ne'er had been!'

Lest behind them to this hour, by that host of heroes loved,

Cædmon '

Stands the Wall, so wondrous high, with Worm images

Strength of ashen spears snatched away the Earls, Swords that for the slaughter hungered, and the Wyrd sublime !

See, the storms are lashing on the stony ramparts, Sweeping down, the snow drift shuts up fast the Earth-Woe and winter terror when it wan ariseth, Darkens then the dusk of Night, from the nor'rard

Heavy drift of hail for the harm of heroes.

All is full of trouble, all this realm of Larth ' Doom of weirds is changing all the world below the skies.

Here our fee is fleeting, here the friend is fleeting, I leeting here is man, fleeting is the kinsman! All the Earth's foundation is become an idle thing

The Plough-Riddle xxii.

Nitherward my neb is set, deep inclined I fare, And along the ground I grub, going as he guideth me Who the hoary foe of holt is, and the Head of me Forward bent he walks, he, the warden at my tail, Through the meadows pushes me, moves me on and presses me,

Sows upon my spoor I myself in haste am then

Green upon one side is my ganging on, Swart upon the other surely is my path.

The Nightingale-Riddle ix.

Many varied voices voice I through my mouth Cunning are the notes I sing, and incessantly I change them.

Clear I cry and loud, with the chant within my head, Holding to my tones, hiding not their sweetness 1, the Lyening singer old, unto earls I bring Bliss within the burgs, when I burst along With a cadenced song Silent in their dwellings They are sitting, bending forwards. Say what is my name.

The Iceberg-Riddle xxxiv

Came a wondrous wight o'er the waves a faring, Comely from his keel called he to the land Loudly did he shout, and his laughter dreadful was I ull of terror to the Larth! Sharp the edges of his swords,

Grim was then his hate. He was greedy for the slaughter,

Buter in the battle work, broke into the shield walls, Rough and ravaging his way, and a rune of hate he

then, all skilled in craft, he said, about himself, his nature-

'Of the maiden kin is my mother known Of them all the dearest, so that now my daughter is Waxen up to mightiness?

Cædmon and the Christian Poetry.

The distinctive Christian poetry begins before the date of the Elegies and the Niture-Riddles-in the seventh century, with C edmon of Whitby He is the

stands at the head of the long and glorious muster roll of English singers. We have worn Apollos laurel for 1200 years. Cadmon began to make verse, we may furly say, between 660 and 670 We know the date of his death-680, and we are told that he was somewhat advinced in years when the gift of song came upon him. We first find him as a secular attendant of the monastery of Hild, an abbess of royal blood, who had set up her house of God on the lofty cliff which rises above the little harbour where the Esk meets the gray waters of the German Ocean. Whitby is its Danish name, in the days of Buda it was called Streoneshalh. Cadmon was born a heathen if he was English, but if, as some think from his name, he was a Celt, he was born a Christian The monastery in which he afterwards became a monk was founded on the Celtic pattern-one of the children of Iona-and he was cirly imbued with the Celtic spirit - Existing Celtic hymns, such as Colman's, may have been placed before him by the Irish monks as models for his poetry But, for all this, his tongue was English and his poems were made in English. Whatever the Irish spirit did for him, the ground of his work was English

Bada tells the story of Cadmon's birth as a poet. One night, having the care of the cattle, he fell asleep in the stable, and One came to him and said, 'Cadmon, sing me something' 'I know not how to sing, he replied, 'and for this cause left I the feast.' 'Yet,' said the divine visitant, 'you must sing to me.' 'What shall I sing?' said Cadmon 'Sing,' the other replied, 'the beginning of created things' And immediately Cadmon began a hymn in praise of the World's Upbuilder, and awikening, remembered what he had sung, and told the Town-Reeve of his gift, who brought him to Hild, ind, becoming a monk, he continued in the abbey till he died with joy and in peace, singing, day by day, all the Scripture history, and of the Judgment day 'Others after him,' said Beda, 'tried to make religious poems, but none could compare with him?

His poetry had then made a school which was doing similar work to his when Bada, fifty years after Cadmon's death, was finishing his Ecclesiastical History Of what kind that work was we have no certuin knowledge poems attributed to Cadmon by Junius in the manuscript called the Junian Cadmon have been assigned by critics to different writers. Only one of them-Genesis A-is thought by a few to be possibly from his hand. If so, he wrote the thing in two distinct manners—partly in a more paraphrase of the Biblical story, dull unilluminated by any imagination, and partly in imaginative episodes, in which the Fall of the rebel angels, the Flood, the battles of Abraham and the story of Highr and of Isanc are imaginatively treated as heroic tales, in the manner of i first English poet whose name we know, and it I heather says, and with English feeling. It is

to be hoped that some day we shall get evidence to prove that these fine, bold episodes are from Cædmon's hand The only verses we know to be his are transferred into Latin by Bæda, and we have a Northumbrian version of them in an old MS of the *Historia Ecclesiastica* They are the short hymn which he is said to have sung on awakening from his dream. Their hymnic form

suggests to critics that Cædmon's work was mainly a series of heroic hymn-like lays on the subjects of the Old and New Testament, tinged with the colours of the Nature and the hero myths. It may be that we have the remains of one of these in the poem, portions of which are carved in runic letters on the Ruthwell Cross in Dumfricsshire. The lines sing of 'Jesus, the young Hero, who was God Almighty, who girded Himself and stepped up, full of courage, on the gallows for the sake of man' And as He lies there, the Sacred Rood speaks 'Lifted on high, I bore the Lord of the heavenly realm, and trembled, all besteamed with blood. Pierced with spears and sore pained with sorrows, I beheld it all. They laid Him, limbwearied, in the grave.' If this fragment be really Cædmon's work, it fills us with deep regret that we have lost his other poems-lost a poetry so close to the heroic manner, so filled with the spirit of that heathen vigour and passion which his life had seen and known At any rate, we owe him a great He bridged the river between the pagan and the Christian He showed to his folk poetry how the new material of Christianity could be used by the bards of England He made a great school He made Cynewulf of poetry possible. He is the first English poet in our England The royal line of England goes back to Cerdic, the still more royal line of English poets goes back to Cædmon

The poetry of the School of Cedmon belongs to the end of



Reduced facs mile from the eleventh-century Junian MS, of the Cædmonian poems in the Bodleian Library Oxford with a picture designed to represent Noah's ark,1

1 The following is a transcription of the above passage as it stands in the MS. written straight on without regard to the rhythmical measures which are partly indicated by the dots. The literal translation printed opposite shows the lines into which the poem naturally falls

Noe freme swa hine nergend heht hyrde tham hal gan heofon cyninge ongan ofostlice that hof wyrcan micle mere cieste magum sægde that wæs threalic thing theodum toweard rethe wite hie ne rohton thæs ge seah tha ymb wintra worn wærfest metod geofon husa mæst gearo hlifigean innan and utan eorthan lime gefæstiod with flode fær noes thy selestan that is syndrig cynn. Symle bith thy heardra the hit hreoh wæter swearie sæ streamas swithor beataith

So did Noah as the Lord had bidden him He obeyed the holy heaven king quickly began to build the house the great sea-chest—he said to his kinsmen that a terrible thing was at hand for the folk, direful punishment—they cared not for that. Then after many a winter, the faithful Creator saw that mightiest ocean house towering up ready within and without with the hime of earth made fast against the flood—that ve-sel of Noah with the best (lime)—tlone of its kind it is always the harder the more the rough water, the swart sea streams, the beating upon it.

(Genesis, Il 1314-1326.)

Cædmon '

the seventh and the beginning of the eighth century Some of these poems are in the Eveler Book They are short hymnic songs of praise There is the Song of the Three Children, adapted in the seventh century from the Apocrypha, and following it, the Prayer of Azarias These were joined together, and furnished in later times with a conclusion, celebrating the deliverance of the three children As the capacity for writing poetry grew, other forms were developed-poems of a halfepic character, and narrative poems with episodes like heathen lays inserted on a background of narrative. Of these two kinds of poetry, which ran together, the Exeter Book contains three-Genesis A, Exodus, and Daniel, and in the manuscript which contains Beowulf there is another-Judith These probably belonged to Northumbria. Whether any long poems were written in the middle and south of England at this time we do not know, but we do know that the family lay and the war-song were made and sung everywhere, and we have a pleasant story which tells how Ealdhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, who died in 709, was accustomed on his preaching tours to stand like a gleeman on the bridge or the public way, and to sing songs, it may be his own, to the people flocking to the fairs, that he might draw them to him to hear the Word of God This is the only thing we know of poetry in the south of England at this time

Genesis A is in the Junian manuscript. manuscript was found by Archbishop Ussher, and sent by him to Francis Du Jon (Junius), who printed it at Amsterdam some time after 1650, and published it as the work of Cadmon, because its contents and its beginning agreed with Breda's account of Cadmon's work. It is now at the Bodleian, and is a small folio of 229 pages, in two handwritings, the first of the tenth century, and illustrated with rude pictures. The first contains the Genesis, the Exodus, and the Daniel, the second the poems and fragments of poems gener ally classed under the title of Christ and Satan The Genesis is now divided into two parts, called A and B, and Genesis B and the Christ and Satan are now placed by the critics in the ninth and tenth centuries

Genesis A is the first of the three poems belonging to the Cedmon School It consists of the first 234 lines of the Genesis, and of the lines from 852 to the close [The lines between 234 and 852 are Genesis B] The early poem has many archaic elements, drawn from Teutonic ideas of the uni verse - ancient Nature-myths Its account of Abraham's war is alive with heathen lust of battle and vengeance, and Abraham and his comrades speak like an English earl and his thanes in counsel. When the poet comes to gentler matters the spirit of the poem is changed. The Christian sentiment for soft landscape, its love of animals, and its tender domestic feeling touch the verse, in a pathetic mingling, with grace and delicacy

The account of the Creation tells of the Hollow Chasm, black in everlasting night—the vist Abrupt that was before the earth and stars were made, then of the birth of ocean and of light, and of Day flying from the Dark, and of Morn ing striding over earth and repelling the Night, then of Man's creation, and of the winsome water washing the happy lands, and of earth made lovely with flowers-and the lines are full of the new kindliness which, unlike the heathen poetry, loved the beauty and softness of the earth and sky Mere paraphrase follows, and then the poetic work is again taken up in the episode of the Flood, which is told by one who had seen the rain of tempest and heard the sounding of the sea, and, it may be, from the height of the abbey cliff, watched the sailors drive their barks into the harbour Another weary piece of paraphrase brings us to Abraham's story, his visit to Egypt, his war with the kings of the East, Hagar's deliverance, and the sacrifice of Isaac episode is well invented, and developed with great freedom from its original The war is English Abraham acts and talks like an English earl, the raid of the Eastern kings is like a raid of the Picts into Northumbria, the tie of comrideship between Abraham and Aner, Mamre and Eshcol, is the same as that between Beowulf and his thanes, between Byrhtnoth and his followers, the joy in the vengeance taken is fiercely northern 'No need,' cries Abraham, 'to fear any more the fighting rush of the Northmen The carrion birds, splashed with their blood and glutted with their corpses, are sitting now on the ledges of the hills? Dialogue, which belongs to the whole of the episodes and gives them life and movement, is largely used in the story of Higar, and almost suggests the drama. The sacrifice of Isaac is full of Teutonic touches-the bale fire, the white haired gold-giver girding his gray sword on him, the sun stepping upwards, the high wolds where the pyre is made, the vivid reality of a Northman's human sacrifice, and the poem ends with the cry of God 'Pluck the boy away living from the pile of wood'

The Exodus is a complete whole It is not troubled by paraphrise. The writer uses the greatest freedom with his subject, inventing, expanding, elaborately exalting his descriptions, beginning with the death of the first-born, and ending with War and the array the triumph over Pharaoh of battle give him great pleasure. He describes Pharaoh's host on their march with vigour and fire, and the marshalling of Israel before the passige of the sea is full of poetic pleasure. In both passages, what an English host was like at the beginning of the eighth century is exactly The great war, however, is the wir of God against the Egyptians, His menace of their host on the murch, His use against them of the blackness of tempest, the charging wives, the bloody flood. These were God's ancient swords.

Many times the poet describes the overwhelming. It is forcible—over forcible, but young poetic life is in it. And the poem closes with the Song of victory and the plunder of the dead Egyptians.

Judith, in the manuscript which contains Beowulf, is probably of the same cycle as the Liodus-a poem of the middle of the eighth century the Landus, the poem is conceived as a Sigi, to be sung before the warriors in camp is well as the monks in the refectory It seems to have been in twelve books, for our manuscript contains a few lines of Section ix., and the whole of Sections x, vi, and vii Section v begins with the feast of Holosernes and the leading of Judith to his tent. He reels into his bed, drunken and shouting 'Avenge, O God!' she crics, 'this burning it my heart,' and the slaughter of the heathen chief is told with accurate delight. Book vi brings us to Bethulia Judith calls on all the burghers to arm for battle, and igain English war is The warriors, bold as kings, run described swiftly to the carnings, showers of spears fall on the foes, and the sword play is fierce among the The grunt wolf, the raven, and the dusky eagle rejoiced on that day. The twelfth book tells of the surprise of the Assyrian host, their flight, and the gathering of the spoil, and Judith ends it with the praise of God. She towers over the whole, a noble and heroic figure, fit to receive and wear her spoil—the sword and helm, war-shirt and gems, of Holofernes

The Daniel closes this earliest cycle of Christian poetry. It has no literary quality—a more monkish paraphrase of the book as far as the feast of Belshazzar. The school of C edmon had reached its decay.

The poetry of that school took its materials from the Old Testament Christ was celebrated in it as the Creator, the great warrior who overthrew the rebel angels, the Egyptians, the Assyrians It was eminently English, it was eminently objective The personality of the poet does not intrude into the poems

The second school of Christian poetry is clearly divided from its predecessor Cynewulf was its founder and its best artist. Its subjects arc drawn from the New Testament and the martyr stories and legends of the Church of Rome It is more Latin in feeling than English is celebrated, not as the God of the Jews who destroys His foes, but as the Saviour of the world of men for whom He dies, and the Judge who is to come The note of it is a note of sorrow on the earth, but of joy to be in heaven. In the life to come is the rapture which fills the hymns of Cynewulf And, finally, the poetry almost ceases to be objective. The personal passion of the poet enters into every subject, and runs like a river through every poem Even the natural description is touched with its colour

Abraham's Battle with the Elamites

So they rushed together—I out were then the lances, Savage then the slaughter hosts—Sadly sang the wan fowl,

All her feathers dank with dew, 'midst the darting of the shafts,

Hoping for the corpses. Then the heroes ha tened In their mighty masses, and their mood was full of thought

Hard the play was there,
Interchanging of death-darts, mickle cry of var!
Loud the clang of battle! With their hands the herbes
Drew from sheath their swords ring hilled,
Doughty of the edges.

In the camps was clashing.

Of the shields and shafts, of the shooters falling,

Brattling of the bolts of war! Underneath the break
of men

Grisly gripped the sharp ground spears

On the formen's life — Thickly fell they there

Where, before, with laughter, they had lifted boot

(General 11 1982-2 60)

The Approach of Pharaoh.

I hen they aw
Forth and forward faring, Pharaolis war array,
Gliding on, a grove of spears, glittering the hosts!
Fluttered there the banners, there the folk the march
trod.

Onwards surged the war, strode the spears along, Blickered the broad shields, blew aloud the trumpets Wheeling round in gyres, yelled the fowls of war, Of the battle greedy, hoarsely barked the raven Dew upon his feathers, o'er the fallen corpses. Swart that chooser of the slain! Sang aloud the wolves At the eve their horid song, hoping for the carrion. Kindless were the beasts, cruelly they threaten, Death did these march warders, all the midnight through, Howl along the hostile trul—hideous slaughter of the host

Cynewulf.

Cynewulf, with whom the second period of Old English poetry begins, was, in the opinion of a large number of critics, a Northumbrian, but some think him to have been Mercian. It is difficult to conceive how a poet so well acquainted with the sex and the coasts of the sea should have written in Mercia. A Mercian might have been acquainted with the sen, but not impassioned by it, as Cynewulf proves he is Moreover, the sadness of his poetry, the constant regret for vanished glory, does not suit the life in Mercia at this time, when, from 718 to 796, Ethelbald and Offa had made Mercia the greatest kingdom in England, but does suit the life in Northumbria when, from 750 to 790, that kingdom had fallen into anarchy and decay. There are other critics who place him much later than the eighth century

We know the name of the poet, and something of his life and character. He has signed his name in runic letters to four of his poems. His riddling commentary on these runes gives personal details of parts of his life. His youth, he says, 'was

radiant.' He was sometimes attached as a Scôp to a chiestain, sometimes he played the part of a wandering singer He had received many gifts for his singing, then fallen into need, had known the griefs of love, and lived the wild life of a young poet, so that, when looking back on his youth, he thinks of himself as stained with many Then the scenery of his life changed Some heavy misfortune fell on him, and he tells us then that his repentance was deep In his sorrow for sin he had a vision of the Cross, and felt the blessing of forgiveness. His 'gift of song' that he had lost in his remorse and fear returned to him, and then he began to write his Christian poetry In that poetry we read his sensitive, impassioned, self-contemplative character. He is as personal as Vilton or Cowper, but, unlike Cowper, he passes from religious sorrow into religious peace, and the poems written in his old age are full of contented aspiration for the better kingdom

The Riddles, it is generally understood, contain a great deal of his early work before his con If they are his, they tell us that he knew some Latin and had lived in monasteries, probably as a scholar, was a lover of natural scenery, of animals and birds, was eager in the works of war, and had sung the sword, the spear, the war-shirt, and the bow, had watched with an observant eye the village and the town on the edge of the woods, the river, the mill, the loom, the gardens, the domestic animals. Moreover, he had seen and described, with a young man's joy in the tempest, the cliffs and shore white with the leaping waves, the ships labouring in the mountainous sea, the folk halls burning in the gale, the woods ravaged by the lightning and the black All this and much more is celebrated in the With his love of impersonation, he personified far more than his riddle-making prede cessors, Ealdhelm, Symphosius, and Tatwine, the subjects of his enigmas. When he makes the Iceberg ride like a Viking over the waves, and charge, breaking his enemies' ships, with fierce singing and laughing, to the shore, we feel that he could scarce carry further imaginative personation of natural phenomena. Yet he is so particular in observation of Nature that he devotes three separate Riddles to the description of three several kinds of tempest, and they are done with imaginative intensity, nor is the phrase exaggerated.

The Riddles are in the Exeter Book, in three divisions. There are ninety-five of them, but these are combined into eighty-nine. There were probably a hundred. Those written by Ealdhelm and others before Cynewulf's time were in Latin, these are in English verse, with the exception of the eighty-sixth, which is in Latin. As the name Lupus is in it, it is supposed that Cynewulf thus recorded his name.

When we meet Cynewulf again he is all changed. He has suffered sore trouble, and is overwhelmed with sorrow for sin, and we possess,

mingled up with the runes of his name, his record of miser, in the *Juliana*, the first, probably, of his signed poems. Here, as an example both of the fashion of his signature and of his penitence, is the passage

Sorrowful are wandering C and Y and N, for the King is wrathful, God of conquests giver—Then, beflecked with sins, E and V and U must await in fear What, their deeds according, God will doom to them For their life's reward.—L and F are trembling, Waiting, sad with care

The Juliana is in the Exeter Book, and Cynewulf has worked up the legend of this virgin and martyr in a series of episodes so abrupt, so full of repetition, with so awkward a hand, that it plainly suggests a beginner's work in a new method. From a wild young poet to a sad penitent, from versing of war and love and nature to versing a pious legend, are not transitions which are easily made, nor is the work done in such a transition imaginative. We may say the same of the first part of the St Guthlac, which he has not signed, but which we think was written in this transition period. It rests on traditions of the saint, and is a lifeless piece of writing

In the Crist, which is the next signed poem, Cynewulf has passed through this transition time, and attained ease, life, and eagerness in his art. recovered his imaginative power, his passion, and his descriptive force. Here, for the first time in his Christian work, he reaches originality, his true method and fit material The Crist is not the translation of a legend, it is freshly invented, and Cynewulf is always at his best when he is inventing, not imitating. The sorrow for his sinful life continues, but it is now mingled with the peace which comes of realised forgiveness 'I have sailed on wind-swept seas,' he cries, 'over fearful surges, but now my ship is anchored in the haven to which the Spirit-Son of God has brought me home?

The Crist is in the Exeter Book It was scattered in fragmentary pieces through this book, but has now been brought together. It consists of three parts The first celebrates the Nativity, the second the Ascension, the third the Day of Judgment, and the poem closes at line 1663. The series of cantatas into which the first part is set are remarkable not only for the rushing praise with which each of them ends, but also for a dramatic dialogue, almost like the dialogue in the Miracle-Plays, between a choir of men and women from Jerusalem and Mary and Joseph It reads like a prediction of the medieval mysteries. In the second part there is a finely conceived scene, set in the vast of space, of Christ returning to His Father's home, leading all the Old Testament saints up out of Hades, and of the meeting with Him and them of the host of heaven who have poured from the gates to wel come the new comers The third part of the poem begins with the gathering of the angels and the

Act Mount / on 1 toble description tolloss of the soft the four trumpets summoning the fall thirs appears in a blading light, and the ani of theirs in confligation. Only Mount Z is with and are throne and the dead, small al ser refrest. Then with its root or the 1 at a d to top in herven, a mighty Cross is that I e with the blood of the King but as 1 - Though it all shade is drowned in its erman balt. This fine conception is Cynewulf's tion, and it is description, and in that of the area con's ration, the power le shoved in the Polici reaches its highest point. The poem ends the exercise of the sunts in the perfect land.

The Crist vis followed by the Phante and the Neither of these conditated the Galilan are agred by Cynevulf, but the majority of scholars allot them to him The Phants is in the Lare or he ly and its source is a Latin poem by Latinus. This original is left at line 380, the rest to in illegory of the Resurrection, in which and only Christ but all the souls of the just are a missi sed by the rebirth of the Phanix. The first part de cribes the paradistrical land—the equivale t of the Celt c lind of eternal youth—in which the Hucary dwells, and the description is funous in Old I noh h work. Then the enchanted life of the bird is told with all Cynchulf's love of aminals of lovel woodland places, of the glory of the sums say and the sunset, and of sweet singing, and then the flight of the bird to the Syrian Luid is harming, its resurrection and the return to it. Paratic for mother thousand years d'exery teller. It is plain from the jovousness, the exclution of this poem, and its rapturous pra is, that Concernif had fully recovered from his spitial in sery, and vis happy in faith and hope

11. Road part of Getalac, which Cynewulf ness whiled, a I think, to the first part, has for is which the depth of Guthlac, and is told in the rather of the agrestories. I have conjecto ed that Cone ulf, who in the previous poems had would the herose and mythical terms of the training try in he would be likely to do after harm com r life he held in horror, now 'cl' lis related being so firmly set that he are red him eff to recur to the poetic fishions et his wife. It rayrite in this poem and in the later teems he sings the Christian battle with if the ctory of Jesus war early the legends that the character of the old heroic rea, et if a Naure myths, and of the terms of her sen wer. Gutat a stands on his hill, like a Y have as it is the main to meet the assaults of him is the familie of an twistend a, unst Dealer ranged, author, and des in triumph 3 plan (fl, h rice from me corp-e, and the I a city had bursts rise raptures sire ng to we are the 19 Er, bord trembles with 10, It was to mile I poem, but there is no better a secretable subspaces

the cheese a the extines Helphys belongs

to this poet, and is written with the same trick of dialogue and the same enthusiasm as the Crist, ind in the same heroic manner is the Gutulac This poem also is not signed

There are two signed poems yet to be spoken of, and two unsigned, which many critics have allotted to Cynewulf The two signed poems are the Fates of the Apostles and the Elene The two unsigned are the Andreas and the Dream of the No discussion has gathered round the It is plainly Cynewulf's A great deal Lleri of discussion has gathered round the Dream of the Read Again and again it has been claimed for Cynewulf, agun and agun the claim has been The same may be said with regard to denied the Inareas As to the Fales of the Apostles, most people think the signature makes it plainly his, but the date of its production and whether it stands alone or is an epilogue to the Andreas are matters still in discussion The best thing this short treatise can do is to leave these critical matters, and to speak of the poems themselves. If the Fates of the Apostles be bound up with the Andreas, and if Cynewulf wrote the Andreas, it is here, after the second part of Guthlac, that we may best place these poems

The I ates of the Apostles is in the Vercelli Book, and the personal passage (if it really belong to that poem) contains Cynewulf's name. The work of the apostles is told as if it were the expedition of English Æthelings against their foes 'Thomas bore the rush of swords, Simon and Fliaddeus were quick in the sword play? This heroic cry is equally strong in the Andreas, but the manner of the whole poem does not resemble the other work of Cynewulf - It has many lines which recall Beowulf, and the writer scems to have read that poem If it is by an imitator of Cyncwulf, the imitator was capable of as good work as Cynewulf, and he loves the grim sea coasts and the stormy ser as much as Cynewulf It would be pleasant to think that there were two such good men at this time writing together

The Andreas is in the Vercelli Book, and tells from the Acts of St Andrew and St Matthew, of which there is a Greek manuscript at Paris, the adventures of the two apostles among the Mermedonians, a cannibal Ethiopian tribe. The spostles, the angels, even Christ Himself, are all English in speech, and the scenery is English There is, of course, nothing English in the original The change is a deliberate addition made by the writer. As literature, the important part of the poem is the voyage of St. Andrew and his th mes with Christ and two ingels, their conversation, the description of the storm, their linding on the coast. All this is done in heroic fishion, the breath of the sea fills it, the natural description is terse and observint, and the talk is imagina tively treated. We feel is if we were sailing in a merchant boat of the eighth century between Whi by and the Tyne Linding, Andrew delivers

Matthew, suffers three days' martyrdom, and then, after a mighty flood and tempest of fire has destroyed his foes, converts the rest, founds a church, and sails away

There is no doubt of the authorship of the Elene, which Cynewulf wrote when he was 'old and ready for death in my frail tabernacle.' It is the last of the signed poems He was now a careful artist. 'I've woven craft of words,' he says, 'culled them out, sifted night by night my thoughts.' He then recalls the story of his life while he signs his name in runes. It is the chief biographical passage in his work, and it ends with a fine description of the storm-wind hunting in The poem is in the Vercelli Bookthe sky 1320 lines The subject is the Finding of the True Cross by the Empress Helena. The battle of Constantine with the Huns and the voyage of Helena are the best parts of the poem are insertions by Cynewulf into the Latin life of Cyriacus, Bishop of Jerusalem, which (in the Acta Sanctorum, May 4) is the source of the poem The battle is done with the full-heroic spirit. The sea-voyage breathes of his delight in the doings of ships and of the ocean. The ancient saga-terms strengthen and animate his verse, and the poet seems to write like a young man His metrical movement is steadier here than in the other poems He uses almost invariably the short epic line into the usage of which English poetry had now drifted Rhyme, also, and assonance are not infrequent The poets, it is plain, had now formulated rules for their art. Had Northumbrian poetry lasted, it might have become as scientific as the Icelandic

The last poem belonging to Cynewulf or his school is the Dream of the Rood, which is found in the Vercella Book Its authorship is unknown, but many scholars give it to Cynewulf I believe it to be his last poem, his farewell, and that he worked it up from that early 'Lay of the Rood' written, it is supposed, by Cædmon, and a portion of which is quoted on the Ruthwell Cross Cynewulf wished to record before he died the vision of the Cross which converted him He found this poem of Cædmon's, and wrought it up into a description of his vision, inserting the 'long epic lines' in which it was written. Then he wrote a beginning and end of his own in his 'short epic' line theory-it is no more-accounts for the difficulties of the poem.

It begins by describing how he saw at the dead of night a wondrous Tree, adorned with gems, moist with blood, and how, as he looked on it, heavy-hearted with sin, it began to tell its story

I was hewed down in the holt, and wrought into shape, and set on a hill, and the Lord of all folk hastened to mount on me, the Hero who would save the world Nails pierced me, I was drunched with the Hero's blood, and all Creation wept around me. Then His foes and mine took Almighty God from me, and men made His grave, and sang over Him a sorrow ful lay

The old poem, thus worked up into Cynewuls's new matter, may be distinguished by its long epic lines from the newer matter, which is written in the short epic line When the dream is finished, Cynewulf ends with a long passage so like the rest of his personal statements, so steeped in his individuality as we know it from his signed poems, so pathetic and so joyous, that it is hard to understand how the poem can be attributed to any one but Cynewulf 'Few friends are left me now,' he says, 'they have fared away to their High Tather And I bide here, waiting till He on whose Rood I looked of old shall bring me to the happy place where the High God's folk are set at the evening meal' And with that the poetry and the life of Cynewulf close

The time is coming when his name will be more highly honoured among us, and his poetry better He had imagination, he anticipated, at a great distance, the Nature-poetry of the nineteenth century, especially the poetry of the sea, his personal poetry, full of religious passion both of penitence and joy, makes him a brother of the many poets who in England have written well of their own heart and of God in touch with it. His hymnic passages of exultant praise ought to be translated and loved by all who cherish the Divine praise which from generation to generation has been so nobly sung by English poets The heroic passages in his poems link us to our bold heathen forefathers, and yet are written by a Christian. Their spirit is still the spirit of England. But his greatest hero was Jesus Christ. Cynewulf was, more than any other Old English poet, the man who celebrated Christ as the Healer of men, and, because He was the Healer, the Hero of the New Testament

The other remains of English poetry which we possess in the Eicter and Vercelli Books, and which were written before the revival of literature under Ælfred, belong more to the history of criti cism than literature. They were written at various dates during the eighth and ninth centuries. For our purpose it will almost suffice to name the best of them One of them is a short Physiologus, a description of three animals-the Panther, the Whale, and the Partridge—followed by a refigious allegory based on the description. The Panther symbolises Christ, the Whale the devil are two didactic poems, the Address of a Father to a Son, and of the Lost Soul to its Body are two other poems on the Gifts of Men and the Fales of Vien, the latter of which treats its subject with so much originality that it has been given to Cynewulf Both contain passages which tell us a good deal about the arts and crafts of the English, and about various aspects of English The Gnomic Verses-folk proverbs and maxims, short descriptions of human life and of natural events-are in four collections, three in the Exeter Book and one in the Cotton 115 at Cambridge. Many of these are interesting

Some have come down from heathen times, some are quotations from the poets, others tell of war, of courts, of women, of games, of domestic life They would have interested Ælfred, and it is probable that, collected at York, they were edited The Rune Song in Wessex in Ælfred's time in alphabet of the Runes, with attached verses, such as we still make at the present day on the letters of the alphabet There are two dialogues between Solomon and Saturnus, in which Christian wisdom in Solomon and the heathen wisdom of the East in Saturnus contend together in question and answer. Such dialogues became frequent in medies al literature, but changed Marculf takes the place of Saturn, and represents the uneducated persant or mechanic, whose rustic wit often gets the better of the king and the scholar But there is no trace of this rebellion against Church and State in the English With them we may close the poetry dialogues of the minth century A few years after the death Literature of Cynewulf the Danish terror began decayed, men had not the heart to write poetry, and when, shortly after 867, the 'army' (which had already ravaged East Anglia and the greater part of Mercia) stormed York and destroyed every abbey and seat of learning from the Humber to the Forth, the poetry of Northumbria passed away We may say that the farewell of Cynewulf in the Dream of the Rood was the dirge of Northumbrian song

At the Judgment-Day

Deep creation thunders, and before the Lord shall go Hugest of uphcaving fires o'er the far spread earth! Hurtles the hot flame, and the heavens burst asunder, All the firm set flashing planets fall out of their places. Then the sun that erst o'er the elder world. With such brightness shone for the sons of men. Black dark now becomes, changed to bloody hue. And the moon alike, who to man of old. Nightly gave her light, nither tumbles down. And the stars also shower down from heaven, Headlong through the roaring lift, lashed by all the winds. (From the Crist.)

The Bliss of Heaven.

There, is angels' song, there, enjoyment of the blest,
There, beloved Presence of the Lord Eternal,
To the blessed brighter than the beaming of the Sun'
There is love of the beloved, life without the end of death,

Merry there man's multitude, there unmarred is youth by cld,

Glory of the hosts of Heaven, health that knows not pain,

Rest for righteous doers, rest withouten strife,
For the good and blessed! Without gloom the day,
Bright and full of blossoming, bliss that's sorrowless,
Peace all friends between, ever without enmity,
Love that envieth not, in the union of the saints,
For the happy ones of Heaven! Hunger is not there
nor thirst,

Sleep nor heavy sickness, nor the scorching of the Sun,

Neither cold nor care, but the happy company,
Sheenest of all hosts, shall enjoy for aye
Grace of God their king, glory with their Lord
(From the Crut)

St Guthlac dies and is received into Heaven

Then out streamed a I ight
Brightest that of beaming pillars! All that Beacon fair,
All that heavenly glow round the holy home,
Was up reared on high, even to the roof of Heaven,
I rom the field of earth, like a fiery tower,
Seen beneath the sky's expanse, sheener than the sur
Glory of the glorious stars! Hosts of angels sang
Loud the lay of Victory! In the lift the ringing sound
Now was heard the heaven under, raptures of the Holy

Ones!
So the blessed Burgstead was with blisses filled,
With the sweetest scents, and with skies wonders,
With the angels' singing, to its innermost recesses,
Heirship of the Holy One!

More onelike it was,
And more winsome there, than in world of ours
Any speech may say, how the sound and odour,
How the clang celestial, and the saintly song
Heard in Heaven were—high triumphant praise of God,
Rapture following rapture.

All our island trembled,

All its Field floor shook

(From the Gutal w)

Latin Writers before Elfred.

When Augustine linded in Thanet in 597 and made Canterbury the first Christian town, he brought with him, to add to the development of English literature, the power, the wisdom, the amalgamating force, and the long traditions of Rome. But at first, though the Roman missionaries influenced the English thought, they did not use the English language. All that they wrote they wrote in Latin The Celtic Church encouraged the English to shape their thought and feeling in their own tongue, the Roman Church discouraged this, and the south of England, where Rome was supreme is a teacher, did not till the days of Ælfred produce any important literature in English

The Latin literature of the south began with Theodore of Tarsus, who was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 669 Benedict Biscop, a Northum brian scholar, came with him from Rome, and Benedict, going to his home, was the proper founder of Latin literature in Northumbria Hadrian, Theo dore's deacon, joined in 671, and with his help Theodore set on foot the school of Canterbury, which soon became the centre of southern learning Wessex and Kent now produced their own scholars, and their bishops were men who loved and nourished education Daniel of Winchester was a wise assistant of Beda, but the man who best represents the knowledge and literature of the south was Ealdhelm, who, educated by Mailduf, an Irishman, and also at Canterbury, became Abbot of Malmesbury and Bishop of Sherborne. He may have helped to compile the Laws of Inc,

King of Wessex, and he made some English songs, but his chief work was in Latin, and it was the Latin of a scholar who knew the Roman left us a correspondence which proves his influence over the growth of Christianity and learning in England and Europe, were all West Saxons But

classics He wrote Latin verse with ease, and translated into hexameters the stories of his prose treatise De laudibus Virginitatis His Latin Riddles sent to Aldfrith of Northumbria were used by Cynewulf Hıs correspondence was extensive, and the letters to English and Welsh kings, to monasteries abroad, are as honourable to him as his letters to the abbesses and nuns, who in those days had learnt Latin, are charming, gay, and tender His style is swollen, fantastic, and self-pleased, but the goodness and grace of the man shine through it. He was the last of the Wessey scholars who at this time did any literary work.

Ability and intelligence in Wessex were more employed in organisation of the Church and in missionary enterprise than in writing Theodore brought the whole Christianity of England into unity Winifried or Boniface, who brought Central Germany into obedience to the Roman See, Willibald, one of our first pilgrims to Palestine, Lullus, Archbishop of Mainz, who has



Reduced facsimile of MS now in the British Museum (Cotton MSS), formerly belonging to the monastery of St Augustine at Canterbury, and written about the year 700 A.D. It is part of the 17th Psalm (in the English version the 18th vv 1-7), from the Latin of St Jerome's earlier version. The interlinear English (or Anglo-Saxon) gloss has been added at the end of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century. Transcriptions of both are given below 1

Dile am te domine uirtus mea domine firmamentum meum et refugium meum Et liberator meus deus meus adiutor meus *perabo in cum. Protector meus et cornu salutis meae adjutor meus laudans muocabo dominum et ab mumicis meis saluus ero Circumdederunt me gemitus mortis et torrentes iniquitatis conturbauerunt me Dolores inferni circumdederunt nie, praeuenerunt me laquei mortis et in tribulatione mea muocam dominum et ad deum meum clamaus Et exaudinit de templo sancto suo nocem meam et clamor meus in conspectu eius introduit in aures eius Et commota est et contremuit terra et fundamenta montium conturbata sint

In the Latin transcription, given line for line the italics represent letter not written in the MS. The continuous glos written above and between the Latin lines (from *Dilegant*—so spelt in the MS—on) runs thus (and being the symbol 7).

ic lufin the dribten megen mus dry klen trymens mm and geberg min and gefrigend min god min fultum min ic gehyhtu in hine gescildend min and horn haelu minre fultum nun hergende ic gecegu dry hten and from feondum minum hal to biom ymbsaldon me geamrunge deathes and burnan unrehtwismsse gedroefdon me sar helle ymbsaldon me forecwomon me gerene deathes and in geswencedin se minre ic gecede dryliten and to gode minum ic cleofede and he seberde of temple thæm haloan his steine mine and eleopung min in gesibilie his meode in earan his and onstyred wes and ewecode corthe and steathelas munta gedroefde sind

Uerba cantici huius in die qua empuit eum dominus
de manu omnumi [mim]icorum eiux et de manu Saul
 et dixit

after the middle of the eighth century active literary life died in Wessex, and when Ælfred came to the throne in 871, there was not a single priest left who could understand their service books or put them into English

The history of Latin literature in the Mid-England kingdom of Mercia is even of less importance than it is in Wessex. Under Æthelbald the country seems to have won a reputation for learning, and Ecgwin, Bishop of Worcester, is said to be our first autobiographer. The Life of St Guthlac, written by Felix of Crowland for an East Anglian king, in outpuffing Latin, is the only work we know of But Æthelbald and his successor Offa were munificent to monasteries, and the school at Worcester was the last refuge of learning, when its cause was lost all over England in the ninth century

The career of Latin literature in Northumbria was more continuous and more important than it was in Wessex or Mercia. The names of many of its scholars were known over the world, and are famous to this day Northumbrian scholarship founded a great school, almost a university, at York, from which flowed the learning which, received and cherished by Charles the Great, produced an early Renaissance in Europe The story of its rise and its fall belongs to York The story of its growth and development belongs to Wearmouth and Jarrow

Christianity reached York in the year 627, when Paullinus baptised Eadwine But after Eadwine's death Northumbria relapsed into heathenism, Paullinus fled, and Latin literature was stifled in Literature and religion again took fresh its birth life under Oswald in 634, but they were now in Celtic, not in Roman hands The monasteries set up were ruled by Celtic monks from Iona, the bishops came from the same place, the kings and princes of the Northumbrian house were, for the most part, educated at Iona, spoke Irish, and knew the poetry and learning of Ireland Irish, accustomed to praise God and their heroes ind saints in their own tongue, encouraged the Northumbrians to write in their own tongue first literature of Northumbria was in English

Rome was naturally unsatisfied with this predominance of the Celtic Church, Northumbria must be drawn into the Latin fold, and Theodore, Wilfrid, and others, with Prince Alchfrith, fought their battle so well that in 664, at the Synod of Whitby, Northumbria joined the Latin Church and now, though the Celtic influence lasted for many years, Latin learning, which had begun in Ripon and Hesham, took deep root in the north Benedict Biscop, who had been at Rome with Theodore, built in 674 the monastery of St Peter at Wearmouth, and in 682 the sister house at He and the large libraries he collected for these abbeys were the real foundation of the Latin literature and learning of the north Scholars and writers soon began to multiply

Wilfrid's biography—the first written in England—was done by his friend Eddius Stephanus about 709 The Life of St Cuthbert was written at Lindisfarne Wilfrid's closest friend, Acca, Bishop of Hexham, increased the library which John of Beverley had ministered to These are the chief names of the early Latin writers of the north

But the learning was scattered It was gathered together and generalised by Bieda of Jarrow He is the master of the time, and his books became not only the sources of English, but of European learning To this day his name is revered, he is still called the 'Venerable Bede,' all the science, rhetoric, grammar, theology, and historical knowledge of the past which he could attain he absorbed, edited, and published He increased in his Homilies and Commentaries the religious literature of the world, he made delightful biographies, and he wrote the Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation with skill and charm our best authority His first books, on the scientific studies of the time, were written between 700 and 703 They were followed by a primer of the history of the world-De sea atatibus Saculi, 707, by the Commentaries on almost all the books of the Old and New Testaments, and these range over many years after 709, by the Lives of Cuthbert and the Abbots of Wearmouth and Jarrow, 716–20, and by the De Temporum ratione in 726 The Ecclesiastical History was finished in 731, and his last work, the Letter to Egbert, was done in the year of his death, 735 thirty-five years were thus filled with that learning and teaching and writing in which he had always great delight, and the little cell at Jarrow, whence he rarely stirred, was continually visited by men of many businesses and of all ranks in life He kept in touch with all the monasteries of England, and with many in Europe. Even so far away as Rome he had scholars who worked for him among the archives. His greatest book is the Ecclesiastical History He took so much pains to make it accurate, and to write nothing without consulting original and contemporary authorities, that the modern historical school claim him as their own He shows in the book that power of choice and rejection of material so necessary for a historian, and, what chiefly concerns us here, he filled it with a literary charm and beauty of statement when the subject permitted this self-indulgence. It is here that his personality most appears, that we feel his happy, gentle, loving, and simple nature His character adorns his style The stories which embellish the book have a unique clearness and grace, a vivid grasp of character, a human tenderness, which make us feel at times as if we were present with him in his room at Jarrow and listening to his charitable voice. Cuthbert, one of his pupils, gives an account of his fair death in his cell among his books, and it is pleasant to think that the last work on which he was engaged on the day of his

Bæda -

departure was a translation into English of the Gospel of St John, and that almost his last speech was the making of a few English verses, for, indeed, he was learned in English songs (There is a translation from Bæda's *History* at page 169)

The seat of learning at Bæda's death was transferred from Jarrow to York, where Ecgberht, Bæda's pupil, became an archbishop The school he established at York may almost be termed a The education given was in all the branches of learning then known, in Ethica, Physica, and Logica. The library was the largest and the best outside of Rome, and was more useful than that at Rome. The arts were not neglected. The Latin Fathers, the Roman poets, grammarians, orators, the Natural History of Pliny, some of the Greek Fathers, and the Scriptures, were studied by a host of scholars from Ireland, Italy, Gaul, Germany, and England. Ecgberht died Ælberht succeeded him, and with Alcuin's help increased the library and developed the education given in the schools 770 York and its library and schools was the centre of European learning Ælberht's greatest friend was Alcum (Eng Ealhwine), the finest scholar York produced, and the last. His classical was as good as his patristic learning. His style has earned him the name of the Erasmus of his cen-He loved Virgil so well that pious persons reproached him for it. His reputation came to the ears of Charles the Great, who was then starting the education of his kingdoms, and Alcuin, who had met Charles at Pavia about 780, and again at Parma in 781, left England—though he revisited it in 790-92-to remain on the Continent till his death in the abbey of St Martin of Tours in 804. He left many books behind him-learned, theological, and virtuous Of his Latin poems, that dedicated to the history of the great men of the school of York is the best. The Letters-more than three hundred-which he wrote to Charles and to most of the important personages in England and Europe, have the best right to the name of literature, and prove how wide was his influence, and how useful his work to the centuries that followed He brought all the scholarship of England to the empire of the greatest man in Europe, whose power sent it far and wide. And he did this at the very time when its doom had begun to fall upon it in England. Alcum himself heard of the ravaging of Lindisfarne by the Vikings in 793, and of the attack in the following year on Wearmouth, and cried out with pity and sorrow The years that followed were years of decay Northumbria was the prey of anarchy from 780 to 798 The six years of quiet that followed were years in which the school of York, weakened by Alcum's absence, sickened and failed. In 827 Ecgberht of Wessex put an end to the separate kingdom of Northumbria. In 867 the Danish 'army' invaded the north, conquered York, settled there, and destroyed every abbey, both in Deira and Bernicia. Bishoprics, libraries, schools were all swept away A little learning may have crept on in York, for the town was not destroyed, and it again flourished under Danish rule. Only one poor school of learning remained in that part of Mercia which was finally saved by Ælfred from the Danes Worcester was the last refuge of the faded learning of Northumbria, and when Ælfred began the revival of education in England, collected the old poetry, attempted to restore monastic leisure and scholarship, and himself, having learnt Latin, originated English prose by the translation of Latin books, it was from Worcester that he fetched the only Englishmen who could help him in his work.

19

Ælfred.

Ælfred, whose character was even greater than his renown as warrior, ruler, and lawgiver, was also a king in English literature. With him, at Winchester, began the prose-writing of England. His books were chiefly translations, but they were interspersed with original work which reveals to us his way of thinking, the temper of his soul, the interests of his searching intelligence, and his passion for teaching his people all that could then be known of England, of the history of the world, of religion, and of the Divine Nature. They appealed to the clergy, to the people, to scholars, to the warriors and sailors of England. Their aim was the education of his countrymen.

Born at Wantage in 849, he was the youngest son of Æthelwulf, and the grandson of the great Ecgberht. Rome, whither he went at the age of four years, and then again when he was six years old, made its deep impression on him. He stayed on his return at the court of Charles the Bald, and heard, no doubt, of the education which Charles the Great had given to the empire, for when he undertook a similar task in England he followed the methods and the practice of the emperor When he arrived in England he sought for teachers, but found none When he was twenty years old he heard with indignant sorrow of the destruction of all learning in England by the Danes, and the lover of learning as well as the patriot was whetted into wrath when, on the height of Ashdown, he and his brother Æthelred drove the Danes down the hill with a pitiless slaughter Not long after this battle he became King of Wessey in The work by which he made his kingdom belongs to history It was only in 887 that he began his literary labour in a parenthesis of quiet. But he had made preparations for it beforehand He had collected round him whatever scholars were left in England. They were few-Werfrith, Bishop of Worcester, Denewulf, of the same town. Plegmund, Æthelstan, and Werwulf, all three from Mercia. With these he exhausted England Then he sent to Flanders for Grimbald, whom he made Abbot of Winchester, and to Corvei in Westphalia for John the Old Saxon, whom he placed over his monastic house at Athelney

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indicates to be exercised. It took the mention is stable at Windictor is it buts alled in tract tacheon be to Hemes, and then the least tacheon be to Hemes, and then the enter to I have in leastly the wars and death of these chally make a cold and ratten up to date, who tall he may of his wars with the Dane of the late of the late kind that state he has been been mentioned, but it is the wars of late of hand. Condensed, but it is a mention to a result of the late that the late of the late of the late that is the factor of the late of the late of the later, present the later to the later of the la

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Ælfred 21

Dwing where it poured into the White Sea, the other down the eastern coast of Denmark till he saw the Baltic running upwards into the land, and the king adds, 'He had gone by the lands where the Engle dwelt before they came hither' Wulfstan, starting from Haithaby, the capital of the old Engle-land, went for seven days and nights along the German coast till he reached the Vistula. These journeys the king, sitting in his chamber in the royal house, wrote down, probably from the dictation of the mariners. It is a pleasant scene to look upon. The style of this writing is, as usual, concise, simple, and straightforward, with a touch of personal pleasure in it.

These translations were the work of about five years, from 888 to 893. In the latter year he was interrupted by the invasion of the Viking Hasting and the rising of the Danelaw This was the last effort of the Danes against him, and in 897 he had completely crushed it by the capture of the Danish fleet. From that date till his death in 901 he had the stillness he loved, and he returned to his literary work. The book he now undertook to translate (897-98) was the De Con solatione Philosophia, which Boethius had written in prison to comfort his heart. It is a dialogue between him and Philosophy, who consoles him for trouble by proving that the only lasting happiness is in the soul. The wise and virtuous man is master of all things The book is the final utterance of heathen Stoicism, but was so near to the conclusions of Christianity that the Middle Ages believed the writer to be a Christian, and his book was translated into the leading lan-Its serious, sorrowful, but guages of Europe. noble argument suited well with the circumstances of Ælfred's life and with his spiritual character He added to Boethius long passages of his own, and the fifth book is nearly altogether rewritten by He filled the Stoic's thought with his the king own profound Christianity, with solemn passages on the Divine Nature and its relation to man's will and fate, with aspiring hopes and prayers inserted paragraphs have to do with his own life, with the government of his kingdom, with his thoughts and feelings as a king, with his scorn of wealth and fame and power in comparison with goodness He stands in its pages before us, a noble figure, troubled, but conqueror of his trouble, master of himself, a lover of God and his people, dying, but with a certain hope of immortal peace.

Whether he or another translated into English verse the *Metra* with which Boethius interspersed his prose is not as yet settled by the critics. If we believe the short poetical prologue to the oldest of the manuscripts, the English version of the *Metra* in poetry is the work of the king, and all would illustrate his intellectual activity if we could be sure he translated them into verse. But we do not know. Nor do we know for certain what else he did before his death. It is more or less agreed

that he made a translation which we possess of the Soliloquia of St Augustine, and the Preface to this book by the writer is a pathetic farewell to his work as a translator, and a call to others to follow his example for the sake of England—Its parabolic form makes it especially interesting—A letter of St Augustine's, De Videndo Deo, is added to the Dialogue between St Augustine and his Reason. The English translation of the whole is divided into three dialogues, and the first two are called a 'Collection of Flowers' The third dialogue closes with 'Here end the sayings of King Ælfred,' and the date is probably 900

His last work—and it fits his dying hand—was a translation of the Psalms of David—It is supposed, but very doubtfully, that we have in the first fifty psalms of the Paris Psalter this work of Ælfred's. He did not live to finish it—In 901 this noble king, the 'Truth teller,' 'England's Darling,' 'the unshakable pillar of the West Saxons, full of justice, bold in arms, and filled with the knowledge that flows from God,' passed away, and was laid to rest at Winchester

Only two books not done by himself were, as far as we know, set forth in his reign the Dialogues of Gregory, translated, by Ælfred's request, by Werfrith, Bishop of Worcester Ælfred wrote the Preface, and it breathes throughout of his kingly character The other was the Book of Martyrs, a year's calendar of those who had wit nessed to the Faith It does not follow that no other books but these were written during his reign in English, but it is probable that Ælfred stood almost alone as an English writer Asser's Life of the king was in Latin On the whole Ælfred's efforts to make a literary class, even the schools he established for that purpose, were a failure. It was not till nearly a hundred years after him that the work he did for English bore fruit in the revival of English prose by Ælfric

Ælfred was not a literary artist, but he had the spirit of a scholar His desire for knowledge was insatiable. His love of the best was impassioned. It is a pity Asser did not bring him into contact with Virgil and the rest of the great Romans England had the first claim on him, and he collected with eagerness the English poems and songs He translated from Bæda his country's history, he himself shaped a national history, he collected and arranged the English laws of his predecessors, and he added new laws of his own and his Witan's He taught his people the history of other lands He had as great an eagerness to teach as to learn. He was not only the warnor, the law-giver, the ruler, but the minister of education And the style in which he did his work reveals the simple, gracious, humble, loving character of the man is steeped in his natural personality, and it charms through that more than through any literary ability It is always clear, its aim is to be useful to his people, and it gains a certain weight and dignity from his long experience in public affairs, in war

Ælfred

and policy The impression he has made on England is indelible, and his spirit has not ceased to move among us

Ælfred and the Work of a King

Reason! indeed thou knowest that neither greed nor the power of this earthly kingdom was ever very pleasing to me, neither yearned I at all exceedingly after this earthly kingdom. But yet indeed I wished for material for the work which it was bidden me to do, so that I might guide and order with honour and fitness the power with which I was trusted Indeed thou knowest that no man can show forth any craft, can order, or guide any power, without tools or material-material, that is, for each craft, without which a man cannot work at that This is then the material of a king and his tools, wherewith to rule-That he have his land fully manned, that he have prayer men, and army men, and workmen. Indeed thou knowest that without these tools no king can show forth his craft. This also is his material-That he have, with the tools, means of living for the three classes-land to dwell upon, and gifts, and weapons, and meat, and ale, and clothes, and what else the three classes need

And this is the reason I wished for material wherewith to order (my) power, in order that my skill and power should not be forgotten and hidden away, for every work and every power shall soon grow very old and be passed over silently, if it be without wisdom, because whatsoever is done through foolishness no one can ever call work. Now would I say briefly that I have wished to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to men who should come after me my memory in good deeds

(From the De Consolatione Philosophia)

Ælfred's Preface to the 'De Consolatione'

King Ælfred was the translator of this book, and turned it from Latin into English as it is now done Sometimes he set down word for word, sometimes meaning for meaning, as he could translate most plainly and clearly in spite of the various and manifold worldly cares which often occupied him in mind and body These cares, which in his days came on the kingship he had undertaken, are very hard for us to number yet, when he had learned this book and turned it from Latin into the English tongue, he then wrought it afterwards into verse, as it is now done. And now he begs, and for God's sake prays every one whom it may please to read the book, that he pray for him, and that he blame him not if he understood it more rightly than he (the king) could. For every one, according to the measure of his understanding and leisure, must speak what he speaketh and do what he doeth.

Ælfred's Prayer

Lord God Almighty, shaper and ruler of all creatures, I pray Thee for Thy great mercy, and for the token of the holy rood, and for the maidenhood of St Mary, and for the obedience of St Michael, and for all the love of Thy holy saints and their worthiness, that Thou guide me better than I have done towards Thee And guide me to Thy will to the need of my soul better than I can myself. And stedfast my mind towards Thy will and to my soul's need. And strengthen me against the temptations of the devil, and put far from me foul lust

and every unrighteousness. And shield me against my foes, seen and unseen. And teach me to do I hy will, that I may inwardly love Thee before all things with a clean mind and clean body. For I hou art my maker and my redeemer, my help, my comfort, my trust, and my hope. Praise and glory be to Thee now, ever and ever, world without end. Amen.

(De Cour. Bl. v.)

Poetry from Ælfred to the Conquest.

During the reign of Ælfred poetry was not altogether neglected in Wessex. It is more than probable that it was at the king's instance that the poetry of Northumbria was collected and translated into the dialect of Wessex, in which dialect we now possess it. Among the rest we may surely count the lost poems of Cedmon of which Ælfred had read when he translated the Ecclesiastical History Then also, Genesis A, whether by Cadmon or not, now appeared in West Saxon Now, there was a great gap in the manuscript after the line 234, and some copyist of the poem inserted, in order to fill up the space, lines 235-851, out of an Old Saxon poem (it is supposed) which had been translated into West Saxon It is thought from certain similarities in diction, manner, and rhythm that this Old Saxon poem (some lines of which, identical with corresponding lines in the West Saxon insertion, have been lately discovered) was written by the writer of the Heliand or by some imitator of his in Old Saxony At any rate this poem was brought to England, translated, and a portion of it, relating to the Fall of Man, was used to fill up the gap in Genesis A We call this portion Genesis B, and it differs from the earlier Genesis not only in manner, metrc, and language, but in sentiment and thought.

It opens with the fall of the rebel angels already told in Genesis A Lucifer, 'beauteous in body, mighty of mind,' seems to himself to be equal with God, and his pride is injured by the creation of man And the fierce soliloguy into which his insolent Teutonic individuality outbreaks is one of the finest passages in Anglo Saxon poetry is flung into hell, and hafted down by bars across his neck and breast in the centre of that abyss of pain-swart, deep-valleyed, swept at morn by north-east wind and frost, and then by leaping flame and bitter smoke. 'Oh, how unlike,' he cries, 'this narrow stead to that home in heaven's high kingdom which of old I knew! Adam holds my seat, this is my greatest sorrow! But could I break forth for one short winter hour with all my host-but God knew my heart, and forged these gratings of hard steel, else an evil work would be between man and me. Oh, shall we not have vengeance! Help me, my thanes, fly to earth, maké Adam and Eve break God's bidding, bring them down to hell, then I shall softly rest in my chains' One of his thanes springs up, and beating the fire aside, finds Adam at last and Eve standing beside the two trees in Eden. The temptation

follows, and it is subtly borne. Adam rejects it, Eve yields, and after a whole day persuades. Adam to eat the fruit. Then the scornful fiend breaks into a wild cry of satisfied vengeance. My heart is enlarged. I have never bowed the knee to God. O. Thou, my Lord, who liest in sorrow, rejoice now, laugh, and be blithe, our harms are well avenged.

Adam and Eve are left conscious of their fall Their love is not shattered, there is no mutual reproach. Eve's tenderness is as deep as Adam's repentance, and they fall to prayer. This is the close of Genesis B. It is full of Teutonic feeling. The fierce individuality, the indignant pride, the fury for vengeance, the joy of its accomplishment, the close comradeship between the lord and his thanes, the tenderness and devotion of the woman, the reverence of the man for the woman, the intensity of the repentance—may all be matched from the Icelandic sagas, and they prove that the spirit which afterwards made those sagas was alive in England in the ninth and tenth centuries.

The second part of the poems which pass under the name of Cædmon, and which had the name of Christ and Satan, are now allotted by the majority of critics to the tenth century, and, presumably, to Wessex. Their simple, direct, and passionate elements, their imaginative grasp of their subjects, seem more Northumbrian than West Savon, and this is not an impossible opinion. They are now divided into three poems or fragments of poems, the first of which is called the Fallen Angels, the second the Harrowing of Hell, and the third the Temptation . The character of Satan in them differs greatly from that in Genesis A or B, and so does the description of hell. The bond of comradeship between his thanes and Satan has perished, but not that between Christ and His Satan, in an agony of longing for heaven, repents, but no mercy is given to him enlivens the poems, and their exultant bursts of religious praise recall the spirit of Cynewulf personages are drawn with much humanity descriptions are vivid and imaginative. We see Satan wandering and wailing in his misty hall, the weltering sea of fire outside, the cliffs and burning marl of hell, the fiends flying before Christ when He comes to break down the gates We watch the good spirits in Hades lifting themselves, leaning on their hands when He came, their ascent with Him to the feast in the heavenly burg, and the fall of Satan from the Mount of Temptation through a hundred thousand miles to the abyss of hell

These are the last religious poems before the Conquest which show any truces of imaginative or original power. The rest of which we know seem to be the dry and lifeless productions of monks in the cloisters, and are nothing better than alliterative prose. There are a crowd of versions of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Canticles. The Last

Judgment, a poem from which Wulfstan quotes in a homily of toto, a saints' calendar entitled the Menologium, a metrical translation of fifty psalms, scattered through a service book, the translation of the Metra of Boethius, if Ælfred did not doit, a poem advising a gray haired warrior to a Christian life, and another urging its readers to prayer, almost exhaust the religious poetry of the tenth and eleventh centuries before the Conquest. With the exception of a few lines describing in the Menologium the coming of summer, they are totally devoid of any literary value. Religious poetry had died

But this was not the case with secular poetry Ballads and war-songs on any striking story of the lives of kings or chiefs, dirges at their deaths, were made all over England. The old sagas were put into new forms, the country families and the villages had their traditionary songs None of these are left with the exception of the Battle? of Brunanburh and the Battle of Maldon, and a few fragments inserted in the Chronicle prose records, also, in the Chronicle are supposed to be taken from songs current at the time Moreover, it is plain from the statements of Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury that they used ballads of this time in their histories Moreover, the old sagas were sung by wandering minstrels at every village fair, in the halls of the burgs, in the tents and round the bivouacs of the soldiers, and the chieftain's bard, after every deed of war, sang the doings and the deaths of the warriors when the feast was set at night. There may have been other poems of a more thoughtful character, like the Rhyme-Poem in the Exeter Book, which belongs to the tenth century. It is the only poem in the English tongue which is written in the Scandinavian form called Runhenda, in which the last word of the first half of the verse is rhymed, in addition to the usual alliteration, with the last word of the second half This form was used by Egill Skallagrimsson, the Icelandic skald, in the poem by which he saved his life from Erik Blood Axe in 938 Egill was twice in England, and was a favourite of King Æthelstan It is supposed that he made known this form of poetry to the writer of the Rhyme-Song, and this supposition is the origin of the date assigned to it-940-50 It is worth little in itself, and its subject is one common to English song-the contrast between a rich and joyous past and a wretched present

It is pleasant to turn from it to the noble songs of Brunanburh and Maldon. At Brunanburh, in the year 937, England, under Æthelstan, Ælfred's grandson, vindicated her short-lived unity against the Danes, the Welsh, and the Scots, under Anlaf the Dane and Constantinus the king of the Scots The song, recast by Tennyson, is no unworthy beginning of the war-poetry of England Its patriotism is as haughty as that of the 'Fight at Agincourt,' the 'Battle of the Baltic,' and the

'Charge of the Light Brigade' It resembles them, also, in its rough and clanging lines, in its singing and abrupt stanzas. Its English style

is excellent, and it has the old heather ring. It gives us a high idea of the value of the lost battle-songs of Old England.

. - slanged in from the participation of the contract of the colonial the processor exponences in positions are positivened en dangerte the danger en dangert, en dangerte . BH. DECKET ETHI race extrant. Delitolicapel lan cuit outcorfore at pet temporate __hebe demiglicable this micel of the person -14. dacexxxv La decexxxvi in xxxx petrapetranent collaphper pomapapate in Thir pho doprac coom uno abeling coloop lagnorificatiogn acteur pupos acum embelgun nanbuph bopapeall dufon hapan brahalinaa hamopa lapum afopan mal bealmel thapimite upertebal khamenen matam pprac competer pro lappa schpene landeal woon hope Thamay - hercens counton reces leose greypeloun perceptollan telp armore tress there ingout anne abbounding makernuby grooteh amyal Logel anne probpe each superied opter reper release lapenter pulger ler mous Japan agent Jaman nopochno ofthe splotomen police Lexendrenc below be Rel Lexe toly anopandueged where chem on lafe le son labum roson hen pon here Elymon hundan beaple mecum mylengecappum mypes nepypnoon heapper handplegan haleha nama bapasamo anlage open cap telland onliber borne land telopum part weeken the factor on paramphase contraction of the same fbeohoum atbetoe Lbirten momblat anfatet Janham henzer flowingrotin han zerlymed prapt nopomanna plied umos tepases colore Lature fre behove demount

Reduced fresimile of a page of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in a hand of about 1245 and as before being represented by the symbol 7. We give below 1 a line for line transcription, I rinting th both for δ and for β with the translation.

The Fight at Maldon is of a different character is not so much of a composition. It reads as if it were written by an eyewitness It uses the heroic terms, the warriors challenge one another as they do in the sagas, as they have done since the days of Homer The tic that knitted chief to thane and thanc to chief is as keenly dwelt on as it is in Genesis and in Beowulf The rude cries of definice are like those in the Fight at Finnsburg The charge of cowardice, of faithlessness to their outh of service, which is made against those who flee the fight might have been written by one who had read the similar passage in Beowulf The boasting and praise of those who died defending their lord might also be drawn from Beowulf is clear that this poem, written at the end of the tenth century-in 991-is as frankly heroic as any The old heathen poem spirit lived on in the songs

of war

The battle is fought on the east of England, in the estuary of an Essex river. A roving Viking band, sailing up the river Panta, land on the spit of ground that divides the stream into two branches. On the northern shorelay, Maldon, and Earl

from their forefathers, that they at the battle

¹ to cinge and at cinges time gehalgod and he geaf his sweostor Anno dececxxv Anno dececxxvi Anno dececxxvii Anno dececxxviii Anno dececxxiii Anno dececxxxii Anno dececxxxiii Anno dececxxxiiii

Anno deceexxxiii Her for æthelstan eing on scotland ægther ge mid land here ge mid scyphere and his micel oferhergode

Anno deceexxxv Anno deceexxxvi

A two deceexxxvii Her athelstan eng eorla drihten beorna beahgyfa and his brothor eae eadmund atheling ealdorlagne tir geslogon at sacce swurda eegum embe brinnanburh bordweall elufon heowon heatholinda hamora lafum aforan ead weardes swa him geathele was fram encomaguin that he at campe oft with lathra gewhæne land ealgodon hord and hamas hettend crungon scotta leode and scypllotan fæge feollan feld dennade seega swate siththan sunne upp on morgen tid.

[Continued at foot of page 25]

[[]Æthelstan was by the Mercians chosen to be] kin, and at Kingston hallowed and he gave his sister [to Otho, son of the king of the old Saxons.]

An DCCCCXXV, &c.

An DCCCCXXXIV This year King Æthelstan went into-Scotland both with a land army and with a ship-armyand of it much be harried.

An. Dececexivity

Now Æthelstan King, lord of the earls,
ring giver of men, and also his brother,
Edmund Ætheling, life long glory
won in the strife with the edge of the sword
round about Brunanburh. Cleft they the shield wall,
hewed the war linden with leavings-of hammers
the offspring of Edward as with them was inborn,

Maldon 25

Byrhtnoth comes to do battle with the pirates. The tide is full, and for a long time the ford is impassable. The two bands shoot at one another with arrows. At last the ebb allowed them to meet it the ford and on the bank, where Byrhtnoth, in his chivalry, permitted them to land. But the Danes were too many for the English, and the great Earl died on the field. And his thanes, save a few cowards, died round him, fighting to the last.

His death-song is not like that of Beowulf For the first time in English battle-poetry the chieftain dies with a Christian cry upon his lips It is the beginning of a new element in the poetry of war He dies as the knights die in the Chansons de Geste Their last words are a prayer to Christ. We seem to feel in this change the breath of a new life, of a new world -of the life and world of romance is the last song of the war-poetry of England before the Conquest. Not till long after the Conquest did it rise again, and then it rose almost a stranger to the ancient English ways The Celtic and the Norman spirit had transformed it, but deep below, and lasting through centuries of English song, the strong, constant, deep-rooted elements of the Teutonic race lay at the foundation of the English poetry of physical and moral battle

Eve, after she has eaten of the Tree of Knowledge

Sheener to her seemed all the sky and earth,
All this world was lovelier, and the work of God,
Mickle was an 1 mighty then, though 'twas not by man's
device,

That she saw (the sight)—but the Scather eagerly Noved about her mind

'Now thyself thou mayest see, and I need not speak it-

O thou, Eve the good, how unlike to thy old self Is thy beauty and thy breast since thou hast believed my words

Light is beaming 'fore thee now,
Ghttering against thee, which from God I brought,
White from out the Heavens. See thy hands may
touch it'

Say to Adam then, what a sight thou hast, And what powers—through my coming!'

Then to Adam wended Eve, sheenest of all women, Winsomest of wives, e er should wend into the world, For she was the handiwork of the heavenly King

Of the fruit unblest

Part was hid upon her heart, part in hand she bore 'Adam, O my Lord, this apple is so sweet, Blithe within the breast, bright this messenger, 'Tis an Angel good from God' By his gear I see That he is the errand bringer of our heavenly King!

I can see Him now from hence

Where Himself He sitteth, in the south east throned, All enwreathed with weal, He who wrought the world And with Him I watch His angels, wheeling round about

In their feathered vesture, of all folks the mightiest, Winsomest of war hosts! Who could wit like this Give me, did not God Himself surely grant it me?

Far away I hear—
And as widely see—over all the world,
O'er the universe widespread!—All the music mirth
In the Heavens I can hear!—In my heart I am so clear,
Inwardly and outwardly, since the apple I have tasted
See! I have it here, in my hands, O my good Lord!
Gladly do I give it thee I believe from God it comes!'

Repentance of Adam and Eve

'Thou mayst it reproach me, Adam, my beloved, In these words of thine, yet it may not worse repent thee.

Rue thee in thy mind, than it rueth me in heart'
Then to her for answer Adam spoke again—
'O if I could know the All Wielder's will,
What I for my chastisement must receive from Him,

Continued from foot of page 24.]

mære tungol glad ofer grundas godes candel beorht eces drihtnes oth seo æthele gesceaft såh to setle thær læg seeg monig gatum ageted guman northerne ofer seyld scoten swilce seyttisc eac weng wigges sæd and wessexe forth andlangne dæ, cored cystum on last legdon lathum theodon heowon here flymon hindan thearle inecum mylen sæarpum myrce ne wyrndon heardes handplegan hæletha nanum thara the mid anlafe ofer ear gebland on lithes bosme land gesohton fæge to gefeolite fife lagon on tham campstede eingas geonge sweordum aswefde swilce vii eac eorlas anlafes ind finrim herges flotan and scotta thær geflymed wearth northmanna brego neade gebæded to lides stefne lytle werode cread enear

The first entry in the page of the Chronicle facsimiled begins with the consecration of king Æthelstan and ends with an unfinished sentence. Then follow the figures merely for the years 900-933 this particular MS. (of the Abingdon Chronicle) recording no facts under those years, and after one entry for 934, and the figures for 935 and 936, it goes on, under 937, to give the famous entry on the battle of Brinanburh in alliterative verse, written straight on, like the specimens above from Beowulf and Credmon, without regard to the division into alliterating lines.

oft from all foemen warded their land their hoard and their homes. Bowed down (was) the foc the folk of the Scots and the ship-sailers fated fell (dead) Sodden the field was with blood sweat of men when the sun upward, in morningtide, that far famed star glode over the meadows bright candle of God, the Lord everlasting till that great creature sank to its seat. There many a hero lay pierced with the spear many a Northman shot over shield so also the Scotsman weary war-sated Forth the West Saxons all the long day, with well proven warriors lay on the track of the hateful folk direfully hewed at the flank of the fliers, with mill sharpened swords. Withheld not the Mercians. the hard hand playing from any of men, of those who with Anlaf, over the ocean in the ship a bosom had looked for the land, fated for war Five young kings on the war field lay dead, put to sleep with the sword So also seven earls of Anlaf Unnumbered the horde of sailors and Scotsmen There forced to Hight was the prince of the Northmen driven of need to the stem of the ship he with small band, thrust his craft on the sea

Thou should'st never see, then, anything more swift,—though the sea within

Bade me wade the God of Heaven, bade me wend me hence

In the flood to fare—Nor so fearfully profound

Nor so mighty were the Ocean, that my mind should

ever waver—

Into the abyss I'd plunge, if I only might Work the will of God!'

(From Genesis b)

Prose from Elfred to the Conquest.

Ælfred, though he began the prose of England, failed in establishing it. No results, save onc, followed his work till ninety years had passed The one exception was the narrative in the Chronicle of the wars and government of Eadweard, Ælfred's son, 910-924. Alfred's own work on the Chronicle ceased in 891 writer of vigour, earnestness, and conciseness told the story of the years from 894 to 897. From 897 to 910 the record is mengre, but a new life was given to the Chronicle by the nurritive which began with 910. It may have been written by the same man who wrote of the years 894-97. His work ceases with the death of Enducard, and it is the sole piece of secular prose which we possess it this date. I rom 925 to 940, during the reign of Æthelstan, the shallow records of the Chronicle are only once filled by the Song of Brunanburh (see page 24) From 940 to 975, during the reigns of Eadmund, Eidred, ind Eadgar, the Chronicle contains nothing but short annual statements of leading events Three small poems are inserted in it.

Secular prose then had died at Winchester religious prose now began to rise igain with the revival of monasticism, begun by Dunstan and nursed into life by King Endgar Dunstan, in whom Celtic and English elements mingle, set up a school at Glastonbury, and made his pupils love the arts of music, of poetry, of design and embroidery, of gold-working, painting, and engraving, in all of which he was himself a master He sang the Psalms with his boys. developed church ritual and music, drew the Irish scholars to his help, made a fine library and treasury, and, having trained his monks in all the known branches of learning, sent them forth as missionaries of education to various parts of England. His best scholar, Æthelwold, was made head of the Abbey of Abingdon, refounded by King Eadred, and Æthelwold, who died in 904, soon made Abingdon as good a school as Glastonbury It was his favourite pupil, Ælfric, who created the new prose of England

This revival of English prose kept step with the revival of monasticism. Monasticism had fallen into complete decay when Endgar came to the throne in 959. Dunstan's effort, assisted as he was by Oswald of Ramsey and Odo of Canterbury, had

not pushed it far Lyen the Rule itself of Benedict had slipped out of memory, and Oswald and Æthelwold had to go or send to Fleury to recover it. But Eadgar threw himself eagerly into the movement, and Athelwold, now Bishop of Winchester in 663. gave his full energy to the vorl He cle ired Winchester of the lay secular clergy, he refounded Ely, Peterborough, and Thorney No better work could be done for liter iture than this re-creation of the monasteries. Art, the science of medicine, the study of the Scriptures, of philosophy, of istronomy, and of literature, revived with their revival. The preaching and homilies of the monl's brought religion as well as a kind of education to the people. And the new teaching was no vigicen in the language of the people. At last the work of Ælfred began to produce its fruit.

Athelwold loved his native tongue, king Alfred's books were studied at Abingdon, and his principle—Leach Englishmen in English—was followed and established. The blickling Homilies, nineteen of which exist, and probably the Homilies in the Vercelli Book belong to the cirly time of the monastic revival—from 900 to 900. They represent, with certain books mentioned by Alfree and now lost, the transit on between the prose of I lfred and that of Alfree

A new and more literary English prose now began with Elfric. He was born about 955, and educated at Winchester Elfhead, Ethelwold's successor, sent him in 987 to teach and govern the new monastery of Cerne Abbas in Dorsetshire, and here he first followed King a lifted's plan, and translated Latin books into English for the use of the people. He returned to Win chester in 989, where he continued his work till the Thane Ethelmer, who had founded a Benedictine monistery at Lynsham, near Oxford, made him its abbot. There, in that quiet place, he lived, learning and teaching, until he died about 1022.

His first book, Hamilia Catholica, 1990-94, is dedicated to Archbishop Sigeric, and consists of two collections of homilies forty in each collection, on the Sundays and feast days of the year. A small number of them are in alliterative verse. Then he composed the Grammar and the Glossary, which were probably followed by the Colloquiun the Homilics addressed the people, these books addressed the pupils at the school of Winchester The Colloquium is a discourse on the occupations of the monks and on various states of life, and is one of the manuscripts has an English translation over its lines, it becomes a kind of vocabulary It was redone by another Elfric, one of his scholars, Ælfric Bata, with appendices The lives of the saints, Passiones Sanctor in, another set of homilies, followed in 996. Other works of less importance were now taken up, but, urged thereto by Thane Æthelweard, he began to translate the Bible, part of which, from Genesis xxiv to the end of Leviticus, Æthelweard had given to

another hand. The beginning, then, of Genesis was done by Ælfric, with Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Esther, Job, and Judith. books are not literally translated, parts are omitted, and parts are thrown into homiletic form Ælfric used the same liberties with the Bible which Ælfred had used with Boethius and Orosius, and he gave this work the same patriotic tinge as Ælfred had given to his translation of Orosius The heroic sketches he made out of the Bible of the warriors of Israel not only taught the people the sacred history, but were also applied by him to encourage Englishmen against their foes 'I have set forth [udith,' he says, 'in English for an example to you men that ye may guard your country against her foes,' and he closes the Homilies with a hymn of praise to God for the great men in all history who had borne witness to the faith, and among them to Ælfred, Æthelstan, and Eadgar, the noble champions of England

The Canones Ælfrici, which followed his translations of the Bible, were written about the year 1000. They were in Latin and addressed to the clergy In 1006 or 1007, when he was Abbot of Eynsham, he made a book of extracts from the writings of his master, Æthelwold-De Consuetudine Monachorum, addressed a homily on forgiveness to his friend Wulfgeat, a royal thane at Ilmington, another on chastity to Thane Sigeferth, and about the same time, 1008, composed a treatise Concerning the Old and New Testament, which was a practical introduction to the study of the Scriptures Then, turning from English to Latin prose, he wrote a sympathetic life of his master, Vita Æthelwoldi, and a Sermo ad Sacerdotes for Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, about 1014-16, and Wulfstan made him turn it into English. Other homilies, needless to record, he also made, and then died quietly between 1020 and 1025

Elfne was the Bæda of his time He was the assimilator, collector, and distributor of learning, not its creator He had no originality, but he loved his work and his country The principles of education which Ælfred had established he carried He trained the people as well as the out steadily clergy in their duties, in the history of the Church abroad and at home, and his charming character, full of moral dignity, tact, gentle charity, and wisdom in affairs, recommended and enhanced his books and letters In one thing he was original-in his style. He made a new, a lighter, more musical, more lissome prose. He fitted English to take up the number of new subjects which were soon to engage the interests of the country We cannot tell what English prose might have become had this modern style been developed. But the Danish invasion checked and the Norman Conquest paralysed it for a long time Ælfric's English prose had, however, one great fault. It became more and more alliterative-that is, it was prose written in poetic form. This manner, chiefly practised in his Homilies, may have been used to please the people and for their sake, but it injures the lift of prose, and, when continued, kills it

The creation of this new, popular, and flexible prose was one result of Ælfric's work. Another result was the increase of learning and of a higher life among the clergy. The Archbishops Sigeric and Wulfstan, the Bishops Wulfsige and Kenulf, were inspired by him, and they begged him to write such books in English as would enable them to teach their clergy the rudiments of learning and the practice of a holy life. And the effort was not in vain. The clergy began to have a higher ideal of their profession, and to follow it, and so many small books on various ecclesias tical and theological matters were put forward in the eleventh century that it is plain the English clergy at the Conquest were not so ignorant as the Normans declared them to be

A third result of Ælfric's work was the creation of a small literary class among the nobles, some of whom now became learners and patrons of literature. Æthelweard, probably the writer of the Chronicle which bears his name, a royal thane, urged Ælfric to write and begin his translation of the Bible. Æthelmær, his son, was Ælfric's close friend and patron, and brought him into friendship with Wulfgeat, Sigweard, and Sigeferth, also nobles, for whom he wrote books. It is clear that the class Ælfred was unable to touch had now begun to be a cultivated class

The mass of the people were also educated by the great body of homilies which Ælfric had written for them, and the legends of the saints and the tales of the martyrs, going hand-in hand with the saga stories over England, awakened the imagination of the farmer and the peasant

Then, too, the monasteries, under his influence, now became the home of learned men who wrote on science as well as on theology Byrchtfercth, of the monastery at Ramsey, was a well-known mathematician, and his commentaries on the scientific works of Breda, and his Life of Dunstan, prove his literary activity The varied knowledge shown in these books, which date before 1016 makes it almost certain that he was the writeof a Hand-book in English which discusses the alphabets and subjects belonging to natural Then a number of medical books philosophy were published in this eleventh century Lace-Boc of the tenth century was re edited, with many interesting additions, the Herbarium Apulen, the Medicina de Quadrupedibus, and others of the same kind show how active were the dispensaries of the monasteries. Many reli gious books - translations of the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Pseudo-gospels, Biographies of the Fathers, of the martyrs, of saints, and a number of sermons—belong also to the first half of the eleventh century Certain books of a proverbial and ethical tendency-1 Dialogue between Salomo and Saturnus, another between

the Emperor Idrianus and Ritheus, a selection from the Disticha of Cito-illustrate that English love for sententious literature which had arisen by English words, show how much Ælfric had brought Latin into English learning The Ritual of Durham now added to itself a Northumbrian

The splendid Evangloss gehum of Lindisfarne was now interlineated, and so were the Rushworth Gospels.

There was, then, no little literary activity in the first half of this century But it would have been much greater had not England again been fighting for her life with the Danes In 1010 Thurkill began those dreadful raids in which East Anglia, Oxfordshire, Buckingham, Bedford, Northampton, Wiltshire, and other parts of Wessex were ravaged and plundered, and Ælfhead, Archbishop of Canterbury, was murdered in his burning town Wulfstan, Archbishop of York 1002-23, heard of these horrors, and his Sermo Lupi (he called himself Lupus) ad Anglos quando Dani maxime persecute sunt eos, in which he tells the tale of the invasion, and blames the sins and cowardice of the English, places him among the prose-writers of England Some other homilies he wrote, but the passion and indignation with which he filled this sermon, and its weighty and vigorous English, isolate it from the rest. He sits closest to Ælfric, who saw along with him the outbreak of the Danish storm

During the Danish rule over England no fresh literature was produced, but the coming of the Normans with Edward the Confessor not only strengthened the tendency, which had begun under Ælfric, to write in Latin rather than in English, but also introduced, and for the first time into English, tales from the East already tinged with the thoughts, feelings, colour, and life which were to grow into the full body of medicial Romance The history of Apollonius of Tyre, used by Shakespeare in the play of Pericles, was now rendered

icean dezeled ponne epedat hi dat hu mingit for fead mie foe healand Bege na ide broce bou min pufcefe ly fime pelpy poute minpapellybbe poppmi mangan icomon da roegypra lande Tanegypenscean gerapon det f pir par sproe pliris Joan cyminger palaon men poecon be Pat pir peans pa selahi ige laso copam cyninge gabia under this tela refacta top hype haf de da onopper jondeopum onolnenoum Thum mycele when

Reduced factuable of MS of Flire's abridated English version of the Pentateuch and Joshua, now in the British Museum (Cotton MSS) and written early in the eleventh century He text in this page an almost literal translation of Genesis, xil. 12-16, on the adventures If bara in Falet when Abriham bade her say she was his sister runs thus (B standing for Just and 7 for 11 d)

rce an the asseoth thomne cwethath hi thæt thu mín wif sf and hi of sleath me and the headdath. Sege nú fo the bidde that thu min swuster s) that me wel sy for the and min sawel libble for thinum intingan

Hi ewemon tha to egypta lande and tha egyptiscean gessivon thet triat wif was swythe wifug and that cominges caldormen spacon be hire wlite to tham cyninge farao and heredon hi beforan him That wif wearth the celecht and geliedd to tham cyninge and abram underlen, fela scenta for hyre

He hæsde tha onorse and onther war on olusadum and on

long before Flfred, and which was afterwards, in | the Pro- erbs of Alfred, connected with his name

into English prose out of the Latin translation of the late Greek story Iwo other translations out The Glossaries, in which the Latin is explained | of the Latin reproductions of the Greek legends of Ælfric 29

the life of Alexander—the Letters of Alexander to Aristotle from India and the Wonders of the East—were also made, and brought with them the air and the scenery of a new world. They are put into excellent English—the last fine English of the times before the Conquest, the last fruit, with the exception of the Chronicle, of the tree which Ælfred had planted, and which, when it grew again above the soil, bore so changed an aspect that its original planters would not have recognised it. Its roots were the same, its branches and foliage were different. Ælfred would have been puzzled to read the English in which the Ancren Rivole (the Rule of Anchoresses) was written in the reign of Henry III It was the first Middle English Prose.

The English of the Chronicle illustrates this The Chromele is the continuous record of English history in English prose, and it passes undisturbed through the Norman Conquest up to the death of Stephen Its Winchester Annals practically cease in 1005, or even earlier were preserved in Canterbury from 1005 to 1070, but there are only eleven entries during these sixtyfive years, and these were made after the Conquest, at the election of Lanfranc as archbishop rest of these Annals is written in Latin, and they end with the consecration of Anselm Winchester dropped Worcester continued. Worcester Annals were carefully kept to the year 1079. If they were continued to 1107, that continuation was merged in the Annals of Peterborough The Worcester Annals of the Chronicle are written in the English of Ælfric, and were probably done by Bishop Wulfstan, who held the see from 1062 to 1095, and by Colman, his chaplain, who wrote the bishop's life in English

The Peterborough Annals were only fully edited after the rebuilding of the monastery in 1121 This fine and full edition of the Chronicle was made up out of the Annals of Winchester, Worcester, and Abingdon, and was then continued probably by one hand to the year 1131 Another hand, using a more modern English, carried it on from 1132 to 1154, when it closed with the accession of The records at Worcester and Peter-Henry II borough are not unworthy of the first records at Winchester The Wars of Harold and the Fight at Stamford Bridge are boldly and picturesquely Even more picturesque is the account another writer gives of Senlac, and of William's stark, cruel, and just rule. This writer had lived at William's court, and we trace in his finer historical form that he had studied the Norman historians The Peterborough scribe who followed him is rather a romantic than a national historian, and loves his monastery more than his nation second scribe of Peterborough, who probably composed his work in 1150-54, is well known for his pitiful and patriotic account of the miseries of England under the oppression of the Norman nobles When in 1154 the Chronicle was closed, the Norman chroniclers took up the history of

England and wrote it in Latin, but the English Chronicle remains for English literature the most ancient and venerable monument of English prose

After the Conquest.

The Norman Conquest put an end to Old English literature. When that literature arose again its language and its spirit were transformed Old English had become Middle English prose, which was religious, had been profoundly changed by the Norman theology and the Norman enthusiasm for a religious life. Its poetry, equally touched by the Anglo-Norman religion and love of romance, adopted as its own the romantic tales, melodies, manners, and ways of thinking which came to it from France, both in religious and in story-telling poetry But this change took nearly a century and a half before it began to bear fruit. During those long years of transition little English work was done, and none of it could be called literature Old English writings, such as the Homelies of Ælfric and the Translations of the Gospels made in the eleventh century, and now called the Hatton Gospels, were copied and modernised. Monasteries, remote from Norman interests, still clung to, and made their little manuals and service books in, the English tongue English prose was just kept alive, but only like a man in catalepsy

English poetry had a livelier existence, but we have no remains of the songs which were sung throughout the country, and which kept alive in the soul of franklin, peasant, and outlaw the glories and heroes of the past. We know that these were made and sung from the Norman chroniclers who used them, and from suggestions of them in the Brut of Layamon Lays were made after the Conquest of the great deeds of Hereward, and arc used in the Latin life of that partisan in the twelfth century, songs were built on the old sagas, such as those which celebrated Weland and Wade, his father, and sagas like Horn, Havelok, Bevis of Hampton, Guy of Warwick, and Waltheof, which took original form in English in the thirteenth century, existed as popular lays in the eleventh and twelfth. The noble figure of Ælfred appears again in the poem entitled the Proverbs of Ælfred, an ethical poem of sententious sayings, varying forms of which arose in the twelfth century

Old English poetry, having neither rhyme nor a fixed number of syllables, depended on accent and alliteration. Every verse was divided into two half-verses by a pause, and had four accented syllables, the number of unaccented syllables being indifferent, and the two half-verses were linked together by alliteration. The two accented syllables of the first half and one of the accented syllables of the second half began with the same consonant, or with vowels which were generally different from one

mother. But often there was only one illiterative letter in the first half verse, and the metre was further varied by the addition of unaccented selfables. The Lays made after the Conquest illustrate the transition from the old alliterative metre to the short line and rhyme which were soon established by the Anglo Normans when they began to write in Finglish. The Poema Merale (of which an account will be found below, with specimens, at

page 1991, thought by a neto have first density of only in the twelfin century. In that early and other wellth centur point of hitle account bring us, will never to Middle Fighth poetry, to the do not form part of it to the first, him are specified furniture, to make Middle Fighth poetry properly he, in eith the hist of the present of the atternation, with the history of the forming of the thirteen there is

STOLEDAR A HARINE

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(When Modern English was beginner, to low me hally acc in the hards of the early bli abertian writers to crain acof the tongue was durit for, ten save fit the little at a line required by those whose busines are was to fell out a finite, or t Ingle Saxon charters in lather has the last countries to the Saxon religious literature we leaved up for conversely of poses, Arthord p Parker gathered and edited May and areaty promoted Sauch studies. Neistened allows he according to the against the first area of the contract (1666), and Spelman was cloven to make his to increase if of I 1626) by the difficulties he met in study in our oldest for ... France to Junius or Du Jon a Commental Profestant who settled in Lin and in 1621, devoted him elf to the study of Angla-Lax in a dathe can nate Teutome ter mies edited the prealled Cadman and ich er O'd English books, and give his is me to the Junior My. Hiskey if e nonjuring bishop published the first edition of his Anglo-Sasca and Moso-Gothic Grammar in 1627 and all students of early English history owe a debt of gratitude to Thomas Hearne I who audied and preserved antiquities. Percy in his Religiers takes no connik ance of the oldest poetry. Warton's History of Fuglish I stry (vol 1 1774) professedly begins with the close of the tenth certur, but what he says by way of introduction on the three successive dialects of Saxon - british Saxon (till the Danish occupation)

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MIDDLE ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY TO THE SECOND HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH



LTHOUGH her own literary production was as yet but small, in the eleventh century France was intellectually as well as politically the most vigorous country of Europe. Throughout the reign of

Edward the Confessor, Norman-French cultivation had been making its way into Eng-After the Conquest its hold was intensified in every direction, and England was thus brought, definitely and irrevocably, into the full current of the intellectual life of Europe Despite the preparations of the previous reign, the change came with the abruptness and violence of a revolution, and, like all revolutions, it was dearly paid for The undercurrent of vernacular song and vernacular preaching did not cease to flow, but for four generations literary English became a memory treasured only by a few monks, and dwindled year by year, till it seemed altogether to lose creative When literary composition in English begins again, early in the thirteenth century, we find that both in form and matter it retains traces of its hereditary origin But its face is no longer turned in the old direction first English imaginative poem after the Conquest starts with the attempt to link the fortunes of our island with those of Troy, and this grafting upon English history of the classical traditions which form part of the heritage of l the Latin nations is all the more noteworthy because entirely fanciful and wilful Still more noteworthy is the fact that the one hero of præ Conquest days who has become a vivid figure in our literature is no English king, such as the great Alfred, but the British-that is, the Celtic-Arthur The Normans brought with them a veritable Pax Romana, or Pax Britannica, as we now call it Conquerors and conquered, Britons, English, and Danes, lost their old relative positions, and became the equal inhabitants of a common land. Bitter as, while it lasted, was the Norman supremacy over them all, the new theory of government thus offered a remedy for many rancours the feudal system the monarch was recognised not as Rex Normannorum or Rex Anglorum, but as Rex Angliæ, king of the English land, and the peace and equality between race and race which this title symbolised became retro-In the beginning of the Arthurian cycle Arthur retained his semi historical character as the bulwark of Britons against Saxons, but the fighting with the Saxons was quickly pushed into the background, and Arthur became king of a purely romantic, non historical Britain

This adoption of the common land as the rallying-point of the different races might easily, more especially after the loss of the French possessions of the English kings and the growth of feeling hostile to France, have

proved not merely a unitying but a quickening influence. The note of our island patriousness struck by Robert of Gloncester in the opening lines of his Metrical Chronicle.

I ngland is a well good land, I ween of lands the bet, but at the one end of the world, all in the we t. The sea gooth it all about, it stands as in an ide.

Of focs they need the bes them doubt, but it be through guile.

The purely dynastic and predators objects of the Hundred Years' War with I rince did not foster this spirit, and it is not until after the Armida -or perhaps, if we are to look earefull, for its first notes, after the great rupture with Rome earlier in the sixteenth century -that patriotism becomes a force in English poem-But the negative influence of the new conception was potent Old Inglish history and traditions soon censed to interest our poets, the use of the forms of Old Inglish poetry gradually died out, and I nalish writers took their inspirition more and more from Welsh legends, French foreign sources romances and miracle plays, I reach allegors and love poetry, the stories of Iro, and Thebes, of Theseus and Mexinder, is filtered through Latin and Romance versions, the misterpieces of Virgil and Ovid, Lastern tiles brought home by the Considers, It tly, the splendid new literature of Italy - these were the quickening influences in English literature from the days of Layumon till a new tide of foreign born ideas began a tresh epoch in The blood which run the sixteenth century in the veins of the singers vis, in the mun, Inglish, and to this we owe that continuityperhaps, rather, that continual recurrence sof the Old English temper and way of thinking which constitutes a real unity until the striking differences of our literature at different periods. But just as the Lughsh rice assimilated Briton. Dane, and Norman, modified itself thereby, and yet remained Figlish, so our English literature now, in all appearance, breaks wholly with its own past, in order to take to itself these foreign traditions, forms, and ideals, and yet never ceases to maintain its own individuality

For us now it is easy to see that the gun which the Norman Conquest brought to English literature more than counterbalanced the loss. But for generations not merely our old litera-

ture, but the Inglish peech tight, seemed in dinger of extinction, and the loss of this world have been irreparable. To the readity of the danger the evidence of contemporate in takingly explicit. Hunself the either of a long rhyming chronicle in Inglish and ariting do in a century after I with humit, many have later fare had made it, new tart in I symmody. Power Robert of Globester give the account of the related positions of the Tranch and English languages, at the end of the authorism of the I onlong, as I condoner, to William By Congressor, as I proceeds

And the Nomens well and the North of the control of the Nomens well and the last of the control of the control

to con y falk

Robert of Gloves to write his Caronica, probably, don after 1997, and if we recount theith on writen testimory, the top citits of French must be gone on meeter dums the next fifty years. Writing in Cit of re-al-out 1350, Ramulph Hauden tails us that the Lagland who had always land three term of speech, Northern, Midland, and Southern, o and to the different German races from ships that lat sprang, had had their rathe language turther corrupted by contact with Dines and Norman-This corruption, he goes on, his ride great progress in our own times from the crases, because boys at school, contrary to the reage of ill other nations, from the first command the Normans are obliged, leaving their own sulgar tongue, to translate [their I itin] into I rench, also because the children of the nobles from their first baby talk are trained to the

¹ Fugland his a wel god lond, ich wene ech londe be t, I set in the on ende of the worlde as al in the west, The see geth him al aboute the stond as in an yle Of fon his dorre the lasse doute bote hit be though gyle (Cotton text, ed. Wright)

Thuse in 1st largely dutto Non a 1 short with Normano necessions, we that to have appealed to space brench as his dule at a 2 har chausen duse and texter

So that becomen of it is first of the left from the dethild the challes specified it that of from the Ver bote a man come from the receive from late. At lowe men hilderth is fraches of the consequently pute. Ich wene if or no both in all the world of they so the fraction hilderth to her owe pecified be the fraction of the well to the consequence of the well to the consequence of the well to the very the north of the more that a mone can the in the weight.

Desiring to resemble the nobles, French idiom that they may thus seem of greater consequence, the country people use every endeavour to talk In this way, to a surprising degree, the natural and proper speech of Englishmen, though confined in a single island, has become diverse in its very pronunciation, while the Norman speech, coming from abroad, remains very much the same with every one this aforesaid threefold Saxon speech, which shas with difficulty still survived among a few rustic folk, the east-countrymen agree more closely with the west (as living in the same latitude) than do northerners with southerners '1

John Frevisa, who translated the Polychronicon, when he came to this passage in 1385, interpolated the comment that after the Black Death of 1348 John Cornwall (whose name deserves to be honoured) caused his pupils to translate their Latin into English instead of French, and that the change had become general, 'also gentilmen haveth now moche 1-left for to teche here children frensche' It is quite plain, however, that the whole passage in the Polychronicon is both carelessly written and exaggerated 'Higden, who seems to have been a very aristocratic monk, is clearly speaking all the time of well-to-do people, ignoring the great bulk of the population beneath them even if we stretch a point and make his 'rurales homines' and 'pauci agrestes' refer to people of the franklin class, it is plain that he was a bad observer In 1362, within a dozen years or so of his writing the Polychronicon, the citizens of London prevailed on Edward III to allow their suits in the law courts to be pleaded in English instead of French, in the same year Langland was writing his first draft of his famous Vision, seven years later Chaucer was at work on his first original poem, the Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse By 1370 English had definitely triumphed over French, and the stream of English literature, original as well as translated, which flows steadily from

Robert of Gloucester onwards shows that English cannot have been in any serious danger at any time after the reign of Henry III Nevertheless, we must not forget that as late as 1320 or 1330 a preaching friar like Nicholas Bozon thought it well to write popular sermons for English audiences in French, and that as late as the reign of Richard II the excellent Gower sought immortality as a poet in French and Latin as well as in the language with which Chaucer was content. French continued to be much spoken as a fashionable and polite language till nearly the end of the fourteenth century, and we may remember that in the miracle-plays great persons, like Herod and Pilate, often begin their speeches in it.

During the period when the English language was still little used by cultivated people there was no lack of literary production in England The bulk of this was written in Latin, and alike for its quantity, its variety, and the talent displayed in it, the Latin literature of England during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is very remarkable. In history within less than fifty years we have the Chronicon ex Chronicis of Florence of Worcester (d 1118), the Historia Novorum and Vita Anselmi of Eadmer of Canterbury (d 1124), the Historia de Gestis Anglorum of Simeon of Durham (d 1130), the De Gestis Regum Anglorum (449-1120), Historia Novella (a continuation to the year 1143), the De Gestis Pontificum Anglorum, Life of Aldhelm, and treatise on the antiquities of Glastonbury, all by William of Malmesbury, the Historia Ecclesiastica of Ordericus Vitalis (c. 1142), and the Historia Anglorum of Henry of Huntingdon, which is brought down to the year 1154. Geoffrey of Monmouth's imaginative history of the kings of Britain (Historia Regum Britannia, to which we shall refer again, seems to have acted as a discouragement to sober chroniclers, but towards the end of the century we have the works of the Welshman Gerald de Bary (Giraldus Cambrensis) on Ireland and Wales, and the Historia Rerum Anglicarum of William of Newbury (1198) The Annals of Roger de Hoveden end with the year 1201, the Chronicle of Roger of Wendover in 1235, while in his Historia Major, Historia Minor, and Lives of the Abbots of St Albans, Matthew Paris (d. 1259) glorified the office of history-writer to St Albans Abbey, which had been created before 1183, and which produced a series of chronicles extending over more than

¹ Hzc quidem nativze linguze corruptio provenit hodie multum exdiubius quod videlicet pueri in scholis, contra morem cesterarium
nationium, a primo Normannorum adventu derelicio proprio vulgari,
construere gallice compelluntur item, quod filli nobilium ab ipsis
cunabulorum crepundiis ad gallicum idioma informantur. Quibus
profecto rurales homines assimilari volentes, ut per hoc spectabiliores
videantur, francigenare satagunt omni nisu. Ubi nempe mirandum
videtur quomodo nativa et propria Anglorum lingua, in unica insula
coartata, pronunciatione ipsa sit tam diversa, cum tamen Normannica
lingua, quze adventitia est, univoca maneat penes cunctos. De
prædicta quoque lingua Saxonica tripartita, quze in paucis adhuc
agrestibus vix remansit, orientales cum occidius tanquam sub eodem
cesti climate lineati, plus consonant in sermone quam boreales cum
anstrinis.—Polychronicon, Bool I ch. lix.

1000 F (1-10,11-11 11:1-6 1 1 10 6 most 6 3 with any wheat is or a first to i decid uppropriate hynns 5 - 2 3 x 1 4 445 } in the second more popular, quite is profife, and 1 1 Fight out ! in white or pre , a trust ly + tell 150 1 C 1

and ald a Lalam I alle form of Lin are arises no on were ated in church on and a first ten was as put of the service and a 224 I do not rention we have as recording to a place this head is of one in fonour

of the Englancy performed at Dunslable by

that in Geome, ho by rang and become A of of S. Albans but in the Inc or St ("tire, 11 ... " Hecket written, about 1182, by William Literatepien we are told that plans tel eacht and the introdes and sufferings of

+ c arryrs at the Church were at that time me juently performed in London. The plays of Hilms, an Ingolman, which have come a don't to us, already of ou touches of hamour, Int the end drings on such subjects as the and the last and Rep rection we thoroughly religious in feeling, toro cos closely the lable nurritive and intro-

Resides this literature in Latin there existed

nearly is viried in its contents—the I terature the man of the books aritten in England, or by subjects er, and save its both a Linglish king, in the French or Anglo-Norman languige Probably the largest section of this French liferature was that of the " of the same the election with a religious s of are, the right an adeconomial treatises, translations or ex - dia plumions of the Palms, the Gaspels, and the howely common, lives of the same, or I am ice to be attons on the properties of hersts and com, they are , Lapulares), &c. In addition to up to "as to theme there were what may be called educaare in an interest and anthrof ill boil, abridgments of his in the state of on geography and natural history, of allower, &c. Many of the a nave perioded atteny, min, where I we never been edited n in time, or printed in ay form I be to be a last absolute of Latin works, the above engl. In afficial channeles of much I let I we see as the Ric an in Ron of the first for this to trop-1170), an 1921: of the Norman Compless which give which it is an of the lattle of Histories er and the e of three t and the Larl to that the CHO pentings, which is of en 2 12 de lor il e ha ag of Irela d

2 1 2 250 to the territory to the so have had no 3 2 12 4 will um liens, Robert the content and on a honour of 610 4,31 The think of the William Cart 120 . IP and lite in all Robert 15 State Harty Specia i ... as his as to a trice of of the fourteenth century we find John Gower writing long poems in Latin and French (see page 74) before he turned to English in his Latin-named Confessio Amantis Gower also wrote French balades which have real literary ment, but he is the last English poet who seriously used a foreign language as the medium of poetry, and though later writers, such as Sir Thomas More and Bacon, used Latin for works in prose, this was with a view to appealing to a European audience rather than from any distrust of the capabilities of their native tongue cident with this final disuse of Latin and French in literature intended for Englishmen, we find, a little before 1380, the beginning of a long series of translations of foreign works into Englishnot merely works of devotion and religious instruction as in the previous period, but works on every variety of subject. About 1380 also we have the beginning of a new influence in English poetry, for it was then that Chaucer turned from his French and Latin sources and enriched our literature from his study of the great Italian writers, Dante and Boccaccio I henceforth what we may call the literary or Court poetry of England takes an entirely new turn, for, though Chaucer's successors could but very imperfectly follow in his footsteps, it was yet in his footsteps that they tried to walk Thus the period of some three hundred and fifty years from the first revival of the literary use of English after the Norman Conquest in Layamon's Brut (c 1205) to the accession of Elizabeth, with the nearly coincident literary landmark, the publication of Tottel's Miscellany in 1557, divides itself almost exactly at the half, about the year 1380 Before this date English is only one of three rival literary languages, after it English reigns supreme, and in prose advances In poetry, as we shall see, there was no such steady progress, for until Surrey and Wyatt sought inspiration from the Italian models where Chaucer had found it, there was no English writer who could understand his secrets so as to prove in any way a worthy successor to him

The Arthurian Legend.

The trilingual character of the literature written for Englishmen in the early part of our period is well illustrated by the fact that the legendary history of Britain with which English literature takes its new beginning appeared first in Latin, then in French, and only finally in English It was the Historia Regum Britainna of Georges

of Monmonth which started the legends on their literary career This famous book, which differs widely from the ordinary Latin chronicles among which it has already been named, was extant, in a form now lost, before January 1139, and as we now have it dates from some eight or ten years later Its author called himself Gaufridus Arturus (Geoffrey Arthur)-that is, the son of Arthur, his signature is found as witness to a charter of Oseney, near Oxford, in 1129, probably in 1140 he became Archdeacon of Monmouth, in 1152 he was consecrated Bishop of St Asaph, and in 1154 he died at Llandaff was certainly of Welsh origin, and Welsh tradition has it that he was born at Monmouth. He does not tell us, however, that what was new in his book was gathered from local Welsh tradition, but that he learnt it from a certain very ancient book in the British language which Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany and gave him, and in which he found the acts of all the British kings, from Brut to Cadwalader, set forth in their order This Archdeacon Walter was one of the co signatories of the Oseney charter of 1129, and the attempts made to get rid of both him and his Breton book are rather unnecessary Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, the supposed founder of the royal line of Britain, is mentioned by the præ Conquest historian Nennius, and Nennius and Bede speak of Lucius, the first Christian king, of Vortigern and Ambrosius Aurelius, while Arthur appears in Nennius as a warrior, not a king, who won twelve battles against the Saxons. The insertion of intermediate British kings-among them Leir, whose story, as Shakespeare knew it, here first appears-and the great development, though only in part, of the Arthur legend, were Geoffrey's innovations on the received version of British history, and they sufficed to set the literary world of France and England on fire. Writing almost certainly in 1149 or the following year, Alfred of Beverley remarks that he found it was thought a proof of clownishness to know nothing of the stories of the Britons, about which every one was talking, and he therefore made an abridg-Three versions or ment of Geoffrey's History abridgments were made at early dates in Welsh It is hardly possible to doubt that the book was used by Geoffrey Gaimar in the lost first part of his Estorie des Engles, and another French poet, Wace, the author of the Roman de Rou, with the help of some additions, turned it into a metrical chronicle of over fourteen thousand lines, to which he gave the title Geste des Bretons, or Brut d'Angleterre This was in 1155, and about the end of the century Wace's romance and two other works, identified as the Latin original of Bede's Historia Teclesiastica and the Anglo-Saxon version of it, fell into the hands of Layamon (Lazamon), a priest at Areley Regis, on the Severn, in north Worcestershire, and spurred him to write on the same subject a poem of some thirty to o

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we have a tool bill Ly 27 was a sur l'em me 1 . . . 1 n 1 n mr > + 6, + 1, -1 Name of the State the will partly the en 121 121 12 4 1 te case min By a my & By of car 1 " Hart wash town! asu alter the 1144 123 AT IN ty v jest da at er, zus un s'it cit, the absence that elefree - Lartlenes truth, + st the state the metal tex the null autile wars ... I the I was rose estinct that you will be been there we is not than to critical a mann, Part to retermate us dom What Halishmaton, my population of the contraction any or it a triples ay car o tell at the line Your Language, or of man, not an ione much relate

the up largher motine with " on II here her well er au h attern her examiting heather white, that I to there was while. I fee that their own line Note the himbers her, - histon leads that believed as a factor and to been to all In the est What we a'd I a a more ed my fame, 1 at the 11 No Look the Lath, a Plant werket. tat are Cirduale want ber mill

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second, which is shorter by nearly a fourth, the names appear as 'Laweman the son of Leuca,' and the language is considerably later Madden asserted that in the first text there were only fifty words of French origin, and in the second only eighty Even if, as is probable, this is an underestimate, it is clear that the author, writing with a French text before him, studiously endeavoured to keep his vocabulary wholly English On the other hand, even the short extract here given will have shown that he had lost the secret of Old English verse-the four beats and triple alliteration in each pair of short lines-and was pleased to fall in with the French fashion of rhyme, when, as in lah and ah, feo and cneo, grame and scame, the rhymes came readily to his hand. Thus in form as well as in matter Layamon's Brut marks the beginning of new influences in English poetry

The poem of Wace which Layamon took as his main original had followed Geoffrey of Monmouth's with only a few additions. But the enthusiasm with which the History was received led in an extraordinarily short time to developments of far greater importance. In the Arthurian legend as we now know it the king's military exploits against Saxons, Romans, and the people of other countries are a mere incident or excrescence, the interest of the story moves within the two interlacing circles of the Quest of the Holy Graal and the love of Lancelot, the peerless knight, for Guinevere, Arthur's queen, both of them unmentioned in Geoffrey's History The Graal (the word is possibly derived from the Low Latin gradalis, a shallow vessel) is the cup used by Christ in the institution of the Eucharist, and afterwards-so the legend ran -by Joseph of Arimathæa, to catch the blood shed upon the Cross Brought to Britain by Joseph's son (or brother-in law), it forms part of the treasury of a mysterious king, and can only be seen by the pure in heart. This Christian legend may, as is strenuously maintained, have been grafted upon earlier tales, purely Celtic, of a miraculous food-producing vessel, but it is only in its Christian form that it here concerns us According to the testimony of the romances themselves the story of the Graal was first written in Latin, and translated thence into French These earliest French versions are ascribed to Chrestien de Troyes, and to Robert de Borron, a knight of northern France, about the end of the twelfth century The French prose romances of Lancelot and of the Queste del Saint Graal are connected with the name of Walter Map (the author of the De Nugis Curialium already mentioned), and he is also credited by some scholars with the authorship of the lost History of the Graal in Latin from which Robert The whole question of the de Borron translated authorship and order of composition is immensely complicated, and all the study bestowed on the subject has only made it clear that materials do not exist from which any really convincing theory can be evolved What is certain is, that by the

beginning of the thirteenth century the main outlines of the Arthurian legend, with its wonderful combination of religious mysticism, chivalry, and passion, had come into existence, and that throughout that century they were being added to, either by the invention of new exploits for individual knights, or by the incorporation of other legends, such as the wonderful Tristram romance, the Celtic origin of which is generally admitted.

In France, nearly a century before the Arthurian romance had taken root, there had sprung up a great literature round the personality of Charle-These chansons de gestes, as they are called, differed from the later romances by their greater simplicity and directness, and their greater national feeling They were being written in France in great numbers and at amazing length during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and translations of a few of them appeared at a later date in England, together with echoes of two other much smaller and less important French cycles, those connected with the stories of Alexander the Great and of the siege of Troy As will be seen, moreover, England received back from France more than one story on an old English subject, which had passed to France (possibly in an epic form of the same kind as *Beowulf*, possibly merely as a legend told from mouth to mouth), had been rendered into French in the prevalent romance form, and reappeared in English verse as a translation from the French

These various French cycles of romance and the popular French books on other subjects to which we have alluded, whether written in France or in England, formed for a long time one half of the literature sought after by the ruling class in England, while the Latin books already mentioned formed the other, for in those days people who could read at all, and were not merely dependent on the recitations of the wandering minstrels or the instruction of their priests, could mostly read Latin in addition to French Books written in English had thus to fight their way into a field already occupied, and it is clear that until the fourteenth century they failed to obtain any real popularity among well-to-do people. Of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Historia Regum Britanniæ there are thirty five manuscripts in the British Museum alone, and nearly a third of these date from the twelfth century Of English works, on the other hand, written before 1360, perhaps the majority survive only in a single copy, which in no single case bears any trace of the fine writing or illumination found in manuscripts written for wealthy book buyers At a later date there is no lack of manuscripts of Langland, the Wyclifite Bible, and Chaucer, some of them most beautifully written and decorated. The inference is obvious that in the earlier period English books appealed to a very small and by no means wealthy class of readers, and the development of our literature was retarded for lack of encouragement, while

of the books written some at least, which we would gladly have inherited, perished utterly, partly, no doubt, because so few copies were made in the first instance.

Religious Literature.

About the same time as Layamon's Brut another long English poem was being written This was

the ormulum, a fragment, as we have it, of about ten thousand lines of a poem, originally perhaps seven or eight times as long, in which the gospel of each day is first paraphrased, and then elaborately expounded out of the writings of Ælfric, Bede, and Augustine Its author was an Augustinian monk named Orm or Ormin, possibly of Danish descent, who may have lived somewhere near the borders of Lincolnshire, and who dedicated his long work to his brother and fellow-monk, Walter The book, we are told, was called Ormulum 'because that Orm it wrote,' and Orm must have been interested in matters of language, for he took the trouble to double the consonant after every short vowel, while his vocabulary is kept so free from French words that it is said not to contain five On the other hand, in his metre he breaks away from Old English traditions, writing without alliteration in long lines of fifteen syllables, which divide quite regularly into short ones

Reduced facsimile from the Ormulum 1

I ledenn hemm be we33e ribht Till himm patt te33 p.er sohhtenn T And te33 ha comenn to be king and he beatm drop to rune and too henim ha full dernelis To frass nean off batt stearme Whille da33 itt was hemm allre firrst To takenn serr o liffte 4 And te33 hunm se33denn witerrh3 Whille da33 iii wass heinm awwnedd TAnd be hessin sennde sone forb Till bely learn and seaste Nu la ferrdinngess farepp forb And se Lepp swife Searne Patt newe Ling but borenn his Ner's bis land to manne And sone summ be findenn hinim Wher summ he beob can cure Wiff fore madd me's Luch's himm And buthepp himm and luteby And cumeby eft onn Ser till me And wite] b me to state on Wher ice me mulbe

findenn himm To lakenn himm and lutenn JAnd te33 þa wendenn fra þe king Till þe33re rihhte we3 e And te33re steorne was hemm fa Full rædi3 upp o liffte Fo ledenn hemm þatt we33e rihht patt la33 towarrd tatt chesstre Patt wass schatenn beþþ leæm Patt crist wass borenn inne And off þatt tatt te33 sæ3henn efit patt steorrne þatt hemm ledde

denn sohht And wærenn swipe blibe

Tipe33 fundenn ure laferrd
erst And ure laffdi3 Mar3e
And nohht ne se33b be godd
spell boe Patt 105sep wass
bærinne Pær ure laferrd
tesu erst Wass fundenn wibb
hiss moderr And tatt wass don
burrh godd tatt he Ne
wass nohht ta bærinne

Pa patt unneube folle comm inn To lefenn upp o criste ¶ Pe33 fundenn ure laferrd crist And fellenn dun o enewwess To bu3henn and to lutenn himm Wibb hæfedd and wiþþ heorrte And ille an king oppnede þær Hiss hord off hise maddness And ille an 3aff himm prinne lac To lakenn himm and wurr penn ¶An lac wass gold te goddspell se33h ¶ An oberr lac wass recless T Pe brid de þatt te33 gæfenn hunm Wass an full deore sallfe And att iss o þe goddspell boc Myr ra bi name nemmnedd And her iss litell operr nohht I biss land off batt sallfe Acc i be kalldeouisshe land Mann ma33 itt summ wher fin

of eight and seven. In the following quotation, taken from the edition edited by the Rev Robert Holt in 1878, the peculiarities of spelling are omitted, and the letters 1 and 2 represented by th and 2, 2, in order that no needless difficulties may repel modern readers. The extract is from Orm's dedication

Nu. brother Walter, brother min After the flashes kinde. And brother min 1 Cristendom Thurh fulluht and thurh trowthe, And brother min i Godes hus Yet o the thride wise, Thurh that wit hasen taken ba An reghel boc to folighen Under kanunkes had and lif, Swa sum Sant Awstin sette, 10 Ic hafé don swa sum thu bad And forthed to thin wille, Ic hafe wend intil English Godspelles halehe lare. After that little wit that me Min Drihtin haseth lened Thu thohtest tat it milite wel Till mikell frame turnen, Gif English fole, for lufe of Crist It wolde perne lernen, And folghen it, and fillen it With thoht, with word, with dede, And forthe verndest to that ic This were the sholde wirken. And ic it hase forthed the, Ac all thurh Cristes helpe

Now, brother Walter, brother mine After the flesh's kind, And brother mine in Christendom Through baptism and through truth, And brother mine eke in God's house, Once more, in a third way, Since that we two have taken both One book of rules to follow, Under the canons' rank and life So as Saint Austin set . ŧο I now have done even as thou bad'st, Forwarding to thy will, I now have turned into English The Gospel's holy lore, After that little wit that me 15 My Lord and God has lent. Thou thoughtest how that it might well To mickle profit turn, If English folk, for love of Christ, It readily would learn And follow it, fulfilling it With thought, with word, with deed, And therefore yearnedst thou that I This work for thee should work, And I have forwarded it for thee, 25 And all through help of Christ.

In the body of his work Orm weakens his verse by repetition and diffuseness, but this prologue is direct enough, and the accidental rhyming of lines 18 and 20 immediately gives the quartain a

curjously modern lilt well sustained in the next four lines, till we are pulled up by the absence of the expected jingle at the end of the fourth. Another specimen of Orm's poetry may be spelt out from our facsimile of a page from the only extant manuscript of his work (Junius MS I, in the Bodleian Library), and from the transcript, as printed by the Palæographical Society, in which all the author's peculiarities of spelling are faith fully preserved. The illustration, it need hardly be said, has not been chosen for its beauty, but rather to show, in its absence of grace of writing or illumination, how entirely shut off from the patronage of wealthy book-lovers were the English authors of this period who had the courage to use their native tongue.

To the same period as the Ormulum—that is, the first quarter of the thirteenth century-belongs another religious work, theren Rivle ('Anchoresses' Rule'), a prose treatise written for a little community of three religious women living at Tarrant, on the Stour, in Dorsetshire Richard Poor, who died in 1237 as Bishop of Durham, was born in Tarrant, and loved the place so well that he ordered that he should be buried there. The book has, therefore, been assigned to him, but nothing more can be said of the ascription than that it is not impossible. Certainly, whoever wrote the 'Rule' deserved to obtain high office in the Church, for he combined in a remarkable degree devotional feeling, wisdom, and a sense of humour are several beautiful passages in the eight books of which the 'Rule' is composed, notably the parable of the Love of Christ in the seventh its wisdom we have proofs in the writer's refusal to let the nuns bind themselves with strict vows or to practise needless austerities. For the humour, perhaps this passage, which enforces the value of silence, may be chosen as an example. It is taken from page 66 (Part 11 § 2) of the edition of the Ancren Riwle, edited by the Rev James Morton for the Camden Society in 1853, and in the modernised version use has also been made of Mr Morton's translation

Eve heold me Parais longe tale mid te neddre, & told hire al the lescun the God hire helde i lered, & Adam, of then epple & so the veond thurrh hire word understond anonthh hire woonesse, & 1 vond wei toward hire of hire vorlorenesse. Urc lefdi, Seinte Marie, dude al another wise the ne tolde heo then engle none tale auh askede him thing scheortliche the heo ne kuthe. Le, mine leove sustren, voleweth ure lefdi & nout the kakele Eve Vorthi ancre, hwat se heo beo, alse muchel as heo ever con & met, holde hire stille nabbe heo nout henne kunde. The hen hwon heo haveth i leid, ne con buten kakelen And hwat bird heo therof? Kumeth the cove anonniht & reveth hire hire eiren, & fret al the of hwat heo schulde vorth bringen hire cwike briddes. & riht also the luthers cove deovel berth awei vorm the kakelinde ancren, & vorswoluweth al the god the heo i streoned habbeth, the schulden ase briddes beren ham up touward heouene, gif hit nere s cakeled. The wreche-proddard more noise he maketh

G, --... ' > 0,0, then a relic mercer at his decrewurthe

Lye 1, 11 Paradisc, long talk with the adder, and If his all the lexon that God had taught he and Man concerns the apple, and so the act d, the way't for we d, unders ood at once her weak n and fraud the way to her for her destruction Our fully burnt 'lars, did all another wise, nor to I be the argel any tale, but asked him shortly the thrighted direct know. Do you, my dear sisters, falls our Laly, and not the cackling Lie. Where fere tet an unchoreas, whatso she lie, as much as ever 21 - can ar I may hold herself till. Let her not have the ben's nature. The hen when she has laid, cannot Lit cackle. And what buys she thereof? Comes the clough at ouce and bereaves her of her eggs, and eats all that of which she should bring forth her living And right so the wicked chough, the devil, teareth avity from the cackling anchoresses, and a valle with up all the good they have brought forth, at I all hought as birds, to bear them up toward Laven, if it were not cackled. The poor peddler rake more none to cry his soap than a rich mercer all his precious wares

I is best to assign to this period, at any rate in the earliest versions in which it has come down to us the so-called Moral Ode (Poema Morale), written in rhyming couplets, with, as a rule, fourteen syllables, or seven accents, to the line. It has been claimed for this poem that it repre sents a later version of an original much older than the second half of the twelfth century, or the basining of the thirteenth, to which we should colon it. Such in hypothesis, however, appears to be quite superfluous. Words of French origin appear is rhymes—that is, in a position where they could not easily have been foisted in by a later scribe - ind the literary and metrical features of the poem make for as late a date as philology will allow to be assigned to it. The poem is of ir in a life, of the joys of heaven, and, still more, of the pains of hell. It is full of striking lines, mostly dictated by the vivid sense of punishment to come. her example

Is a see sateres drune than catter meynd myd wync series I tode to swete, so is of the wilde deore. It to deore he hit buth, that yeveth than vore his sweore. I if a nio may libitlishe speken of hunger and of festen, so may of pyne that not hwat it is that evermo schal to the

is in the d draw deals after agree, porson mixed wide with the constraint too dearly he it buys who gives for it is now useste beloy feeten, fast price panishment not a con-

If the opening passage (here quoted from Morris's $\sum_{i=1}^{n} rers \ if \ Fariy Fin_ihin)$ is perhaps the finest of the poon

I have entre him inhore a our or and ek on lore is a serie round to so hidele, my opt autical comore there is a nitroller additional serie in take on deduible of optional series and to pure the arrion refe Hwenne ich me bithenche ful sore ich me adrede Mest al that ich habbe idon is idelnesse and chilce. Wel late iche habbe me bi thouht, bute god do me mylce. Veole idel word ich habbe ispeke seotthe ich speke cuthe, And feole yonge deden ido that me of thincheth nuthe. Al to lome ich habbe agult on werke and on worde M to muchel ich habbe i spend, to lutel i leyd an horde Best al that me likede er nu hit me myslyketh. The muchel foleweth his wil him seolve he biswiketh

Unneth lif ich habbe ilad and yet me thinkth ich lede,

A uniter 1 re, in winters and also in learning, welde, own; aunte, ought, hable, have, ileo, been, Thah, though, on rede, incounsel, Unneth useless, Huenne adrede, when I bethink me of it full sorely I dread Vest, most, chilee, childishness, do we myke, show me mercy, Vesle, many, scotthe, since, cuthe, could, fe le, many, of thuncheth, repents, nutne, now, lome, frequently, iguilt, trespassed, The, he who, biswiketh, deceives.

Judging from the number of manuscripts which have come down to us, the Ancren Riwle and the Moral Ode both enjoyed exceptional popularity With the Ancren Riwle we may group, though without claiming for them common authorship, the legends of St Katherine, St Margaret, and St Juliana, and the vehemently anti-matrimonial homily on Holy Maidenhead (Hali Meidenhad), all written in an alliterative unrhymed metre with four accents, also the high flown prose of the Wooing of our Lord (Wohunge of Ure Lauerd), Ureisum (Orison) of God Almith, and some smaller pieces, printed among the Old English

these are the poetical paraphrases of Genesis and Exodus, written probably in Suffolk about the middle of the century, from which we may take, as the shortest possible extract, eighteen lines from the scene between Isaac and Esau, when Jacob has stolen his brother's blessing. The text followed is that of the Story of Genesis and Exodus, edited by Richard Morris, EETS,

Homilies published by the Early English Text

Society

Of more literary value than any of

1865 (ll 1553-1570) Quan Ysaac it under nam When-understood That Lsau to late cam, too-came And that is brother, after boren, his Was kumen and hadde is bliscing bi foren, come Wel seikuthlike he wurth for dred, And in that dred his thogt was led In to ligtnesse for to sen, »ce Quow God wulde it sulde ben How Tho seide I sade to Esau, Then ' Ihm brother Iacob was her nu, here now And too thin bliscing lither-like, took-wickedly And he wurth blisced witterlike. assuredly Quad Lsau, 'Rigt is his name

Hoten Iacoh, to min un frame, Called—disadvantage
Or he min firme birthe toe 2
Nu haveth he stolen min bliseing oc cke
Thog, fader dere, bidde ie the Though—I
That sum bliseing gif thu me.' give

1 Wendrously -was afraid

To about the same date belongs a Northumbrian translation of the Psalter, which we may refer to again when we come to speak of translations of

2 Ere this he my birthright took

All through the thirteenth century, under the influence of the friars who had come to England in 1221, the production of religious literature went on, and towards its close or in the early years of its successor we have cycles of legend written both in the south and the north of England In 1303 Robert Mannyng, who became a canon of the Gilbertine order at Sempringham, six miles from his native place, Brunne (or Bourne), in Lincolnshire, translated, under the title Handlyng synne, the Manuel des Pechez, written in French by William of Waddington some thirty years earlier Mannyng added freely to his original, and his poem, with its mixture of exhortation, satire, and anecdote, is by no means dull reading. Here, for instance, are a few lines from an attack on the trailing gowns of women and their saffron-colour wimples

What sey ye men of ladyys pryde, That gone traylyng over syde? go trailing too widely Gif a lady were ryghtely shreve, shriven Better hyt were yn almes geve, ıt To soule helpe hyt myght do bote profit That trayleth lowe undyr the fote Wymples, kerchyves, saffrunde betyde,-Yelughe under jelughe they hyde,-Yellow Than wete men never whether ys whether, know The jelughe wymple or the lether skin (Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne, ed F J Furnivall, Roxburghe Club, 1862, ll 3442-3451)

And here is an account of the evil fate which befell a workman who broke the Saturday halfholiday instituted in honour of the Blessed Virgin

Fel hyt on a Satyrday A man hyrede folke to ful pay, The halfe day ne halewde he noghte, For al hole day hyt shulde be wroghte, whole The tyme come that noun they rong, noon-rung As they hadde ordeyned hem among Alle the wyrkmen homward yede went But he and hys dede furth hys dede did-deed Outher men seyde they shulde nat werche Lengyr than they rong none at the chyrche. 'Comyth alle home, and havyth doun, done And haleweth wyth us at the noun In the wurschip of oure lady, As now ys custome comunly One of hem swore hys othe That he ne wlde, for lefe ne lothe, would Halew more at the none Than hyt was wnt to be done, wont Ne he ne shulde, for oure lady, But wyrche forthe the day holy wholly Dowun he smote hys mattok, , Down And fyl hym self, dede as a stok dead (1bid 11. 918-939-)

It is a misfortune that a book so full of stories and illustrations of social life should hitherto only have been printed for the benefit of members of the Roxburghe Club—i e. in an edition of less than a hundred copies.

Lyrics.

Meanwhile lyric poetry, both secular and religious, was springing up. The famous 'Sumer is a cumen in,' written about the middle of the thirteenth century, and reproduced on page 43 in reduced facsimile from a manuscript in the British Museum, owes some of its reputation to the fact that the music also has been preserved, and is said to be the earliest of English authorship in existence, but the words are pretty enough in themselves

Sumer is 1-cumen in, come Lhude sing cuccu, Loudly Groweth sede and bloweth mede And springeth the wde nu wood now Sing cuccu, cuccu Awe bleteth after lomb, Ewe Lhouth after calve cu, Loweth-cow Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth, Murie sing, cuccu. Cuccu, cuccu! Wel singes thu, cuccu, Ne swik thu naver nu, cease-never Sing cuccu nu Sing cuccu, cuccu Sing cuccu nu. 1 Starts-harbours amongst the fern.

Equally pretty, if not quite so well known, is this spring song, written in the reign of Edward I

Lenten ys come with love to toune, Spring is With blosmen and with briddes roune, birds whispening That al this blisse bryngeth, Dayes eyes in this dales, Daisies-these Notes sucte of nyhtegales, Uch foul song singeth. Each fowl The threstelcock him threteth oo, ever A way is huere wynter wo, her When woderove springeth, woodruff This foules singeth ferly fele, wondrously much And wlyteth on heure wynter wele, loathe That al the wode ryngeth

Here again is a charming love-song of the same date

Blou, northerne wynd, Send thou me my suetyng, Blou, northerne wynd, blou, blou, blou

Ichot a burde in boure bryht,

That fully semly is on syht,

Menskful maiden of myht,
feir and fre to fonde,
In al this wurhliche won,
A burde of blod and of bon

Never yete y nuste non
lussomore in londe.

Blou, &c.

Prettiest of all, perhaps, is this love song 'To Alison',

Bytuene Mershe and Avenl When spray biginneth to springe, The lutel foul hath hire wyl On hyre lud to synge,

In her language

Ich libbe in lovelonginge live
For semlokest of alle thyrige,
He may me blisse bringe,
Icham in hire baundoun.
An hendy hap ichabbe y hent gracious chance I vetaken
Ichot from hevene it is me sent
From alle wymmen mi love is lent
And lyht on Alysoun.

Nihtes when y wende and wake,
For thi myn wonges waxeth won,
Levedi, al for thine sake
Longinge is y lent me on
In world his non so wyter mon
That al hire bounte telle con,
Hire swyre is whittore then the swon,
And feyrest may in toun.
An hendy, &c.

Some of the religious lyrics are no less musical than these snatches we have quoted, and with the music they combine that vivid sense of the shortness of life, of the joys of heaven and 'the stronge pine of helle,' and of the sweetness of the love of Christ, which, amid all its legendary excrescences, gives such reality to medieval religious literature. Secular and religious alike, the best of the few thirteenth century lyrics that have come down to us strike a note that is only heard again twice in English literature—in Elizabethan times and, with a difference, in the nineteenth century

Passing from these lyrics, we must notice The Owl and the Nightingale, written about the middle of the century, and attributed to a Master Nicholas of Guildford, who is mentioned in it. The form of the poem is that of a 'strife' or contention between the two birds, and the opening lines (text from Specimens of Early English, ed R. Morris, 1885) which give the local colour are perhaps the prettiest of the poem

Ich was in one sumere dale, In one swithe digcle hale. very secret nook I herde ich holde grete tale talk An ule and one nightingale owl That plait was stif and stare and strong, contention Sum wile softe, and lud among. And aither agen other swal, swelled And let that vule mode ut al And either seide of otheres custe character That alre worste that hi wuste, And hure and hure of otheres songe now and again Hi heolde plaiding swithe stronge. They The nightingale bi gon the speche. In one hurne of one beche. corner And sat up one vaire boghe, fair bough Thar were abute blosme i noghe, enough In ore waste thicke hegge, one I meind mid spire and grene segge Heo was the gladur vor the rise. She-branch And song a vele cunne wise very clever manner Bet thughte the drem that he were Of harpe and pipe, than he nere, Bet thughte that he were I shote Of harpe and pipe than of throte

The sted on old stoc than be side

That the ule song hire tide,
And was mid ivi al bi growe,
Overgrown with ivy
Hit was there ule earding stowe.

1 Sometimes soft, at others hard. 2 And let out all that evil mood. 2 The worst of all they knew 4 Mingled with grass and green sedge. 5 The sound seemed more like that of harp and pipe than not more as if sped from harp or pipe than from a throat. 6 It was the dwelling place of the owl.

Chronicles and Romances. 1 Shortly after 1297 a Metrical Chronicle was

written in Gloucestershire dialect by a monk

named Robert, who probably lived at Gloucester, and who, after the usual preliminary sketch of history from the earliest times (borrowed chiefly from Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury), gives an account of his own times, which now and again has the vivid touch of an eye-witness, or one who had mixed with eyewitnesses. Thus Robert describes the darkness which extended for thirty miles during the battle of Evesham, and he gives this spirited account of a scene in the streets of Gloucester.

A freinss knight was at Gloucetre the sserreve thoru the Sir Maci de Besile and constable also The barons it bispeke, that it was night wel ido, Ac aghe the pourveance, vor his nolde Frenss man non. An other sserreve his made thoru commun conseil echon A knight of the contrele, Sir William Traci, And of thulke poer clene pulte out Sir Maci. Ac Sir William ssire huld in a monenday Sir Maci com i armed, as mani man isay, With poer isend fram the court, I armed wel inou, And evene as the ssire sat to the tounes ende him drou. His alighte with drawe suerd with macis manion, And with mani an hard stroc rumede hor wey anon. Vort his come up to the deis and the sserreve vaste Bi the top his hente anon and to the grounde him caste, And harlede him worth villiche with mani stroc among In a foul plodde in the stret sutthe me him slong, And orne on him mid hor hors and defoulede him vaste, And bihinde a squier sutthe villiche his him caste. And to the castel him ladde thoru out the toun, That reuthe it was vor to se, and caste him in prison Tho the tithings her of com to the baronie Hii thoghte in time amendi suich vileinie

(Lines 11061-11081) A French knight was at Gloucester, made sheriff by the Ling, Sir Macy de Besile, and constable also The barons spoke against it that it was not well i do, So they made provision, for they would Frenchman none. Another sheriff made they by consent of every one. A knight of the country, Sir William Traci, And from that same power clean pulled out Sir Maci As Sir William held shire upon a Monday Sir Maci came all armed, as many men i say [saw], With a power sent from the court, armed well enough, And even as the shire sat to the town's end him drew They lighted down with drawn sword, with maces many a one, And with many a hard stroke made room and way anon.

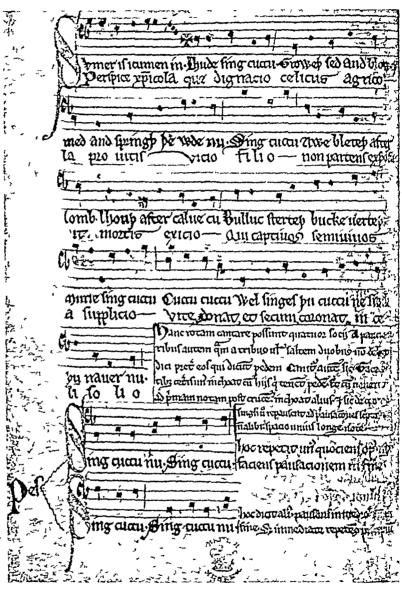
Forth they came up to the dais, and the sheriff fast By the head they seized anon and to the ground him cast, And hurled him forth vilely with many a stroke among In a foul puddle in the street they afterwards him slung, And ran on him with horses and befouled him fast And behind a squire next vilely they him cast, And to the castle led him throughout all the town, That ruth it was for to see, and

cast him in prison
When the tidings hereof came
to the barony
They thought in time they should
amend such villainy

It must be allowed that even episodes like this are better as history than as poetry, and Robert of Glou cester's Chronicle is not easy to read for more than a few pages The slightly later Chronicle of Robert Mannyng, the author of the Handlyng Synne, is even less valuable, being mainly founded on Wace's version of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and, save in the pleasant preface on the need of books in the English language, is of no originality, literary or The Handlyng historical Synne by its abundance of anecdotes gives a real picture of the time, while the Chronicle, which professes to be history, is entirely fictitious, and dull as well.

To the thirteenth century belong, besides the works at which we have already looked, at least three important romances, Sir Tristrem, Havelok, and Horn, in all of which a tradition at one time British or English seems to have come back to its original home after being developed on foreign soil or in a foreign tongue. As is well known, the romance of Sir Tristrem was

attributed by its first editor, Sir Walter Scott, to Thomas Rymour of Ercildoune or Earlston in Berwick (fl. 1280), and not without reason, since in the Chronicle of Robert Mannyng mention is made of it in connection with Ercildoune and a Thomas, and the reference, with its mention of the strange English in which the story is written, might well point, as



Reduced facsimile from the Harleian MSS 978 1

Perspice christicola, que dignacio ' celitus agricola pro uitus uicio filio non parcens exposuit mortis exicio Qui captinos semininos a supplicio vite donat, et secum coronat in celi solio

[Behold, Christian, what condescension! The husbandman from heaven, for the fault of the vine not sparing His Son, offered him to the destruction of death, and He restores the half perished prisoners from punishment to life, and crowns them with him in the throne of heaven]

The eleven Latin lines in the right hand lower corner in a smaller hand are directions for the singing of the 'rota' or round.

¹ This song or round from the MS. in the British Museum is set to music for six voices—the oldest thing of the kind—and is in a hand of about 1245. The English text is given on page 41. The interlinear Latin is a hymn in the same rhythm, and runs thus, with the addition of stops.

has been supposed, to an earlier Scottish text of which the extant version is a southernised transcript. Unfortunately, a hundred years earlier, the German version by Gottfried of Strasburg had also ascribed the authorship of the plot to a Thomas, and this Thomas could not possibly be Thomas of Ercildoune. It is possible, of course, that the Thomas mentioned in the German version and Thomas of Ercildoune both handled the story, but it is pos sible also that the fame of the prophecies of the Scottish Thomas led to the work of his unknown namesake being ascribed to him, and in the absence of any other Scottish work of this kind until many years later, this second theory seems the more credible of the two The story, whoever wrote it, is told not without some skill, though with its full share of the surplusage by which so many of the later romances are damaged specimen of its style and metre we may take the lines which tell how the famous love-potion mixed by Yseult's mother, and entrusted to the maiden Brengwain to cement the love of Yseult and King Mark, was unwittingly shared by Yseult and Tristram, to their undoing

> Her moder about was blithe. mother And tok a drink of might, That love wald kithe, would show And tok it Brengwain the bright, To think 'At er spouseing a night her Gif Mark and hir to drink ' Ysonde bright of hewe Is fer out in the se A winde ogain hem blewe, against them That sail no might ther be, So rewe the knightes trewe, rowed Tristrem, so rewe he, Ever as that com newe-He on ogain hem thre-Gret swink Great labour [was it] Swete Ysonde, the fre, noble Asked Bringwain a drink. The coupe was richeli wrought, cup Of gold it was, the pin, In al the warld nas nought Swiche drinke as ther was in. Brengwain was wrong bi thought, got a wrong idea To that drink sche gan win make her way And swete Ysonde it bi taught, gave to Sche bad Tristrem bigin, To say Her love might no man twin Their-sunder Til her ending day An hounde ther was biside That was y cleped Hodain, called The coupe he licked that tide Tho doun it sett Bringwain, Then, When That loved al in lithe all together And ther-of were that fain, To-gider that gun abide

In joie and ek in pain,

For thought,

In ivel time, to sain, evil—to say
The drink was y wrought
(Sir Fristrem ed. G. P. M'Neill, Scottish
Text Society, 1886, ll 1644-1683)

1 One against them three—that is, he rowed continuously, while they took turns. ² A pin placed in the cup to measure the amount drunk. ³ That is, to drink the *To say* is a mere expletive.

The story of Havelok the Dane, which in our own day provided Mr William Morris with the plot of his prose romance, Child Christopher, is of a king's son of one country and a king's daughter of another, each of them kept out of their rights by wicked guardians, of the hap which brings them together, and the might with which the king's son wins back both his own kingdom and his wife's The fisherman Grim who was bidden to kill Havelok of Denmark brings him to England, and himself becomes the founder of Grimsby Havelok wanders to Lincoln, and serves in the kitchen of the Earl Godrich of Cornwall, who is anxious to be rid of his ward Goldburgh, whose kingdom he enjoys But her father had bidden the Earl marry Goldburgh to the handsomest and strongest man he could find, and when the kitchenlad Havelok performs wonderful feats of strength, he insists on Goldburgh marrying him in order to get her out of the way Not unnaturally Goldburgh is very angry, and this is how she is reassured

> On the nith, als Goldeborw lay, night-as Sory and sorwful was she ay, For she wende she were bi swike, deceived That she were yeven un kyndelike 1 O nith saw she ther inne a lith, light A swithe fayr, a swithe bryth, exceedingly Al so brith, al so shir, clear So it were a blase of fir She lokede north, and ek south, And saw it comen ut of his mouth out That lay be here in the bed No ferlike thou she were adred. Thouthe she, 'Wat may this bi mene! Thought He beth heyman yet, als y wene, nobleman He beth heyman er he be ded On hise shuldre, of gold red She saw a swithe noble croiz, cross Of an angel she herde a voyz voice 'Goldeborw, lat thi sorve be, For Havelok, that haveth spuset the, espoused [Is] kinges sone, and kinges eyr. heir That bikenneth that croiz so fayr betokens It bikenneth more, that he shal Denemark haven and Englond al, He shal ben king strong and stark Of Engelond and Denemark, That shalt thu wit thine eyne sen, And tho shalt quen and leveds ben lady (The Lay of Havelok the Dane ed. W W Skeat, E.E.T S., 1868, Il 1247-1274.)

¹ Given (that is, in marriage) unnaturally ² No wonder though she were afraid

Havelok takes Goldburgh to Grimsby, and by the help of Grim's sons and another faithful friend, Ubbe, he recovers Denmark and puts the usurper to a cruel death Then he wins England from Earl Godnich, and he and Goldburgh live there happily, leaving Denmark to Ubbe. The story is told rapidly and well, and is doubtless founded on old English legend, the memory of which is still preserved in the ancient seal of Grimsby, which shows 'Gryem,' with sword and shield, and little figures of 'Habloc' and 'Goldeburgh' on either side of him.

King Horn is also a good story, not unlike Havelok, and well told, but it is less simple and more conventional It has come down to us in three manuscripts, and whereas in two of these Horn's father is called King Murry, in the third his name is Allof The 'Saracens' slay Allof, and though they will not kill Horn because of his beauty, they set him adrift in a boat with twelve companions The boat carries them to Westernesse, and there Horn wins the love of Rymenhild. the king's daughter His secret is betrayed to her father by his false friend Fikenhild, and he sets off in search of adventures, receiving from Rymenhild He returns, disguised as a pilgrim, just as Rymenhild is about to be married to a King Modi. Here is the scene when Horn makes himself known to her as she is offering wine to the guests

> Horn sat upon the grunde, In thughte he was I bunde, bound, wrapped He sede 'Quen, so hende, gentle To me ward thu wende, Thu gef us with the furste, The beggeres beoth of thurste.' Hure horn heo leide adun, And fulde him of a brun, filled from a brown jug His bolle of a galun, bowl that held a gallon For heo wende he were a glotoun, she He seide, 'Have this cuppe, And this thing [?] ther uppe Ne sagh the nevre, so the wene, I Beggere that were so kene.' Horn tok hit his ifere, And sede 'Quen, so dere, Wyn nelle the muche ne lite I will not Bute of cuppe white. Thu wenest I beo a beggere, And the am a fissere, fisher Wel feor 1 come bi este For fissen at the feste, hard by Mi net lith her bi honde, Bi a wel fair stronde, Hit hath i leie there Fulle seve yere. seven The am 1 come to loke Ef ent fiss hit toke Ihc am 1 come to fisse dish, bowl Drink to me of disse. Drink to Horn of horne journeyed Feor the am 1 orne' Rymenhilde him gan bihelde, grow cold Hire heorte bigan to chelde, Ne kneu heo noght his fissing, Ne Horn hymselve nothing Ac wunder hire gan thinke,

Whi he bad to Horn drinke.

Heo fulde here horn with wyn, And dronk to the pilegrym, Heo sede, 'Drink thi fulle, And sutthe thu me telle, If thu evre i sige sau Horn under wude lige.' wood he Horn dronk of horn a stunde, a while And threu the ring to grunde, The quen yede to bure went to her bower With hire maidenes foure. Tho fond heo what heo wolde, A ring i graven of golde That Horn of hure hadde, Sore hure dradde That Horn 1 sterve were killed (King Horn ed. J R. Lumby, E.E T S, 1866 ll 1115-1167)

1 Took it from his companion (love). 2 Come very far from the East to fish at thy feast 3 That is to the bottom of the cup.

After Horn has won his bride he leaves her again to recover his kingdom, and in his absence Fikenhild plots against him, causing a repetition in the story which is rather a blot on it

Miracle-Plays and the Curson Mundi,

Reference has already been made (page 34) to the first miracle-plays acted in England. By the beginning of the fourteenth century a great change had come over these representations, but of the gradual stages by which it must have developed we know very little. The dramatic poem of the **Marrowing of Hell**, which is thought by some critics to be as early as the reign of Henry III, is the only extant remnant of this period when the plays had begun to be written in English, and were still of such a character that they might be acted in church. It contains some two hundred and forty lines, and begins with a prologue, whose opening—

Alle herkneth to me nou, A strif wil I tellen you, Of Jesu and of Satan—

makes it uncertain whether it should be regarded only as a poem intended for recitation or as really dramatic. But the speeches which follow, spoken by Christ and Satan, Hell's Porter, Adam, Eve, Abraham, David, John Baptist, and Moses, form a perfect little play, and their beauty and directness may be well illustrated by the opening colloquy, which is here given as printed in the appendix to English Miracle-Plays, Moralities, and Interludes, edited by A. W Pollard, third ed. 1898

Dominus Harde gatés have I gon, ways Sorewes suffred mani on, one Thritti winter and thridde half yer 1 Have I woned in londe her dwelt Almost is so michel gan, much gone Sithen I bicam first man, Ich have sithen tholed and wist suffered Hot and cold, hunger and thrist thirst Man hath don me shame moh. enough With word and dede in here woh; evi

They took-cause He nomen me withouten sake, hands-back Bounden min honden to mi bake, He beten me, that I ran on blode, Demden me to deve on rode, Condemned-cross For Adames sinne, ful iwis, certainly Ich have tholed al this. Adam, thou hast dere about, dearly paid for believedst-not That thou levedest me noht, Adam, thou havest about sore And I nil suffre that na more, will not I shal the bringe of helle pine, out of-pain And with the alle mine Satan Who is that ich here thore? there Ich him rede speke na morc, I-advise For he mai so michel do, That he shal us come to, For to ben oure fcre companion And fonden hou we pleien here. find prove Dominus Wost thou never, what ich am? Almost the thridde winter is gan, That thou havest fonded me med For to knowe, what I be, Sinné found thou never nan In me, as in other man. And thou shalt wite well to dai, That mine will I have awei, Whan thou bilevest al thin one, relinquishest Thanne miht thou grete and grone. ween Satan Par ma fei ! ich holde mine By my faith ! Alle tho, that ben her inne, Resoun will I telle the, Ther agen milit thou noht be Whoso biggeth ani thing, buy eth It is his and his ofspring Adam hungri cam me to, Manrede dide I him me do, Homage For on appel ich gaf him, He is min and al his kin Dominus Satanas, it wes min The appel, that thou gavest him, The appel and the appel tre Bothe were maked thourh me. How militest thou on ani wise Of other mannes thing make marchandise? Sithen he was boht with min, With resoun wil ich haven him 1 Thirty two and a half years.

Dialogue like this gives us the best idea we can attain of such a play of the Resurrection as, according to the Handlyng Synne (supra, page 41), might lawfully be acted by a priest in church to teach the unlearned But in the same passage Mannyng mentions, though only to reprobate, the acting of plays 'in weyes or grenes,' and this removal from the church and its precincts speedily altered their character In every important English town at this period there were guilds of the different trades or crafts, with objects partly religious, partly secular, and these guilds during the fourteenth century took the acting of the miracle-plays very largely into their own hands In 1311 the Council of Vienne enjoined the strict observance of the festival of Corpus Christi, and in many towns this day, or in some instances its eve, was selected by the guilds for the annual performances of their l

plays, though in other towns these were given it Whitsuntide Both Whitsuntide ind Corpus Christi, which falls on the Thursday after Frinity Sunday, although movable feasts, always come within a few weeks of the longest day, and as the plays began between four and five in the morning, there was time enough before sunset for a series of performances of what seems to us enormous These Corpus Christi and Whitsuntide length representations were thus restricted to no single subject, such as the Nativity or the Resurrection. but embraced 'matter from the beginning of the world' to the Day of Judgment. Their rise into importance during the fourteenth century is thus closely connected with the popularity of the great narrative poem on the same subject, the Cursor Mundl, so called by its unknown author because In some manuit 'runs over' the world's history scripts this poem extends to nearly thirty thousand lines, and it groups its subject under 'seven ages,' the first ending with the Flood, the second with Babel, the third with the death of Saul, the fourth with the Ciptivity of Judah, the fifth with the preaching of John the Baptist. The sixth age begins with the Baptism of Christ, and extends to the Finding of the Cross by the Empress Helena, the seventh and last is taken with a bound to the Day of Judgment. The main sources from which this long poem was compiled are the Bible, some times directly, sometimes as its story is retold in the Historia Scholastica of Petrus Comestor (written c 1175), the apocryphal Gospels, the Chasteau d'Amour or Carmen de Creatione Munds of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, and the Golder Legend of Jacobus de Voragine. It is thus a storchouse of medieval legend as well as of biblical history, ind its popularity was very great. The Cursor was edited for the Early English Text Society by Dr Richard Morris in four different versions, with the rid of six other manuscripts, and scems to have been the first English book which was copied and recopied again and again. Writing in Northumbria, probably about 1320, the author prefaces his poem with a prologue of two hundred and seventy lines, in which he notes how eager men were in his day to read 'rimes' and 'gestes,' the romances of Alexander and Julius Casar, of Greece and froy, of Brut who conquered England, of King Arthur, Gawain and Kay, of Tristram and Isoude, and of the wars of Charlemagne and Roland with the Saracens His own aim is to sing of the Blessed Virgin, and he will therefore 'run over' all the events which led to the Incarnation, 'and tell sum gestes principale.' Lastly, after summarising the contents of his book, he proceeds (ll 232-248), like other writers of his day, to justify himself for writing in English

This like boke is translate
In to Inglis tonge to rede
For the love of Inglis lede,
Inglis lede of Ingeland
For the commun to understande

people

Frenche rimes here I rede Communely in ilka stede, in every place That mast ys worth for Frenche man most What--knows Quat is for him na Frenche can? no French Of Ingelande the nacioun Ys Inglis man thar in commoun The speche that man with mast may spede, Mast thar wit to speke war nede. therewith Selden was for any chance Praised Inglis tong in France, Give we ilkan thare langage, each one Me think we do tham non outrage.

One of the most interesting sections of the Cursor Mundi, and the one which hitherto has defied all attempts to trace it to its source, is the mythical history of the Cross on which Christ died. The quotation which must serve as our chief specimen of the poem relates to its finding ('invention') by the Empress Helena, and joins on in a curious way to Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice—the Jew who guides the Empress to the place where the three crosses are found being the prototype of Shylock, and giving up his secret to save himself from the punishment pronounced on him for having sought to enforce his bond for a pound of flesh from a Christian

Son quen that had thair praier maked, Soon when The erth al under thann it quaked, Than said the Juu, that all it herd, 'Christ' thou es sauver of all this werld!' Of he kest al to his serk Off he cast-shirt To mak him nemel til his werk. numble to Sithen he nam a spad in hand, Then-took Lang he delf, bot noght he fand, digged Quen he right depe had dolven thare, I hope tuenti fote or mare, I reckon 20 feet or more He fand tua crosses and that ilk, Bot yeit ne wist that quilk was quilk, which The quilk moght be the lauerd tre Lord s And quilk it moght the theves be. Wit mikel joi and mikel gle With much Unto the tun bar that that tre, town-those Thar war that don als in mide place, For to abide ur lauerd grace. our Abute the time o middai or mar, or more A ded man bodi forth that bar, Sant Eline mad hir praier thar, there And sua did all the folk was thar, That Crist suld tham sum quat scau, somewhat show His aun dere tre to knau With aither tre the cors on ran. Bot allwus lai it still as stan, stone The thred that toched til his hide, thick-skin And up he ras wit uten bide, rose without delay And spak wit a blithful voice, The tre thus hailsand o the croice. hailing--cross (Cursor Munds ed. R Morris, 1877-92 1 21,523-21,552.)

The Cursor Mundt rises to no great height of poetry, but throughout its enormous length it maintains a steady level which commands ad-

miration, and its popularity, as has already been noted, was very great Partly no doubt through its influence the cyclical miracle-plays came rapidly into favour during the fourteenth century, more especially in the north of England, where the Cursor was best known The York cycle as we now have it is made up of no fewer than fortyeight different plays, of which one to six deal with the Creation and Fall, seven to eleven with the Murder of Abel, the Flood, the Sacrifice of Isaac, and the Evodus, twelve to nineteen with the Prophecies of Christ's Advent and the incidents of the Nativity, twenty to twenty-four with some of the chief events of His ministry, twenty-five to thirty-six with the Passion, thirty-seven to fortyfour with the Harrowing of Hell, Resurrection, the appearance of Christ to His disciples, the Ascension and Gift of the Holy Spirit, forty five to forty-seven with the death of the Blessed Virgin, her appearance to St Thomas, Assumption, and Coronation, and the forty eighth with the Day of Judgment. In other cycles some incidents were added and others omitted, but the general sequence of the plays was much the same, and there can be no doubt that at the outset their intention was wholly didactic and religious, and that they must have contributed not a little to the instruction of the ignorant. Their final development in the fifteenth century will be touched on again, but it is clear from Chaucer's allusions that long before his day the dramatists had sought to relieve the strain on the spectators by the introduction of humorous incidents, the quarrel of Noah and his wife when the time came to go into the ark being already a stock scene, while the ranting of Pilate and Herod was also a well-established convention We know, moreover, that at York before 1378 the management of the different plays was already divided out between the different crafts, and it is probable that the allusions to the method of representation which have been gleaned from later records apply equally well to these fourteenthcentury performances As early as Lent, we are told, the 'moste connyng discrete and able players' the city could furnish were selected, 'all other insufficiant personnes, either in connyng, voice or personne,' being sternly 'discharged, ammoved and avoided' A first rehearsal would be held in Easter week, a second in Whitsun week, and at both these the players would be refreshed with bread and ale-this and other expenses being defrayed by a levy, varying from a penny to fourpence, on every member of the guild No player was allowed to take more than two parts, and he would receive for his services, according to his ability and the parts he played, sums varying from fourpence to four shillings, the latter amount being worth about £2, 10s of modern money dresses in which these players were attired were more magnificent than appropriate. We hear of Herod wearing a blue satin gown with a helmet gilded and silvered, of Pilate in a green robe, of

¹ That same—i.e. the true one. 2 They approached the corpse with either tree.

Judas in yellow, while the player who took the part of Christ wore a coat of white sheepskin The stages or 'pageants' on and red sandals which the performances took place are described as high 'scaffolds, with two rooms, a higher and a lower, upon four wheels' In the lower the players apparelled themselves, in the higher, which was open at the top, they played On the morning of the performance each pageant would be rolled out of its shed and dragged in its turn to the first of the 'stations' at which the plays were The first performance over, the pageant would be dragged through the streets to the second station, and then the play repeated York each play was performed twelve times, and occasionally oftener, the choice of the stoppingplaces or stations being determined by the liberality These conof the owners of the adjacent houses tributions were much needed, for the cost of the plays fell heavily on the guilds, five or six of them had sometimes to club together to produce a single pageant, while the sharing of the expenses led to frequent disputes In a few cases the reason for the assignment of a play to a particular guild is obvious, thus the Shipwrights or Fishmongers commonly interested themselves in Noah and the Flood, while the Goldsmiths and Goldbeaters played But as a rule the wealth of the guild and the cost of the necessary dresses and stage properties were the chief considerations

Four cycles of miracle-plays have come down to us, three connected respectively with York, Wakefield, and Chester, and a fourth, probably written in the East Midlands, but, by a tradition with very little claim to respect, passing under the name of The York, Wakefield, and Chester cycles were probably all in existence by the middle of the fourteenth century, though not in the form in which we have them Partly to suit the convenience of the crafts, partly to please the changing taste of audiences, plays were from time to time added or taken away, or recast in a new form, while the scribes of our manuscripts seem frequently to have depended on imperfect oral tradition It is possible, however, sometimes to pick out the older work from its surroundings, and we may take the scene between Isaac and his sons (for the sake of comparison with the quotation already given on page 40 from the Genesis) as an example of the Wakefield plays in their earliest form

Isaac Com nere, son, and kys me,
That I may feyle the smell of the
The smell of my son is lyke
To a feld with flouris, or hony bike
Where art thou, Esau, my son?
Iacob Here, fader, and askis youre benyson
Isaac The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,
God of heven and I gif the,
God gif the plente grete,
Of wyne, of oyll and of whete,
And graunt thi childre all
To worship the, both grete and small,

Who so the blyssys, blyssed be he, Who so the waris, wared be he curses, curse i Now has thou my grete blyssyng, Love the shall all thyne ofspryng, Go now wheder thou has to go Iacob Graunt mercy, sir, I will do so [Recedet Iacob Esau Have, etc, fader, of myn huntyng, And gif me sythen your blyssyng Isaac Who is that? I, youre son Esau Esau, bryngis you venyson Isaac Who was that was right now here, And brought me bruet of a dere? broth I etc well and blyssyd hym, And he is blyssyd ich alym in every limb Esau Alas! I may grete and sob ween Isaac Thou art begyled thrugh Iacob, That is thyne awne german brother thine own full brother Lsau Have ye kepyd me none other Blyssyng then we set hym one? Isaac Sich another have I none, Bot God gif the to thyn handband covenanted portion The dew of heven and frute of land, Other then this can I not say Esau Now, alas, and walo way! May I with that tratoure mete, My faders dayes shall com with grete, weeping

And my moders also,

May I hym mete I shall hym slo

(The Towneley Plays, re-edited by George England,

E E.T S. 1897 Play v ll 1-40.)

The great themes of the miracle-plays, especially Christ's Passion, which is always treated in vivid detail, are handled with medieval familiarity, yet not without feeling But there are no passages in which the unknown authors rise sufficiently to the dignity of their subject to make detached quotations helpful Even the play on the sacrifice of Isaac, which more than one of the playwrights invests with real pathos, is a little spoilt by The lighter side of repetition and prolivity the miracle-plays is more easily illustrated by the stock scene of 'the sorrow of Noah and his fellowship,' as Chaucer calls it, when Noah's wife refused to come into the ark. It is best given in the Chester cycle, from which, therefore, we here quote, though the text, as we have it, represents a version probably somewhat later than our period, and itself belongs to the end of the sixteenth century As here printed it has been purged of some of the corruptions of the Elizabethan scribe

Noah Wif, com in why standes thou there?
Thou art ever forward, I dar well swere,
Com in, on Goddes halfe! time it were, for God's sake
For fere lest that we drowne.
Noah's Wife Yea, sir, sette up your saile,
And rowe forth with evil haile, with ill luck
For withouten any faile
I will not out of this towne.
But I have my gossippes everychon
One foot further I will not gon,
They shall not drowne, by Sante John!
And I may save ther life.

They loven me full well, by Christe! But thou lette them in thy chiste, Elles rowe nowe wher thee liste, And gette thee a new wife Noah Shem, sonne, lo! thy mother is wrawe angry Forsooth swich another I do not knawe Shent Father, I shall fett her in, I trawe fetch Withouten any faile. Mother, my father after thee sende, And biddes thee into yonder ship wende, Loke up and see the winde, For we bene ready to saile Noah's Wife Shem, go again to him, I saye, I will not come therm to daye.

Voal: Come there to daye.

Voal: Com in, wife, in twenty devils way!

Or elles stand ther withoute

Ham Shall we all fett her in?

Noal: Yea, sonnes, in Christs blessing and mine!

I wolde you hied you bettine,

For of this flood I doubte

Table! Mother, we praye you all togeder,—

For of this flood I doubte

Japhe! Mother, we praye you all togeder,—

For we are here your owne childer,

Com into the ship for fere of the wedder,

For his love that you boughte

Noah's IVije Tha* will not I, for all your call,

But I have my gossippes all

Shem In faith, mother, yet you shall,
Whether thou wilt or not. [They force her in Aoah Welcom, wife, into this bote

Noah's Wefe Have thou that for thy note (Strikes him

Noah A ha! Mary, this is hote,

It is good to be still
A! children, me thinkes my bote remeves,

Our tarying here heighly me greves.

Over the land the watter spredes,

God do as he will

1 Chest a disrespectful allusion to the arl. 2 For thy head—that u, a blow

Other Religious Literature. Michael Rolls of Hampole

We shall allude again to the later developments of the miracle plays in the fifteenth century, but even these two short quotations will have helped to explain the secret of their rapid popularity, illustrating at once the fidelity with which the dramatists followed the Bible narrative, and the freedom with which at times, when it seemed permissible, they supplied details of a kind to give relief to the strained attention of the spectators Of religious literature of a more definite kind there was no lack in the first half of the fourteenth century We must notice some religious poems and a trans lation of the Psalms and Canticles in prose by William of Shoreham (near Sevenoaks), who in 1320 was appointed vicar of Chart Sutton, near Leeds (Kent), where he had been a monk, also the Ayenlyte of Inwyt ('Remorse of Conscience') of Dan (Dominus = the Reverend) Michel of Northgate, a monk of St Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, who in 1340 translated, under this title, a French treatise (Le Somme des Vices et des Vertus) written by Frere Lorens in 1279, and wrote or adapted some sermons, which have also come down to us More important than these Kentish treatises are the very curious and interesting metrical homilies in the Northumbrian dialect, written about 1330, in octosyllabic couplets, and as full of stories as the Handlyng Synne of Robert of Brunne, also the numerous works in English and Latin, in prose and verse, of Richard Rolle This remarkable man was born at Thornton, in Yorkshire, in or about 1290, and after being educated at Oxford at the expense of a patron, resolved when eighteen or nineteen to become a hermit. Borrowing two kirtles, a white and a gray, from his sister, he made himself a temporary habit, and began a solitary life Though half-suspected of insanity, he was allowed to preach in a church, and his sermon deeply moved One of them provided him with a his hearers hermit's cell and dress and the means of support, and henceforth his life was passed between the raptures of contemplation and devotional writing For some time before his death, in 1349, he lived at Hampole, near Doncaster, and it is as Richard of Hampole that he is best known prose versions, with commentaries, of the Psalms, differing considerably from each other, which have been attributed to him, Hampole wrote a metrical translation of the Psalter and of parts of Job, also the Pricke of Conscience, a rather lifeless poem, in short couplets, dealing with the transitoriness of human things, with death and judgment, heaven and hell. His devotional writings in prose contain passages of real fervour and beauty, and though an unquestioning believer in the Church as he found it, he shows that power of piercing through the form to the spirit which brings devout mystics of every religion so close to The following legend of Divine each other forgiveness transcending all human forms is the complement to its predecessor, in which, though all forms had been punctiliously observed, forgiveness was withheld for lack of 'verray contricioun '

A scolere at Pares had done many full synnys, the whylke he hade schame to schryfe hym of At the last gret sorowe of herte overcome his schame, and, whene he was redy to schryfe hym till the priore of the Abbay of Saynte Victor, swa mekill contricione was in his herte. syghynge in his breste, sobbinge in his throtte, that he moghte noghte brynge a worde furthe Thane the prioure said till hym 'Gaa and wrytte thy synnes' He did swa and come agayne to the pryoure and gafe hym that he hadde wretyn, for jitt he mighte noghte schrife hym The prioure saghe the synnys swa grette, with mouthe that thurghe leve of the scolere he schewede theyme to the abbotte, to hafe conceyle The abbotte tuke that byll that thay ware wrettyn in, and lukede tharcone He fande na thynge wretyn and said to the priour 'What may here be redde, thare noghte es wretyne?' That saghe the pryour and wondyrde gretly and saide 'Wyet ye, that his synns here warre wretyn and I redde thaym, bot now I see, that God has sene hys contry cyone and forgyles hym all his synnes' This the

abbot and the prioure tolde the scolere, and he with gret joye thanked God

(English Prose Treatises of Richard Relle de Hampole, ed G G Perry, E L I S, 1866, p 7)

Pares Paris full, foul schrife confess till, to stat mekill, so much Gir go, sagne, saw concepte counsel tuke that byll, took the paper finde found wort, know

We should not fail to notice in this extract the simple and straightforward, but by no means colourless, prose in which it is written. It has all the merits which we can look for in plain narrative, and it would not be easy to find anything at once so rapid and so full of unaffected dignity till we come to Tyndale's version of the Gospels. A second quotation on 'How God comes to His lovers and how He sometimes from them parts' shows that Hampole could rise quite naturally to real beauty of style.

Ho v god comes to his lefars and how he some tyme fra thaim partis God, when he comes to his lufars, he gifs thaim to taste how swete he is & are that mai fulli fele he fra thaim wendis, & als an egle he spredis his wengs & above thrim risis, als if he said 'Som dele mai je sele how swete I am, bot if je wil sele this swetenes to the full, flies up after me, & lift youre hertis up to me, thar I am sittand on mi fader right hand, & thare sal ye be fulfilled in joie of me God comes till his lufars til comforte thaim, he partis fra thaim for thai suld the marc mel e tham, & that that suld noght over mikil pride thaim of the gladdyng that that haf of his I or if thi spouse ware at with the, thou wold late over well of the selfe & despice other, & if he ware n with the, thou wold rete it to kynde, & noght to grace For the thorugh his grace he comes when he wil, & to wham he wil, and departis when he wil, so that his lang ducllyng make him noght mare unworthi, bot after his departynge [he] be the mare yernid & soght with geluse luf & sighinges & teres

(Yorkshire Writers Richard Rolle of Hamfole ed C. Horstmann, vol 1., 1895, p 147)

I'rs from are are before som dele some part sitt ind, sitting till to, meke thaim humble themselves come, coming at aye, ever life think rete it to hinde, attribute it to nature For this, therefore serund, yearned after gelisse, jealous

Later Romances

In secular literature the chief feature of the first half of the fourteenth century, as of the closing years of the thirteenth, is the great vogue of the metrical romance We have already spoken of SirTristrem, Havelok, and Horn as written before 1300, and there are several others which may have been in existence as early as this, though the manuscripts in which they have come down to us are much later Of those which appear to be earliest, the majority are written in couplets, but various forms of twelve line stanzas soon became popular, and the stanza of six lines was also used, both forms of stanzas appearing (as in the miracle plays) in combination The alliterative romances will be treated by themselves Of those in rhyme written during the fourtcenth century we possess more than

a score, varying in length from a few hundred to upwards of ten thousand lines apiece possible to discuss them all at length, they defy epitome and are not easily represented by extracts, nor is a general criticism likely to be very profitable. It is perhaps unfair to say of them that they are the 'sensational novels' of the fourteenth century, but in their use of stock incidents, their lack of characterisation, and their low standard of style, on their weaker side they do not deserve to rank much higher The great majority must have been translated from the French, though in many cases the originals are lost or have not been printed, and as the romance in France had long erc this lost its early freshness, these imitations share the weakness of their models Three of these romances have English heroes, and might be expected, therefore, to be racier than the rest. This is certainly true of that which celebrates the exploits of Richard Richard is depicted as a truculent Cœur de L'on person, who orders the slaying of sixty thousand Saracens in cold blood, and bursts into a great laugh when he finds that his cook, unable to comply with his demand for pork, has served him with pickled Saracen instead! But the story is told with life and vigour, and the fighting-witness this account of the assault on Jaffa-is very

'Az armes 1' he cryede, 'make you yare !' To hem that wyth hym comen ware. 'We have,' he savde, 'lyf but on only one life Selle we it, bothe flesch and bon, For to cleyme our herytage, Slee we the houndes full of rage! Who so doutes for her menace, Have he never syght of Goddes face! Here armure no more I ne doute, Thenne I doo a pylche cloute cloth Thorwgh grace of God in trinite, Thys day men schal the sothe 1 see !' Alther fyrst on land he leep. Of a doseyn he made an heep dozen He gan to cry with voys ful cler, Wher be these hethene pawtener, vagabond That have the cyte of Jaffe 1 take? Unwysvely I schal you wake Unwifely, Roughly To waraunt that I have 1-do, Wesseyl I schal drank you to! He leyde on ilka syde ryght, each And slow the Sarezynes aplyght, slew-on my faith The Sarezynes fledde and were al mate, confused With sorwe the granne out of the gate In there herte they were so yarwe nımble All here yates they thought too narwe gates Both walles they fledde of the toun, On every syde they felle adoun Some of hem broke her swere, neck Legges and armes, al in fere, And ilkon cryede in this manere, each one As ye schal afterward here ¹ Malcan staran naw arbru Lor fermon toir me moru' This is to saye in Englys, ' The Englyshe devyl 1 comen 15

Yish he us mete we schal deye,
Flee we faste out of hys weye'

('Richard Car de Lion,' 11. 6-27-6764, Weber s

**Wetrical Romancis*, 1810, vol. 11. p. 204.)

1 Aux armes? 2 Ready! 2 First of all (text, Al the fyrs) 4 Wassail I shall drink your healths.

An carlier account (lines 2503-2570) of a sea fight in which we are told of the sailors,

They rowed hard, and sunge ther to With hevelow and rumbeloo,

to overtake the enemy, is no less vivid, and though there are some dreary wastes in the seven thousand lines of which it consists, the romance must take Bevis of Hampton is the story of a child sold by his unnatural mother as a slave to the He wins the affections first of his master, King Ermyn, and then of Ermyn's daughter, the fair Josyan. When Josyan becomes a Christian out of love for Bevis, her father turns against the knight, and there are numberless thrilling adventures, Bevis regaining his heritage, boiling the usurper in pitch, brimstone, and lead, and then setting off on new wars until his son, Sir Mili, is crowned King of England, and he himself, his wife Josyan, and his horse Arundel enjoy a happy death on the same day Cus of Wirwick is neither so simply conceived nor so well told, though its popularity in different forms seems to have been greater than that of any of its rivals. Guy loves Felice, the daughter of his lord, Rohand, Earl of Warwick, but the lady is haughty, and though, at the command of an angel, she promises him her love when he shall have proved himself worthy of it, she insists, even after he has shown his bravery, that he shall undertake further adventures, and these lead him far afield Returning to England, Guy, after incidentally slaying a dragon, claims and obtains Felice's hand. But after forty days of marriage he bethinks him how he had-

> Slain many a man with hand, Burnt and destroyed many a land, And all was for womanes love, And not for Goddes sake above

He journeys to the Holy Land as a palmer, fighting now and then when need arises, and on his return engaging in single combat with the Dinish champion, Colbrund. As soon as he has killed this giant he resumes his palmer's dress, visits his eastle without declaring himself to Felice, and only sends for her at last that she may receive his dying breath. Probably the fight, with Colbrand was the germ of the story, and procured its popularity, which is hardly justified by the merit of the romance as a whole.

With the Ruhard Caur de Lion three other romances have been connected on the ground of similarity of style, though there is no strong reason for behaving in their common authorship. These are the Merlin and Arthur, King Alisander, and the Seven Sages, all written in because in both of them, in addition to the

rhyming couplets The first-named gives a full and graphic account of the birth and earl, adventures of Merlin, but the bulk of the story, dealing with the wars of Arthur and the help Merlin lends him, is rather dull The iomance of King Alisaunder opens, like the Merlin, with a full account of its hero's origin, the remainder of the poem, a translation of the French Roman a'Alexandre, being slightly shortened The Seten Sages is mainly interesting as an English version of tales of immemorial antiquity, those which the wicked Queen tells to persuade her husband of his son's guilt, and the counter-stories by which the friendly sages combat her on his behalf, being all of Eastern origin Of the other metrical romances, mostly shorter than these, it is impossible to mention more than a few of the best. Among these are two on Arthurian subjects, Ywain and Gawain and Lybeaus Desconus (i e 'The Fair Unknown'), Ipomy don, Emaré (the plot of which resembles that of Chaucers Man of Law's Tale), Amis and Amileun, and Sir Isumbras As tales these are superior to the lengthy mock-historical romances, and they are quite as well told. We have still left unnamed the romance of

> A squyer of lowe degre , That loved the kings daughter of Hungarie,

which in some respects ranks with the best of them, but it is such a compound of cleverness and absurdity that we may almost believe that it was written between jest and earnest.

The attiterative romances, including those which have both alliteration and rhyme, are not nearly so numerous as those which have rhyme only, but both in poetic interest and technical execution their standard is higher Written in the north and north-west, some of them, on account of their dialect and as corresponding in title to works mentioned by Andrew Wyntoun (see below, page 181) as written by a mysterious 'Huchown of the Aule Reale,' have been claimed is Scottish (page 171), but until this Huchowic has been identified it is hardly safe to dogmatise as to whether they were composed north or south of the Tweed The Pistyl of societ Susane, a wonderfully well told version of the story of Susanna and the Elders, is one of these, and in the height of trigic pathos to which it rises when Joachim comes to bid farewell to his condemned wife, strikes a note rare at all times in British poetry, and not previously met with Another poem attributed to Huchowne is an alliterative Morte d'Artaur, of some four thousand lines, which has been identified with 'the great geste of Arthure' mentioned by The romance of Joseph of Irimathea and the long tale of the Destruction of Trai can only be mentioned here, but the stor of William of Laterne (Palermo) and Sir Ga canc and the Greec Knight demand longer notice,

charm of wonderful adventures, there is real characterisation William of Palermo (the romance is freely translated from a French original still extant) had the advantage of being brought up by a werewolf-that is, a prince whom enchantment had crused to assume a wolf's form. From the care of the werewolf William passed to that of a peasant, and from the peasant to that of the Emperor of Rome, whose daughter Melior gradu ally fell in love with him Mclior confides her love to her cousin Alexandrine, who, by the aid of a little white magic, brings William's wishes into harmony with Melior's, and all promises well till Melior's hand is claimed for the son of the The lovers disguise them-Emperor of Greece selves as two white bears (a strange device to escape observation in Italy), and, aided by the werewolf, make their escape, the romance ending happily after adventures as wonderful as any reasonable reader could desire The plot is perhaps a little too romantic, but the telling of it is excellent, and the girlish charm of Melior and Alexandrine and the naivete of William are very pleasing Here, from Professor Skeat's edition (The Romance of William of Palerne, EETS, 1867, ll 967-1001), is the passage in which the pretty magician Alexandrine, having bewitched William into loving Melior, gravely takes him under her protection and persuades the amorous Melior to have pity on him

Alysaundrine a non thanne answered and saydc
'Now i wisse, William, witou for sothe,
Seththe thou sadli hast me said the sothe of thi cunsaile,
And tellest me treuly thou trestes to my help,
Gif I might in an maner mende thi sorwe,
But I were busi ther a boute to blame I were.
Ther for certes, be thou sur, seth it may be no other,
Holliche al min help thou schalt have sone'
Than William was gretliche glad & loveliche hire
thonked

Than Alisaundrine a non as sche wel couthe,

Clepud that mayde Meliors mckeliche hir tille,
And seide, 'A mercy, madame, on this man here,
That negh is drive to the deth al for youre sake!'
'How so for my sake?' seide Melior thanne,
'I wrathed him never that I wot, in word ne in dede'
'No, series, madame, that is soth,' saide that other
'Ac he has langured for your love a ful long while,
And but ye graunt him your grace him greithli to help,
And lute him be your lemman, lelly for ever,
His hif nel nought, for langour, last til to morwe.
Therfor, comeliche creature, for Crist that the made,
Les nought is hif jut for a little wille.
Sethiche he so lelly the loves, to lemman him thou
take.'

Than Meliors full mekliche to that mayde carped, And scide ful soburli, smyland a litel, 'Nou, bi God that me gaf the gost and the soule, I kepe yut for no creature manquellere be clepud, Ac lever me were lelly a manes luf to save, Seththe he for me is so marred & has misfare long. Ful prestely for the praire & for the perile als That I so him set inne and to save his live, Here I graunt him grethli on Godis holi name,

Lelliche mi love for ever, al mi lif time, And gif a gift here to God and to his gode moder, That other lud, while I live, schol I love never'

I cusse, certainly astose, know thou Seththe, since sadde, ear nestly Hollicuse, wholly Clepnd, called series certainly greethth, quickly lemman love telly, lettiche, loyally Les, lose ynt yet carped, spoke myland, siming manquellere, man killer ac, but prestely, readily lud, man.

Unlike William of Palerne, the romance of sir Cawane and the Grenc Luight is, as far as we know, an original and not a translated work, and though it begins with the fantastic episode of the Green Knight allowing his head to be cut oft, picking it up, and continuing to talk, it possesses a serious psychological interest which, with its metrical and poetical excellence, gives it a unique place among English romances It is Gawain the courteous who strikes off the Green Knight's head at Arthur's court in pursuance of a challenge to an exchange of blows When his uncanny challenger has disappeared with his head in his hand, Gawain knows that he must abide his blow a year hence at an unknown Green Chapel, and early in November he starts on his quest, only anxious lest he may ful to find the Green Chapel by New Year's Day, and so appear forsworn At last, on Christmas Eve, he reaches a castle whose lord not only entertains him hospitably, but promises to lead him to the Green Chapel, which is hard by, on the appointed day Gawain must stay at the castle to rest himself, and his host bargains that he will on three successive days give Gawain the proceeds of his hunting if Gawain will give him whatever he receives during his absence. Gawain lies late in bed, and when her lord and his men are afield the lady of the castle comes to his bedside and shows her love to him On her challenge Gawain craves a kiss at parting, and when his host returns and spreads before him the game he has caught, he clasps his hands round the lord's neck and kisses him courtcously, thus Leeping his bond. The next morning the same thing happens

He commes to the cortyn and at the knyght totes,
And Wawer her welcumed worthy on fyrst,
And ho hym yeldes agayn, ful yerne of hir wordes,
Settes hir softly by his syde, and swythely ho laghes
And with a luftych loke ho sayde hym these wordes
'Syr, gif je be Wawen, wonder me thynkkes,
Wyghe that is so wel wrast alway to god,
And connes not of companye the costes under take,
And if mon kennes yow hom to knowe, ye kest hom of
your mynde,

Thou hats for jeten jederly that jisterday I taghtte Bi alder truest token of talk that I cowthe'
'What is that,' quoth the wyghe, 'i wysse I wot never, If hit be sothe that je breve, the blame is myn awen.'
'Yet I kende yow of kyssyng,' quoth the clere thenne, 'Quere so countenaunce is couthe, quikly to clayme, That bicumes uche a knyght, that cortaysy uses'
'Do way,' quoth that derf mon, 'my dere, that speche, For that durst I not do, lest I denayed were, If I were werned, I were wrang i wysse, gnf I profered'

'Ma fay,' quoth the mere wyf, 'je may not be werned,

Ye are stif in noghe to constrayne wyth strenkthe, gif

yow lykes,

Gif any were so vilanous that yow denave wolde'
'Ye, be God,' quoth Gawyn, 'good is vour speche,
Bot threte is unthryvande in thede ther I lende,
And uche gift that is geven not with goud wille,
I am at your commundement, to kysse quen yow lykes,
Ye may lach quen yow lyst, and leve quen yow thynkles,
In space'

The lady loutes a doun,
And comly kysses his face,
Much speche thay ther expoun,
Of druryes greme and grace.
(Ser Ga cayne in the Greet Anight ed. R. Morris,
E E T S 1864, ll 1476-1507)

She came to the bedside and looked on the knight, and Gawain gave her fit greeting, and she greeted him again with ready words and sat her by his side and laughed, and with a sweet look she spoke to him 'Sir, if ye be Gawain, I think it a wonder that ye be so stern and cold, and care not for the courtesies of friendship, but if one teach ye to know them ye cast the lesson out of your mind I e have soon forgotten what I taught ye yesterday, by all the truest tokens that I knew!' 'What is that?' quoth the knight 'I trow I know not. If it be sooth that we say, then is the blame mine own.' 'But I taught ye of kissing,' quoth the fair lady ever a fair countenance is shown him, it behoves a courteous knight quickly to claim a kiss' 'Nay, my dear,' said Sir Gawain, 'cease that speech', that durst I not do, lest I were denied, for if I were forbidden I wot I were wrong did I further entreat ' 'I' faith,' quoth the lady mernly, 'ye may not be forbid, ye are strong enough to constrain by strength an ye will, were any so dis courteous as to give ye denial.' 'Yea, by Heaven,' said Gawain, 'ye speak well, but threats profit little in the land where I dwell, and so with a gift that is given not of good will I am at your commandment to kiss when ye like, to take or to leave as ye list' Then the lady bent her down and kissed him courteously

(Sir G wain and the Green Knight retol I in modern prose, by Jessie L. Weston, 1898)

The kiss is again passed on to her lord in return for the produce of his hunting. On the third morning the lady, when Gawain has refused her proffered gift of a ring, presses him to accept her green girdle

'Now for ake je this silke,' sayde the burde thenne,
'For hit is symple in hit self, and so hit wel semes?
Lo I so hit is littel, and lasse hit is worthy,
But who so knew the costes that kint ar ther inne,
He wolde hit prayse at more prys, paraventure,
For quat gome is so gorde with this grene lace,
While he hit hade heinely halched aboute,
Ther is no hathel under heven to hewe hym that myght,
For he myght not be slayn, for slyght upon eithe.'
Then kest the knyght, and hit come to his hert,
Hit were a juel for the joparde, that hym jugged were,
When he acheved to the chapel, his chek for to feeh,
Myght he haf slypped to be unslayn, the sleght were
noble

Thenne he thulged with hir thrope, and tholed hir to

And ho bere on hym the belt, and bede hit hym swythe,

And he granted, and ho hym gase with a goud wylle, And bisoght hym, for hir sake, discover hit never, Bot to selly layne for hir lorde, the leade hym acordes, That never wyske schulde hit wyt, i wysse, but thay twayne,

For noghte,
He thoukked hir oft ful swythe,
I ut thro with hert and thog/t
Bi that on thrynne sythe
Ho hats kyst the kny_ht so toght
(Lines 1845-1863.)

'Now,' said the lady, 'ye refuse this silk, for it is simple in itself, and so it seems, indeed, lo, it is small to look upon and less in cost, but who to knew the virtue that is knit therein he would, peradventure, value it more highly For whatever knight is girded with this green lace, while he bears it knotted about him there is no man under heaven can overcome him, for he may not be slain for any magic on earth.' Then Gawain Lethought him, and it came into his heart that this were a jewel for the jeopardy that awaited him when he came to the Green Chapel to seek the return blow-could be so order it that he should escape unslain, 'twere a craft worth Then he bare with her chiding, and let her say her say, and she pressed the girdle on him and prayed him to take it, and he granted her prayer, and she gave it him with good will, and besought him for her sake never to reveal it, but to hide it loyally from her lord and the knight agreed that never should any man know it, save they two alone. He thanked her often and heartily, and she kissed him for the third time

(Miss Weston's retelling)

At night Gawain gives up the kiss to his host, but conceals the girdle. On New Year's Day a squire, who tries to frighten him, leads him to the Green Chapel There the Green Knight makes two feints at him, and then strikes a blow which grazes his neck and no more. Gawain seizes his sword and declares the compact fulfilled The Green Knight reveals himself as his Christmas host, and says that because he took the girdle he has been grazed, otherwise his constancy had held him scathcless Gawain is abashed, and vows to wear the green girdle over to romind him of his full, but when he tells the story at Arthur's court all his brother-knights low to wear a green girdle also! The story thus strikingly conceived is no less strikingly told. The Lancashire dialect and the needs of the alliteration make the language present more difficulties than most of the poetry of the date (about 1360) at which it is supposed to have been written But it is always, picturesque and full of variety, and the hunting scenes, the description of the Christmas festivities, as well as the temptation of Gawain by the fur lady, stand out as the work of a literary artist of some skill

Ulterative Poems.

The same manuscript which contains this romance contains three other poems written in the same dialect and style, probably about the same time, and, so it is thought, by the same unknown author. Two of these, written in alliterative blank

verse, are didactic evaltations of Cleanness (see page 174) and Patience The former, which is much the longer, running to 1812 lines, to show the perils of impurity narrates at length the fate of the man without a wedding garment, the Fall of the Angels, the punishment of the world by the Flood, the destruction of Sodom, and the story of Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar, and exhorts the listener who would loyally love his Lord

Then conform thee to Christ and thee clean make, For ever is [He] polished as plain as the pearl itself

The latter, which has 531 lines, enforces the duty of patience by the story, not of Job, but of Jonah Both poems rise far above the mere stringing to gether of stories and denunciations which made Cleanness especi the usual medieval exhortation ally is full of poetry and of passion, and yet preserves a sanity and proportion which on this subject are peculiarly rare in medieval literature The third poem, Pearl, midway in length between the other two (it has 1211 lines), tells of the poet's dicam in which the Pearl he has lost, his little two year old daughter, appears to him, standing on the other side of a river, in heavenly array now, slic tells him, a queen in heaven, and when the fither cannot understand how so little a child can have so rich a reward, the parable of the I abourers in the Vineyard is told to enlighten him Much of the poem is taken up with the glories of an apocalyptic vision, and at last, when the father trics to cross the stream to join his little maid, the dream ends and he wakes The combination of elaborate alliteration and claborate rhyme at times gives the poem i slight artificiality, but its human tenderness and love, and its sympathy with the joys of liction, are so overflowing that they carry us over all obstacles Here are three stanzas (21-23) from the talk of father and daughter in which the music must be evident even to those who are repelled by the number of now obsolete words

O Perle,' quoth I, 'in perles pyght,
Art thou my perle that I haf playned,
Regretted by men one, an nyghte?
Much longeyng haf I for the layned,
Sythen into gresse thou me aglyghte,
Pensyf, payred, I am for payned,
And thou in a lyf of lykyng lyghte
In paradys erde, of stryf unstrayned
What word has held asserted.

What worde has hyder my juel wayned
And don me in del and gret daunger? put me in sorrow
Fro we in twynne wern towen and twayned
I haf been a joyles jueler jewel keeper

That juel thenne in gemmes gente
Vered up her vyse with yghen graye,
Set on hyr coroun of perle orient
And solarly after thenne con ho say
'Syr, ye haf your tale myse tente,
I o say your perle is al awaye,
That is in coter, so comly clente,
As in this gardyn gracios gaye,

Here inne to lenge for ever and play, remain
Ther mys ne mornyng com never ner, loss

Her were a forser for the in faye, If thou were a gentyl jueler

Thou art no kynde jueler

treasury—in faith

Bot jueler gente if thou schal lose gentle Thy joy for a gemme that the was lef, was dear to thee Methynk the put in a mad porpose, And busyes the aboute a raysoun bref, 6 For that thou lestes was bot a rose, lostest That flow red and fayled as kynde but gef, 7 Now thurgh kynde of the kyste that hyt con close, 8 To a perle of prys hit is put in pref, q And thou has called thy wyrde a thef, That oght of noght has mad the cler, 10 Thou blamest the bote of thy meschef, remedy

1 Since thou glided away from me into the grass. 2 Hast lighted upon a life of delight 3 Weird, fate. 4 Caused to come 5 Since we were drawn apart and sundered 6 Thou seemest set in a foolish intent, and concernest thyself with little reason 7 As nature caused it 8 Chest that did enclose it 9 It is proved to be a pearl of price 10 That hath bereft thee of no whit

Mr Gollancz, from whose edition of Pearl (Nutt, 1891) our text, with some slight simplification of spelling, and most of our glosses have been taken, has adduced some rather slender arguments for assigning its authorship, and that of Cleanness and Patience, to Radulph Strode ('the philosophical Strode' Chaucer called him), of Merton College, Oxford, of whom there is a record 'Nobilis poeta fuit et versificavit librum elegiacum vocatum Phantasma Radulphi' At present this is no more than a conjecture, but it would be pleasant if we could find a name for one who, on the evidence only of these three poems, was a considerable poet, and who, if Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyght may be added to them, was a very considerable poct indeed

Minot

The advantage of a name and, we may add, of popular subjects is shown in the case of Laurence Minot, who, for lack of a better place, must be mentioned here. His poems on the wars of Edward III have but small literary merit, and his patriotism, which is supposed to eke this out, is rather loyalty to the king's person than true national feeling. But his possession of a name—and it is only his name we know—and the names of the battles he sings have served to keep alive his verse, of which these stanzas on the taking of Calais are at least a fair specimen.

Lystens now, and ye may lere,
Als men the suth may understand,
The knightes that in Calais were
Come to Sir Edward sare wepeand,
In kirtell one and swerd in hand,
And cried, 'Sir Edward, thine we are,
Do now, lord, bi law of land
Thi will with us for evermare'

The nobill burgase and the best
Come unto him to have thaire hire,
The comun puple war ful prest
Rapes to bring about thaire swire
Thai said all, 'Sir Philip oure syre,

forward Ropes—neck And his aun, Sir John of I rance, Has left us ligand in the mire And brought us till this doleful dance?

lyir 4

*Oure horses that war faire and fat
Fretin up illione bidene, All are eaten area by
Have we nowther coing me cat coney, rabbit
That that ne er etin and humoes kene
Al er etin up ful clene,
Ls nowther levid biche ne whelp
That is well on oure sembland sene, as pearance
And that er fled that sull u help

(The Pen ref Lance e Moist
ed. J. Hall 1691)

William Laugland

Returning to the sequence interrupted by Minot, we pass to another poet who wrote in alliterative verse and belonged to the western side of England,

with which this revival of the old English form is specially connected is Wilhim Lingland (or Longland), who in 1362, or a little after, completed the tirst draft of the poem to which the manuscripts give the titles Liber de Petro Ploteman and Visto Willelmi de Petro Plouman, the 'Book of Piers Ploughman,' or 'William's Vision of Piers Ploughman? Our knowledge of Imng land himself is derived from doubtful traditions from the information which e in be pleaned from virious presiges in his poem, on the issumption that they ire really autobiographical Of the traditions, one—that preserved in Bishop Bile's Scriptoru a illustri in Majoris Britannie Summarium (1548)~ tells us that the poet's name was

I obert Langel inde, that he was born at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire a few miles from the Malvern Hills, and that he was, apparently, a priest

Another tridition, a note in a fifteenth certury hard in a Dublin manuscript of the Lis m, calls han William de Langland, and makes him the son of a frecholder, Stacy de Rok wie, or gentle birth, holding lands at Shipton under-Wychwood, in Oxford shire, where research has found traces, not indeed of Langlands, but of both a family and a hamlet of Langley The evidence of the poem itself is strongly against the poet's having come of gentle birth, and Bale's tradition is the better to follow, though we my safely discard the name Robert in favour of that of William, despite the fact that there are some passages in the poem which might make us think that the poet only calls hunself Will because he represents the human will in its search for truth From the Visions themselves it is easy to obtain much more information, subject to the usual risk which attends the attempt to extract autobiograph

the first him him this which her their mountains has hanged The state and m doe when before hit A fains concence ful astallisa constenance inabe other shart of reproceeding the mill seed ent What 14 Folket and Dobect 12 Dynninoins buolber Affinite i few fewe pe Somen can fere no bearge force so as somming allepopus sowel i hu-holde hat transmen to teche opercotor coper i Julye hit-Imfact & govient massins nochbang likilos transian edino anua must most in entra anti-भेळां मा जाये चाल विश्वास्थात है है। है हो भारत हो भारत है Edial no fleich motions be inchere for me bur pele etter deser pure de plongungue deservations que ories Lane tone and lence and tolding to there क्षात का स्प्रम के माहरू के प्रकास के नियम के स्पर् out oblandes i नार्यध्यारी काले जांह स्वक बालाश्य 4 लेंड ज्यानिकार smon runte count appetition applied of dance course ्या ।वानह्यापित्रते क श्रेष्य प्राप्त स्थापे स्थापे भाव थि ज्ञाक

Reford facionite train / restricts in in Car 131-1

from poetry. As will be explained beer, the I israe servist in three clearly defined versions (referred to as A, B, and C) the earliest of which can be shown

It is all three of the sers one it - poeus most have attain it a wife established. In 100 for else Sacat was able to establish is a few that for the estate main scripts, of which the cotton the letter that continues the Cotton all respects to account that the test that continues the letter that the test of the letter that the letter and the letter and the letter and the later than the series of the later than continues that the cotton that the cotton at the continues that the cotton. The later as an are only if it for a continues that a series as an are only if it is a continues to a continue that it is a continue to a continue to a continue that it is a continue to a continue the continues that it is a continue to a continue that it is a c

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to have been written in or soon after 1362, the second, in or soon after 1377, and the third, perhaps in 1393, perhaps in 1398 In the second of these the dreamer is spoken of (Book xii 3) as forty-five years old, which would give his birth-year as 1332, a date in itself very probable. A theory that he was the son of a bondman, and only became free by taking holy orders, rests on a doubtful interpretation of a line which may more easily refer to the freedom of God's kingdom conferred But there is a clear statement, in a by baptism section of the poem added in the last revision and apparently purely biographical, that his father needed the help of friends to send him to school The death of these friends seems to have cut short his career, and he describes himself as living in London, and on London, earning money by singing requiems for hire 'Reason,' one of the char acters in the poem, has been asling him what he does for a living, and he answers

'Whanne ich yong was,' quath ich, 'menv yer hennes,
My fader & my frendes founden me to scole,
I yl ich wiste wyterliche what holy writ menede,
And what is best for the body, as the bok telleth,
And sykerest for the soule, by so ich wol continue,
And yut foud ich nevere in faith sytthen my frendes
deyden,

Lef that me lyked bote in these longe clothes

I fich by labour sholde lyve and lyflode deserven,

That labour that ich lerned best, ther with lyve ich sholde,

And ich lyve in Londone and on Londone bothe,
The lomes that ich laboure with and lyflode deserve
Ys pater noster and my prymer, placebo and dirige,
And my sauter som tyme, and my sevene psalmes.
Thus ich synge for hure soules, of suche as me helpen,
And tho that fynden me my fode vouchen saf, ich trowe,
To be welcome whanne ich come, other whyle in a
monthe,

Now with hym and now with hure, and thus gate ich begge With oute bagge other botel, bote my wombe one

(The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowmin, ed W W Sheat, 1836 C text vi 35-52)

Il sterlicne, certainly spherest, surest lyflode livelihood lines, tools sauter pealter bote my wombe one, save my belly alone.

Born of a father too poor to educate him without the help of friends, the help of these friends cut off by death probably before his education was finished, Langland seems to have taken minor orders, and to have gained his living as a chanter of psalms for the souls of the dead, without ever rising to the pricsthood In the same section of the poem from which this extract is taken—a section inserted in Langland's old age as if for the purpose of telling his story—we find references to his living on Cornhill, 'Kytte and ich in a cote,' Kit being his wife Elsewhere there is mention of a daughter, Kalote, and allusions to the wording of legal documents make it probable that he eked out his earnings as a chanter by copying for the lawyers He must have been poor, and he has given us a picture of himself walking the London streets, eyeing the rich folk |

discontentedly, and refusing to make way for or salute them, until people looked on him as a fool. It is thought that in his old age he may have returned to Malvern, and if he was the author of the poem on 'Richard the Redeless,' he was certainly at Bristol when Henry IV entered England to claim the throne. But wherever he went he must have taken the same restless spirit, and in the scantiness of our knowledge it is as living 'in London and on London both' that it is easiest for us to think of him

When he was thirty or thereabouts Langland wrote his Vision concerning Piers Plowman His was not the temper which could lead him to add yet another to the romances of chivalry, or to make a popular sermon in verse by stringing together stories and anecdotes Preach he must, but not in this way, and so for the machinery of his poem he chose a Dream or Vision, a device which since the success of the Roman de la Rose had been increasingly popular in France, and was now, as in Pearl and several of the poems of Chaucer, to find favour in England also Into a dream, with the help of the personifications of allegory, he could put whatever he wished, his form also gave him the right to shift his scenes as he chose, and so in a medley of satire, exhortation, and disquisition he pours out all his thoughts on human life. According to convention the dream was dreamed on a May morning

In a somer sesun, when softe was the sonne, I shope me into a shroud, a sheep as I were, In habite of an hermite, unholy of werkes, Wende I wyde in this world, wondres to here But in a Mayes morwnynge, on Malverne hulles, Me bifel a ferly, a feyrie me thouhte, I was wery of wandringe and wente me to reste Under a brod banke, bi a bourne syde, And as I lay and lened, and loked on the waters, I slumberde on a slepyng, it sownede so murie.

(4 Prologue, 1-10.)

I I put myself into a rough garment as if I were a shepherd.
That is, a hermit who did not stay in his cell. I There befell me a wonder of fairyland it seemed

[In this and subsequent quotations from the text of the first version (A) the spelling is normalised to that of the better-spelt B text.]

So Langland began, with music enough to have charmed a fashionable audience, but there was little else in his 'swevene,' or dream, for which fashionable people can have cared. What he saw was a wilderness with a tower on a hill, and beneath the hill a deep dale with a dungeon. Betwit hill and dale lay a fair field, full of folk—honest workers and honest devotees, merchants and minstrels, and rogues of every sort, especially the pilgrims, palmers, hermits, friars, pardoners, unworthy priests and worldly bishops, who professed religion merely to live an easy life at the expense of others

As the dreamer gazes a lovely lady appears (Passus 1), who tells him that the tower is the abode of Truth—that Truth who made all things,

and gave man clothing, meat, and drink, to use in due measure. The dungeon in the dale is the Castle of Care, wherein dwells the tempter of mankind. She herself is Holy Church, who received him at baptism and taught him his faith. Her message to him is that, 'when all treasure is tried, Truth is the best'. When he asks what Truth is, she answers.

'It is a kynde knowynge that kenneth the in herte, traches For to love thi lorde lever than thi selve, No dedly synne to do, dey though thou sholdest. This I trowe be treuthe 'who can teche the better, Loke thou suffre him to seye, and sithen teche it forther, I or thus techeth us his word, (worch thou ther after'). That love is the levest thing that our lord asketh.'

(A Passis 1, 130-136)

Truth, then, is Love

For though ye be trewe of tonge and trewliche wynne, And eke as chaste as a child that in chirche wepeth, But ye liven trewely, and eke love the pore, And such good as God sent trewcliche parten, share Ye ne have no more ment, in masse ne in houres, Than Walkyn of hire maydenhod that no man desireth.

(Ibud 1,33-158)

That he may know Truth's opposite, Holy Church points out to him (*Passus* u) the company of Falsehood, where stands

A womman wonderliche clothed,
Purfiled with pelure, the richest upon cithe, Embroidered—fur
Y crounede with a corone—the kyng hath no better,
Alle hir fyve fyngres were fretted with rynges, ornamented
Of the preciousest perre that prince wered evere, jeaellers
In red scarlet she rod, i rybaunt with gold,
Ther n'is no qweene qweynter that quik is afyve daintier
(A Passus is 8-14)

This is Meed the maiden, who is to be married to morrow to False, and when the dreamer looks again he sees a pavilion and ten thousand tents, where the lawyers and flattering friars, who are to be witnesses of the marriage, are assembled dowry, 'the earldom of Envy,' 'the kingdom of Covetise,' the 'isle of Usury,' &c, is rehearsed, but Theology appears and exclaims against the marriage, bidding that Meed should be led to London, 'where law is handled,' for the King's decision as to whether it shall proceed is set on a sheriff's back, her friends mount the summoners, provisors, &c., who work their favourite sins, and ride after her to the King's court Warned by Conscience, the King would hang the whole crew

Thanne I'als for fere fleih to the freeres,
And Gyle doth him to go agast for to dye,
But marchaundes metten with him and maden him to
abide,

Bisoughten him in here shoppes to sellen here ware, Apparayleden him as a prentis, the peple for to serve. Lightliche Lyer lepe awey thennes, Lurkede thorw lanes, to logged of manye, He was no wher welcome for his many tales, But over al y hunted and hote to trusse Pardoners hadden pite, and putten him to house,

Wosschen him and wrongen him and wounden him in cloutes,

And sente him on Sondayes with scales to churches, And gaf pardoun for pens, poundmele aboute
(A Passus ii. 186-108)

Fleth, flew doth, causes here, their therw among to-logged lugged about hote to trusse, bidden to pack away pens, pence poundance by pounds, plenufully

Deserted by her friends, Meed trembles for fear, weeps, and wrings her hands, but (Passus iii.) the King will assay her himself, and with all courtesy she is lodged at Westminster She rewards her hosts bounteously, and when a friar shrives her of her sins and promises her heaven if she will glaze the gable of his convent and inscribe her name on the window, she assents gladly, whereat the author allows himself a digression against such vainglorious benefactions The King offers to marry her to his knight, Conscience. Meed assents, Conscience, however, receives the proposal with denunciations 'But Reason rede me ther to erst will I die' is his answer (Passus iv), so Reason is sent for, and comes riding on 'Suffer-till-I seemy-time' (a mild instance of Langland's anticipation of Puritan names), attended by Witty and Wisdom He is given a place between the King and his son (i.e. the Black Prince), and while they are conversing Peace enters with a long complaint The King sentences Wrong to against Wrong seven years in irons, but Meed buys over Peace with a purse of gold, so that he beseeches the King that Wrong may be forgiven Reason is appealed to, and will hear of no ruth while Meed hath the mastery, for a king's motto should be that no evil go unpunished and no good unrewarded His answer is acclaimed, and the King says he will have him as a counsellor for ever knights then go to church (Passus v), and before the dreamer's eyes the scene changes again to the 'field full of folk,' and Conscience (in later versions Reason) preaches to them on their sins, with the peroration

And ye, that secheth seynt James and seintes at Rome, Secheth seint Treuthe, for he may saven yow alle

Repentance appears, and personifications of the Deadly Sins confess themselves, the shrift of Envy, Covetise, and Gluttony being described most fully The last is the most dramatically told

Now ginneth the Gloton for to go to schrifte, And carieth him to chircheward his schrift for to telle. Thenne Betun the brewstere bad him good morwe, And sithen she asked of him whider that he wolde? 'To holi chirche,' quod he, 'for to here masse, And sithen I wil be shryven and synne no more.'

- 'I have good ale, gossib,' quod she 'Gloton, wilt thou assaye''
- 'What havest thou?' quod he 'Any hote spices?'
- 'I have peper and piones and a pound of garlik,
- A ferthing worth of fenel seed for fasting dayes.' (4 Passus v 146-156.)

Schrifte confession brewstere brewer woman peter pepper, from es, peony-seed.

After this follows a curious description of a game of parter at the talern, and at last Glotton staggers away so fourly drunk—

That with altic of of this world his by find his ment's Bere him home to his bedde and broughte him therane, And after all the surfet an access he had, That he step's Saturda, and Schaag the orne one to

Thenne he vale le of his vyn' and n pede his e g en,
The firste word that he span as 't his sith on pe'
His last arrede him tho of will core a card of time
Thenn as he athamed, that shire c, and loraged his
eron.

And gon to grede granhene and gret deal to make For his takkede lyf that he i lived hadde

(I id ~2-217)

Acce to alloca angula lay the, to a gon began great cry out deal, a lamonta on

At last comes Pobert the robber

Potent ne robo re on I addie he leked.,
And for ther nas not wher with he seep e ful sore.
Bine et the soful three escale to himsel en
"Crist, it at upon Calvarye on the crosse de dest,
Tho De mas in the ber lessell to the of greec,
And had be speece of that man for remer os and,
The illescoth upon me, a I have not de crost.
To have lede for even, if the hope in the constant to the end of the

a was not never than to make roller and a thread to hear Thomas to him and a second of the Porton file memory temples what be done

And the Passus, hich in all its three forms is one of the best of the bool, ends ith a general repentance

A thouse to finen the throngen to get rs,
I coping and collect for rece. It electeds
Crying aportal to Creat and to his elected moder.
To his eignace to a chesse int Treatle —God Live they so
mode.

The foll set out (Passus 1) to seek Sunt Truth, but the, kno not the 13, nor can a palmer, show they isk, help them on the riquest The Ploughman, from hom the book is named, not males his appearance

'Peter' quod a plo man and put forth his hed,
'Il nouch, mas kindel as clerk doin his bo'ts raturally
Clere conscience and it cause me to his place, the, t
And diden enseure mostithen to the his for election.

He is the preate t payer that pore men habbeth, 12
He with halt non hyre his hyre that he ne hath it at e en 3
He is as for as a fomb, to clich of speche,
And if ye wolleth is ne wher that he d velleth, kind

1 Readiesh 2 Hare - He will on rat his lare from any servant so that he does not have it by evening

A. Crar

I wol wissen jow the usef hom to happace!

He will take no hire, but the ani, as he explains it, is intricate, passing the croft called 'Coveyte-nogh-member-cated he her-y early none-of terser auntes-that notes he his mighte,' and other 'lenamed landiturks. The pilgrims are daunted (Passis vie), and Piers oners, if the till first help him to plough his hilf acre, to go with them. Some one well, others sham a chress, others threater Piers, but the hid ad of Hunger le makes them one. But no '(Passis viii), as they are about to set ou —

Treathe herde eleber of and to Persont,

Forthern his terme and this enth enth of a purchased on a pardon of maid andfa

For him on life his least ever no easter

As it allots a femal a conditional before legal

and latted ere helpen him to be ten or a some

Or en, more and er that might electropea.

Part in the pardon the pope high agreemed

(1 fair units 1-1)

There is some rejoining, out I find go-100 -

Its quadrate in the part and Indea for I will or the come that and known it in Iroland

And it as hapryore the product and I is more serial delicate at a cutto the attention of the transfer of the Advantagement, the structure of the Etymology and the transfer of the action of the actio

Can remain in ign receiven

'Peter' qual mane that I erano materiale,
but Do reland have ell, at i Goldula da etarende,
And a grelomine e rellique that on other
I materitade polamental had a comin

'aller, for jure tine, pulsed it counter

and resolves to group the act in clies and termining of processing induced and veeping. The virangling of Press and the press as these the dreamer in his head still full of Press and his fate. But has, as the manuscript saids and virance on of William concerning Press Hovering, and the Life of Dodon and Dodon and Press and States and the Life of Dodon.

the Do-bet, and Do-be-, area-ding to Wit and Reason," which follows upon it, is obviously an after-thought.

It will be seen from our summar, that he poem, in this, its carl est, form, has a certain continuitythe continuity, that is, of a real dream. Characters are introduced, and a knownot has becomes of them, but the plot, if it can be called one, mo es for eard, till Langland is face to face with the great problem of religion. Here he fails. His Pardon, 45 the priest is made to sa, is no pardon. That the tho hale done good shall receive life everlasting, and they that have done evil be damned, tal on by itself leaves manhard hopeless, and when Langland, starting from this position, se himself to write the so-called 'h is' of Do- ell, Do-ber, and Do-best despite the thirt, years he gale to them, he effected far less than in the comparativel, short poem which formed his first draft. In his first continuation 'Thought' suggests to him that Do-well is a humble labourer, Do-bet one who adds to his meekness and honesty an active charity, Do-best a kind of bishop, the three selecting a king who rules them all by their assent. Then he imagines a castle of Anima, in which Do-well is a kinght, Do-bet the soul's 'damoisele,' Do best again a kind of bishop. But he feels that he is getting into deep waters, and after seeking counsel of 'Study,' 'Theology,' and 'Scripture,' represents himself as meeting once more with 'Hunger,' and with 'Fever,' the messenger of Death, and then hastening to finish his poem

And whan this werk was wrought, ere Wille myghte aspie,

Dath delt have a dept and drof him to the orthogonal

Deth delt him a dent and drof him to the erthe,
And is closed under clom Crist have his soule! clay

But he could not leave his poem alone. About 1377 (probably after some intermediate tinkerings) he rewrote it from the beginning, suppressing the conclusion, altering almost every line, and inserting new passages (notably the famous apologue of the 'Mice who would bell the Cat'), suited to the reign in which he was now writing, or embodying new In this second form there are ten new books, or passus, concerning Do-well, Do bet, and Do-best, but except here and there, as in the picture of Haukyn the Active Man, the characters introduced have little to do with contemporary manners they are abstractions who talk. Amid a wilderness of discussion Langland comes near at one point to a solution which would have given religious and poetical completeness to his poem Piers Plowman, from the type of the true hearted worker, becomes almost identical with Christ Himself Clad in the armour of Piers, Christ 'jousts' in Jerusalem against the Devil and harrows Hell. But the poet still wanted to work out in detail a gospel of action, and his ending is confused and inconclusive. In his old age, about 1393, possibly as late as 1398, he put forth a third version of his poem, following the lines of the second, but with countless alterations, seldom for the better, and many added passages (including five new passus), of which only those which touch or his own life possess much freshness All these labours, which occupied so many years, added nothing to the poem as a work of art, and the immense additions repel rather than attract modern readers. On the other hand, they enabled Langland to pour into his poem everything he had to say, and amid much that is merely dull there are fine passages and felicities of thought and phrase which increase our respect for him as a poet. Witness such a line as-

'To se moche and suffre more certes,' quod I, '1s Dowel,'

(B x1. 402)

or these in a passage on the duty of godfathers—

For more bilongeth to the litel barne, er he the lawe knowe,

Than nempnyng of a name, and he nevere the wiser '
(B ix. 77-78)

or these on 'Kynde' or Nature-

He is the pyes patroun and putteth it in hire ere There the thorne is thinkest to buylden and brede.

(B x11. 227-228)

To lose these would be a misfortune, and the same may be said of the numerous passages in which Langland expounds his views on politics, social and ecclesiastical, on the Jews, and on many other topics Yet it remains true that his attempts to improve his poem were only very slightly successful had no literary foresight or power of self-criticism In his successive alterations he omitted some of his finest lines, spoilt others, and inserted many passages of extraordinary duliness. He seems to have stumbled on his felicities of phrase rather than to have sought for and recognised them intensely in earnest, could think for himself, had quick eyes for what was going on around him, and a great command of language-gifts all useful to a poet, and which can hardly exist in fusion without poetical result. He challenges greater attention than his predecessors because he essayed so much harder a task, and because his temper and person ality are so much more interesting, but compared with his great contemporary, Geoffrey Chaucer, he is but a journeyman of genius by the side of a great master

Chaucer.

Chaucer, to whom we must now turn, used to be called the 'Father of English Poetry,' and although such epithets are rightly going out of fashion, if we call him the father of our modern poetry we shall be speaking the literal truth While the works of his predecessors have only been brought back into notice during the nine teenth century, and still are read by few except professed students, Chaucer's poetry has been a read and enjoyed continuously from his own day to this, and the greatest of his successors, from Spenser and Milton to Tennyson and William Morris, have joined in praising it Moreover, he himself deliberately made a fresh beginning in our literature He disregarded altogether the old English tradition, and even the work written at an earlier period under French influence For miracle plays and romances he had a sovereign contempt, and, for any influence which they exerted on him, the writings of his fellow-countrymen, from Cred mon to Langland, might never have existed masters in his art were the Frenchmen, Guillaume Lorris, Jean de Meung, Deguilleville, Machault, the Latins, Ovid, Virgil, and Statius, above all, the Italians, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio break between Layamon and the Old English writers before the Conquest is not greater than the break between Chaucer and his predecessors, and the break proceeded in each case from the same cause, the enlargement of the literary horizon and the adoption of new forms and subjects and ideas under foreign influence. We can see that there were special circumstances in Chaucer's life which

helped him to make this new departure as fir as we know, the first notable English poet tho was born in London, the first who was a layman, the first who was connected with the Court The writers of some of the romances may have possessed ill these qualifications, but their work was impersonal and never rose to poetic self consciousness, nor need we trouble to inquire if Minot also was a layman and a courtier real poet the three points were all of importance With the English language still divided into widely different dialects the penalty of provincialism was To be born in London carried with it the use of the dialect which, in the now rapidly declining vogue of French was fast assuming the position of standard English, and allowed the writer to appeal to the widest and best educated To be a livman, and a layman class of readers in the king's service, was no less important. meant a new standpoint, freedom from cramping influences, and a wider knowledge of life three centuries English poets had lived in the shide—a shide at first so gloomy that it crushed them out, and which even when it lightened must Now at last have numbed and depressed them the gift of poetry came to an Englishman who was in the centre of English life, who had an audience ready to listen, quick to appreciate whatever he There is melancholy in Chaucer's early work, the melancholy from which hardly any true poet seems able to escape, but it is no deeper than the clouds in April, and the sense of the warmth and beauty of life pervades all he wrote 'May mornings' are, no doubt, conventional, but the love of the spring was in his blood, and he himself represents the spring tide of our modern

In interesting theory has lately been propounded that the name Chaucer, which is found in many different spellings, stands for 'Chauffeeire,' or Chish-way, a chast way being the officer who had to prepare the large way seals then in use for official documents The older explanation makes it equivalent to 'chaussicr,' or shoemaker, and this is perhaps still the more probable. Whatever its origin, the name was not very uncommon in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, being found more especially in London and in the eastern Chaucer's grandfather and father were connected with both these parts, living in London and holding some small estate at Ipswich. The grandfather, Robert Chaucer, was a collector of customs on wine, the father, John Chaucer, a vintner, who had a house in Thames Street, went abroad on the king's service in 1338, and ten years later acted as deputy to the king's butler in the port of Southampton Geoffrey Chaucer was probably born in 1340, or a little earlier, but we first hear of him in April 1357, when, as fragments of her household accounts show, a pair of red and blick breeches, a short cloak, and shoes were provided for him as one of the servants of the

Lady Elizabeth, wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. An entry of another payment to him shows that Chaucer passed the winter of 1357-58 at her sent at Hatfield in Yorkshire, where his future patron, John of Gaunt, was a visitor In 1359 he bore arms for the first time, taking part in the unlucky campugn of that year in France, till he was made prisoner at 'Retters,' probably Réthel, not far from In March 1360 the king contributed £16 towards the amount required for his ransom, and either about this time or a little earlier Chauccr must have pissed into his service, for we next hear of him, in 1367, as Edward III's 'dilectus valettus' ('well-beloved yeoman'), to whom, in consideration of his past and future services, an annuity of twenty marks was granted for life. By this time Chaucer was married, for in 1366 (when she received a pension of ten marks) the name Philippa Chaucer appears among those of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber In 1372 John of Grunt granted her a pension of fito, and in 1374 this same pension was regranted to Geoffrey and Philippa Chaucer for good services rendered by them 'to the said Duke, his consort, and his mother the Queen' It is practically certain that this Philippa Chaucer was a daughter of Sir Payne Roet of Hainault, and sister of the Katharine Swynford who ultimately became John of Gaunt's third wife 1

Not long, probably, after 1367 Chaucer was promoted to be one of the king's esquires, in 1369 he saw another campaign in France, and between 1370 and 1379 was abroad no fewer than seven times in the king's service Two of these missions (those of 1370 and 1376) were secret, and we know nothing of them except that in the second Chaucer was in the suite of Sir John Burley In 1377 he went to Flanders with Sir Thomas Percy, and in this and the following year was twice in France in connection with negotiations for a peace and Richard II's marriage missions still to be mentioned were the most im portant of all, for both took him to Italy December 1372 Chaucer was sent to Genoa to arrange with its citizens as to the choice of an English port where they should have privileges as traders, and in May or June 1378 he followed Sir Edward Berkeley to Lombardy, there to treat ('touching the King's expedition of war') with Bernabo Visconti, Lord of Milan, and with the famous free lance Sir John Hawkwood. The earlier of these two Italian journeys probably only lasted a few months, but during it Chaucer was fortunate enough to meet at Padua the famous Petrarch, and to learn from him the story of Griselda which

¹ We hear of two sons born of this marriage—(1) Thomas Chaucer, who occupied the house in which his father died till his own death was king a Butler, several times Speal er of the House of Commons, and in other ways an important person and (2) a much younger Lewis, for whom Chaucer translated a treatise on the Astrolate Flizabeth Chaucer for whose noviciate at the Abbey of Barking John of Gaunt paid a large sum in 1381 was probably the poets daughter

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Petrarch had recently turned into Latin from the Italian of Boccaccio. Of his second mission, on which he was away eight months, we know no such pleasing incident, but from the energy with which he devoted himself to poetry immediately after his return, and from the intimate acquaintance with the Italian of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio which his own poems now first show, it must rank as one of the most important events in his life.

On St George's Day 1374 Chaucer received from the king a grant of a pitcher of wine daily, which he subsequently commuted for an additional pension of twenty marks. In June of the same year he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Wools, Skins, &c. in the Port of London, with the obligation to keep the rolls of his office with his own hand In 1375 he was made the guardian of a certain Edmund Staplegate of Kent, from whom he received, for wardship and marriage fee, a sum of £104, or over £1200 modern value The profits of another wardship granted at the same time are not known to us, but in 1376 we hear of a grant by the king of £71, 45 6d, the price of some wool forfeited at the customs for not paying duty In 1382 the controllership of the petty customs was given him in addition to the post he already held, and in this new appointment he was allowed to employ a deputy It is clear that Chaucer's income during these years must have been very considerable, but it is clear also that between his controllership at home and his missions abroad he was kept busily employed, and that until the missions ceased he could have had but little time for poetry

Of the works which Chaucer, in his references to his own writings, ascribes to his earliest period several have not come down to us. The hymns for Love's holy days 'that highten Balades, Roundels, Virelayes' have nearly all perished, the translation of Innocent III's treatise, De Miseria Conditionis Humanæ ('Of the wrecched engendring of mankynde,' as Chaucer calls it), has left its mark on a few stanzas of the 'Man of Law's Tale,' the story of 'Ccy, and Alcioun,' from Ovid, survives, in part or whole, not as a scparate piece, but in the prologue to the Dethe of the Duchesse 'Origenes upon the Maudeleyne'-that is, a translation of the homily on St Mary Magdalene wrongly attributed to Origenhas perished utterly, and a 'Book of the Lion,' assigned to Chaucer by Lydgate, probably a translation of Guillaume Machault's Le Dit du Lion, has shared the same fate. Of what has become of Chaucer's translation of the Roman de la Rose, the poem of over twenty-two thousand French octosyllables, begun in the previous century by Guillaume de Lorris, and completed by Jean de Meung, it is difficult to write with brevity translation of about onc-third of the French original has come down to us, but this translation has been shown to consist of two fragments, with a long gap between them, while the first of these fragments is again divided by linguistic tests into two sections, which yet read on without any obviously abrupt transition. The one manuscript which preserves these fragments does not give any suggestion as to who translated them, the attribution to Chaucer in the earliest printed edition—that of 1532—is of no value The fragmentary translation is throughout quite good enough to be Chaucer's, but on the evidence of the linguistic tests, philologists now declare that, while lines 5811-7696 are not likely to be by Chaucer, lines 1706-5810 cannot possibly be by him, and lines 1-1705 not only may be, but certainly are, his work.1

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All that can here be said is, that by general consent the greater part of the extant Romaint of the Rose is pronounced un-Chaucerian, and that the lines which have a good claim to be his come under some suspicion from the company in which they are found.

Of the early poems by Chaucer which have come down to us, all exhibit a vague melancholy and tender grace and several are more or less dis tinctly religious The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse, which he wrote in 1369-70 to com memorate Blanche of Castile, John of Gaunt's first wife, shows him strongly under the influence of his French, models The central feature of the poem (which runs to over thirteen hundred lines) is the description by the knight who represents John of Gaunt of the beauty and virtue of the 'goode faire white' whom he had won and lost. This is led up to by the conventional devices of a dream in which the poet finds himself in a fair park, joins in a hunt, and then strays from it, and finds, seated in sorrow beneath an oak, the knight, whom he persuades to tell him the cause of his grief Perhaps a little before, perhaps a little after, the Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse, Chaucer translated from the French of Guillaume de Deguilleville a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, in which the stanzas began with the different letters of the alphabet in their order, whence its name The ABC Most of the stanzas open well, but Chaucer had not yet learnt to translate with freedom and ease, and few of them end as well as they begin. A much finer poem, the Exclamacion of the Dethe of Pite, is mostly connected with the Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse, because its complaint against the cruelty of Love is thought to fit in well with a passage in the latter poem

¹ The linguistic characteristics which exclude the possibility of Chaucerian authorship (except on some hypothesis too violent to be admitted) are the occurrence of northern forms in the rhymes, assonances instead of rhymes, and rhymes (especially of infinitives and French substantives in ytheory (example 'cryë' 'maladyë' with adverbs in yheory (example 'trewely, tendrely') of words and forms to which the efficial is essential with other words or forms which have no claim to it. The first and second characteristics give negative evidence that poems which show them cannot be Chaucer's the third, it is claimed, goes beyond this, because no one save Chaucer cared for these meeties, and therefore any poem in which they are strictly observed must be by him.

Chaucer

which speaks of the poet's sleeplessness and of a mysterious eight year sickness, which is explained as referring to a hapless love affair. It is by no means certain that either poem has any real biographical import, and the Dethe of Pite is so finely written that it seems rash to claim for it a very early date on the score of the meaning we read into it. With the dubious exception of an ingenious poem, the Compleyat of Mais (full of astronomical learning and with a possible reference

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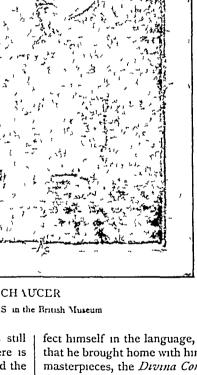
to a Court intrigue bety een the Lady Isabella of York and Lord Hunting don), claimed, on no very strong evidence, for the year 1379, we know of no other separate which poems Chaucer wrote dur in, the 'seventies, and which are now extint It seems certain. however that three or four of the Canterbury Tales were written during this period, long before that great scheme had entered the poet's head, and were sub sequently inserted in their place with more or less revi The first of these is the 'Second Nun's Tale,' the Lyf of Saint Cuyle,' a weak translation from the Legenda Aurea of Incobus de Vora gine. As it stands

among the Canterbury Tales the narrator is still mide to speak of herself as a son of Eve, there is a reference to readers instead of listeners, and the feebleness with which the story is handled proves still more surely that it was written long before the earliest possible date at which the Tales, as a whole, can have been planned. With this we may reclon the 'Clerk's Tale' of the Patience of Grisclda, the story, as he tells us himself, which Chaucer heard from Petrarch, from whose Latin version of Boccaccio's Italian it is translated, ilso the 'Man of Law's Tale' of the Fortitude of Constance (the Emperor of Rome's daughter, so cruelly persecuted by her heathen mothers in law), translated from the Anglo French chronicle of Nicholas Trivet, a Dominican friar who had died soon after Chaucer was born. Both these are

well told, with passages of pathetic beauty, and we can trace in them the increasing freedom with which Chaucer used his poetic material. The last Canterbury Tale for which an early date is claimed, the story of the tragedies of great men told by the sporting Monk, seems at first sight obviously late, for one of the stories refers to the death of Bernabo Visconti of Milan in 1385 But it is possible, without hair-splitting, to divide the seventeen tragedies into five written when the

Canterbury Tales were in view, and twelve earlier ones. and even when these are thrown into the scale, Chaucer's extant work which can be assigned to an earlier date than 1380 remains strikingly small in com parison with his producsplendid tiveness during the next ten or twelve

The great quickening of Chaucer's poetic gifts which we can trace about 1380 must be directly connected with the second of his two Italian missions, that of 1378-Six years before, when he had made his first journey to Italy, he had probably known very little Italian, and had very little money to buy books His second mission enabled him to per-



From a MS in the British Museum

fect himself in the language, and we cannot doubt that he brought home with him at least three Italian masterpieces, the Divina Commedia of Dante, and the Teseide and Filostrato of Boccaccio At first he made experiments. A fragment of metrical essays, now called for convenience A Compleynt to his Lady, is partly written in Dante's terza rima, and another fragment, Aneltda and Arcyte, shows him beginning an ambitious rehandling of the Teserde, from which seventy of its three hundred and fifty seven lines are translated His third manuscript proved more immediately productive, for (probably between 1380 and 1383) he carried to completion his magnificent version of the I ilostrato, the Troilus and Creseyde, which still remains the finest narrative poem of its kind in the English language. Here for the first time Chaucer

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his absolute poetic mastery is apparent. translates, when he chooses to translate, with case and grace, and he raises the whole poem to a higher level, investing the faithless Creseyde with a piteousness which pleads for her forgiveness, and turning her go between uncle, Sir Pandarus, whose original character has made his name a hateful word, into a good-natured humorous friend, whose easy code of morals is quite distinct from baseness While at work on the Troilus, Chaucer seems to have found time to translate a treatise of a very different kind, the De Consolatione Philosophia of the Roman statesman Boethius, who wrote it in prison while awaiting his murder by the Emperor Theodoric in A.D. 525 The De Consolatione is written in alternate prose Chaucer rendered it all into rather and verse. obscure and laboured prose, but some of the passages which most attracted him appear after this date embedded in his poetry, the easy flow of the verse presenting a striking contrast to the artificiality of his prose. He was called off again from the Froilus in 1381 or 1382 to celebrate the betrothal of Richard II to Anne of Bohemia, and in the Parlement of Foules, with its tale of the mustering of the birds on St Valentine's Day, and their debate as to which of her suitors is worthiest of the beautiful 'formel eagle,' who represented the queen, produced the brightest and daintiest of courtly allegories

When the Iroilus was finished Chaucer turned to his Divina Commedia, and in the Hous of Fame endeavoured to describe a journey with a heavensent guide, in which, despite its lighter vein, the influence of Dante is clearly discernible. When contrasted with the Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse, written in the same octosyllabic couplet, the growth of metrical power in the Hous of Tame is very marked It contains also fine passages, notably the description of the temple of Fame and of the suitors to the wayward goddess, but Chaucer's lack of constructive genius left it a failure and a fragment. The golden eagle of Jupiter had soared with him to Fame's abode, and he had been shown all that there was to see, but there was no possible climax to be reached, and for lack of a climax Chaucer left the poem unfinished

His next venture, as to which we can speak with certainty, the Legende of Good Women, shared the same fate. Elsewhere he refers to this poem as the 'Scintes Legende of Cupide,' the Legend of Cupid's Saints, of the fair women who had loved too well, and had died as Love's martyrs. In a prologue, of which two versions exist, both admirably written, he feights that Love had threatened him with punishment for the treasons he had written against him in his translation of the Roman

de la Rose, and in Troilus and Crescyde, that he had been saved by the intercession of Love's queen, the fair Alcestis-the heroine of Greck legend who died for her unworthy husband, Admetusand had been bidden to write these stories of women's faithfulness as a palinode. There were to be nineteen such stories, with that of Alcestis herself to crown them, and the book when finished was to be presented to the queen (not Cupid's, but Richard II's), who was no doubt intended to identify herself with Alcestis Not nineteen but nine stories were written, the earlier ones, especially those of Cleopatra and Dido, together with the prologue, being admirably told. But, as the Greek philosophers had long since discovered, while wickedness is multiform, virtue admits of less variation, and as Chaucer wrote story after story of faithful women-Thisbe, Medea, Lucretia, Ariadne, Philomela, Phyllis, Hypermnestra -- he began to tire of so uniform a theme, and even falls from tragedy into comedy by throwing out a hint that he was the only man to whom women could safely trust. In 1385 he was permitted to exercise his Controllership of the Customs of Wool by deputy, a privilege accorded from the first in the case of the petty customs, and perhaps in this or the next year a holiday pilgrimage to Canterbury, made in his own person, set his brain throbbing with a new scheme which, in its variety and boundless possibilities, was in striking contrast with that on which he was engaged In any case, the Legende of Good Women was abandoned, and the Canterbury Fales, the crown ing work of his life, took its place

At this date of 1385-86, when we think of Chaucer as beginning to pl in his Canterbury Tales, he was eminently prosperous The Tales can have been only just begun when misfortune befell him In October 1386 he sat in Parliament as one of the knights of the shire for Kent, an accession of dignity which, by bringing him into active political life, probably cost him his offices His patron, John of Gaunt, was out of England, and his place in the government was filled by the hostile Duke of Gloucester A commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the subsidics and customs, and by December new appointments show us that Chaucer had been superseded in both his controller-His deputies may have played him filse, or he himself may have been in fault, but it seems at least as likely that the supersession was political. and would not have been enforced had he not sat in Parliament a month before In the second half of 1387 he lost his wife's pension (granted her in 1366), either by her death or by its being com muted. In May 1388 he assigned away his own pensions from the king, obviously in order to raise money, and was thus, as far as we know, left with nothing but the pension of f to originally granted by John of Gaunt to Philippa Chaucer, but subse quently regranted to both husband and wife seems reasonable to believe that it was during

¹ It is not improbable that the rehandling of the story of Palamon and Arcite, from the Lescode, which has come down to us as the Knight's Tale, was written contemporaneously with, or before, the Legende

these distressful times that Chincer wrote some or all of the series of balades, The Tormer Age, Fortune, Truth, Gentlesse, Lak of Stedfastnesse, which all owe something to the De Consolutione Philosophia of Boethius. In the Iruth, with its fine opening, 'Flee from the press, and dwell with soothfastness,' we must imagine that Chincer is consoling himself, in the Tortune (the balade de visage sans peinture, the 'unpunted fice' of a faithful friend) he makes the fickle goddess herself plead on his behalf

Prynces, I prey you of your gentilesse Let not this man on me thus erre and pleyne, And I shal quyte you your bysynesse

In the Lak of St dfastnesse, which has been strangely misinterpreted, and therefore misdited, he seems to applaud the measures which Rich ird II took against the 'nicroiless Parliament' when he declared himself of age in May 1389. According to a copyist (Shirley), who records several such triditions, this poem was sent by Chaucer 'to his soverain lorde kinge Richarde the secounde, than being in his Castell of Windesore' and nothing that we know of Chaucer males at likely that he would have offered advice unless he was sure it would be acceptable. In any case, he speedily profited by the change of Ministry, being appointed Clerk of the King's Works in July 1389, and a Commissioner of the Roadway between Greenwich and Woolwich in 1390. But a year later he had lost his clerkship again, and even if he is to be identified with the Geoffrey Chaucer who about this time was made Forester of North Petherton Park in Somersetshire (an appointment in the gift of the family of his first patroness), his income must have scemed to him sadly small

It was probably during these five years (1386-91) of financial vicissitudes that the bulk of the Canterbury Tales were written If Chaucer had less income he had more leisure, and he used it The idea of the Conterbury to good purpose Pilgrimage as a framework for a series of stories seems to have been entirely his own Pilgrimages were still immensely popular in England, and that to the shrine of St Thom is of Cinterbury the most popular of all It offered a pleasant holiday in varied company, and with religious opportunities which the pilgrims could use as they pleased men and women whom Chaucer pictures as meeting at the Fabaid Inn at Southwark, the usual startingpoint for pilgrims from London and the neighbour hood, were distinctly holiday folk, but they were religious enough to be willing to listen to a very long sermon as they drew near their destination In his immortal Prologue Chaucer tells us all about them-about the brave courteous Knight, his son the Squire, and their sturdy Ygomen, about the Lawyer and the Doctor who rode on pilgriniage, though the one was so busy and the other's study was 'but little on the Bible,' about the dinner loving Franklin, the Merchant with his thoughts I

always on his business, the pirate Shipman, the rase ally Miller, the drunt en Cook, the crafts Manciple, the crabbed Reeve, the five London burgesses. and the honest, kind hearted Ploughman, most of ill about the 'religious' people—the tender he inted Prioress, with her lad, chiplin and priests, the hunting Monk, the I mar, the best begin in his house, the Summoner and Pardoner, types of the very worst hangers on of the Church, and, to balance these, the good Parson and the studious Clerk of Oxford, with not in ounce of worldliness between them. All these Chauter paints for us in lively colours, and then starts them on their four drys' ride through Deptford, Greenwich, Rochester, a and Sittingbourne, fitting them with tides of chivilry and iominec, of noble endurance and low adventure, of medies if mirricle and old vorld legend and myth a range of nurrative is great is the diversity of the tellers, and the parritive, valu few exceptions, ilmost perfectly told. It is a great scheme worthly carried out, though not to completion, for instead of the hundred and twent, tales originally planned only twenty four were written, and of these one was only just begun another left incomplete, and two offers more drimitically broken off before they were finished

The scheme which H irry Baley, the host of the ' Inbird,' proposed to insignests was that each of them should tell two tales on the way to Canter bury and two on the return journey, and that the teller of the best tile should be rewarded by a supper it the cost of the rest. In the morning, when they reach the halting place I nown as the Wittening of St. Thomas, lots are cast is to who shill tell the first tile, and the Knight to whom the lot falls, responds with the story of Palanion and Arcyte, a splendid rendering of Boccacio's Then follow tales by two of the Churls, Lescido the Miller and Reeve, each seeling to discredit the other's crift by a knowsh story, into the telling of which, more especially the Reeves, Chancer put all his skill. A similar tale by the Cook is placed next in order, but is a mere fragment, and these are all Chaucer wrote for the first day's ride from Southwark to Deptford

The next day's tale telling, riter a late start (ten o'clock) from Depiford, be mis with the old story of Constance (see page 62), which Chaucer, rather unsuitably, assigns to the Man of I in Then the Shipman tells a story of a trusting husband futhless wife, and roguish monk, to which in effective contrist is offered by the Prioress's legend, told with devout simplicity, of a little Christian chorister mundered by the Jews. The poet him self is then called upon, and the 'merry words' of Harry Bailey, the host of the 'labard,' who acted as leader of the party, may serve as a good example of the talks on the road with which the Fales are linked together.

When seyd was all this miracle, every man As sobre was that wonder was to se Til that oure Hoste Japen tho bigan And than at erst he looked upon me, then at first And seyde thus 'What man artow' quod he, art thou 'Thou lookest as thou woldest fynde an hare, For ever upon the ground I se thee stare

Approche neer, and looke up murily
Now war yow, sires, and lat this man have place, beware
He in the waast is shape as wel as L,
This were a popet in an arm t'embrace
For any womman, smal and fair of face
He semeth claysish by his contenaunce,
For unto no wight doth he daliaunce

Sey now somwhat, syn other folk have sayd,
Telle us a tale of myrthe, and that anon
'Hostê,' quod I, 'ne beth nat yvele apayd, r
Tor other talè certes kan I noon, know
But of a rym I lerned longe agoon 'rhyme,
'Ye, that is good,' quod he, 'now shul we heere
Som deyntee thyng, me thynketh by his cheere '
(Canterbury Tales B, 1881-1901 Globe Ed.)

1 Do not be ill pleased

But Chaucer was far too wise really to put one of his dainty things into his own mouth. The rhyme 'he lerned longe agoon' proves to be a parody of the old romances, the delightful 'Tale of Sir Thopas,' which, of course, Harry Bailey takes quite seriously and indignantly interrupts. Then Chaucer gives up poetry and tells an interminable tale of 'Melibeus and his wife Prudence' (translated from a French version of the Liber Consolationis of Albertano of Brescia, written c 1238), which is heard to the bitter end. As if this were not enough, the Monk, instead of a hunting story, pours out the string of 'tragedies' which Chaucer had written some years before, with five new ones, and the Knight and Harry Bailey interrupt him most Unlike Chaucer, he will not make a second attempt, but the Nun's Priest comes to the rescue with a bright rendering of the old folk tale of the 'Fox and the Hen,' filled out in the poet's happiest vein

To the morning of the third day have been assigned, with no great certainty, the Doctor of Physic's very poor retelling of the story of Appius and Virginia (from the Roman de la Rose), the Pardoner's unblushing Prologue, with its revelations of the tricks of his wretched trade, and his story (ultimately of Indian origin) of the three ruffians who went out in search of Death, and found him by murdering each other in their eagerness to have possession, each for himself alone, of a treasure trove of gold. It is as likely as not that these tales belong to the fourth day, but to the third, while the Pilgrims were on their way to dine at Sittingbourne, and thence, according to the accustomed route, to sleep at Ospringe, we can certainly assign five stories. Of these, the first, preceded by a prologue as shameless and as amusing as the Pardoner's, is the Wife of Bath's tale of the knight who, when he took courage to marry the hag who had saved his life, found her a fair maid This is followed by the tales in which, like the Miller and Reeve, the Friar and Sum moner cast stones at each other's calling, the Summoner's Tale, though its humour is of the lowest, being another example of Chaucer's supreme skill. After a break the Clerk is furnished with a story by Chaucer's hunting up his old version of Patient Griselda, with some added stanzas, and then the Merchant redresses the balance by his tale showing how Jove himself could not prevent a young wife from fooling her old husband.

The fourth day's story-telling opens on a higher level with the Squire's 'half told' romance of Cambuscan and the horse of brass, followed by the Franklin's version of a lost French story in which a wife is ready to sacrifice even her honour rather than break her word In reading this, as in the stories of Constance and Griselda, we have to remember that medieval moralists were apt to think of only one virtue at a time, and when this is understood it takes a high place among the Tales Again there is a gap Then the legend of St Cecilia, left in all its weakness of early work, is assigned to the Prioress's attendant Nun, to be followed by an unexpected incident, the overtaking of the Pilgrims by a Canon and his Yeoman, who have ridden hard to catch them up is an alchemist, who wastes his own substance and that of his dupes in trying to turn silver into gold, and his Yeoman, after putting his master to flight by his frank confessions, tells a tale of another rogue of the same sort. After this the Manciple explains (from Ovid) how a white crow's indiscreet revelations caused Apollo to turn all crows black, and then, as Canterbury comes in sight, the Pilgrims bethink them of their religious duties, and listen to a long sermon on repentance, delivered by the good Parson, who at an earlier stage of the journey had been very peremptorily given to understand that no preaching was wanted

Altogether the Canterbury Tales contain some eighteen thousand lines of verse besides the two prose treatises—i.e. the tale of Melibee and the Parson's sermon We have no record and no sure grounds for conjecture as to over how many years their composition was spread, but except it be in the Doctor's tale or the Manciple's they show no sign of failing power, and it is probable that they were written in quick succession, until loss of favour at Court or some other cause discouraged the poet, and he laid his bulky manuscript aside, unfinished As we have seen, he lost his Clerkship of the Works in 1391, and if, as seems probable from the occurrence of the date '12 March 1391' [OS] in one of its calculations, he was writing the treatise on the Astrolabe soon after this, we may fairly take it as a sign that his interest in the Tales was already waning In his humorous Envov a Bukton, which was written about 1396, he prays his friend to read the 'Wife of Bath' upon the marriage question, and we are left to wonder whether he allowed copies of the Tales in their incomplete form to be multiplied during his life, or whether it was only after his death that they

reached a wider public than his immediate friends Of other work he did but little during the last decade of his life. His treatise on the Astrolabe (an instrument for taking astronomical observations), addressed to his little ten-year-old son Lewis, was left incomplete, like so much clse, though in this case he had the treatises of the old Arabian astronomer Messahala, and of the Yorkshire mathematician John Holywood (Johannes de Sacro Bosco), on which to draw Of poems of this period we have only four remaining, all of them short, and all apparently written with something less than his wonted ease. The sportive Envoy a Scogan, on the vengeance he might expect from Venus for having 'given up' his lady, may belong to the year 1393, and ends with a pitiful request from the poor road commissioner that the favoured dweller 'at the strenm's head're the Court at Windsor-would 'mind his friend there it may fructifye.' The so called Compleynt of Venus, a triple balade from the French of Graunson, a Savoyard knight, pensioned by Richard II in 1393, may belong to the same year Envoy a Bukton, giving him his 'counseil touching mariage,' is dated by its reference to the English expedition to Friesland in 1396 Compleynt to his Purs, sent to the 'Conquerour of Brutes Albioun,' from whom it elicited a fresh pension, belongs, of course, to 1399 None of these poems are unworthy of Chaucer, and it is true that he never wrote his balades and short poems with the ease of his narrative in the couplet stanza, but they seem to belong to a later and less happy period than any of the Canterbury Tales, and we may reasonably conclude that the Tales, though the crowning work of his life, were not being written right up to the last. In truth, it is to be feared that the last nine years of Chaucer's life were not very prosperous

or happy His friends did not desert him, for in 1394 Richard II granted him a new pension of twenty pounds a year, but we find him frequently anticipating it by small loans from the Exchequer, and in May 1398 he obtained from the king letters of protection to prevent his creditors suing him In October Richard granted him a tun of wine yearly, apparently in answer to a petition which begged for it as a 'work of charity,' and a year later, when Richard had been deposed, Henry IV, the soir of Chaucer's old patron, John of Gaunt, by an additional pension of forty marks (£26, 135 4d), granted in answer to the Compleynt to his Purs, placed the old poet once more in comfortable circumstances On the following Christmas Eve Chaucer took a long lease, for fifty-three years, of a house in the garden of St Mary's Chapel, Westminster, which his son, Thomas Chaucer, the King's Butler, continued to occupy after his death, and there are records of his drawing in stalments of his pensions in February and June of The June payment was received on his behalf by a friend, which may, or may not, point |

to his already being ill. All that we know is that, according to an inscription on a tomb erected to him by a lover of his works in 1556, he died on 25th October 1400, and that he was buried in St Benet's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, the first of the many poets who have found their last restingplace in what we now know as Poets' Corner

In estimating Chaucer's position among English poets we have to consider his work in relation to that of his predecessors and contemporaries, and, secondly, the extent of his actual achieve-On the first point something has already been said, but the most important difference which separates Chaucer from the poets whose work we have already reviewed is that he first of English writers whose names we know (the limitation is introduced to exclude the author of Pearl, a possible exception) conceived of poetry as an art. Our earlier poets, whose subjects would often have been as fitly treated in prose, wrote 'straight on,' with very little ornament, and very little care for finding the right word or varying their verse. Their modesty saved them from many mistakes, and though their work is always on a level, it is by no means on a dead level. But any one who will read, say, the Cursor Mundi from end to end and not find it tedious must have a special taste for oldworld things Even Langland, who was continually recasting his Vision, recast it not so much that he might improve what he had already said, but that he might say something different, and, as we have noted, he as often changed a good line for a worse as a poor line for a better In Chaucer's poetry, on the other hand, we find a continuous development, and evidence of the hard work and enterprise by which that development was attained He begins as a mere translator, and becomes, in his own way, one of the most individual of poets, he begins with monotonous verse, full of padding, and attains a metrical freedom as complete as Shakespeare's, he begins in the prevalent fishion, and soon enriches English literature with two new metres of capital importance (the seven line stanza and decasyllabic couplet), and with a new range of subjects Though he had to work harder for his living than most of his predecessors, he took his art far more seriously, and starting at a happier moment and with greater natural gifts, he attained results which differ from theirs not mercly in degree but in kind.

As regards his positive achievement some large admissions must be made. The pretty little songs in the *Dethe of the Duchesse* and the *Parlement of Foules* do not entitle us to claim for him any serious lyrical gift, and his shorter poems generally are known rather by fine single lines than as successful wholes. With the absence of the lyrical faculty goes the absence of passion and depth of thought. The true tragic note is not sounded once in all his poems, and his portrayal of love is languishing and sensuous, never strong. Three of his women are perfectly drawn, the fashionable

Chaucer

Loses

Prioress, the triumphantly vulgar Wife of Bath, as sketches, the small-souled, piteous Cressida as a finished portrait. The rest are personifications or conventional types, quickened now and again by some happy touch, but not possessed of flesh and blood. As for his assarted deep religious feelings, there has certainly been much exaggeration. He was interested in the problems of free-will and predestination, he had the man of the world's admiration for practical piety wherever he saw it, he had his religious moments, and towards the end of his life may have been devout, but the humorous lines in 'The Knightes Tale'—

His spirit changed hous and wente ther, As I cam never, I kan not tellen wher Therfore I stynte, I nam no divinistre Of soules fynde I not in this registre,

are typical of his spirit in the heyday of his powers, and though he laid bare the worldliness and knavery of the hangers-on of religion, they fill him with no deep repugnance.

Lastly, it must be owned that Chaucer had little or no constructive power. He could fill in other men's outlines and improve other men's work as triumphantly as Shakespeare himself, but the inconclusiveness of the *Dethe of the Duchesse* and the *Parlement of Foules*, and the unfinished condition of every other poem in which he tried to work on his own lines as regards plot, prove that he had no aptitude for inventing a story and developing it from prelude to climax.

When all these admissions have been made, Chaucer yet remains one of the greatest English poets, because in his own art of narrative verse he attained a mastery which has never been approached Where he should be ranked, as compared with Shakespeare, Vilton, Pope, Shelley, or rennyson, depends entirely on the value the critic attaches to different kinds of excellence own Chaucer stands first While his predecessors lack readers because they had too little art, later writers have often failed because they have tried to introduce too much In Chaucer alone we find narrative in perfection-simple, direct, fluent, varying easily with the subject, full of his own individuality, everywhere controlled and enlivened by his abounding humour, and written in verse of neverfailing music and metrical power He is a great artist, with an artist's self consciousness, at the same time he is absolutely natural and at his ease There are few English poets to whom we should attribute the combination of these qualities, there is no other who has combined them to the same extent.

A narrative poet can never receive justice from quotations, but the extracts which follow are chosen to illustrate as far as is possible in a few pages the variety of Chaucer's verse and his happiness in dealing with different subjects. We take him first in his early days as the pensive, rather sentimental young poet, weaving his own sorrows, real or

imagined, into his lament for the wife of his patron, John of Gaunt, of which our quotation forms the opening lines

I have gret wonder, by this lyghte, How that I lyve, for day ne nyghte I may slepê wel neigh noght, I have so many an ydel thoght, Purely for defaute of slepe, That, by my trouthe, I take no kepe heed Of no thyng how hit cometh or gooth, it-goes Ne me nis no thyng leef nor looth is not-dear nor hateful Al 15 y liche good to me,-Joye or sorwe, wherso hit be,-For I have felying in no thyng, But as it were, a mased thyng dazed Alway in poynt to falle a-doun, For sorwful ymagynacioun Is alway hoolly in my mynde wholly And wel ye woot agaynes kynde against nature Hit were to liven in this wyse, For Nature wolde nat suffyse To noon erthly creature Not long tyme to endure Withoute slepe, and been in sorwe, And I ne may, no nyght ne morwe, Slepe, and this melancolye And drede I have for to dye, Defaute of slepe and hevynesse, Hath sleyn my spirit of quyknesse That I have lost al lustifiede Suche fantasyes been in myn hede So I noot what is best to do know not But men myghte axé me why so I may not slepe, and what me is? what is wrong with me But natheless, who aske this nevertheless

This and the following quotations are taken from the Globe Chaucer, The Works of Geoffre, Chaucer edited by A. W. Pollard, H. F. Heath, Mark H. Liddell W. S. McCormick (Macmillans, 1898). The Canterbury Tales were printed by Caxton in 1478 and 1483, and reprinted by Pynson (c. 1492) and Wynkyn de Worde (1498). Caxton also printed the Parlement of Foules and some of the minor poems about 1478, and the Trailus about 1493 this being printed again by Wynkyn de Worde in 1517 In 15-6 Pynson printed most of Chaucer's works in a volume in three parts, but the first collected edition was that printed by Godfray in 1532, and edited by Thynne. This was reprinted in 1542 and 1550. and again (with additions supplied by the antiquary John Stone) in 1561 In 1598 and 1602 editions appeared edited by Thomas Speght, and others were issued in 1687 and 1721 the latter edited by Urry These collected editions contained many works not by Chaucer and their text was disfigured by every possible blunder so that the music of Chaucer's verse was entirely lost and his meaning obscured A beginning of better things was made by Thomas Tyrwhitts edition of the Canterbury Tales (1775-78) a really fine piece of editing for us date. Thomas Wright's edition for the Percy Society (1842) and that of Richard Morris in Bell's Aldine Classics (1266), both of them founded on Harletan MS 7334 were further improvements But no accurate text was possible until Dr Furnivall founded the Chaucer Society in 1.66, and printed parallel texts from all the best manuscripts that could be found, including the Ellesmere, which is now generally considered the best. From these texts Professor Skeat in 1894 edited for the Clarendon Press The Com plete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer in six volumes, with a wealth of illustrative notes and the Globe edition of 1898 was leased on the same materials. In addition to its work on Chaucer's text the Chaucer Society has cleared up the sources of many of his poems and has settled the true order of the Canterbury I tles the letters A-I which appear in references to line numbers denoting the different groups under which, in their incomplete condition it is necessary to arrange them

Leseth his asking trewely

My selven can not telle why
The sothe, but trewely, as I gesse,
I holde hit ben a siknesse to be
That I have suffred this eight yere,
And yet my boote is never the nere, cure—nearer
For ther is phisicien but oon
That may me hele, but that is doon
Passe we over until eft, after
That wil not be, moot nede be left must needs
(Dethe of Blannche the Duchesse, 11 1-12.)

The gentle melancholy of this prelude finds a more sonorous echo in the *Compleynt of the Dethe of Pitee*, from which also we may quote the opening lines

Pite that I have sought so yore ago
With herte sore and ful of besy peyne,
That in this worlde was never wight so wo
With oute dethe, and if I shal not feyne,
My purpos was to Pite to compleyne
Upon the crueltee and tirannye
Of Love, that for my trouthe doth me dye

And when that I, by lengthe of certeyn yeres,
IIad evere in oon a tyme sought to speke,
To Pité ran I, al bespreynt with teres,
To preyen hir on Crueltee me a wreke,
But er I myght with any worde out breke,
Or tellen any of my peynes smerte,
I fond hir deed and buried in an herte found her dead

Adoun fel I when that I saugh the herse,
Deed as a stoon, whyl that the swogh me laste, swoon
But up I roos with colour ful dyverse,
And pitously on hir myn eyen I caste,
And ner the corps I gan to presen faste,
And for the soule I shoop me for to preye,
I nas but lorne, ther was no more to sey was utterly lost

Thus am I slavn sith that Pite is deed,
Allas the day! that ever hit shulde falle!
What maner man dar now holde up his heed?
To whom shal any sorwful herte calle?
Now Crueltee hath cast to sleen us alle,
In ydel hope, folk redelees of peyne,—
Sith she is deed, to whom shul we compleyne?
(Compleynt of the Dethe of Pite, IL 1-28.)

¹ Nearer ² Began to press ³ Addressed myself ⁴ Bewildered from suffering

To illustrate Chaucer's earlier narrative work, we must be content with three stanzas from the 'Tale of Constance.' They strike that note of pathos and pity which with Chaucer takes the place of deeper tragedy. King Alla had married Constance after the miracle which proved her innocent of a murder of which she had been falsely accused, but now, in his absence from home, he is beguiled, and sends a letter his cruel mother changes into an order that both Custance and his little child are to be thrust out to sea in a rudderless boat in three days' time

Wepen bothe yonge and olde in al that place
Whan that the kyng this cursed lettre sente,
And Custance, with a deedly pale face,
The ferthe day toward the ship she wente,
But nathelees she taketh in good entente
The wyl of Crist, and knelynge on the stronde,
She seyde, 'Lord, ay welcome be thy sonde, sending

He that me kepte fro the false blame,
While I was on the lond amonges yow,
He kan me kepe from harm, and eek fro shame,
In salte see, al thogh I so noght how
As strong as ever he was he is yet now
In hym triste I, and in his mooder deere,—
That is to me my seyl, and eek my steere.' sail—rudder

Hir litel child lay wepyng in hir arm,
And knelynge, pitously to hym she scyde,
'Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee noon harm'
With that hir coverchief of hir heed she breyde,
And over his litel eyen she it leyde,
And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
And into hevene hir eyen up she caste
('Man of Lawes Tale, Canterbury Tales B 820-840.)

1 She tore the kerchief from her head

From all this tenderness we must pass rapidly to the tales of chivalry and romance, full of vivid colour, the brightness of youth, and joy of love, which are the most prominent feature in Chaucer's second period. Among these Iroilus and Cressida stands supreine, and we may take from it first this picture of Crisey de when Troilus first sees her, and is suddenly struck down, amid his mockery of love,

by the beauty he despised

Among thise other folk was Criseyda
In widows habit blak, but natheles, widows
Right as our firste lettre is now an A,
In beaute first so stood she makeles matchless
Her goodly loking gladed at the press, crowd
N'as nevere seyn thing to ben praysed derre,
Nor under cloude blak so bright a sterre, star

As was Criseyde, as folk seyde everychone
That her behelden in her blake wede.
And yit she stood ful lowe and stille alone
Behinden other folk in litel brede breadth
And nigh the dore ay under shames diede,
Simple of atir and debonaire of chere,
With ful assured loking and mancre.

This Troilus, as he was wont to gide
His yongé knightes, ladde hem up and doun
In th'ilke large temple on every side, that same
Biholding ay the ladies of the toun,
Now here, now there, for no devocioun
Hadde he to non, to reven him his reste,
But gan to preyse and lakken whom him leste disparage

And in his walk ful faste he gan to wayten

If knight or squier of his companye

Gan for to sike or lete his yen bayten

On any woman that he coude espye

He wolde smile and holden it folye,

And seye him thus, 'God wot, she slepeth softe

For love of thee, whan thou tornest ful ofte'

'I have herd told, pardieux, of your livinge,
Ye lovers, and your lewed observances,
And which a labour folk han in winninge
Of love, and in the keping which doutaunces,
And whan your preye is lost, wo and penaunces!
O verray fooles, nyce and blynd ben ye!
Ther n'is nat oon can war by other be!'
beware

float

since

better

And with that word he gan caste up the brove Ascaunces, 'Lo' is this nat wisly spoken?'

At which the God of Love gan loken rowe roughly Right for despit, and shop for to ben wroken 5

He kidde anon his bowe n'as nat broken showed For sodeinly he hitte him at the fulle,

And yit as proud a pecok can he pulle! pluck (Trailing and Cressida, Bk v ll 169-210.)

1 There was not * More dearly * In dread of being shamed (she was daughter of the Greek Calchas). 4 Common, foolish.

Prepared himself to be avenged.

Cupid made froilus pay heavily for his gibes, and cheated him at the last, yet he allowed him a little spell of happiness, and here is Chaucer's description of the supreme moment of love's reward

O, soth is said, that heled for to be.
As of a fevere, or other gret siknesse,
Men moste drinke, as men may alday see,
Ful bittre drinke, and for to han gladnesse,
Men drinken ofte peyne and gret distresse.
I mene it here, as for this aventure
That thorugh a peyne both founden al his cure

And now swetnesse semeth more swete
That butternesse assayed was biforn,
For out of wo in bli-se now they flete,
Non swich they felten sin they were born
Now is this bet than bothe two be lorn!
For love of God, take every womman hede
To werken thus, whan it com the to the nede!

Criscyde, al quit from every drede and tene,
As she that juste cause had him to triste,
Made him swich feste, it joye was to sene,
Whan she his trouthe and clene entente wiste,
And as aboute a tree with many a twiste
Bitrent and wryth the swote wodebinde,
Gan ech of hem in armes other winde

And as the newe abaysed nightingale abashed
That stinteth first whan she biginneth singe, stops
Whan that she hereth any herde tale, herdsman talk
Or in the hegges any wight steringe, hedges-stirring
And after siker doth her vois out ringe, in sure tones
Right so Criscydå, whan her drede stente, ceased
Opned her herte, and tolde al her entente

And right is he that saw his deth y shapen,
And depen moste, in aught that he may gesse, must
And sodemly rescons doth him escapen, 2
And from his deth is brought in sil ernesse, safety
For at this world, in switch present gladuesse
Is Troilus, and hath his lady swete —
With worse hap God lat its neveré mete!

(Troilus in t Cressila Bk in 11 1212-1246.)

. 1 Betwines and wreathes the sweet hone; suckle . 2 A rescue causes him to escape

In the end, as we all know, Criscy de fuled to fight against the stress of circumstance and was futhless, and Chaucer, as he tells of the death of Froilus, takes, for the moment, a higher strain

Swich fyn hath the this Troilus for love! Such end Swich fyn hath al his grete worthinesse! Swich fyn hath his est it real above! royal Swich fyn his lust, swich fyn hath his noblesse! -O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she,
In whiche ay love up groweth with your age,
Repetieth hom fro worldly vanite!
And of your herte up easteth the visage
To th'ilke God that after his image
You made, and thinketh al n'is but a faire
This world, that passeth sone as floures faire!

And loveth Him, the whiche that right for love Upon a cros, our soules for to beye, buy redeem First starf, and roos, and sit in herene above, r 2 For He n'il falsen no wight, dar I seye, That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye!

And sin He best to love is, and most make, since What nedeth feyned loves for to sake?

(Profus md Crissuli Bk v ll. 13 3-1848.)

1 Died Sitteth

The Troilus, which has this solemn end, is a 'trigedy,' but it is a trigedy as full of light as of shade, in it we first find Chaucer's humour in its perfection, and to suit this humour he attunes his verse to another key with masterly ease. Here is a passage from an earlier part of the poem describing a call paid (in the interest of Troilus) by Sir Pandarus on his niece, then in the stage of widowhood in which thoughts of consolation may be trifled with

When he was come unto his needs place,

'Wher is my lady?' to her folk quod he,
And they him tolde, and he forth in gan pace,
And fond two other ladies sete and she
Withinne a paved parlour, and they three
Herden a mayden reden hem the beste
Of all the sege of Thebes, while hem leste

Quod Pandarus, 'Madame, God you see,
With al your book and al the companye ''I'v, uncle, now welcome y wis' quod she,
And up she ros, and by the hond in hye
She took him faste and sevde, 'This might thrye—thrice
To goode mote it torne'—of you I mette'
And with that word she down on bench him sette

'Ye, nece, ye shal fare wel the bet,
If God wile, al this yer!' quod l'andarus,
'But I am sory that I have you let hindered
To herken of your book ye presen thus
For Goddes love what seith it? Tel it us!
Is it of love? O, som good ye me lere!! teach
'Uncle!' quod she, 'your maistresse is not here!'

With that they gomen laughe and tho he seeds, 'This romannes is of Thebes, that we rede, And we han herd how that King Lains deyde Thorugh Edippus his sone and all that dede, And here we sunten at thise lettres rede, How that the hisshop, as the book can telle, Amphiorax, fil thorugh the grounde to helle.'

1, 2

Quod Pandaru, 'Al this knowe I m, elve, And al th' 1556 to of Thebe, an I the care, For herof ben ther maked lookes twelve. But lat be this, and tel me how we fare 3

Do wey your barbe, and shewe your face bare Do wey your book ris up, and lat us daunce, And lat us don to May som observance.

'Ev, God forbede!' quod she, 'Be ye mad?

Is that a widwes lif, so God you save?

By God, ye mal en me right sore adrad!

Ye len so wilde, it semeth as ye rave!

It sate me wel bet, ay in a cave would be fit.

To bidde and rede on holy seintes lives! pray.

Lat may dens gon to daunce, and yonge wives!'

(Iroilus and Cressida, Bk. ii. ll 78-119.)

 2 Stop. 2 The chapter heading written in red letters in a manucript. 3 A collar partly hiding the face.

The absolute ease of this passage is in striking contrast to Chaucer's early use of the stanza in the story of St Cecyle, and has perhaps never been equalled in the same form save by Byron accompany these quotations from the Troilus, we may take the 'Knightes Tale' out of its place in the Canterbury scries, in order to show how Chaucer treats chivalry under arms, as in the Troilus he treats of chivalry in love The cousins Palamon and Arcite both love the fair Emily, sister to their enemy, Theseus, 'Duke' of Athens Arcite overhears Palamon speaking of his love when in hiding from Theseus, and, as his cousin is weaponless, rides off to fetch him armour and weapons that they may fight out their quarrel The quotation describes how they arm each other and then fight furiously till Theseus interrupts them It is the more noteworthy because, while Chaucer is translating the Teserde of Boccaccio, all the vivid and dramatic touches are his own

Arcite is riden anon unto the toun, And on the morwe, er it were dayes light, Ful prively two harneys hath he dight, I 2 Bothe suffisaunt and mete to darreyne fight out The bataille in the feeld betwie hem tweyne, And on his hors, allone as he was born, He carreth al the harneys hym biforn And in the grove, at tyme and place y set, appointed This Arcite and this Palamon ben met. To chaungen gan the colour in hir face, Right as the hunters, in the regne of Trace, That stondeth at the gappe with a spere, When hunted is the leoun or the bere, And hereth hym come russhyng in the greves, groves And breketh both bowes and the leves, And thynketh, ' Heere cometh my mortal enemy, With oute faile he moot be deed or I. must be dead For outher I moot sleen hym at the gappe, Or he moot sleen me, if that me myshappe? So ferden they in chaunging of hir hewe, 4 5 As fer as everich of hem oother knewe, Ther has no 'Good day,' ne no saluyng, But streight, withouten word or rehersyng, Everich of hem healpe for to armen oother, Is frendly as he were his owene brother,

And after that, with sharp& speres stronge,

fence

mad

They foynen eels at other wonder longe.

In his fightyng were a wood loun,

Thou myghtest were that this Palamoun,

And as a cruel tigre was Arcite
As wilde bores gonné they to smyte,
That frothen whit as foom for ire wood,—
Lp to the ancle foghte they in hir blood
And in this wise I lete hem fightyng dwelle,
And forth I wole of Theseus yow telle.

Cleer was the day, as I have toold er this, And Theseus, with alle joye and blis, With his Ypolita, the faire queene, And Emelye, clothed al in grene, On huntyng be they riden rotally, And to the grove, that stood ful faste by, In which ther was an hert, as men hym tolde, Duc Theseus the streighte way hath holde, And to the launde he rideth hym ful right, - open space For thider was the hert wont have his flight,-And over a brook, and so forth in his weye. The Duc wol han a cours at hym, or tweye, With houndes, swiche as that hym list commaunde. And when the Duc was come unto the launde Under the sonne he looketh, and anon He was war of Arcite and Palamon That foughten breme, as it were borés two furiously The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro So hidously, that with the leeste strook It seméd as it woldé fille an ook, fell But what they were no thyng he ne woot. This due his courser with his spores smoot,

So hidously, that with the leeste strook.

It seméd as it woldé fille an ook, fell But what they were no thyng he ne woot.

This due his courser with his spores smoot, And at a stert he was bitwix hem two, And pulled out a swerd, and cridé, 'Hoo! Namoore, up peyne of lesynge of youre heed! upon By myghty Mars, he shal anon be deed. That smyteth any strook, that I may seen. But telleth me what mystiers men ye been, what kind of That been so hardy for to fighten heere. Withouten juge, or oother officere,

As it were in a lystes roially?'

('Knightes Tale, Canterbury Tales, A. !! 1628-1662,

1683-1713)

1 Suits of armour 2 Got ready 3 Kingdom of Thrace. 4 Lehaved 3 Their colour

After the Troilus came the Hous of Fame, and from this, did space permit, we should quote Chaucer's autobiographical colloquy with the Golden Eagle, and some of the prayers of Fame's suitors and their answers. But we must hasten to the Legende of Good IVomen, and choose from this a characteristic passage on Chaucer's favourite season, Spring, not unlike that at the end of the Parlement of Foules, but written with more freedom

forlorn

temperate

a bag net

scared

Forgeten had the erthe his pore estate
Of wyntir, that him naked made and mate,
And with his swerd of colde so sore greved,
Now hath the atempre sonne all that releved
That naked was, and clad it new agayne.
The smale foulds, of the sesoun fayne,
That of the panter and the nette ben scaped,
Upon the foweler, that hem made a whaped
In wynter, and distroyed hadde hire broode,
In his dispite hem thoghte it did hem goode
To synge of hym, and in hir songe dispise
The foule cherle, that, for his coveytise,

This was hir songe, 'The foweler we deffe,
And al his crafte' And so he songen clere
Layes of love, that jove it was to here,
In v orshipvinge and in preysing of hir male,
And, for the newe blisful somets sake,
Upon the braunches ful of blosmes softe,
In hire delyt, they turned hem ful ofte,

And songen, 'Blessed be Seynt Valentyne I For on his day I chees you to be myne, Withouten repentyng myne herte swete!' And therewithal bire bekes gonnen meete, Yeldyng honour and humble obeysaunces To love, and diden hire othere observaunces That longeth onto love, and to nature, Constructh that as yow lyst, I do no cure

Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye

And the that hadde don unkyndenesse,—
As doth the tydif, for newfangelnesse,—
Besoghte mercy of hir trespassinge,
And humblely songen hir repentynge,
And sworen on the blosmes to be trewe,
So that hire makes wolde upon hem rewe,
And at the laste maden hir acorde

(Leger de of Go d II omen, Il. 125-157-)

All the Prologue to the Legende, whence this is talen, is in Chaucer's happiest vein, both in its earlier and in this liter form, and as in the last quotation it was hard to have to stop before I hescus' speech in which he first condemns and then chaffs the lovers, so here it would be pleasant to quote all the talk with Cupid and Aleestis which follows on our extract. I rom the legends themselves we can only take these few lines as an example of how vigorously Chaucer could describe a sea light of the ancient kind.

Antonius was war, and wol nat fayle SICKE To meten with thise Romaynes, if he may, Took eke his rede, and both upon a day, counsel His wyl and he, and al his ost, forthe wente ho t To shippe anon, no lenger they ne stente, stay ed And in the see lut happed hem to mete Up goth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete, shout And paymen hem to sette on with the sonne, With grisly sounc out goth the grete gonne, And heterly they hurtelen al at ones, furiously And fro the top deun cometh the grete stones. In gooth the grapenel so ful of crokes, Amonge the ropes, and the sherving hokes, In with the polax preseth he and he, t'us one and il at Bylynde the maste begineth he to fle, And out 13130, and dryveth hem over borde, He stynteth hem upon his speces orde, He rent the savle with hokes lyke a sithe, He bryngeth the cuppe, and bildeth hem be blithe, He poareth pesen upon the breches shifte, With potter ful of lyme, they goon to, dre, And thus the longe day in fight they spende, Til at the last, as every thing both ende, Autony is short, and put him to the flighte, decemned And al his folke to go, that best so myshie (Loo feet & Alleren ILC, 633.)

1 That is, Arteny and Oria inn.—That is, so that the sun in shit lears the eterny's face. I Supplied on the spains end. I Dized poly to present the commitgeting a time factor.

We come now to the Canterb my Fales, and as from the portrait gallery of the Prologue we can only take two examples, two have been chosen which show in enective contrast the good and bad sides of religion in Chaucers day. Here is the good Parson

I good man was ther of religious, And was a Pour Prisous of 1 lou. But riche he vas of book thought and work. He was also a lemed man, a clerk, that Cristes Gospel trench, wolde preche His part shens devoutly wolde he teche Benygne he was, and wonder diligent, and in adversitee ful pacient, And suich he was y preced one subes. times Ful looth were him to cursen for his tithes, But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute. 2336 Unto his poure parisahens aboute, Of his offrying and eck of his substaunce He koude in litel thyng ha e suffisaunce. Wid was his parisshe, and houses for asonder, But he ne laste nat, for reyn ne thonder, In siknesse nor in meschief to visite The ferreste in his parisshe, much and lite, neh and poor Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf This noble ensample to his slicepe he yaf That firste he wroghte and atterward he taughte Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte, Ck. e and this naure he added eek therto, That if gold ruste what shal iron doo? For if a preest be foul on whom we truste, No wonder is a lewed man to ruste And shame it is, if a prest take keepe, Lecd A shiten shepherde and a clene sheepe. Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive By his elennesse how that his sheepe sholde ly c He sette nat his benefice to hyre And leet his sheepe encombred in the myre, Liz And ran to I ondown, unto Scint Poules, To seken him a chauntern for soules, Or with a bretherhed to been withholde, But dwelte at hoom and kepte wel his folde, to that the wolf ne made it not miscarie -He was a shepherde, and noght a mercen are And though he holy were and vertuous, He was to synful man nat despitous, Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne, disscult for Laughty But in his eching discreet and lenight, To drawen folk to Levene by furnesse, By good ensample, this was his Livinesse but it were any persone obstinit, What so he were, of heigh or lough estar, Hym wolde he snyld en sharply for the ronya A bettre preest I howe that couher moon yo, He winted after no pumpe and revenence, No mak d him a spiced con cience Pur Cris is likere and his Apo the twelve, He taughte, but first he tolked it ham selve (C) Plant Paint Haugue II 477-tam) 2 To 1 da - in a - unsatery

And here the rogue of a Pardoner

With his in their rood a goath I action to On Kouncivale, his free I and his compose, That it eight was comen fro the court of Kenie Ful loude he soong Com hider, love, to me! This Somonour bar to hym a stif burdoun, accompaniment Was never trompe of half so greet a soun This Pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex But smothe it heng as doth a strike of flex, hank of flax By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde, In small pieces And therwith he his shuldres overspradde. But thynne it lay by colpons oon and oon, But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon. For it was trussed up in his walet Hym thoughte he rood al of the newe jet, fashion Dischevelee, save his cappe, he rood al bare Swiche glarynge eyen hadde he as an hare, A vernycle hadde he sowed upon his cappe, His walet lay biforn hym in his lappe Bret ful of pardon, come from Rome al hoot. Brimful A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot. But of his craft, fro Berwyk unto Ware Ne was ther swich another pardoner, For in his male he hadde a pilwe beer, bag-pillow-case Which that, he seyde, was oure lidy veyl, lady s He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl piece That Seint Peter hadde, whan that he wente Upon the see, til Ihesu Crist hym hente. He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones, cross of brass And in a glas he hadde pigges bones But with thise relil es, whan that he fond found A poure person dwellynge upon lond, Upon a day he gat hym moore moneye I han that the person gat in monthes tweve, And thus with feyned flaterye and japes He made the person and the peple his apes. But, trewely to tellen atte laste, He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste. Wel koude he rede a lessoun or a storie. But alderbest he song an Offertone. best of all For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe, He moste preche, and wel affile his tonge polish To wynne silver, as he ful wel koude, Therefore he song the murierly and loude. more merrily (Canterbury Tales Prologue, ll 669-714.)

1 That is with the Summoner 2 In shreds lock by lock 3 Dishevelled with his hair loose. 4 Copy of the supposed imprint of Christ's face on the handkerchief of St Veronica, which the Pardoner might have seen at Rome.

From the Tales themselves we have already quoted an example of Chaucer's chivalrous style, our second extract exhibits him where he is perhaps at his strongest of all-as the teller of tales of low life, tales of which he can only have received from others the mere outline, while his expansions of them are full of humour and individuality to the stories of this class, Chaucer himself advised some of his readers to 'choose another page,' and the folk-story of the 'Fox and Hen' assigned to the Nonnes Prest is the only one of them which can be recommended virginibus puerisque, but this incident from the 'Reeves Tale,' of how a knavish miller frustrated the device of the two Cambridge clerks to prevent him from stealing their corn, stands by itself, and is altogether The clerks, it should be said, are northerners, and speak in the northern dialect. Symond is the miller

'Symond,' quod John, 'by God, nede has na peer, Hym boes serve hymself that has na swayn, Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sayn Our manciple I hope he will be deed expect Swa werkes ay the wanges in his heed, 3, 4, 5, 6 And forthy is I come and cek Alayn therefore To grynde oure corn and carie it ham agayn. home I pray you spede us heythen that ye may hence 'It shal be doon,' quod Symkyn, 'by my fay ' What wol ye doon, whil that it is in hande?" 'By God, right by the hopur wil I stande' hopper Quod John, 'and se how that the corn gas in goes

How that the hopur wagges til and fra' to and fro Aleyn answerde, 'John, and wiltow swa? Thanne wil I be bynethe, by my croun ! And se how that the mele falles doun Into the trough,-that sal be my disport, For, John, y faith, I may been of youre sort,

Yet saugh I never, by my fader kyn,

I is as ille a millere as are ye'

This millere smyled of hir nycetee, foolishness And thoghte, 'Al this mys doon but for a wyle, They were that no man may hem bigile, But by my thrift yet shal I blere hir eye, cheat them For al the sleighte in hir philosophye The more queynte crekes that they make, cunning devices The more wol I stele whan I take In stide of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren. iran The gretteste clerkes been noght wisest men, As whilem to the welf thus spak the mare, Of al hir art ne counte I noght a tare.'

Whan that he saugh his tyme softely He looketh up and down til he hath founde The clerkes hors, ther as it stood y bounde Bihynde the mille, under a levesel, Low er And to the hors he goth hym faire and wel He strepeth of the brydel right anon, strips off And whan the hors was laus, he gynneth gon 9, 10 Toward the fen, ther wilde mares renne,-L run Forth with 'Wehee!' thurgh thikke and thurgh thenne.

Out at the dore he gooth ful pryvely,

This millione goth agayn, no word he seyde, But doth his note and with the clerkes pleyde, business Til that hir corn was faire and wel y grounde, And whan the mele is sakked and y bounde, This John goth out, and funt his hors away, And gan to crie, 'Harrow' and, 'Weyl away' Oure hors is lorn, Alayn, for Goddes banes Stepe on thy feet, com out, man, al atanes! Allas, our wardeyn has his palfrey lorn 12 This Aleyn al forgat bothe mele and corn, Al was out of his mynde his housbondrie. 'What, whilk way is he geen?' he gan to one.

findeth

bones

at once

The wyf cam lepvnge inward with a ren. She seyde, 'Allas, youre hors goth to the fen With wilde mares, as faste as he may go, Unthank come on his hand that boond hym so, And he that bettre sholde han knyt the reyne!'

'Allas,' quod John, 'Aleyn, for Cristes peyne, Lay doun thy swerd, and I wil myn alswa. also I is ful wight, God waat, as is a raa, 11 By Goddes herté! he sal nat scape us bathe both Why nadstow pit the capul in the lathe? Il hayl, by God, Aleyn, thou is a fonne' Ill luck-fool Thise sely clerkes han ful faste y ronne innocent

Toward the fen, bothe Aleyn and eek John,

standeth

And whan the millere saugh that they were gon,
He half a busshel of hir flour hath take,
And bad his wyf go knede it in a cake
He seyde, 'I trowe the clerkes were aferd,
Yet kan a millere make a clerke's berd,
For al his art, now lat hem goon hir weye!
Lo wher they goon, ye, lat the children pleye,
They gete hym nat so lightly, by my croun!'
('Reeves Tale, Canterbury Tales, A. 4026-4099.)

1 Behoves. 2 No servant 3 So. 4 (Northern plural) work.
5 Cheek teeth. 6 Head. 7 Is only done for a trick. 8 See 'Rey nard the Fox' 9 Loose. 10 Begins to go 11 I am full swift, God knows, as is a roe. 12 Why didn't you put the palfrey in the stable?

Lastly, as a contrast to these broad humours, here from the 'Prioresses Tale' is a return to Chaucer's earlier manner of tenderness and devotion, no less graceful and pleasing than of yore, and written with far greater mastery. The legend is one of many which good men—Heaven forgive them '—all over Europe sincerely believed, of a little Christian boy wantonly murdered by the Jews

A litel scole of cristen folk ther stood Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were

Children an heepe, y-comen of Cristen blood,

That lerned in that scole yeer by yere Swich manere doctrine as men used there,—

This is to seyn, to syngen, and to rede,

As smale children doon in hire childhede

Among thise children was a wydwes sone.

A litel clergeoun, seven yeer of age, chorister
That day by day to scole was his wone, wont
And eek also, where as he saugh

thymage saw the image Of Cristes mooder, he hadde in usage, As hym was taught, to knele adoun

and seye

His Are Marie, as he goth by the weye.

Thus both this wydwe hir litel sone y taught Oure blisful lady, Cristes mooder deere, To worshipe ay, and he forgate it naught, For sely child wol alday soone leere,—But ay whan I remembre on this mateere, Seint Nicholas stant ever in my presence, For he so yong to Crist dide reverence

This litel child his litel book lernynge, As he sat in the scole at his primer, He Alma redemptoris herde synge, As children lerned hire antiphoner, And, as he dorste, he drough hym ner and ner,

ित्रिष्ट का क्यों कि का मूर्ग मिल्लाक Caspyr Kemax and pp magnafianac The ver'n and pr gree fumilite Der man no toute There in un frence ffet fom tyme lady or mon pray to be The compage is to the first of the factor of the control of the co for to Retire py store d'armelle Blat | min'nor pis m my ider fufteene Sin no a child of tidelf month old on leff. Blan com comebes em isen charle Fight fo faret and perfic 1 jou pray Endick up long yet | fifal of gold fap r thas m are in a greer strice Jumesen aufen folk i feigebe Ouhernes by a lies of par course The foul plure and have of feloupe fins frugif pe firete men might pis, and Wense Dom at te forfer ende in Ching per ibere Thisren an heep romen of giftes blood Than lived in pur pole jer by gere Bunf maner Butine as men ples pere के विकार क्षेत्र के किया मालक स्थान के प्रकृतिक के विकार के किया के किया किया किया के किया के किया के किया के क mond bele migrem was a gaben lone I fitel dergeon per fone for Was of age That tap by Bay to fole Bas Als Bone And eck alp Wha p he faugh romage Of angles mover has he me waste Le han Cas taughe to fack a Lum and fas

Reduced facsimile of part of a page of the 'Prioresses Tale, from the famous Harl. MS 7334 in the British Museum.¹

1 Lady hi bounte and hi magnificence
This vertu and hi gret humilite
Ther may no tonge expres in no science
For som tyme ladi er men pray to he
Thow gost hiforn of his benignite
And getist vs he light hurgh hy prayere
To goden vs he way to his sone so deere

My connyng is to weyk o blisful queene For to declare by grete workinesse. That I may not his in my wyt susteene. But as a child of twelf month old or lesse. Than can vaneles eny word expresse. Right so fare I and perfor I sou pray.

Endith my song pat I schal of low say

Ther was in acy in a greet bitee
Amonges cristen folk a Jewerye
Susteyned by a lord of pat contre
For foul vsure and lucte of felonye
Hateful to crist and to his companying
And purph be strete men might ride and wende
For it was fre and open at euerich ende

A litel scole of cristen folk per stood Down at pe for per ende in which per were Children an heep yeomen of cristes blood That lered in pat scole 3er by 3ere Such maner doctrine as men vsed pere This is to say to synge and to rede As smale childer doon in her childhede

Among pese children was a wydow sone A litel clergeoup pit seue 5er was of age That day by day to scole was his wone And eek also wher so he saugh pymage Of cristes moder had he in vsage As him was taught to knele a doun and say

The variations in the last two stanzas show how the Hurleian text differs from the Ellesmere used in our quotation.

And herkned 1y the words and the note, Til he the firste vers koude al by rote

Noght wiste he what this Latyn was to seye, For he so yong and tendre was of age, But on a day his felawe gan he preye Texpounden hym this song in his langage, Or telle him why this song was in usage, This preyde he hym to construe and declare I ul often time upon his knowes bare

knecs

His felawe, which that elder was than he,
Ansverde hym thus 'This song I have herd seye
Was maked of oure blisful lidy free, noble
Hire to salue, and eck hire for to preye salute
To been oure help and socour whan we deye,
I kan na moore expounde in this mateere,
I lerne song, I kan but smal grammeere' know but little

'And is this song maked in reverence
Of Cristes mooder?' seyde this innocent.
'Now certes, I wol do my diligence
Io konne it al, er Cristemasse is went,
Though that I for my prymer shal be shent,
And shal be beten thries in an houre,
I wol it konne oure lady for to honoure!'

His felawe taughte hym homward prively
Fro day to day, til he koude it by rote,
And thanne he song it wel and boldely
I ro word to word, acordynge with the note.
Twice a day it passed thurgh his throte,
Twice of scoleward and homward whan he wente,
On Cristes mooder set was his entente
('Prioresses Tale Canterbury Tales, B. 1685-1740.)

¹ Innocent ² Always. ³ Learn. ⁴ While at his mother's breast. ⁵ Drew him nearer and nearer

Of Chaucer's prose two short specimens will be given below (pp 81 sq) Here it is sufficient to say that, though he could write with ease and simplicity when off his guard, in his attempts at more ornate prose he never attained to the artistic mastery which everywhere marks his verse.

John Gower.

John Gower was born before Chaucer, possibly as early as 1327, and as a worker on older lines from which Chaucer soon broke loose has some claim to have been given precedence. But his only English poem can hardly have been written until after Chaucer's Troilus and Hous of Fame, and as it was probably his friend's success which caused him to abandon the French and Latin in which he had previously written, for English, he may be ranked with those whom Chaucer influenced, though not in the same sense as Lydgate and Hoccleve. He came of the Kentish Gowers. and must have been a kinsman of the Sir Robert Gower buried in Brabourne Church near Ashford, as Sir Robert's manor of Kentwell in Suffolk passed into his possession John Gower owned other property in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent itself By a grant from Richard II, from 1390 to 1397 the rectory of Great Braxted in Essex, close to Gower's Essex property, was held by a clerk of

the same name, and the fact that the rector is spoken of as a clerk, not as a priest, has caused him to be identified with the poet, who, however, at the time he wrote his Misour de'l'Omme, was not even a clerk (see l 21772) Without any aid from ecclesiastical preferment, the poet must have been a man of considerable wealth and im-In the first edition of his Confessio portance Amantis he tells how Richard II met him on the Thames, invited him to come into his barge, and bade him write a book for him to read He must, therefore, have been well known to the king and have had a footing at Court Gower, however, ultimately sided with Henry of Lancaster, and in 1393 transferred to him the dedication of his poem, being rewarded soon after by the present of a collar In 1397, when he must have been nearly seventy, Gower married one Agnes Groundolf, and lived with her henceforth within the Priory of St Mary Overy's (now St Saviour's), Southwark, to the rebuilding of which he was a generous contributor In 1400 he became blind, but lived for another eight years, dying in 1408, and being buried in St Saviour's, where his tomb, which bears his effigy, still In this his head is resting on his three chief works, the French Speculum Meditantis (or, as it is also called, Speculum Hominis, or Mirour de l'Omme), the Latin Vox Clamantis, and the English Confessio Amantis, with which only we are much concerned The Speculum Meditantis, after having been lost sight of for many years, was rediscovered in 1895, and forms the first yolume of a complete edition of Gower's works, edited by Mr G C Macaulay, published by the Clarendon Press in 1899–1900 From this excellent edition, the Speculum or Mirour is now known to be a poem of nearly thirty thousand lines of passable verse, in which a classification of the Vices and Virtues leads up to a survey of modern society, and this in its turn to a life of the Blessed Virgin, by whose mediation society was to be bettered are interesting passages in the poem, notably those which initiate us into the tricks of the fourteenthcentury tradesmen, but its poetical value is not high. Gower did far better work in French in the Cinkante Balades, printed by Mr Macaulay in the same volume as the Mirour, for some of these are really of great merit.

Wat Tyler's rising of 1381 was the occasion of the Latin poem, *Vox Clamantis*, and the choice of language, though probably mainly due to the belief that Latin was the proper medium for an historical poem, may have been partly dictated by the same motive which caused Godwin in 1793 to publish his *Political Justice* at a prohibitive price—the desire to escape any accusation of inflaming popular passions. For Gower, though a land owner and a Conservative, was outspoken in his denunciation of wrong. Later on he chose the same language for his *Chronicon Tripartitum*, a poem on Richard II's misgovernment. This was

an attack on the unfortunate king even more bitter than the English Richard the Rediles ascribed to Langland.

The Confessio Amantis, by which Gower takes his place in English literature, contains a prologue, seven books on the seven deadly sins, and one on the duties of a king. As had aiready been shown in the Handlyng Synne, such a book need by no means be dull, and although Gower's poem has not that close touch with the daily life of its time which gives interest to its predecessor, it contains The sins are illustrated by excellent reading stories, mostly from Ovid, but also from Statius, de Beauvais, the Vincent Romanorum, and other sources The duties of a king are laid down mainly from a celebrated medieval treatise, the Secreta Secretorium, supposed to have been written by Aristotle for the guidance of Alexander the Great. The octosyllabic couplets in which the poem is written are handled with freedom, and both rhymes and rhythm are regular and good. If accepted dates are right, Gower must have been nearly sixty when he wrote the Confessio Amai tis, and it has the easy, pleasant garrulity which is sometimes found in old men's verse. This is how it began in its first form, written, it is thought, between 1383 and 1386 Mr Macaulay's new text not having appeared at the time of writing, our quotation is taken from the late Professor Morley's edited fext in his Carisbrooke Library (1889), an excellent example of a popular edition.

Of hem that writen us to fore wrote The bokés dwelle, and we therfore Ben taught of what was written tho, then Forthy good is, that we also Therefore In ouré time amonge us here Do write of newe some matere Ensampled of the olde wise. So that it might in suche a wise, Whan we be dede and elles where, Belevé to the worldes ere, Remain In time comend after this. coming But for men sain, and sothe it is, That who that al of wisdom writ writeth It dulleth ofte a mannes wit To hem that shall it allday rede, them For thilke cause, if that ye rede, I wolde go the middel wey And write a boke betwene the twey, Somwhat of lust, somwhat of lore, pleasure That, of the lasse or of the more, either of poor or rich. Som man may like of that I write. And for that fewe men endite In our Englisshe, I thenke make A boke for King Richardes sake, To whom belongeth my legeaunce With all min hertes obeisaunce In all that ever a lege man Unto his king may don or can, So ferforth, and me recommaunde To him which all me may commaunde, Presend unto the highe regne Praying Which causeth every king to regne

That his corone longé stonde I thenke and have it understonde As it befell upon a tide, As thing which shulde tho betide, Under the town of newe Troye, Which toke of Brute his firste joye, In Themse, whan it was flowend gai roll As I by bote came rowend, So as Fortune her timé sette, My lege lord perchaunce I mette, And so befell as I came nigh Out of my bote, whan he me sigh, He bad me come into his barge, And whan I was with him at large, Amonges other thinges said He hath this charge upon me laid And bad me do my besinesse That to his highe worthynesse Some newe thing I shulde boke put into book form That he lumself it mighte loke After the forme of my writing

When Gower had transferred his service to Henry of Lancaster, he changed all the latter part of this, and wrote

I thenke make
A boke for Englonde sake,
The yere sixtenthe of King Richard,
What shall befalle here afterward,
God wote, for nowe upon this side
Men seen the worlde on every side
In sondry wise so diversed
That it wel nigh stant all reversed.

Richard had been no ill patron of poetry, and the unanimity with which Chaucer, Gower, and Langland (if he wrote *Richard the Ridelis*) all welcomed the change of dynasty, though it may really represent the trend of popular opinion, proves also that, if poets do well not to put their trust in princes, princes on their side have small reason to trust poets.

In 1377, when starting for his second visit to Italy, Chaucer had appointed Gower one of his agents to look after his affairs during his absence, in 1382 or 1383 he sportively dedicated his Troilus to the 'moral' Gower and the 'philosophical' Strode, the 'moral' Gower having probably just completed his Vox Clamantis Five or six years later, in the talk on the road which precedes the 'Tale of Constance,' as it takes its place in the Canterbury series as the 'Man of Lawes Tale,' Chaucer goes out of his way to express his horror of the story of Canacee which Gower had taken from Ovid and included in the Confessio Amantis There can be no doubt that the attack was dictated by personal feeling against Gower, and the cause may perhaps have been that the latter had included in the Confessio not only an epitome of the Troilus story, but also the very tale of Constance which the Man of Law was about to tell. We need not concern ourselves with this poets' quarrel, but the comparison between the two versions of Constance's story is not uninteresting

Voice

Gower's rendering of the scene on the scashore of which Chaucer's version has already been given on page 68

There was wepinge and there was wo, But finally the thinge is do Upon the see they have her brought, But she the cause wiste nought. And thus upon the flood they wone This lady with her yonge sone. And than her hondes to the heven She straught, and with a milde steven Knelend upon her bare kne She saide 'O highe magestee Which seest the point of every trouth, Take of thy wofull woman routh And of this childe that I shal kepe.' And with that word she gan to wepe Swounend as dede, and there she lay, But he, whiche alle thinges may, Comforteth her, and attc laste She loketh and her eyen caste Upon her childe, and sayde this 'Of me no maner charge it is What sorwe I suffre, but of thee Methenleth it is great pitce, For if I sterve thou shalt die, So mote I nedes by that were, For moderhed and for tendernesse, With al min hote besinesse, Ordeigne me for thilke office, As she that shal be thy norice? Thus was she strengthed for to stonde, And tho she toke her childe in honde And gaf it souke and ever amonge She wepte and otherwhile songe To rocke with her childe aslepe

Gower was not happy when he made Constance tell her babe that she would

With al min hote besinesse Ordeigne me for thilke office,

and there is no line in his version of the exquisite simplicity of Chaucer's 'Pees, litel sone, I wold do thee noon harm,' but it would be hypercritical to deny Gower very considerable merit as a story-teller, and is we find him turning from one tale to another and putting each of them into straightforward verse, not without some adjustment of tone to subject, it becomes possible for us to understand how for two centuries and more his name was always limbed with Chaucer's, as only a little his inferior. In reality the difference was immense, but it a bardly greater than that which separates Gower's pleasant and readable verse from the pretentious prolivities of the next century.

Chaucer's Successors.

That Chaucer's delightful spring-tide should have been immediately succeeded, as far as what we may call literary poetry is concerned, by sheer November fog seems at first sight one of the strangest cancellents. In other departments of literature during the infecenth century good work was being

done Prose, if it did not advance rapidly, was yet in quite a healthy condition. There was a respectable undergrowth of unpretentious religious verse, the English ballads came into existence, and in the miracle plays and moralities, along with much very poor stuff, vivid and forcible writing can easily be found. But for a century and a half after Chaucer's death the literary or Court poetry at its best gives but little pleasure, at its average is tedious, and at its worst represents the lowest depth to which English poetry has ever fallen.

To attribute this long interregnum to an accident by which for more than a century no English man was born with an aptitude for poetry is against the law of average, nor is it really difficult to find an explanation of the collapse During the whole of the century every circumstance was unfavourable to literature The continual wars told on the rich and educated classes even more heavily than on the commons, and the absolute cessation of the English school of illumination and calligraphy, which had reached such perfection at the end of the fourteenth century, proves how few wealthy patrons of literature were left in England during the Wars of the Roses Closely connected with this is the depressing environment in which any literary poet must have found himself Agincourt there is nothing to be proud of in English history for the rest of the century, and the poverty of the country was probably a bar to literary intercourse with the Continent. When Chaucer began to write, English poetry was in great need of fresh inspiration, and through him she obtained it first from France, and then, to a far more important extent, from Italy Among Chaucer's successors Stephen Hawes availed himself of French help to the extent of going back to that very dried-up fountain, the Roman de la Rose, but no one turned to Italy at all, and as far as kinship of spirit is concerned, not Lydgate, Hoccleve, or Hawes should be reckoned as Chaucer's real followers, but Surrey and Wyatt, who, by the help of Italian models, restored to English poetry the secrets of rhythm which he had found and his immediate successors Why they had lost them brings us to our last point, the fact, namely, that, while language is always in a state of transition, the condition of the English language was peculiarly transitional in the fifteenth century Chaucer himself, with a poet's instinct, had probably been slightly archaic in matters of pronunciation and grammatical inflection. The music of his verse depends entirely on its full force being given to every syllable, and on the due pronunciation of the final as an integral part of many words and as an inflection. During the fifteenth century the final e was largely disused, and the struggles of poets who took Chaucer as their model under these changed conditions are truly pitiable. the one hand, his mobile decasyllabics are parodied by lifeless lines which require absolute

monotony of voice for their scansion, and are made worse by their authors' fondness for long words, on the other, it seems possible that through the dropping of the final a many later writers misread the decasyllabics altogether, and regarded Chaucer's heroic couplets as only a new

variety of the old octosyllables, to be read with four beats and a hasty slurring of any inconvenient Both these svilables errors were destructive to poetry, and from the causes we have suggested the centre of poetic interest after Chaucer's death is transferred to Scotland (see page 166), where his example was as inspiring as that of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio had been to him

We pass now to the first successors of Chaucer, Thomas Hoccleve and John Lydgate, of whom, though the birth date of neither is known with certainty, Hoccleve was probably a year or two the elder In a poem written presumably in 1421 or 1422 he says of himself, 'Of age am I fifty winter and three,' and he must therefore have been born in 1368 or 1369 -that is, about the time when Chaucer was writing his Dethe of Blaunchethe Duchesse He was probably born in London, and remained there till his old age, living in Chester's Inn. Originally intended for the priesthood, when he was nineteen or twenty he entered the Privy Seal Office as a

clerk (c. 1387), and, as no ecclesiastical preferment was offered him, stayed there all his working life—some five and-thirty years—till in 1424, by way of a retiring allowance, he was quartered on the Priory of Southwick, Hants—In November 1399 Henry IV, within six weeks of his accession (his even specdier benevolence to Chaucer will be remembered), had granted Hoccleve an annuity of £10

until some such provision could be made for him, and in 1409 this had been increased to £13, 6s 8d. His earnings over and above this annuity, according to his own account, were no more than £4 a year, so that lack of pence pursued him all his life, and he may have sadly envied the comparative



Hoccleve presenting his Poems to Henry V Facsimile from the Arundel MSS 1

wealth with which a discriminating age rewarded Chaucer But, as he justly remarks himself,

He that but little hath may do excess In his degree, as well as may the rich,

and in his youth Hoccleve was a spendthrift, and in middle age, when he had given up hopes of a benefice, took 'more tow on his distaff' (his own

¹ The following is a transcript of the stanza of text shown in the facsimile

Hye noble and my3tty Prince excellent My lord the Prince o my lord gracious I humble seruant and obedient

phrase) by marrying a wife. When he writes of his follies and troubles Hoccleve becomes interesting. He was a weak creature, who tried to win popularity by spending more than he could afford, sinned and repented with much facility, and was always complaining. But he shows us himself

sinned and repented with much facility, and was always complaining. But he shows us himself just as he was, and writes in these passages with more ease and simplicity than on any other subject. His longest poem is the Regement of Princes, dedicated to Henry V, when Prince of Wales, in 1412, our illustration from Arundel MS 38 in the British Museum, the Prince's own copy, representing the poet on his knees before his patron

The Regement of Princes is a patchwork from the De Regimine Principum of Egidius Romanus (c. 1280), the Secreta Secretorum, the moral

treatisc of Jacobus de Cessolis afterwards printed by Caxton as 'The Game and Pley of the Chesse,' and other works. It is written in

Chaucer's seven-line stanza, abounds in long words, and, save for its prologue, is tedious and dull. Another poem of some length, the story of 'Jercslaus' Wife,' from the Gesta Romanorum, is cast on the same lines as the 'Tale of Constance' used by Chaucer and Gower, and is

best work is contained in the autobiographical prologue to the Regement, his Male Regle de T Hoccleve, in which he recites his youthful follies, his Dialogue with a Friend, and some few others of his minor poems, not all of which have yet been

readable, though poorly told But all Hoccleve's

Here, from the Male Regle, are some of his reminiscences (Il 177-208)

Or but acqueented at Westmynstre yate Among the tavernores namely, And cookes whan I cam, early or late? I pynched nat at hem in myn acate, But payed hem as that they axe wolde, Wherefore I was the welcomer algate, And for 'a verray gentilman' y holde.

Wher was a gretter maister eek than I,

And if it happid on the someres day
That I thus at the taverne hadde be,
Whan I departe sholde and go my way
Hoom to the Privee Seel, so wowed me
Hete and unlust and superfluitee wooed
To walke unto the brigge and take a boot,
That hat durste I contrarie hem all three,
But dide as that they stired me, God woot.

specially

1 3

always

And in the wyntir, for the way was deep,
Unto the brigge I dressid me also,
And there the bootmen took upon me keep,
For they my riot kneewen fern ago long
With them was I v tugged to and fro,
So wel was him that I with wolde fare
For riot paieth largely evering,
He styntith never til his purs be bare.

Other than 'Maister' called was I nevere,
Among this meynee, in myn audience company
Methoughte I was y maad a man for evere,
So tikelid me that nyce re erence foolsh

That it me made larger of despense
Than that I thoght han been O Flaterie!
The guyse of thy traiterous diligence
Is folk to mescheef haasten and to hie

hurry

1 Grumbled 2 Purchasing

The Prologue to the Regement of Princes, with its talk of Chaucer, the follies of fashionable clothing, and the treatment of old soldiers, is interesting throughout, but we can only quote from it Hoccleve's complaint of the irksomeness of his work as a clerk

With plow can I nat medlen, ne with harwe,
Ne wot nat what lond good is for what corne,
And for to lade a cart or fille a barwe,—
To which I never used was to forne,—
My bak unbuxum hath swich thyng forsworne,
At instance of Writyng, his werreyour foeman
That Stooping hath hym spilt with his labour hurt

Many men, fadir, wenen that writynge
No travaile is, thei hold it but a game
Art hath no foe but swich folk unconnynge
But whoso list disport hym in that same,
Let him continue, and he schal fynd it grame,
It is well gretter labour than it seemeth,
The blinde man of coloures al wrong deemeth.

A writer mot thre thynges to hym knytte,
And in the may be no disseverance,
Mynde, eye and hand, non may fro othir flitte
But in hem mot be joynt continuance.
The mynde all hoole, withouten variance,
On the eye and hand awayte moot alway,
And thei two eek on hym it is no nay

Whoso schal wryte, may not holde a tale
With hym and hym, ne synge this ne that, this man and that
But all his writes hoole, grete and smale,
Ther must appere, and holden hem ther at,
And syn he speke may, ne synge nat,

nd syn he speke may, ne synge nat,
But bothe two he nedes moot forbere,
Hir labour to hym is the alengere. more troublesome

Thise artificers se I day by day,

In the hotteste of al hir bysynesse
Talken and syng and make game and play,
And forth hir labour passith with gladnesse,
But we labour in travaillous stilnesse,
We stowpe and stare upon the shepes skyn,

We stowpe and stare upon the shepes skyn, And keepe muste our song and wordes in (Lines 988-1015)

¹ Ignorant. The line translates the Latin proverb 4rs non habet intimicium nuss ignorantem

The whole passage is good, and the last couplet gives Hoccleve a claim to the affectionate respect of all the many poets since his day who have had, by some distasteful occupation, to earn the livelihood which their verses would not buy them. It need hardly be said, however, that a writer whose claims to remembrance have to be based on work like this had only the slightest touch of poetry in him, and Hoccleve himself seems to have regarded his verse-making chiefly as a means of winning influential friends. When he left the Privy Seal

Office he appears almost to have given up writing, but 'a Balade to my gracious Lord of Yorke' (the father of Edward IV) shows that he must have lived till 1450 or thereabout, and still occasionally cudgelled out poetry. It need only be added that Hoccleve was a very orthodox person, argued with Sir John Oldcastle about his heresies in a poem of five hundred and twelve lines, and thoroughly approved of the burning of John Badby in 1410 His Regement of Princes and a volume of his minor poems have been edited for the Early English Text Society by Dr F. J. Furnivall, from whose introductions the foregoing notice of him has been largely drawn.

In his 'London Lyckpenny,' John Lydgate showed that he could, when he used his eyes and ears, invest his verse with the same interest which attaches to Hoccleve's reminiscences nately this short poem is the only thing of the kind which has come down to us among the hundred and fifty thousand lines, more or less, which he poured out during his long life. Born in 1370 or a little after, at Lydgate, near Newmarket, John entered his noviciate at the great Benedictine abbey at Bury St Edmund's before he was fifteen, became a sub-deacon in 1389, deacon in 1393, and priest in 1397 In 1423 he was elected Prior of Hatfield Regis, but in 1434 went back to Bury for his health's sake In his old age he received, in conjunction with a certain John Baret, a small pension, his share coming to £3, 16s 8d., and he lived apparently to within a year or two of 1450 He may have studied in his youth at Oxford, and in 1421 he was at Paris, on what business we know not, but over and above his religious duties as a monk, his sole occupation in life was to turn out verses, and this he did with painful abundance

Adopting the chronology of Dr Schick, the editor of his Temple of Glass for the Early English Text Society (1891), we find that before he was thirty Lydgate versified some of the fables of Æsop, and wrote two poems, the Chorl and Bird, and Horse, Goose, and Sheep, which subsequently enjoyed the honour of being printed and reprinted by Caxton During the next dozen years (1400-1411) he is credited with having written the Flour of Curtesie, Black Knight, Temple of Glass, Assembly of Gods, Court of Sapience, Reason and Sensuality, and a Lyf of Our Lady From 1412 onwards his work increases enormously in volume, and deteriorates The Troy-Bool (30,000 lines) is thought to have occupied him till 1420, and to have been immediately succeeded by the Storie of Thebes (4716 lines) The Pilgrimage de Mounde, translated from the French of De Guilleville (12,000 lines), was his next large work, and in 1430 he began the Falls of Princes, a prolix rendering from Boccaccio's De Casibus Illustrium Vivorum, which runs to over thirty-six thousand lines, or about twice as many as all the verse in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales At intervals amid these compositions Lydgate wrote on Guy of Warwick, on the Dance of Death, on St Margaret, St Edmund (with unusual success), and St Alban In 1445 he composed verses for Queen Wargaret's entry into London, and about this time wrote his poetical Testament and engaged in a rendering of the Secreta Secretorum, which was finished after his death by Bennet Burgh, the last line of Lydgate's section being the curiously apposite, 'Death all consumeth, which may not be denied'

Lydgate's admiration for Chaucer was as hearty as Hoccleve's His Complaint of the Black Knight is an imitation of Chaucer's Dethe of Blaunche, and his Story of Theles was written as an additional Canterbury Tale, which he supposes himself to have told on the way home at Harry Bailey's request. He wrote in all of Chaucer's three chief metres, in the octosyllabic couplet with some fluency, in seven-line decasyllabics, woodenly enough, but not so badly as to be past hope of scansion, in the decasyllabic couplet, even if allowance be made for the defects of the sixteenthcentury texts, with an absolute failure to grasp the elementary principles of its music. Save as speci mens of language all these poems are dead, and it is waste of space to speak of them, but here, in contrast to them, is Lydgate's one bit of real life, poetry only of a very low order, but with vigour and swing in it, and still full of interest. The poet has come to Westminster to seek justice, but finds that without money in his purse he can do nothing, and so he goes from place to place and fares no better, till he takes his way back again to the country

To London once my steppes I bent,
Where trouth in no wyse should be faynt,
To Westmynster ward I forthwith went,
To a man of law to make complaynt,
I sayd, 'For Mary's love, that holy saynt!
Pity the poore that wold proceede,'
But for lack of mony I cold not spede

And as I thrust the prese amonge, crowd
By froward chaunce my hood was gone,
Yet for all that I stayd not longe,
Tyll to the kinges Bench I was come.
Before the judge I kneled anon,
And prayd hym for Godes sake to take heed,
But for lack of mony I myght not speede.

In Westmynster Hall I found out one,
Which went in a long gown of raye,
I crowched and kneled before him anon,
For Mary's love I of help hym pray
'I wot not what thou meanest,' gan he say
To get me thence he dyd me bede
For lack of mony I cold not speed

Within this hall, nether rich nor yett poor
Wold do for me ought, although I shold dye
Which seing I gat me out of the doore,
Where Flemings began on me for to cry
'Master, what will you copen or by?

purchase

went

Fyne felt hattes? or spectacles to reede? Lay down your sylver, and here you may speede.'

Then to Westmynster gate I presently went, When the sonne was at hyghe prime about nine o clock Cookes to me they tooke good entente, And profered me bread, with ale and wyne, Rybbes of befe, both fat and ful fyne, A fayre cloth they gan for to sprede, But, wantyng mony, I myght not speede

Then unto London I dyd me hye, Of all the land it beareth the pryse, 'Hot pescods ' one began to cry,

'Strabery ripe, and cherryes in the ryse!' on the bough One bad me come nere and by some space,

Peper and safforne they gan me bede,

But, for lack of mony, I myght not spede

Then to the Chepe I gan me drawne, Where much people I saw for to stand One ofred me velvet, sylke and lawne, Another he taketh me by the hande, 'Here is Parys thred, the tynest in the land !' I never was used to such thynges, in dede.

And, wanting mony, I might not spede.

Then went I forth by London Stone, Throughout all Canwyke Streete Drapers much cloth me offred anone, Then met I one cryed 'Hot shepe's feete,' One cryde 'makerell,' 'rvshes grene' another gan

grect., One bad me by a hood to cover my head, But, for want of mony, I myght not be sped

Then I hyed me unto Est Chepe,

One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye, Pewter potter they cluttered on a heape, There was harp, pype, and mynstralsye, 'Yea, by cock ' may, by cock ' some began cry, by God Some songe of Jenkin and Julyan for their mede, But, for lack of mony, I myght not spede

Then into Cornhyll anon I yode, Where was much stolen gere amonge, I saw where honge mine owne hoode That I had lost amonge the thronge, To by my own hood I thought it wronge I knew it well, as I dyd my Crede, But, for lack of mony, I could not spede

The ta erner tooke me by the sleve, 'Sir,' sayth he, 'wyll you our wyne assay?' I answered 'That can not much me greve, A peny can do no more then it may,' I drank a pynt, and for it dyd pave, Yet, sore a hungerd from thence I yede, And, wantyng mony, I cold not spede, &c. 1 Or Candlewick Street, now Cannon Street 2 To win reward.

Lydgate was not the only ecclesiastic prolific of bad verses in Chaucerian metres, we have, for instance, the Legends of the Saints, in some ten thousand decasyllabics, by Osbern Bokenam, a Suffolk man and an Augustinian friar, also the

Life of St Katherine of Alexandria, in seven-line

stanzas (some nine thousand lines), by John Capgrive, another Augustinian, belonging to the neighbouring county (see below, page 89) Benet Burgh, the 'young follower' who carried on Lydgate's version of the Secreta Secretorium, translated also the Moralia of Dionysius Cato in stanzas quite up to the average work of this century Ashby, a Writer to the Signet, may be said to have carried on Hoccleve's tradition by the dreary poem on the Active Policy of a Prince, which he addressed to Edward Prince of Wales, possibly in 1460, possibly ten years later He wrote also a Pro hemium unius Prisonarii ('A Prisoner's Prologue'), and Englished in verse some of the 'Sayings of the Philosophers,' afterwards printed by Caxton in Lord Rivers' prose. His chief interest is that he illustrates with unusual clearness the process by which Chaucer's five foot decasyllabics were being converted into a ragged line of four beats. It is not too much, indeed, to say that in all this wilderness of tedious verse the only oases to be found (outside pieces at one time attributed to Chaucer himself) are a few devotional poems in which true feeling has gifted some unknown writer with a felicity he could hardly himself have appreciated The 'Vernon' manuscript, printed by the Early English Text Society in 1892, contains some such pieces, and here is a snatch from another, embedded in a Speculum Christiani ('Christian's Looking Glass') printed by William'de Machlinia

Watton Mary moder, wel thou be ! Mary moder, thenke on me, Mayden and moder was never none Togeder, Lady, saf thou allone. Swete Lady, mayden clene, Schilde me fro ille schame and tene, Out of synne, Lady, schilde thou me, And oute of dette for charitee. Lady, for thy joyes fyve, Gete me grace in thys lyve, To knowe and kepe over all thyng Cristen feith and Goddes byddyng, And trewly wynne alle that I nede To me and myn clothe and fede Helpe me, Lady, and alle myne, Schilde me, Lady, from helle pyne, Schilde me, Lady, from vyleny,

about 1485, attributed not very certainly to John

Poetry was not utterly dead when such simple lines as these could be written, and in another quarter modern research has recently discovered for us three poets who, writing for their own pleasure and not at the bidding of prince or abbot, have enjoyed the distinction of having their work pass for nearly four centuries under the name of Chaucer himself The first of these is a certain Clanvowe, identified with a Sir Thomas Clan-

vowe, who, though he ultimately held Lollard

views, was a courtier and friend of Prince Hal's

in the reign of Henry IV His poem is The

And from all wicked companye.

torment

Cuckoo and the Nightingale, written in a five-line stanza with a delicacy and sense of rhythm not unworthy of Chaucer himself Witness these

'Allas,' quod she, 'my herte wol to breke To heren thus this false brid to speke Of love, and of his worshipful servyse Now, god of love, thou help me in som wyse That I may on this Cukkow been awreke.'

Me thoughte than that I sterte up anon And to the brooke I ran, and gat a ston, And at the Cukkow hertely I caste, And he, for dredé, fley away ful faste, And glad was I when that he was a goon.

And evermore the Cukkow, as he fley, He seyde 'Farewel! farewel, papinjay'' As though he hadde scorned, thoughté me, But ay I hunted him fro tree to tree Til he was fer al out of sighte awey

And thanne com the Nightingale to me,
And seyde 'Frend, forsothe I thanke thee,
That thou hast lyked me thus to rescowe,
And oon arow to Love I wol arowe,
That al this May I wol thy singer be.'

(Chanterian and other Pieces ed. Skeat, 1897)

Professor Skeat has shown that a reference to the queen at Woodstock must apply to Joan of Navarre, who held the manor of Woodstock as part of her dower, and that the poem must have been written between 1403 and 1410, a date quite in keeping with the purity with which the fragrance of Chaucer's manner has been preserved.

Our second poet is a Sir Richard Ros, a Leicestershire knight, who about 1460 translated La Belle Dame sans Merci of Alain Chartier Despite the charm of its title, which the translator had the good sense to retain, Chartier's poem is a dull one, and the best that can be said of Sir Richard's rendering is, that it is smoother and more fluent than most of the verse of its time. But he prefixed to it a short prologue of his own, and the two splendid lines with which this begins—

Half in a dream, not fully well awaked, The golden sleep me wrapt under his wing—

entitle their author to respectful mention.

Our last Chaucerian poet is unidentified, a fact the more to be regretted as it can hardly be doubted that she was a lady. The two pieces which are assigned to her are (1) The Flower and the Leaf, a delightfully pretty poem, based on Chaucer's line, 'I ne wot who serveth Leef ne who the Flower,' in the prologue to the Legend of Good Women, and (2) the less happily conceived Assembly of Ladies. Both are written in Chaucer's seven line stanza with ease and abundant music. Here, from the former poem, is a description of the effect of heat and storm on the gay company of the flowers.

For-shronk with hete, the ladies eek to brent
That they ne wist where they hem might bestow,
The knightes swelt, for lak of shade ny shent,
And after that within a litel throw,
The wind began so sturdily to blow,
That down goth al the floures everichon,
So that in all the mede there laft not on.

Save suche as socoured were, among the leves,
Fro every storme, that might hem assail,
Growing under hegges and thikke greves,
And after that there came a storm of hail
And rain in fere, so that, withouten fail,
The ladies ne the knightes ne hadde o threed
Drye upon hem, so dropping was hir weed.

And when the storm was clene passed away,
Tho clad in whyte, that stood under the tree,
They felte nothing of the grete affray
That they in greene without had in y be.
To hem they yede for routh and pite,
Hem to comfort after their greet disese,
So fain they were the helpless for to ese.

(Skeat s Chaucerian Pieces)

1 Sweltered. 2 Almost destroyed.

Professor Skeat, to whom scholars are under deep obligations for his admirable edition of these 'Chauceriana,' places these two poems, mainly for linguistic reasons, as late as the last quarter of the fifteenth century If this be so, the three poets, Clanvowe, Ros, and the unknown lady, come at the beginning, the middle, and the end of the dullest century of English verse, and certainly help greatly to redeem its credit.

English Prose Writers, 1380-1500.

The necessity of exhibiting the influence of Chaucer's poetry on his successors has caused us to leave the history of English prose far behind, but we must now review its development during this period. Chaucer's own work in prose, though very inferior to his poetry, is not without its interest and importance. The 'Tale of Melibee' and the 'Parson's Sermon' in the Canterbury Tales, considering that they are both translations, are written with fluency and directness. In the address to his little son Lewis, prefixed to the treatise on the Astrolabe, he stumbled, as other writers have done in talking to children, on a graceful simplicity. With the omission of a few sentences, it runs thus

Lyte [little] Lowys my sone, I aperceyve wel by cer teyne evidences thyn abilite to leme sciences touching nombres and proporciouns, and as wel consider I thy bisy praier in special to leme the Tretys of the Astrelabie

Therefore have I yeven the a suffisant Astrolable as for our orizonte [horizon] compowned [constructed] after the latitude of Ovenforde, upon which, by mediacioun of this litel tretys, I propose to teche the a certein nombre of conclusions perteynyng to the same instrument

This tretis, divided in five parties, wol I shewe thee under full light reules and naked wordes in Englishe, for Latyn canst thou yit but small, my litel sone. But natheles suffise to thee these trawe conclusions in Eng

lisshe as wel as sufficith to these noble clerkes Grekes these same conclusions in Greke, and to Arabiens in Arabike, and to Iewes in Ebrewe, and to the Latyn folk in Latyn, whiche Latyn folke had hem first oute of othere dyverse langages, and writen hem in her owne tunge, that is to seyn in Latyn And God woot that in alle these langages and in many moo han these conclu sions ben suffisantly lerned and taught, and yit by diverse reules, right as diverse pathes leden diverse folke the right way to Rome. Now wol I preie mekely every dis cret persone that redith or herith this litel tretys to have my rude endityng for excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The first cause is for that curiouse endityng and harde sentence [meaning] is ful hevy at onys [once] for such a childe to lerne. And the secunde cause is this, that sothly me semith better to writen unto a childe twyes a gode sentence, than he forgete it onys.

And Lowys, yf so be that I shewe the in my light Englishe as trewe conclusions touching this mater, and not only as trewe but as many and as subtile conclusions, as ben shewid in Latyn in eny commune tretys of the Astrelabie, konne me the more thanke. And preie God save the king, that is lorde of this language, and alle that him feithe benth and obeieth, everiche in his degre, the more and the lasse. But consider well that I ne usurpe [claim] not to have founden this werke of my labour or of myn engyn [ingenuity]. I nam but a lewde [ignorant] compilator of the labour of olde astrologiens, and have it translated in myn Englisshe only for thy doctrine [instruction]. And with this swerde shal I sleen [slay] envie.

In his only other prose work, his translation of the De Consolatione Philosophia of Boethius, Chaucer's positive success is much less Consolatione is a difficult book, and Chaucer's translation often needs the Latin to make it intel But the test of progress in prose is the ability of the writer to find phrases for new ideas, and to arrange in due order sentences of a more complex kind than are used in conversational narrative. In making the first English translation of a philosophical work—a work, moreover, full of high-flown metaphor-Chaucer had to face these difficulties, and though he is often defeated, his attempt was a noteworthy event in the history of English prose. Here are a few sentences from his version of the fifth 'Metre' of Book I, 'O stelliferi conditor orbis '

O thow makere of the wheel that bereth the sterres, whiche that art festnyd to the perdurable chayer [throne], and turnest the hevene with a ravysschynge sweighe [sound as of wind], and constreynest the sterres to suffren the lawe, so that the moone som tyme, schynynge with hir fulle home, metynge with alle the beemes of the sonne hir brother, hidelth the sterres that ben lasse, and som tyme, whan the moone pale with hir derke hornes aprocheth the sonne, leeseth hir lyghtes, and that the eve sterre, Hesperus, whiche that in the first tyme of the nyght bryngeth forth hir colde arysynges, cometh eft ayen hir used cours, and is pale by the morwe at rysynge of the sonne, and is thanne clepid Lucifer! Thow restreynest the day by schortere duellynge in the tyme of cold wynter, that maketh the leeves falle. Thow

devydest the swyfte tydes of the nyght, whan the hotesomer is comen. Thy myghte attempreth the variauntes sesouns of the yer, so that Zephirus, the debonere wynd, bryngeth ayen in the first somer sesoun the leeves that the wynd that hyghte Boreas hath reft awey in autumpne, and the seedes that the sterre that highte Aucturus saugh, ben waxen heye cornes whan the sterre Syrius eschaufeth [warms] hem. Ther mys no thyng unbounde from his olde lawe, ne forleteth [nor that foregoes] the werk of hispropre estat. O governour, governynge alle thynges by certein ende, whi refusestow only to governe the werkes of men by duwe manere?

Crabbed as this seems at a first reading, the successive clauses rise and fall with a true proserhythm, and that Chaucer attained this rhythm, however fitfully, in translating so difficult a book, gives him a place among the pioneers of the more complex harmonies of English prose, as distinct from simple narrative.

Chaucer's translation was responsible for another prose work, the Testament of Love, which, until the discovery that the opening letters of its chapters formed the sentence, 'Margarete of virtu have merci on thin[e] Usk,' was often attributed to his Thomas Usk was arrested in 1384 for complicity in the schemes of John of Northampton (Mayor of London, 1381-83), to whom he had acted as secretary He gave evidence against hisassociates, and on this score, and because of hisreturn from Lollardy to orthodoxy (his Margaret, or Pearl, of Virtue probably stands for the Church), confidently expected an acquittal, but was executed During his imprisonment he wrote the Testament of Love, a kind of adaptation of the De Consolatione to his own case, in which he alludes to Chaucer by name, and makes free use not only of his translation of Boethius, but of his Hous of Fame as well. Though intolerably tedious, the book is not badly written, but lovers of Chaucer still owe it a grudge because of the accusation of treachery founded on it at the time when it was, quite inexcusably, reckoned among his works

We come now to another book about which modern research has dispelled some venerable errors—the Travels of Sir John Mandeville. Mandeville, it used to be said, wrote an account of hisown travels in English in 1356, and thereby became the 'Father' of English Prose, just as Chaucer was the 'Father' of English Poetry We now know that, though an English knight named Sir John Mandeville lived at an earlier date, his only con nection with the Travels was that the real compiler of them chose to use this name at first as a nom de guerre, eventually (apparently) as if it were really his own This compiler was a certain Jean de Bourgogne or Jean à la Barbe, who depicts himself as meeting 'Mandeville' on his travels Thirdly, though this Jean de Bourgogne may have visited Palestine, there is no probability of his having gone farther afield, his description of other lands being demonstrably borrowed from earlier writers, such as Jacques de Vitry and Friar Odone

of Pordenone Fourthly, the Travels were originally written not in English, nor in Latin, but in French, and the earliest English reference to them is to the original and not to any English version. Lastly, three distinct English translations are extant, all probably made within twenty years before or after 1400, and all showing clear traces of their origin by obvious blunders due to misreading French words—e.g by rendering signes (signs) as if it had been written eygnis (swans) A full account of all three versions and of the whole history of the book (details of which belong rather to French literature than to English) will be found in the introduction to Mr G F Warner's edition of the most northern of the three English translations, printed for the Royburghe Club in 1889 that we know that the Travels is not an original English work, the importance of the English texts in the history of English prose is naturally diminished, but it must also be said that, even as an original work, their importance would not be so great as used to be maintained. Any one who looks at the Prologue in the best of the three versions (that of the unique Cotton MS in the British Museum) will see at once that the writer was absolutely incapable of dealing with a complex sentence, while in simple narrative he is certainly not superior to Hampole. The real importance of the 'Mandeville' lies in its subject. From the Conquest to the reign of Richard II there is no English prose except on religious subjects. At last Englishmen are tempted to render into their own tongue a delightful book of travels, and the novelty of this attempt, aided by the straightforward narrative of the original, lends a charm and a freshness to their style which has enabled the book to retain its hold on English readers for five centuries As the use of the plural in our last sentence indicates, the English version of the Travels now current is really of composite authorship, owing much to a slightly earlier rendering, made from a defective French text, but which was much the most popular. This earlier version was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and often reprinted during the sixteenth century. The current text exists only in a single manuscript, and was first printed in 1725, while the third version, also extant only in one manuscript, was first printed by Mr Warner in 1889 Our specimen is taken from the current text, and follows the Cotton manuscript itself

From that control men passen be [by] many marches [borders] toward a control a ten journeys thens, that is clept Mabaron, and it is a gret kyngdom, and it hath many faire extees and townes.

In that kyngdom lith the body of seynt Thomas the Apostle in flesch and bon, in a faire tombe in the cytee of Calamye, for there he was martyred and buryed And men of Assirie beere his body into Mesopatayme, into the cytee of I'disse, and after, he was brought thider agen. And the arm and the hond that he putte in oure Lordes syde, whan He appered to him after His

re-urrexioun and seyde to him, Noti esse incredulus sad fidelts, is vit lyggynge [lying] in a vessell withouten the tombe. And be that hond their maken all here [their] juggementes in the contree, whoso hath right or wrong For whan ther is ony dissencioun betwene two partyes and every of hem [their] meynteneth his cause and eight that his cause is rightfull, and that other seyth the contrarye, thanne bothe partyes writen here causes in two billes and putten hem in the hond of Seynt Thomas, and anon he easteth awey the bille of the wrong cause, and holdeth stille the bille with the right cause, and therforemen comen fro fer contrees to have juggement of doutable causes, and other juggement use their non there.

Also the chirche where seynt Thomas lyth is bothe gret and fair and all full of grete simulacres, and tho be grete ymages that thei clepen here goddes, of the whiche the leste is als [as] gret as two men. And amonges theise othere there is a gret ymage, more than ony of the othere, that is all covered with fyn gold and precious stones and riche perles, and that ydole is the god of false cristene that han reneved [denied] hire feyth. And it sytteth in a chayere of gold, full nobely arrayed, and he hath aboute his necke large gyrdles wrought of gold and precious stones and perles. And this chirche is full richely wrought and all over gylt withinne. And to that ydole gon men on pilgrimage als comounly and with als gret devocioun as cristene men gon to seynt James or other holy pilgrimages. And many folk that comen fro fer londes to seke that ydole, for the gret devocyoun that thei han, thei loken nevere upward, but everemore down to the crthe, for drede to see ony thing aboute hem that scholde lette [hinder] hem of here devocioun And somme ther ben that gon on pilgrimage to this ydole that beren knyfes in hire hondes, that ben made full kene and scharpe, and allweyes as thei gon their smyten hemself in here armes, and in here legges, and in here thyes with many hidouse woundes, and so thei schede here blood for love of that ydole. ther seyn that he is blessed and holy that dyeth so for love of his god. And othere there ben that leden hire children for to sle to make sacrifise to that ydole, and after thei han slayn hom thoi spryngen [sprinkle] the blood upon the ydole. And summe ther ben that comen fro ferr, and in goinge toward this ydole, at every thrydde pas that thei gon fro here hous, thei knele and so con tynnew till thei come thider. And whan thei comen there thei taken ensense and other aromatyk thinges of noble smell and sensen the ydole, as we wolde don here Goddes precyouse body And so comen folk to worschipe this ydole, sum fro an hundred myle and summe fro many mo

And yee schull understonde that whan grete festes and solempnytees of that ydole, as the dedicacioun of the chirche and the thronynge of the ydole, be, all the control aboute meter there togidere, and thei setten this ydole upon a chare [car] with gret reverence, wol arrayed with clothes of gold of riche clothes of Tartarye, of Camacia, and other precyous clothes, and thei leden him aboute the cytee with gret solempnytes. And before the chare gon first in processioun all the maydenes of the control two and two togydere full ordynatly, and after the maydenes gon the pilgrymes, and summe of hem falle down under the wheles of the char, and lat the chare gon over hem so that their be dede anon, and summe han here armes or here lymes all to broken and somme the sydes, and all this don their for love of him god

in gret devocioun. And he thinketh that the more peyne and the more tribulacioun that thei suffre for love of hire god the more joye thei schull have in another world. And schortly to seye you thei suffren so grete peynes and so harde martyrdomes for love of here ydole that a cristene man, I trowe, durst not taken upon him the tenthe part the peyne for love of oure lord Jhesu Crist.

And after I seye you before the chare gon all the mynstrelles of the contrey withouten number with dyverse instrumentes, and thei maken all the inclodye that thei cone. And whan thei han gon all aboute the cytec thanne thei returnen agen to the mynstre and putten the ydole agen into his place. And thanne for the love and in worschipe of that ydolc and for the reverence of the feste that slen hem self, a cc or ccc persones, with scharpe knyfes Of the whiche their bryngen the bodyes before the ydole, and than thei seyn that tho ben seyntes, because that thei slowen hem self of here owne gode wille for love of here ydole And as men here that hadde an holy seynt of his kyn wolde thinke that it were to hem an high worschipe right so hem thinketh there. And as men here devoutly wolde wryten holy seyntes lyfes and here myracles and sewen for here canonyzaciouns, right so don their there for hem that sleen hemself wilfully for love of here ydol, and seyn that thei ben gloriouse martyres and seyntes and putten hem in here wrytynges and in here litanycs, and avaunten hem gretly, on to another, of here holy kynnesmen that so becomen seyntes and seyn I have mo holy seyntes in my kynrede than thou in thine.

(Chap xvL)

With the Mandeville translators must be mentioned John of Trevisa, a Cornishman, born in 1326, who became an Oxford scholar, and devoted many years of his long life to translations, and even wrote a little treatise (A Dialogue between a Lord and a Clerk) on how the work of translation should be done Among other books, he rendered into English the great medieval compilation of natural history, De Proprietatibus Rerum ('Of the Properties of Things'), by Bartholomew the Englishman, a sermon of Richard Fitzralph, Arch bishop of Armagh, against the Friars, Vegetius, De Re Militari, Ægidius, De Regimine Principum, and Nicodemus, De Passione Christi the book by which Trevisa is best known, chiefly because Caxton continued and printed it, is his translation, finished in 1387, of the Polychronicon, or General History, written by Ranulph Higden, a monk of Chester, about 1350 As we have already seen (page 33), in Englishing Higden's Latin, Trevisa sometimes interpolated an interesting note, and when his author gives him a chance he can find vigorous enough English, as witness this account of the deposition of Edward II

The same while the kyng of Engelond was I take in the castel of Neth in West Wales, and I putte in ward, in the castel of Kelyngworthe. Hewe the Spenser the yonge was I take with the kyng, and anhonged and to drawe at Hereford, byheded and I quartered, and his heed was I sent to Londoun brigge. Also that yere in the occabis [octave] of the Twelfthe Day was made a parlement at Londoun, there by comoun ordynaunce

weren solempine messangers i sent to the kyng that was in prisoun, thre bisshoppes, thre erles, tweye barouns, two abbottes and two justices, forto re igne to the kyng that was thoo in warde the homage that was i made to hym somtyme, for they wolde no lenger have hym for her lord. One of hem, Sire William Trussele, knyyt and procuratour of all the parlement, spak to the kyng in the name of all the othere and seide these wordes. If, William Trussell, in the name of alle men of the load of Engelond, and of all the parlement procuratour, I resign to the, I dward, the homage that was i made to the somtyme, and fro this tyme forthward I defie the, and prive the of all real [royal] power, and I schal nevere be tendaunt to thee as for kyng after this tyme. Also this was opounliche i cried at Londoun

(Polychrons on, ed Lumby, vol vil p. 32,)

But the general level of the *Polychronicon* is not high, and no such popular success is the 'Mande ville' attained was possible to its translator

John Wyellf .- The philosophy of Boethius, the trivels of Mandeville, the nature love of Bar tholom cus Anglicus, and the history of Higden were all put into English prose within a few years of 1380, and it was just at this time also that the scholar, theologian, and patriot, John Wychil awoke to the importance of the weapon which the development of English prose offered to his Born about 1320 near Richmond in York shire, and probably connected with the family of Wychife who were lords of the manor of Wychifeon-Tees, John Wyclif must have entered Oxford as a lad, and by 1360 had become Master of This office he resigned in 1361 to become Rector of Fillingham, in Lincolnshire, but in 1365 he was again at Oxford, holding the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall (afterwards incorporated with Christ Church), from which in 1367 he was ousted by Archbishop Langham to make room for a monastic head

Up to this date Wychi had been simply an Oxford scholar, and had no doubt gained his reputation by the Latin treatises on Logic and Metaphysics, which have come down to us among his works. He was now to take a prominent part in public affairs, and he seems to have been singled out as a champion against papal aggression owing to his maintenance of a theory of dominium, or the ideal source of all rights in property, which is so important, as the keynote of his teaching, that it may be briefly explained.

The feudal system had accustomed men's minds to expect that all property should be held by tenure from some higher power, and there had been great controversy on the Continent as to whether the Emperor was the source of all earthly lordship and himself held the Empire direct from God, or whether he and every one else held their lordship only through the Pope. As England was outside the Holy Roman Empire, the question had presented itself in a different light in this country, and indignation at the compact by which King John held his crown subject to tribute to the Pope

offered further inducements to a broader view Thus Wyclif was only following Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, in maintaining that God Himself was the chief lord of all possessions, and that, ideally, all property was held directly from Him and subject to the obligation of faithful That at a later date this theory was misrepresented as justifying the mob in depriving wicked property owners of their wealth does not detract from its ideal truth. With it Wyclif combated the theological and historical arguments adduced to prove the Pope's right to 'provide' for his servants at the expense of the patrons of English livings, and to justify the excessive endowment of the clergy. We must not trench on English history by narrating in detail how he supported the king and Parliament in their refusal of Pope Urban V's demand (made in 1366) for the arrears of tribute due under John's compact, or how he took part in the movement to confiscate superfluous clerical undowments, and was one of a mission to Bruges in 1374 to treat with the papal delegates in the matter of 'Provisions,' or, finally, how he was summoned before the Archbishop of Canterbury at St Paul's on February 19, 1377, to answer for his opinions, and saw his judges routed by the influence of the Court on the one hand, and of the Londoners on the other bulls were issued against him, but an attempt to enforce them at Lambeth met the same fate as the previous trial at St Paul's, and meanwhile the Great Council showed its respect for Wyclif by submitting to him the question whether it could rightly forbid money to be taken out of the country for the Pape's behoof

Up to this time, as far as we know, Wyclif had concerned himself chiefly with the politics of Church and State, and no charge of heresy in other matters had been brought against him, but the papal schism of 1378, which led to the supporters of the rival popes taking up arms against each other, shook his belief in the whole fabric of medieval theology He now attacked the papacy on nearly every point on which the English Church subsequently revolted, and by this time, if not before, was maintaining with great vchemence a quarrel with the Friars, and sending out his 'Poor Preachers' into the villages to take their place He still wrote in Latin with restless activity, but he wrote now, both in controversy and in teaching, in English far more than ever before. In these English tracts he was aided, no doubt, by many of his Oxford friends, so that many of them must be roughly classed as Wyclifite rather than assigned dogmatically to Wyclif himself-a distinction which applies also to the great work of translating the Bible, with which his name will always be connected At Oxford his influence was very great, even after he began the attacks on papal doctrines, which were far less calculated to enlist popular support than those on papal practice.

From 1380 to 1382 the battle went on, and at last Wyclif's friends in the university were finally defeated by the Archbishop's influence, and forced to submit But Wyclif himself, for some reason, was left practically unmolested, and died peacefully at his rectory of Lutterworth on the last day of 1384. Of his work as a preacher and a theologian this is not the place to speak, nor is any one of his English tracts, taken by itself, of any importance in English literature. Collectively their importance is considerable, for they enlarged the bounds of the language, and by their individual appeal and vigorous tone brought a new element into English literature. The extracts which follow are taken from The English Works of Wyclif hitherto Unprinted, edited by Mr F D Matthew for the Eurly English Text Society in 1880, and are all from tracts which in the editor's judgment may reasonably be assigned to Wyclif himself As here printed the spelling has been slightly normalised The first quotation is from the tract 'Of Servants and Lords,' and combats accusations of socialism

But yet summe men that ben out of chante sclaundren pore prestes with this errour, that servauntes or tenauntes may lawefully withholde rentes and servyce fro here lordes, whan lordes ben openly wicked in here livynge thei maken thise false lesynges [hes] upon pore prestes to make lordes to hate hem, and not to meyntene treuthe of Goddes lawe, that thei techen openly for worschipe of God and profit of the rewme [realm] and stablynge of the kynges power and destroynge of synne. For these pore prestes destroicn most by Goddes lawe rebelte of ser vauntes agenst lordes, and charge servaunts to be suget [subject], though lordes be tirauntes. For Seynt Peter techeth thus 'Be ye servauntes suget to lordes in alle mancre of drede, not only to goode lordes and bonere [kindly], but also to tirauntes, or siche that drawen fro Goddes scole.' For, as Seynt Poul seith, eche man oweth to be suget to heighere potestates, that is to men of heighe power, for ther is no power but of God, and so he that agenstondeth [resist] power, stondeth agenst the ordynaunce of God, but thei that agenstonden geten to hemself dampnacioun

Our second extract, from the *Fractatus de Pseudo-Freris*, is from one of Wyclif's milder denunciations of the Friars

The thridde deceyt of thise ordres is that thei passen othere in prayeres, both for tyme that thei preyen and for multitude of hem. Who shuld not bye dere siche preyers? sith thei bryngen men swiftliche to hevene, and other men when thei slepen on nyghtes haven of hem preyeres at midnyght, that crien devowteliche on God bi clere voys, stif and clene. Here men seyen that in this poynt many seculars ben deceyved, for thise ordres witen not whether that thei shal come to hevene. and so hou is here conscience brent [seared], that thei dar thus selle siche preyeres, and algates sith it is proprid [reserved] to God to parte [apportion] merites as hym liketh, and noon man may approve [establish] his merites but as God judgeth that it is worthi, and thus this preyere of thise ordres is of a nest of blasfemye and chaffaryng of fendes [fiends'] preyere by the craft of symonye. And where the maken hem a rewele to ryse rewelche [regularly] at midnyght, thei passen Crist and David and the ordynaunce of the Godhede, for God un disposeth ofte tymes men to ryse thus at midnyght, and asketh of hem a bettere lif, that thei putten off bi here statute. Crist dwelled in preyere al the nyght, but by hym self withoute swiche coventes, and so thise ordres holden not Cristes rewele, neither in tyme, nor in stede [place], for Crist preyede withoute siche criynge, lyk to the state of innocence, bi hym self under the cope of heven

Our last quotation is from the *De Officio Pas*torals (Cap w), and leads us to a very important subject

The Hooly Gost gaf to the apostles wit at Witsunday for to knowe al maner languages to teche the puple [people] Goddes lawe therby, and so God wolde that the puple were taught Goddes lawe in diverse tunges, but what man on Goddes halfe shulde reverse Goddes ordenaunce and his wille? And for this cause Seynt Jerom travelede and translatede the Bible fro diverse tunges into Latyn, that it myghte be after trans lated to othere tunges And thus Crist and his apostles taughten the puple in that tunge that was most knowen to the puple, why shulden not man do so now? And herfore [for this cause] autours of the newe law, that weren apostles of Jesu Crist, writen ther gospels in diverse tunges that weren more knowen to the puple. Also the worthy rewme of Fraunce, notwithstondynge alle lettinges [hindrances] hath translated the Bible and the Gospels with othere trewc sentences of doctours out of Latyn into Freynsch, why shulden not Englische men do so? as lordes of England han the Bible in Freynsch, so it were not agen resoun that they hadden the same sentence [meaning] in Englische, for thus Goddes lawe wolde be bettere knowen and more trowed for onehed [unity] of wit, and more acord be bi twice rewmes

This brings us to the greatest of the works con nected with Wyclif's name, the first English translation of the whole Bible The allusion in it to the Bible as read by Englishmen in French may help us to understand why such a translation had not been undertaken before. From the earliest times efforts had been made to translate certain portions of the Bible, especially the Psalms and the Gospels, into the vulgar tongue. Thus we hear of Bede as engaged on a version of St John's Gospel at the time of his death, and of King Alfred translating the Psalms In the tenth century we find the priest Aldred interlineating an English gloss in the famous Lindisfarne manuscript of the Latin Gospels, and in this century also we have a translation of the Gospel of St Matthew and glosses on the other three evangelists which go by the name of the Rushworth Gospels By the begin ning of the eleventh century Ælfric had translated or epitomised the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Kings, Job, Esther, Judith, and the Maccabees, though not without misgivings lest some ignorant priest, on reading of polygamy in the Bible, should imagine that it was a practice to be imitated After the Conquest the Anglo-Saxon versions of |

the Gospels were kept in existence by fresh copics as late as the twelfth century, but the work of English translation was effectually stopped by the fact that every one who could read at all could read French, and probably Latin as well. There was no demand for translations of any book into English prose, and therefore the Bible, like other books, remained untranslated, though attempts were made, as in the Ormulum, the Cursor Mundi, and the miracle-plays, to make the Bible story familiar to the unlcarned as well as the learned Translation was resumed early in the fourteenth century—that is, as soon as the English language was definitely coming to the front-with a verse rendering of the Psalter, followed soon afterwards by the prose version by William of Shorcham, and then by the two widely differing translations with commentaries, both attributed to Richard Rolle of Hampole, who died in 1349.

After the century had entered on its second half, Bible translation took a distinct step forward commentary on the Apocalypse, a very favourite book in the thirteenth and fourtcenth centurics, was written by an unknown author, and with the commentary there was given a translation of the Under the title One of Four-that is, a book of all four Gospels gathered shortly into one story—there was also made a translation of the Monotessaron, or Harmony of the Latin Gospels, originally compiled by Clement, Prior of Llanthony in Monmouthshire. Both these works have been claimed as Wyclif's, but without any good That such books should appear at this time was in accordance with the steady development of our vernacular literature, and there is no adequate reason for attributing them to Wyclif's hand. We now come to the translation of the complete Bible, and the first fact we find is the existence at the Bodleian Library of two copies of a translation of the Old Testament as far as Baruch iii 20 One of these is the original manuscript of the translator, and the other, which is copied from it, contains a note attributing the version to Nicholas Hereford This Meholus Hereford was one of Wyclif's prominent supporters at Oxford, and on the Feast of the Ascension, May 15, 1382, had preached before the university in his defence. The following month, when Wyclif's followers at Oxford were finally defeated, Hereford disappeared, and went to Rome, and was there imprisoned. But by 1394 he had made his peace, for in that year we hear of him as appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Hereford, he even became an examiner of heretics, and in 1417 joined the Carthusian monastery at Coventry, and there died. It is important to note this fact as proving that no suspicion of unorthodoxy would be likely to attach, at a later date, to the translation on the ground of his having had a hand in Meanwhile it is difficult not to imagine that the cause of the abrupt discontinuance of the translation at Baruch III. 20 was Hereford's

retirement from Oxford in June 1382 The translation was completed by another hand in a less cramped style, and our illustration is taken from a splendid manuscript specially made for Thomas of Woodstock (Edward III's youngest son), murdered by Richard II in 1397

It is usually taken for granted that the task of completing Hereford's translation was undertaken by Wyclif himself, and it is pleasing to imagine him in his retirement at Lutterworth occupying himself with this pious and uncontroversial work But except that the rendering becomes less stiff and constrained when the second hand took up the task, and that Wyclif was a vigorous writer, there is no jot of positive evidence to justify an assertion that the translation of the New Testament was Wyclif's own work, while against it is the probability that during the years 1383 and 1384 he was incapacitated by illness from undertaking such a task. The fault of Hereford's translation was his adherence to a word-for-word rendering, involving an introduction of Latin constructions quite foreign to the English language. Soon after its completion a new version was undertaken, and a copy of this preserved át Trinity College, Dublin, gives us strong reasons for attributing the translation to its first owner, John Purvey, a faithful Oxford friend of Wyclif's, who lived with him in his retirement at Lutterworth, and who, though as late as 1400 he was in trouble for his opinions, is yet mentioned with the greatest respect by one of Wyclif's chief opponents The translator, however, only speaks of himself as a 'simple creature,' and though we have a reasonable ground for identifying him with Purvey, the identification can hardly be stated as a fact. Fortunately he has left us a long preface, in the course of which, besides much else of extreme interest, he has told us in the clearest way how he set about his task. Here, from the great edition by Forshall and Madden (Oxford, 1850), is the most important passage, which follows immediately upon a statement of the chief reasons why the work of translation had been undertaken

For these resons and othere, with comune charite to save alle men in oure rewme whiche God wole have savid, a symple creature hath translatid the Bible out of Latyn into English. First, this symple creature hadde myche travaile, with diverse felawis and helperis, to gedere [gather] manie elde [old] biblis and othere doctouris, and comune glossis, and to make oo [one] Latyn bible sumdel [in some respects, fairly] trewe, and thanne to studie it of the newe [afresh], the text with the glose, and othere doctours, as he might gete, and speciali Lire [Le Nicolas de Lyra, the great medieval commentator] on the elde testament, that helpide ful myche in this werk, the thridde tyme to counseile with elde gramariens, and elde dyvynis, of harde words, and harde sentencis, hou tho mighten best be undurstonden and translatid, the my tyme to translate as cleerly as he coude to the sentence [mean ing] and to have manie gode felawis and kunnynge at the correcting of the translacioun. First it is to knowe, that the best translating is out of Latyn into English, to trans late aftir the sentence, and not oneli aftir the wordis, so

that the sentence be as opin [plain], either openere, n English as in Latyn and go not fer fro the lettre, and if the lettre may not be suid [followed] in the translating, let the sentence evere be hool [whole] and open, for the words owen [ought] to serve to the entent and sentence, and ellis the wordis ben superflu either false. In translating into English, many resolucions moun [must] make the sentence open, as an ablatif case absolute may be resolvid into these three words, with covenable [suitable] verbe, the while, for, if, as gramariens seyn, as thus, the maister redinge, I stonde, may be resolved thus, while the maistir redith, I stonde, either, if the maistir redith, etc. either for the maistir, etc., and sumtyme it wolde acorde wel with the sentence to be resolved into whanne, either into aftirward, thus, whanne the maistir red, I stood, either after the maister red, I stood, and sumtyme it mai wel be resolved into a verbe of the same tens, as othere ben in the same resoun, and into this word et, that is, and in English, as thus, arescentibus hominibus præ timore, that is, and men shulen wexe drie [dry] for drede participle of a present tens, either preterit, of active vois, either passif, may be resolved into a verbe of the same tens and a conjunctioun copulatif, as thus, dicens, that is, setynge may be resolved thus, and setth, either that setth and this wole, in many placis, make the sentence open, where to Englisshe it aftir the word, wolde be derk and

The grammatical portion of this paragraph is of great interest in showing how intelligently the work of translation was approached, while the sentences which precede it show that there must have been an amount of co-operation in the translation which almost entitles us to speak of it as the work of a committee of translators It has already been mentioned (page 84) that Trevisa also set down his thoughts upon translation into English, and the fact that we find an allusion to his having translated the Bible makes it possible that he was one of the Oxford men with whom Purvey (if, for convenience, we may assume his authorship) took counsel Nicholas of Hereford must have been another, for it is clear that Purvey took his work as his basis, and in the few verses we now quote from the two translations of the 'Song of Moses' we see Purvey carrying out his grammatical theories by the smoother turn he gives to some of the phrases, changing, for instance, Hereford's 'The Lord as a man fighter, Almighty his name,' into 'The Lord is as a man fighter, his name is Almighty?

Synge we to the Lord, forsothe gloriously is he magny fied, the hors and the steyer up he threwe down into the see. My strengthe and my preysyng the Lord, and he is maad to me into helthe. This my God, and hym Y shal gloryfie, the God of my fader, and hym Y shal enhaunce. The Lord is a man fighter, Almighti his name, the chare of Pharao and his oost he threwe fer into the see. His chosun princes weren turned upsedoun in the reed see, the depe watris coverden hem, their descendiden into the depthe as a stoon. Lord, thi right hoond is magnyfied in strengthe, thy ryght hoond, Lord, hath smytun the enemye. And in multitude of thi glorie thow hast put down alle my aduersaryes, thow hast sent this wrath, that denowed hem as stable. And in the spirit of this woodnes watris ben gedend togidere, the



Reduced facsimile from the Wyclifite Bible, 1st version.1

1 The following transcript of the facsimile showing the translation of St Jerome's preface to Isaiah is taken from that prepared for the Palmographical Society, but with the addition of punctuation by Forshall and Madden, from whose text also the gap between the two columns is supplied. The page is headed 'Isaye. The pas sage is a striking example of the clumsy English of the first translator. British Museum Egerton MSS. 617–618. Before A.D. 1397

No man when he prophetts he schal seen with versis to ben discrimid, in metre evine he hem anentis be ebrues to be bounden, and eny pinge life to han of pail mys, or of be werkis of salomon bot bat in demostene and tullio it is wont to be don, hat be deuysiouns and under distinceyouns bei ben writen be whiche forsobe in prose and not in verse writen We forsope to be profit of reders puritelyinge, be newe remenyinge with a new maner of wrutynge han distinctly writen. And first, of year it is to wyten, bat in his sermoun he is wisse forsobe as a noble man, and of curtesse feire speche ne eny pinge is mengid of cherlhede in his feire speche. Wherfor it fallib, bat be translacyoun schal not mowun keepen be floure of his sermoun beforn oper Perafter also per is to be leid to, pat not more he is to ben seid a prophete, ban euangelist So forsope al pe misteries of crist and be chirche to cleer, or clerli, he pursuede hat not him you weene of hinge to cum to prophecyen, bot of he hingus passid storye to wenen. Wherfor I eym be seventy remenours bat tyme not to han wolde

pe sacramentis of peir beleeve to sche we ful cleerli to pe liepen, lest holy to

Idogges, and margarites to swyn the Seeue. The whiche when this making 3ee shul rede, of hem 3ee shul taken heed, or perceyue, hid thing. Ne I viknowe of hou myche trausale it be the profetes to viderstonden, ne li3tly any man to moun demen of the rememping but if he schal viderstonden before he schal reden, wee also to ben opene to the bitingus of manye men, the whiche bi enuje stryende, that that thei moun not han thei dispisen. Thanne I witende and slee3, in to the flamme putte the hond and nerthelatere this of no sesum rederes I prise, that as Grekes after the seventy translatoures, Aquylam and Symachum and Theodocian thei reden, or for studie of ther doctrine!

or bat he seventy more ber understonden of he to-gydir leyinge of hem, so and he se namely oon remenour after be raber vouche bey saaf to han Reede bey after be raber, and afterward dispuse bey lest bei be seen not of dome bot of presumpcy oun of hate vnknowe Jingus to dampue. For sobe year profecyede in terslem and in te werye, not 3it be ten lynagis lad in to cattyfte and of euer cy per rewme, now to-gyder, nowe severyngly, he ordeynyde be prophecye And bous opther while he be holde to be present storie and efter be causite of babyloyne he betokne be a3en cummynge of he puple in to sewerye, neuer he-later al his bisynesse is of he elepynge of gen tilis, and of he cummynge of crist, whom hou my che more 3e louen o paule and enstoche, so miche more of him askib

flowynge water stode, the depe waters ben gederid togider in the myddil see. The enemye seide, Y shal pursue, and Y shal tak, robries Y shal dyuyde, my soule shal be fulfillid. I shal drawe out my swerd, and myn hoond shal slee hym. Thi spiryt blewe, and the see couerede hem, and thei ben vinder dreynt as leed in hidows waters. Who, Lord, is lijk to thee? thow doer of grete thingis in holynes, and feerful, and preysable and doying merueyls, &c.

Synge we to the Lord for he is magnefied gloriousli, he castide down the hors and the stiere in to the see. My strengthe and my preisyng is the Lord, and he is mand to me in to heelthe. This is my God, and Y schal glorifie hym, the God of my fadir, and I schal enhaunse hym The Lord is as a man fighter, his name is Almighti, he castide down in to the see the charis of Farao, and his oost. Hire chosun princis weren drenchid in the reed see, the depe watns hiliden hem, thei geden down in to the depthe as a stoon. Lord, thi right hond is magnyfied in strengthe, Lord, thr right hond smoot the enemye. And in the mychilnesse of thi glone thou hast put down alle myn aduersaries, thou sentist thin ire, that deuouride hem as stobil. And watris weren gaderid in the spirit of thy woodnesse, flowinge water stood, depe waters weren gadend in the middis of the see The enemy seide, Y schal pursue, and Y schal take, Y schal departe spuylis, my soule schal be fillid. I schal drawe out my swerde, myn hond schal sle hem Thi spirit blew, and the see hilide hem, thei weren drenchid as leed in greet watris Lord, who is lijk thee in stronge men, who is lijk thee? thou art greet doere in hoolynesse, ferdful, and preisable, and doynge myraclis, &c.

Short as this quotation is, it suffices to show that the task of translating the Bible into English had made a splendid beginning, and the success of the work, from the point of view of its reception, was immediate and great. In the great edition by Forshall and Madden no fewer than one hundred and seventy manuscripts (nearly four times as many as exist of the Canterbury Fales) are enumerated, and the book circulated freely during the fifteenth century, a splendid copy (sold in the Ashburnham 'supplement' sale in 1899 for £5000) being accepted as a gift by the Brigittine Monastery of Sion at Isleworth, most orthodox of orthodox The honesty and absence of bias of the translators, perhaps also their wisdom in not obtruding their names, contributed to this result, and the acceptance of the book was so complete that Sir Thomas More evidently believed that the Wyclifite translation was something quite different, while in our own day it has even been contended that Wyclif made no translation at all In the bare literal sense of the words this latter theory may possibly be true. We know that Tyndale and Coverdale took pen in hand and translated day by day till their

> pat for he present bacbytynge bi which me enmyes vincesyngly to teren, he to , me 3celde meed in tyme to cum, hat wote me for hat hinge to han swat in he leer nynge of a straunge tunge lest he iewis lengre shulden putte represe to he chir chis of him, of he salchede of scripturis.

work was done. There is no part of the Bible for which we can say with certainty that Wyclif did this, and in the present writer's opinion the terms of Purvey's preface make it highly improbable that his leader and master had himself engaged in the task. But if Wyclif did not translate with his own hand, it was by his followers and under his inspiration that the work was carried through, and it would be ungrateful to dissociate his name from it. Were it not for this the work might perhaps best be called the 'Oxford' translation, for it certainly was the work of a group of Oxford men, and the word 'Wyclifite' suggests a sectarian character from which it is wholly free. But, despite his vehemence in denunciation, this absolute honesty and zeal for truth were among the most prominent characteristics of Wyclif himself, and few students will wish, as none is likely to be able, to deprive him of the honour which is justly his in connection with this great work.

Purvey's version of the New Testament was later rendered into the Scots vernacular of the early sixteenth century, of this specimens are given below at page 213

As we have seen, English prose in the second half of the fourteenth century was mainly concerned with translation (the best possible training for style), and in the fifteenth century this was no less the case. But three writers of original prose, a chronicler, a jurist, and a theologian, now demand our attention

John Capgrave, provincial of the Austin Friars in England, was an earnest and zealous ecclesiastic and a most industrious and voluminous author He was born at Lynn in Norfolk in 1303, and there in 1464 he died. He studied probably at Cambridge, and was ordained priest about 1418, having already entered his order at Lynn His works include, in Latin, Bible commentaries, sermons, Nova legenda Anglia, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1516, De illustribus Henricis, giving the lives of twenty-four German emperors, kingsof England, &c., all of the name of Henry, and Vita Humfredi Ducis Glocestriæ Among his English works are a Life of St Katherine in verse (see page 80, ed. by Horstmann, Early Eng Text Soc. 1893) and a Chronicle of England from the The last and the De illustribus Creation to 1417 Henricis were edited by Hingeston for the 'Rolls Series' in 1858 In style the Chronicle is simple, but eminently lacking in rhythm, vigour, or variety

In this tyme on Jon Wyclef, Maystir of Oxenforth, held many straunge opiniones—That the Cherch of Rome is not hed of alle Cherchis. That Petir had no more auctorite thanne the other Aposteles, ne the Pope no more power than another prest. And that temporal lordes may take awey the godes fro the Cherch, whan the persones trespasin. And that no reules mad be Augustin, Benet, and Fraunceys, adde no more perfeccion over the Gospel than doth lym whiting onto a wal. And that bischoppis schuld have no prisones, and many other things. Upon these materes the Pope sent a bulle to

the archbischop of Cauntirbury and of London, that thei schuld areste the same Wiclef, and make him to abjure these seid opiniones. And so he ded, in the presens of the duk of Lancastir but aftirward he erred in these, and in mo [more] The same tyme thei of London wold a killid the forseid duk, had thei not be letted be her [pre pented by their] bischop

In the V 5ere of Richard, Jon Wiclef resumed the eld dampned opinion of Berengari, that seide,—Aftir the consecracion of Cristis body, bred remayned as it was before. Mani foul errouris multipled Wiclef more than Berengari —That Crist was there, as he is in other places, but sumwhat more specially, That this bred was no better than other bred, save only for the prestis blessing, and, if Cristis bodi was there, it was possible to a man for breke Cristis nek. He seid eke it was lasse synne to worchip a tode than the Sacrament for the tode hath lyf, and the Sacrament non.

In the IX 3ere of this Kyng, John Wiclef, the orgon of the devel, the enmy of the Cherch, the confusion of men, the ydol of heresie, the meroure of ypocrisie, the norischer of scisme, be the rithful dome [judgment] of God, was smet with a horibil paralsie thorw oute his body. And this veniauns [vengeance, punishment] fell upon him on Seynt Thomas day in Cristmasse, but he deyed not til Seynt Silvestir day. And worthily was he smet on Seynt Thomas day, ageyn whom he had gretely offendid, letting men of that pilgrimage, and conveniently [appropriately] deied he in Silvestir fest, ageyn whom he had venemously berkid for dotacion of the Church.

The French scholastic theologian Berengarius of Tours, who died in 1083, was in trouble for forty years because of his opinions on tran substantiation and the Sylvester against whom Wyclif barked was Pope Sylvester I, to whom the Emperor Constantine was said (in the 'Falso Decretals) to have made the fumous donation on which the popes claim to temporal power was long based. Sylvester's Day was 31st December St Thomas here was Thomas Becket.

Sir John Fortescue, the first notable English writer on Constitutional law, was born in Somersetshire about 1394 apparently, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. Called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, he became serjeant-atlaw and Lord Chief justice of the Court of King's Bench, and was knighted. In the struggle between the Houses of Lancaster and York he was a zealous Lancastrian, and was attainted under Edward IV He accompanied Margaret of Anjou and her young son, Prince Edward, on their flight into Scotland, and is supposed to have there received the nominal appointment of Lord Chancellor from Henry VI Thence also he wrote a series of tracts, Latin and English, in support of the Lancastrian claims, afterwards recanted 1463 he embarked with the queen and her son for Flanders During his exile he wrote his celebrated work, De Laudibus Legum Anglia, for the instruction of Prince Edward, who was his pupil But on the final defeat of the Lancastrian party at the battle of Tewkesbury (1471), where he is said to have been taken prisoner, Fortescue submitted to Edward IV He seems to have died about 1476 The De Laudibus was not printed until 1537, it was translated by Mulcaster in 1573. principal English work, written about 1475, is

The Governance of England, otherwise called The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy (1714, new ed by Plummer Clarendon It restates some of the argu-Press, 1885) ments of the De Laudibus, contrasts constitutional and absolute monarchy, with illustrations from French usages, and discusses how to render the central administration more effective. It was much cited during the civil troubles of the seventeenth century As basing its argument on a comparison of existing institutions instead of on the speculative deductions of the Middle Ages, this work is modern in method The prose style, lucid, vigorous, and direct, is, in spite of lingering archaism, distinctly more modern than that of Chaucer or Wyclif, or of the Mandeville transla-The whole work extends barely to fifty The chapter dealing pages in the best edition with the national defence (printed here with th for an occasional b, and the contractions filled out) is entitled 'What Harme wolde come to England yff the Commons theroff were Pouere?'

Some men haue said that it were good for the kyng that the commons off Englande were made pore, as be the commons off Ffraunce. Ffor than that wolde not rebelle, as now that done oftentymes, wich the commons off Ffraunce do not, nor mey doo, ffor that haue no wepen, nor armour, nor good to bee it with all. To theis maner off men mey be said with the phylo sopher, ad pauca respicientes de facili enunciant This is to say, that that see but ffew thynges, woll sone say thair advyses Ffor soth theis ffolke consideren htill the good off the reaume [realm] off Englond, wheroff the myght stondith most vppon archers, wich be no ryche men And yff that were made more pouere [poor] than that be, that shulde not have wher with to bie hem bowes, arroes, jakkes, or any other armour off defence, wherby that myght be able to resiste owre enymes, when that liste to come vppon vs, wich that mey do in euery side, considerynge that we be a Ilelonde, and, as it is said be fore, we mey not sone haue soucour off any other reaume. Wherfore we shull be a pray to all owre enymyes, but iff we be myghty off owre selff, wich myght stondith most vppon owre pouere archers, and therfore that nedun not only haue suche ablements [habiliments] as now is spoken off, but also that nedun to be much excersised in shotynge, wich mey not be done with out right grete expenses, as euery man experte ther in knowith right well fore the makyng pouere of the commons, wich is the makyng pouere off owre archers, shalbe the distruccion of the grettest myght off owre reaume. whan any rysinge hath be made in this londe be ffor theis days by commons, the pouerest men theroff haue be the grettest causers and doers ther in. And thrysty men haue ben loth therto, ffor drede off lesynge off thair gode. But yet oftentymes that haue goo with thaym, through manasheynge [menacing] that ellis the same pouere men wolde haue toke thair godes, wher in it semyth that pouerte hath be the holl cause off all suche rysynges The pouere man hath be sturred therto be occasion off is pouerte, for to gete gode, and the riche men haue gone with hem, be cause that wolde not be pouere be lesynge off ther godc What than

wolde sfall, ysf all the commons were pouere? Trewly it is lyke that this lande then shulde be like vnto the reaume off Boeme [Bohemia], wher the commons ffor pouerte rose apon the nobles, and made all thair godis Item, the reaume off Ffraunce to be comune. givith neuer ffrely off thair owne gode will any subsidie to thair prince, be cause the commons theroff be so pouere, as that mey not give any thyng off thair owne godis. And the kyng ther askith neuer subsidie off is nobles, for drede that yff he charged hem so, that wolde confedre with the commons, and perauentur putt hym doune. But owre commons be riche, and thefore that give to thair kynge, at somme tymes quinsimes [fifteenths] and dessimes [tenths], and ofte tymes other grete subsidies, as he hath nede ffor the gode and defence off his reaume. How gret a subsidie was it, when the reaume gaff to thair kyng a quinsime and a desime quin queniale, and the ixth fflese [fleece] off thair wolles, and also the 1xth shefe off ther graynes, ffor the terme off v yere. This myght that not have done, yff that hade ben impouershed be thair kyng, as be the commons off Ffraunce, nor such a graunte hath be made by any reaume off cristendome, off wich any cronicle makith mencion, nor non other mey or hath cause to do so Ffor that have not so much ffredome in thair owne godis, nor be entreted by so ffauerable lawes as we be, except a ffewe regions be ffore specified se dayly, how men that haue lost thair godis, and be ffallen into pouerte, be comme anon robbers and theves, wich wolde not haue ben soche, yff pouerte hade not brought hem therto Howe many a theff then were like to be in this lande, yff all the commons were pouere The grettest surete trewly, and also the most honour that mey come to the kynge is, that is reaume be riche in energy estate. Ffor nothyng mey make is people to arise, but lakke off gode, or lakke off justice But yet sertanly when thay lakke gode that woll aryse, saying that that lakke justice. Neuer the les yff that be not pouere, thay will neuer aryse, but yff ther prince so leve justice, that he give hym selff all to tyranne

Fortescue thus enlarges on English courage

It is not pouerte that kepith Ffrenchmen ffro rysinge, but it is cowardisse and lakke off hartes and corage, wich no Ffrenchman hath like vnto a Englysh man It hath ben offten tymes sene in Englande, that iij or iiij theves ffor pouerte haue sett apon vj or vij trewe men, and robbed hem all. But it hath not bene sene in Ffraunce, that vi or vij theves have be hardy to robbe ni or nii trewe men Wherfore it is right selde that Ffrenchmen be hanged ffor robbery, ffor that haue no hartes to do so terable an acte. Ther bith therfore mo men hanged in Englande in a yere ffor robbery and manslaughter, then ther be hanged in Ffraunce flor such maner of crime in vii veres. Ther is no man hanged in Scotlande in vii yere togedur ffor robbery And yet that ben often tymes hanged ffor larceny, and stelynge off good in the absence off the owner theroff But thar hartes serue hem not to take a manys gode, while he is present, and woll defende it, wich maner off takynge is called robbery But the Englysh man is off another corage. Ffor yff he be pouere, and see another man havynge rychesse, wich mey be taken ffrom hym be myght, he will not spare to do so, but yff that pouere man be right trewe. Wherfore it is not pouerte, but it is lakke off harte and cowardisse, that kepith the Ffrenchmen ffro rysynge (From Chap. xiii.)

Reginald Pecock was a keen witted theologian, who by too venturesome arguments in support of orthodoxy fell into condemnation Born in Wales about 1395, he was a fellow of Oriel, Oxford, and received priest's orders in 1422. His preferments were the mastership of Whittington College, London, together with the rectory of its church (1431), the bishopric of St Asaph's (1444), and that of Chichester (1450) He plunged into the Lollard and other controversies of the day, and compiled many treatises, of which the Donet (c. 1,440), on the main truths of Christianity, is extant in MS, and his Treatise on Faith (c. 1456) was partly printed in 1688. The object of his most famous work, The Repressor of Over Much Blaming of the Clergy (c. 1455), was to promote the cause of the Church against Lollardy His breadth and independence of judgment brought upon him the suspicions of the Church In 1457 he was denounced for having written on profound questions in English, for setting reason and natural law above the Scriptures, and for diminishing the authority of the fathers and doctors He was summoned before Archbishop Bourchier, condemned as a heretic, and given the alternative of abjuring his errors or being burned. Electing to abjure, he gave up fourteen of his books to be burnt, and, forced into resigning his bishopric, spent the rest of his days in the abbey of Thorney in Cambridgeshire, dying about 1460 The Repressor is acutely logical -to the point of being casuistical-in argument, and in style is wonderfully clear and vigorous. It deals chiefly with the Lollard arguments against images, pilgrimages, clerical landholding, hierarchical distinctions, papal and episcopal authority, and monasticism.

Refuting the Lollards' denunciation of the monastic orders as unscriptural, Pecock thus begins an argument from the first chapter of the Epistle of St James

The firste of these my arguments is this It is writin, Iames the 1º C., thus A cleene religioun and an viewemmed anentis God and the Fadir is this, to visite fadirles and modirlees children and widowis in her tribulacioun, and to kepe him silf andefilid fro this world. Out of this text a man may argue in twei maners. In oon maner thus Iames assigneth this gouernaunce now rehercid in his text to be a cleene religioun and an vnwemmed [un defiled] anentis [before] God and the Fadir, wherfore noon other gouernaunce saue this same, as bi the entent and meenyng of Iames in his now rehercid text, is a cleene religioun and vinwemined anentis God and the Fadir, and so the religiouss now had and vsid in the chirche ben not cleene and vnwemmed anentis God and the Fadir In an other maner thus What euer religioun lettith and biforbarrith [hinders and disallows], 3he [yea], and forbedith the religioun to be doon and vsid, which is a clene and vinwemmed religioun adentis God and the Fadir, is an vulecful [unlawful] religioun, and not worth; be had and vsid.

See James Gairdner's Studies in English History (1881). Churchill Babington's edition of the Repressor in the 'Rolls Series (1860), and the Life by John Lewis (1774 reprinted 1820).

Sir Thomas Halory.

While Lightsh was thus being recognised is the language in which in English theologian, jurist, or historian should naturally write, the work of translation still went on, but the book to which we must now turn, Le Marte D'Arthur of Sir Thomas Milors, though wowedly a compilation from various French sources stands in a very different category from the renderings of Palladius On Husbindry, of the Secreta Secretarum (tabely attributed to Aristotle), of the Saymas of ter Pathosophers, and other works which translators were now rendering accessible to English readers. Despite the ridicule which Chancer had cost on the romances in his Sir Trofts, English versi hers still continued to handle and rehandle them Thus there are infreently century versions of a long series of Charlemanne romances of Gar of Har, ick and he is of Hampton. Thomas Chester in the second quarter of the century, wrote a metrical romance of Sir I rinful, and there are two versions (known is the Thornton and the 'Harleian' from the MSS which preserve them! of the Morte D Irtl ir The work which Milory undertook was of a different character, being nothing less than the welding into some approach to unity of the whole Arthuri in cycle. Until 1896 nothing was known of Malory beyond the information given in the first edition printed by Caxton in 1455. In his prefice Cixton tells us how he funder the favour and correction of al noble lordes and gentylmen, enprysed to enprynte a book of the noble hystories of the sayd kinge Arthur, and of certexn of his knyghtes, after a copye unto me delyyerd, whyche copye Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of Frensshe and reduced it into Englysshed Besides this note of Caxton's we have the author's own farewell to his readers

And here is the ende of the deth of Arthur. I prave you all jentyl men and jentyl wynnmen that redeth this book of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the endyng, priye for me whyle I un on live that God sende me good delyveraunce and whim I un deed I prive you all priye for my soule. For this book was ended the ix vere of the regne of king Edward the fourth, by syr Thomas Maleore knyght as the a helpe hym for hys grete myght, as he is the scruaint of thesi bothe day and night

In 1896 it was pointed out that the name of a Sir Fhomas Maloric occurs among those of a number of Lancistrians excluded from a general pardon granted by Edward IV in 1468. Further research, munly by Professor Kittredge, identified this outlaw with a Sir Thomas Malory of Newbold Revell, Warwickshire, an adherent of Richard Beauch imp, Larl of Warwick, and afterwards, probably, for a time, of Warwick, and afterwards, probably, for a time, of Warwick the King maker. This Malory represented his county in the Parka ment of 1444–45, died on 14th March 1471, and was buried in the chapel of St Francis at the Grey Frieds near Newgate. Of his fortunes between his

outhway in 1408 and his death in 1477 we have no information but the petrion place for me whyle I im on lyte that God ende me need de lyterunce, and whim I im deed I praye you aid praye for my sould," cems peculially appropriate to the eighing excluded the eath of the ends of the thirty exents chapter of Mido you lies kits certainly heighters the probability of the identification. There he write

So any firstam or lived there give yarry or a kerty a had under also have, at little interprets a passer a property have for all the whole as you create his hose has been formally the whole as you create the had not been for a first are not a proposed at a local beauty as for any and the case of a local beauty at the case to may a first an alocal beauty as for any little and a local beauty as for any little and a local beauty as for any little for he had a local beauty and a local be

It is difficult to to to do in the imple paths of these words a tour of the fields has not passed to entering and in the birt of sport of these and we seem to not ence arone a product of the confiscion of a field had been been about a drawn to each wire and had at lest himself actifications.

Han ha the or the will town of there the math Will be work not a street by the wanter of the conno hose Mint disagree percently and assess or Atturdep well-altery and of Actions to r were that kye Arthur Lad's at up at and art and is s then links rought that artists a salue of the real trade the term ment are all all the first series term that we then softer and another it fits a "I and more through the felicibility of me to am, to a an this hym they were all up to temporal my his title to all all a to men holde them contents with his . Live the analysis elde enteme and a see I that the I have an are that we of this lettle have a tirely terre terre ex [tingetten] that was meand used. Mar, the statice defaulte of us Lingles he now for there improve harmas please us not terme like to look how the ch

If we may accept the identification which these passages eertually support. Malors through his econnection with the Wirwicks must have seen whatever of the point of chicality endured and the horiors of the civil wars. He must have been, however in old man when he wrote his book for he is credited with having served at the sage of Rouen in 1418 and so could hardly have been born after 1400. But we must turn now from the man to his book and note in the first place that literary intiquaries have traced the giviter part of it, chapter by chapter, to the Model's of Robert de Boiron and his successors (Books 1-11), to the Linghish metrical formance, Let

If may be noted that the Inglish remaines are reduced by called In Morie and Lis White the managine reterring to the title regarded as a phrase, and the terminites of the properties for of all 12 Mow thoroughly the title had passed into a 1 howers. In an Ly Malory cown choice of it for a will which tells Atthurs who is history beginning with his parenting.

Morte Arthur of the Thornton MS (Book v), the French romances of Tristan (Books viii - L) and of Launcelot (Books vi, xi-xix), and lastly, to the English Morte Arthur of the Harleian MS (Books Will, W., Will, or perhaps rather to its French source. No original has yet been found for Book vii., which tells the story of Sir Gareth, and in Book will, chap 20, which describes the arrival of the body of the Fair Maiden of Astolat, and chap 25, which discourses on True Love, have been singled out as original additions, but in the main the work is, what it professes to be, a compilation from 'Frensshe bookes' It is perhaps worth noting that in 1464 Raoul Le Fèvre, chaplain of Philip the Good of Burgundy, had in a similar way 'composed and drawn out of divers books in Latin into French' his Le Recueil des Histoires de Troie, and that while Malory was at work on the Morte D'Arthur Caxton was busy translating the Recuerl into English. It 15 possible that it was Le Fèvre's 'Troy book' which gave Malory the idea for his own work, in any case it is worth while mentioning the two books together, because the contrast between them brings into strong relief the difference between the work of Malory and that of an ordinary compiler, even though possessed of Le Fèvre's industry and very respectable skill. There are blemishes in the Morte D'Arthur The story of Tristram should either have been told more briefly, or have been carried to an end, and there are episodes in which a better version than that used by Malory is now known to exist. But Malory, like every other writer of his day, could only work from the books he was able to procure, and of the insight and sympathy he brought to his task, the judgment with which he selected and omitted, and the skill with which he keeps his work throughout at the highest level of chivalry and romance there cannot be any question. Caxton's words, 'whyche copye Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of Frensshe,' seem to point to his having printed from the author's own manuscript. this was obviously left unrevised, for the printer himself had to act as a clumsy editor, dividing the work into books and chapters, and adding chapterheadings For lack of revision disjointed sentences and awkward constructions are occasionally to be found, but in general Malory's style possesses that highest ment of perfect adaptation to its subject. Our extracts follow, with modern punctuation, Caxton's text as edited by Dr H Oskar Sommer in 1889 The first relates to Arthur's famous sword, Excalibur

Howe Arthur by the meane of Merlin gate Excalibur his swerde of the Lady of the Lake Ryghte so the kyng and he departed & wente untyl an ermyte that was a good man and a grete leche. Soo the heremyte serched all his woundys & gaf hym good salves, so the king was there thre dayes, and thenne were his woundes wel amendyd that he myght ryde and goo, & so departed And as they rode Arthur said, 'I have no swerd' 'No force' [No matter], said Merlin, 'here by is a swerd that

shalle be yours and [if] I may ' Soo they rode tyl they came to a lake, the whiche was a fayr water and brood, and in the myddes of the lake Arthur was ware of an arme clothed in whyte samyte, that held a fayr swerd in that hand 'Loo,' said Merlin, 'yonder is that swerd that I spak of.' With that they sawe a damoisel goyng upon the lake 'What damoysel is that?' said Arthur 'That is the lady of the lake,' said Merlin, 'and within that' lake is a roche, and theryn is as fayr a place as ony on erthe, and rychely besene [arrayed], and this damoysell wylle come to yow anone, and thenne speke ye fayre to her that she will give yow that swerd' Anone with all came the damoysel unto Arthur and salewed hym, and he her ageyne 'Damoysel,' said Arthur, 'what swerd is that, that yonder the arme holdeth above the water? I wold it were myne, for I have no swerd' 'Syr Arthur, kynge,' said the damoysell, 'that swerd is myn, and yf ye will give me a yeste [gist] whan I aske it yow, ye shall have it' 'By my feyth,' said Arthur, 'I will yeve yow what yeste ye will aske.' 'Wel,' said the damoisel, 'go ye into yonder barge & rowe yourself to the swerd, and take it and [the] scaubart with yow, and I will aske my yeste whan I see my tyme So syr Arthur & Merlyn alyght, & tayed their horses to two trees, & so they went into the ship, & whanne they came to the swerd that the hand held, syre Arthur toke it up by the handels & toke it with hym-and the arme & the hand went under the water, & so come unto the lond & rode (Book L chap 25.)

The constant single combats in the Morte D'Arthur are apt to seem a little monotonous to modern readers The specimen of them which follows is not only good in itself, but is diversified by an interest of another kind Gareth, a younger son of the Queen of Orkney, on arriving in disguise at Arthur's court had asked as the first of the king's promised boons only that he should have his meat and drink for a twelvemonth request was thought plebeian, and Sir Kay, the seneschal, while he dubbed him Beaumains because of his fair hands, kept the lad in the kitchen. At the end of the year, when a damsel came to Arthur's court for a knight to help her mistress, Beaumains demanded and was granted the quest, much to the anger of the damsel, who, despite the exploits he soon performed, continued to rail at him as a kitchen-knave. Our extract relates to his combat with the second of a series of four knights, Black, Green, Red, and 'of the colour of Ind [i e indigo, or blue] '

How the brother of the knight that was slain mette with Beaumains and fought with Beaumains til he was selden [yielded] Thus as they rode to go ders they sawe a knyght come dryvend [riding quickly] by them, al in grene, bothe his hors & his harners, and whanne he came nyghe the damoysel he asked her, 'Is that my broder the Black Knyghte that ye have brought with yow?' 'Nay, nay,' she sayd, 'this unhappy kechen knave hath slayne your broder thorou unhappinesse [mischance].' 'Allas,' sayd the Grene Knyghte, 'that is grete pyte that soo noble a knyghte as he was shold soo unhappely be slaine, and namely [especially] of a knaves hand, as ye say that he is. A' traytour,' sayd the Grene Knyghte, 'thou shalt dye for sleynge of my broder. He was a ful noble

knyghte, and his name was syr Pereard' 'I defye the,' said Beaumayns, 'for I lete the wete I slewe hym knyghtely, and not shamefully' There with all the Grene Knyghte rode unto an horne that was grene, and hit henge [it hung] upon a thorne, and there he blewe thre dedely motys [calls], and there came two damoysels and armed hym lyghtely And thenne he took a grete hors, and a grene shelde and a grene spere. And thenne they ranne to gyders with al their myghtes, and brake their speres unto their handes, and thenne they drewe their swerdes, and gaf many sadde strokes, and either of them wounded other ful yll And at the last at an overthwart [cross encounter] Beaumayns with his hors strake the Grene Knyghtes hors upon the syde, that he felle to the crthe And thenne the Grene Knyghte avoyded his hors lightly, and dressid hym [made himself ready] upon foote That sawe Beaumayns, and there with al he alighte, and they rasshed [rushed] to-gyders lyke two myghty kempys [champions] a longe whyle, and sore they bledde both With that cam the damoysel and said, 'My lorde the Grene Knyghte, why for shame stand ye soo longe fyghtyng with the kechyn knave? Allas, it is shame that ever ye were made knyghte, to see suche a ladde to matche suche a knyghte, as [as if] the wede overgrewe the corne.' There with the Grene Knyght was ashamed, and there with al he gaf a grete stroke of myghte, & clase his shelde thorow Whan Beaumayns sawe his shelde cloven a sonder he was a lytel ashamed of that stroke, and of her langage, and thenne he gaf hym suche a buffet upon the helme that he felle on his knees and soo sodenly Beaumayns pulled hym upon the ground grovelynge. And thenne the Grene Knyghte cryed hym mercy, and yelded hym unto syre Beau mayns, and prayd hym to slee him not 'Al is in vayn,' said Beaumayns, 'for thou shalt dye, but yf [unless] this damoysel that came with me praye me to save thy lyf' And ther with al he unlaced his helme, lyke as he wold slee [slay] hym. 'Fy upon the, false kechen page, I wyll never pray the to save his lyf, for I will never be soo moche in thy daunger 'Thenne shalle he deye,' sayde [obliged to you].' Beaumayns. 'Not soo hardy, thou bawdy [dirty] knave,' sayd the damoysel, 'that thou slee hym' 'Allas,' said the Grene Knyghte, 'suffre me not to dye, for a fayre word may save me. Fayr knyot,' said the Grene Knyghte, 'save my lyf, & I wyl foryeve the [thee] the dethe of my broder, and for ever to become thy man, and xxx knyghtes that hold of me for ever shal doo you servyse.' 'In the devyl's name,' sayd the damoysel, 'that suche a bawdy kechen knave shold have the and thyrity knyghtes servyse.' 'Sır knyght,' saıd Beaumayns, 'alle this avayleth the not, but yf my damoysel speke with me for thy lyf' And ther with al he made a semblaunt [pretence] to slee hym. 'Lete be,' sayd the damoysel, 'thou baudy knave, slee hym not, for and thou do, thou shalte repente it.' 'Damoysel,' said Beaumayns, 'your charge is to me a pleasyr, and at your commaundement his lyf shal be saved, & els not.' Thenne he said, 'Sir Knyghte with the grene armes, I releace the quyte at this damoysels request, for I wylle not make her wrothe, I wille fulfylle al that she chargeth me.' And thenne the Grene Knyghte kneled doune, and dyd hym homage with his swerd. Thenne said the damoisel, 'Me repenteth, Grene Knyghte, of your dommage [hurt], and of youre broders dethe the Black Knyghte, for of your help I had grete myster [need], for I drede me sore to passe this forest.' 'Nay, drede you not,' sayd the Grene Knyghte, 'for ye shal lodge with me this nyghte, and to morne I shalle helpe you thorou this forest.' Soo they tooke theyre horses and rode to his manoyr, whiche was fast there besyde

(Book vii. chap 2)

While this extract shows how a knight could endure and overcome a lady's caprice, our next exhibits the serious and religious aspect of knight-errantry at its highest

How syr Boors mette syr Lyonel taken and beten wyth thornes, and also a mayde which shold have been devoured Upon the morne, as soone as the day appiered, Bors departed from thens, and soo rode in to a foreste vnto the houre of mydday, and there bifelle hym a merveyllous adventure So he mette at the departyng of the two wayes two knyghtes, that ledde Lyonel his broder al naked, bounden upon a straunge hakney, & his handesbounden to fore his brest And everyche [each] of hem helde in his handes thornes, where with they wente betynge hym so sore that the blood trayled dounc more than in an honderd places of his body, soo that he was al blood tofore and behynde, but he said never a word, as he whiche was grete of herte, he suffred alle that ever they dyd to hym as though he had felte none anguysshe. Anone syre Bors dressid hym to rescowe hym that was his broder and soo he loked upon the other syde of hym, and sawe a knyghte whiche brought a fair gentylwoman, and wold have set her in the thyckest place of the forest, for to have ben the more surer oute of the way from hem that sought hym And she, whiche was no thynge assured, cryed with an hyghe voys, 'Saynte Mary, socoure your mayde!'

And anone she aspyed where syre Bors came rydynge And whanne she came nygh hym, she demed hym a knyghte of the Round Table, wherof she hoped to have some comforte, and thenne she conjured hym, by the feythe that he ought [owed] 'unto hym in whos servyse thow arte entryd in [i.e. Christ], and for the feythe ye owe unto the hyghe ordre of knyghthode, & for the noble kyng Arthurs sake, that I suppose made the [thee] knyght, that thow help me, and suffre me not to be shamed of this knyghte.'

Whanne Bors herd her say thus, he had soo moche sorowe there he nyst [knew] not what to doo 'For yf I lete [leave] my broder be in adventure [risk] he must be slayne, and that wolde I not for alle the eithe. And yf I helpe not the mayde, she is shamed for ever, and also she shall lese her vyrgynyte, the whiche she shal never gete ageyne.' Thenne lyste he up his eyen, and sayd wepynge, 'Fair swete lord Jhesu Cryste, whoos lyege man I am, kepe Lyonel my broder that these knyghtesslee hym not, and for pyte of yow, and for Mary sake, I shalle socoure this mayde.'

(Book xvi chap 9.)

Lastly we may take a passage from an episode which, even without the popular currency which has been given to it by Tennyson's 'Elaine,' might deservedly be famous—that which tells of the arrival at Arthur's court of the body of the fair maid who died because she could not win Lancelot to love her

How the corps of the Mayde of Astolat arryved before Kyng Arthur Soo by fortune [chance] kynge Arthur and the quene Guenevere were spekynge to gyders at a wyndowe, and soo as they loked in to Temse [Thames]

Caxton

they aspyed this blak barget, and hadde marvelle what it mente. Thenne the kynge called sire kay & shewed hit hym 'Sir,' said sir Kay, 'wete you wel there is some newe tydynges? 'Goo thyder,' sayd the kynge to sir Kay, 'and take with yow sire Brandyles and Agravayne and brynge me redy word what is there.' Thenne these four knyghtes departed and came to the barget and wente in, and there they fond [found] the fayrest corps lyinge in a ryche bedde and a poure man sittyng in the bargets ende, and no word wold he speke. Soo these foure knyghtes retorned unto the kyng ageyne and told hym what they fond 'That fayr corps wylle I see,' sayd the kynge. And soo thenne the kyng took the quene by the hand & went thydder Thenne the kynge made the barget to be holden fast, and thenne the kyng and the quene entred with certayn kny5tes wyth them, and there he sawe the fayrest woman lye in a ryche bedde, coverd unto her myddel with many ryche clothes, and alle was of clothe of gold, and she lay as though she had smyled. Thenne the quene aspyed a letter in her ryght hand and told it to the kynge. Thenne the kynge took it and sayd, 'Now am I sure this letter wille telle what she was, and why she is come hydder' Soo thenne the kynge and the quene wente oute of the barget, and so commaunded a certayne wayte [watch] upon the barget And soo whan the kynge was come within his chamber he called many knyghtes aboute hym, and saide that he wold wete [know] openly what was wryten within that letter Thenne the kynge brake it, and made a clerke to rede hit, and this was the entente [purport] of the 'Moost noble knyghte sir Launcelot, now hath dethe made us two at debate for your love. your lover that men called the fayre mayden of Astolat Therfor unto alle ladyes I make my mone. Yet praye for my soule and bery me atte [at the] leest, and offre ye my masse peny This is my last request And a clene mayden I dyed, I take God to wytnes. Pray for my soule, sir Launcelot, as thou art pierles [peerless].' This was alle the substance in the letter, and whan it was redde the kyng, the quenc, and alle the knyghtes wepte for pyte of the doleful complayntes (Book xviii. chap 20.)

'Herein may be seen,' wrote Caxton of the Morte D'Arthur, 'noble chyvalrye, curtosye, humanyte, frendlynesse, hardynesse, love, frendshyp, cowardyse, murdre, hate, vertue and synne. Doo after the good and leve the evyl and it shal brynge you to good fame and renommee.' That is perhaps the best comment that has been passed on a book at which some good men, since the days of Ascham, have shaken their heads, but which, as even our few extracts will have shown, epitomises in itself so much of the magic, the pity, and the chivalry of the old romances, that it ranks high among the masterpieces of our literature.

William Caxton.

The manuscript of the Morte D'Arthur has disappeared, and the book is thus the first English classic for which we are dependent on a printed text, Caxton's edition, printed in 1465, being itself so rare that only two copies of it are known, while one of these is imperfect. When Caxton published

it he himself had been engaged in printing for about ten years, and the art had been invented for rather over thirty

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Even in the days of manuscripts books had been manufactured for the English market in Flanders and the north of France, and as early as about 1175 a Breviary for English use had been printed at Cologne. By an Act of Richard III special facilities were granted for the importation of books from abroad, and while one Sarum missal was printed at Basel and others at Venice, numbers of English service-books came from Paris or Rouen, and the Latin grammars for use in English schools were mostly printed in France and the Low Countries Other books cannot be ear marked in the same way, but the presses of Venice, Paris, Basel, and Cologne supplied the learned books needed by English scholars with sufficient completeness to deter any English printer from trying to rival them William Caxton, who set up his press at Westminster in 1476, though a man of real literary taste, was not himself a scholar, and had quite another class of customers in view Born in the Weald of Kent probably soon after 1420, he had been apprenticed in 1438 to a London mercer, and some time before 1453 had started in business at Bruges Here in 1462 he was appointed by Edward IV to the responsible post of Governor of the English Merchants, and continued in this office for some seven or eight years, at the end of which he entered the service of the Duchess Margaret (sister of Edward IV), who had married Charles the Bold in In March 1469 he began to translate Raoul Le Fèvre's Recuil des Histoires de Troye. but then laid it on one side till March 1471, when. at the command of the Duchess, he resumed his work and carried it to a completion in the following September When the book was finished, Caxton was besieged with commissions for copies of it, and as the readiest means of satisfying them turned to the new art of printing. Having watched an edition of the De Proprietatibus Rerum through the press at Cologne, 'himself to advance' in the rudiments of the craft, he associated himself with a Bruges calligrapher, Colard Mansion, and at Bruges the two in partnership printed seven books, Caxton's Recuyell of the Histories of Troy and its French original, Caxton's The Game and Playe of the Chessa (a translation from Jehan de Vignay's French version of the Ludus Scacchorum Moralizatus by Jacopus de Cessolis), Le Fèvre's Les Fais et prouesses du noble et vaillant chevalier Jason, Caxton's English rendering of this, and two French devotional treatises The translation of the Citess book was finished 31st March 1475, and all these books were probably printed in 1475-76 September 1475 Charles the Bold had begun the unlucky campaigns which two years later ended in his death, and even without the inducement of a quieter market which England thus offered, Caxton had good reason to wish to ply his double crift

of printing and translating in his native land. At Michaelmas 1476 he rented from the Dean and Chapter a shop in the Sanctuary at Westminster for ten shillings a year, and in 1477 produced the first book printed on English soil, *The Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophres*, translated by Eirl Rivers, the king's brother-in law, and edited by himself

This is not the place to follow Caxton minutely through the ceaseless activity of the next fourteen years, during which he printed upwards of eighty books, or upwards of a hundred including new

editions. What we have to remember is that is he took up the craft in order to multiply copies of his first translation, so the work of translation continued his own main employment. Both as translator and editor publisher his attention was divided fairly equally between imaginative literature and books of popular edification and devotion. Of romances he translated and printed, besides the Recusell and the Jason, those of Godfrey of Boloyne, Paris and Vienne, Blanchardyn and Eglantyne, The Four Sons of Aymon, and Charles the Great—all from the

Ew enwith the book named the dides or favengies of the philosophhwe enprynked, by me Tilliam Capton at Westmessix the yew of our bood +M+CCCC+Lyovin+Whiche book is late translated out of Iswals into englysh, by the (Noble and puissant lood) Lood Antone Erk of Xyuyers lood of Sakes a of the Ik of Wyasht, Desendur and directour of the siege apply tolique for our bly Isax the Capton in this Xoyame of Englond and Gouernour of my lood Orynae of Wakes (And It is so that at suche tyme as he know accomplyshed this sayd Werke, it liked him to send it to me in artayn quayers to ouersce, Whiche forthwith I sake a sond the philosophws (Noordyng) Unto the bookes made in swalse Whiche I know ofte afore wedg, Aut artaynly I had seen none in english

Facsimile from Caxton's Dictes and Sayengus of the Philosophres (from Plomer's Short Hut ry of English Printing).

The apparent defect in the middle is due to the erasure of the word Pope in accordance with Henry VIII a Proclamation.

French His renderings of the story of the Æneid and of the fables of Æsop were also made from French versions, that of the former bearing very little resemblance to Virgil's poem, for Reynard the Fox he had recourse to the Dutch In poetry he was a whole-hearted admirer of Chaucer, printing two editions of the Canterbury Tales, also the Parlement of Foules (under the title of the Temple of Brass), Anelyda and Fals Arcyte, the Book of Fame, and Troylus and Cressida, besides the prose version of Boethius He printed also Gower's Confessio Amantis, and some seven poems by Lydgate In history, at the instance of Hugh Bryce, a fellow-mercer, he translated from the French and printed a compilation

called The Mirrour of the World, and he also edited and continued Higden's Polychronicon in Trevisa's version, and a popular fourteenth fifteenth century compilation, known from its opening words as the Chronicle of Brut, to which he gave the title the Chronicle of England—In religious literature his most notable undertaking was the translation of the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Vorigine, from the French version of Jehan de Vignay, but he also translated a Life of St Winifred and a Doctrinal of Sapience, was engaged at the time of his death on a translation of the Lives of the Fathers, and under the title of the Royal Book made a fresh version of the Somme des Vices et des Vertues of Frère Lourens, which had already

entered into English literature in the Ayenbyt of Inwyt Nor did he neglect edifying books of other kinds, translating and printing, besides The Game and Playe of the Chesse, the Fayts of Arms and of Chivalry of Cristine de Pisan, Alain Chartier's Curial, the Knight of the Tour (for the better education of girls), and a Book of Good Manners Lord Rivers supplied him with the translation of The Dictes and Savengis of the Philosophres (of which an earlier English rendering already existed). and of the Moral Proverbs of Cristine de Pisan, and the Earl of Worcester with that of Cicero, De Amicitia, the version of the De Senectule being probably by Sir John Fastolfe Caxton printed also a book of Statutes of Henry VII, a Latin speech made by John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, at the investiture of Charles the Bold as Knight of the Garter, some diplomatic correspondence between the Pope and the Venetian Republic relative to a war about Ferrara, a few books for teaching children morals and manners, several devotional treatises, some of the smaller service books, and some indulgences But the total bulk of all these is but small compared with that of the books which Caxton himself translated or edited. He had a shrewd eve for the class of books which the nobles of the court and the rich city merchants cared to read and buy, and he produced them, year after year, mainly by his own literary diligence. Working, as he must have done, always under pressure, and with no French or Latin dictionaries to help him, his translations are often slipshod and full of errors, but they have a homely and straightforward style, and the prefaces and epilogues show that Caxton was an excellent critic, and had a pleasant humour of his own. As a specimen of his style we may take first his own account of his edition of The Dictes and Savengis of the Philosophres, the first book printed on English

Here endeth the book named the dictes, or sayengis, of the philosophres, enprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westmestre, the yere of our lord M CCCC Lxxvii Whiche book is late translated out of Frenshe into Englyssh, by the noble and puissant lord, Lord Antone, Erle of Ryvyers, Lord of Scales and of the Ile of Wyght, defendour and directour of the siege apostolique for our holy Fader the Pope in this Royame [realm] of Eng lond, and Governour of my lord Prynce of Wales. And it is so, that at suche tyme as he had accomplysshid this sayd werke, it liked him to sende it to me in certayn quayers [quires] to oversee, whiche, forthwith, I sawe, and fonde therin many grete, notable, and wise sayings of the philosophres, acord yng unto the bookes made in Frenshe, whiche I had ofte afore redd. But, certaynly, I had seen none in Englissh til that tyme. And so, afterward, I cam unto my sayd lord and told him how I had red and seen his book, and that he had don a mentory dede in the labour of the translacion therof into our Englissh tunge, wherin he had deserved a singular lawde and thank, &c. Thenne my sayd lord desired me to over

see it and where as I sholde fynde faute to correcte it, wherein I answerd unto his lordship that I could not amende it, but if I sholde so presume, I might apaire it, for it was right wel and connyngly made and translated into right good and fayr Englyssh. Notwithstondyng, he willed me to oversee it, and shewid me dyverce thinges, whiche as him semed, myght be left out, as diverce lettres missives sent from Alisander to Darius and Aristotle, and eche to other, whiche lettres were lityl appertinent unto [the] dictes and savenges aforsayd, forasmuch as they specifie of other maters. And also desired me, that don, to put the sayd booke in enprinte. And thus obeying his request and comaundement, I have put me in devoyr to oversee this hys sayd book, and beholden, as nyghe as I coude, howe it accordeth with the original, being in Frensh. And I fynde nothyng dyscordaunt therin, sauf [save] onely in the dyctes and sayengys of Socrates, wherin I fynde that my saide lord hath left out certayn and dyverce conclusions towchyng women Wherof I mervaylle that my sayd lord hath not wreton them, ne what hath mevyd [moved] hym so to do, ne what cause he hadde at that tyme. Bu I suppose that som fayr lady hath desired hym to leve it out of his Or ellys he was amerous on somme noble lady, for whos love he wold not sette yt in his book, or ellys, for the very affeccyon, love and goodwylle that he hath unto alle ladyes and gentylwomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sothe and wrote of women more than trouthe, whyche I cannot think that so trewe a man and so noble a phylosophre as Socrates was, shold wryte otherwyse than trouthe. For, if he had made fawte in wryting of women, he ought not ne shold not be belevyd in hys other dyctes and sayinges But I apperceyve that my sayd lord knoweth veryly that suche defautes ben not had, ne founden, in the women born and dwellyng in these partyes ne regyons of the world. Socrates was a Greke, born in a ferre contre from hens, whyche contre is alle of othre condycions than thys is, and men and women of other nature than they ben here in this contre. For I wote wel, of what somever condicion women ben in Grece, the women of this contre be right good, wyse, playsant, humble, discrete, sobre, chast, obedient to their husbondis, trewe, secrete, stedfast, ever besy and never ydle, attemperat in speking and vertuous in alle their werkis, or at the leste sholde be For whyche causes, so evydent, my sayd lord, as I suppose, thoughte it was not of necessite to sette in his book the saiengis of his auctor. Socrates, touchyng women But, for as moche as I had comandment of my sayd lord to correcte and amende where as I sholde fynde fawte, and other fynde I none sauf that he hath left out these dictes and saynges of the women of Grece, therfore, in accomplishing his comandement, for as moche as I am not in certayn wheder it was in my lordis copye or not, or ellis, peraventure, that the wynde had blown over the leef at the tyme of translacion of his booke, I purpose to wryte tho same saynges of that Greke Socrates whiche wrote of tho women of Grece and nothing of them of this royame whom I suppose he never knewe. For, if he had, I dar plainly saye that he wold have reserved [excepted] them, in especiall, in his sayd dictes. Alway not pre sumyng to putt and set them in my sayd lordes book, but in the ende, aparte, in the rehersayll of the werkis, humbly requiring all them that shall rede this lytyl rehersayll, that yf they fynde ony faulte, to arette [ascribe]

Caxton

it to Socrates and not to me, whiche writeth as hereafter followeth

There is a touch of Chaucer's sly humour in this passage which explains Caxton's enthusiasm for him, and we shall not show the printer-editor at a disadvantage if as a second extract we take his 'Prohemye' to the second edition of the Canterbury Tales This is full, as usual, of generous praise of the great poet, and interesting also for the light it throws on the difficulties igainst which the early printers had to contend in their efforts to find the right books to print from

Grete thankes, lawde and honour ought to be given unto the clerkes, poetes, and historio, raphs, that have wreton many noble bokes of wysodom of the lyves, passions, and myracles of holy sayntes, of hystoryes, of noble and famouse actes, and futtes [deeds] and of the cronycles with the beginning of the creacion of the world, unto thys present tyme by whyche we ben dayly enformed, and have knowlecke of many thynges of whom we shold not have knowen yf they had not left to us theyr monuments wreton. Emong whom and in especial to fore alle other we ought to give a singular laude unto that noble and grete philo opher Gefferey Chaucer, the which for his ornate wrytyng in our tongue maye well have the name of a laureate poete to fore that he by hys labour embely-shed, ornated, and made fure our Englisshe, in this royame was had rude speech and incongrue, as yet it appiereth, by olde bookes, whyche at thys day ought not to have place ne be com pared emong ne to hys beauteuous volumes and adurnate [adorned] writynges, of whom he made many bokes and treatyces of many a noble hi torge as well in metre as in ryme and prose, and them so craftaly made that he comprehended hys maters in short quick, and his sentences, eschewyng prolycyte, castyng away the chaf of super fluyte, and shewling the pyked grayn of sentence utteryd by crafty and sugred cloquence, of whom emong all other of hys bokes I purpose to emprente by the grace of God the book of the Tales of Cauntyrburye, in whiche I finde many a noble hystorye of every astate and degre, I vrst rehercyyng the condicions and the arrave of eche of them as properly as possyble is to be savd. And after theyr tales, whyche ben of noblesse, wysedom, gentylesse, myrthe, and also of veray holynesse and vertue, wherin he fynyshyth thys savd booke, whyche booke I have dylygently oversen and duly examyned to the ende that it he made acording unto his owen making. For I fynde many of the sayd bookes whyche wryters have abrydgyd it and many thynges left out. And in some place have sette certayn versys that he never made ne sette in hys booke, of whyche hookes so incorrecte was one brought to me vj yere passyd whyche I supposed had been veray true and correcte. And according to the same I dyde do enprente a certayn nombre of them, whyche anon were sold to many and dyverse gentylmen, of whom one gentylman cum to me and said that this book was not according in many places unto the book that Gefferey Chaucer had made. To whom I answered that I had made it according to my copye and by me was nothing added ne mynusshyd Thenne he sayd he knewe a book whyche hys fader had and moche lovyd, that was very trewe and according unto his owen first book by him made, and sayd more, yf I wold enprynte it agiyn he wold gete me the same book for a copye, how he it he vyst well that hys fader wold not gladly departe fro it whom I said, in cans that he could gete me suche a book. trewe and correcte, that I wold ones ende over me to enprynte it again for to satisfye the auctor, where as to fore by ygnoraune. I erry I in hurtyng and dyffamying his book in diverce places, in citying in some thyinges that he never said he made, and leving out many thyn, is that he made whyche hen requisite to be afte in it And thus we fell at accord [came to an agreement] And he ful gentylly [courteously] gate of hys fader the said book and dely verd it to me, by whiche I have corrected my book as here after alle alonge by the avde of almy, hty God shal follows, whom I humbly be suche to gyre me prace and ayde to achieve and accomply sale, to hyr lande, honour and glorye, and that alle ye that shal in this book rede or heere will of your charge emeng your dedes of mercy remembre the soule of the and Gessere Chaucer, first auctour and maker of thys book alle we that shal see and rede therm may so take and understande the good and vertuous tales, that it may so prouffste unto the helthe of our sowies that after this short and transitorye lyf we may come to everlastying lyf in lieven Amen

Caxton's busy life came to an end in 1.491, and his printing business was carried on his foreman, Jan Wynkyn de Worde—that is, of Werden in Lorraine

Other presses had by this time been established. In 1478 a Cologne printer named Theodone Rood started at Oxford, and there, by himself or in conjunction with in English bookseller, Thomas Hunte, printed a tew text books, of which fifteen have come down to us. Of these the latest is given a date equivalent to 19th March 1487, and after this we hear of no more printing at Oxford till 1517 - In London, John of Letton, or Lithuania, strited a press in 1480, and was joined two years later by William de Machlinia-that is, of Mechlin. The partners seem to have been mainly law printers, but printed other books as well, Their most though sometimes on commission notable publications, from a literary standpoint, are the Re-clations of St Aicholas to a Merk of Evesham, the Speculum Christian (from which a few lines of verse have been quoted on page 80), and an edition of the Chronicles of England Lettou disappears about 1484, but Vichlinia continued printing till about 1491, Richard Panson, a native of Normandy, being his successor. A translation by John Kay of a short description of the Sugarf Rhodes, written in Latin by Guliclinus Caorsin, may have been printed by Machlinia, or by some one not known to us who had a similar but not identical fount of type. In 1479 or 1480 a school master at St Albans started a press there, printing altogether eight books of which we know, in types of the same character as Caston's, and in one instance certainly borrowed from him. eight books six are scholistic treatises, the other two being the then very popular Chronicles of England and the treatise on hawking, hunting, and coat-armour commonly known as the Book of St Albans, and commonly ascribed to Dame Juliana Berners. This ascription rests on the fact that one of the sections of the book, the metrical treatise on hunting, ends with the words, 'Explicit [Here ends] Dam Julyans Barnes in her boke of huntyng' On the strength of these words the authorship of the whole book is popularly attributed to this otherwise unknown lady, Juliana Bernes or Berners, who is represented as being a daughter of Sir James Berners (executed in 1388), and prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, a dependency of the abbey of St Albans. this, we know that one prioress was elected in 1426, and another superseded on account of old age in 1480, and it is possible that there was a gap between the two which Juliana Berners filled, but we have no shred of evidence as to this, or as to any single fact about her, and if she was really the daughter of Sir James Berners, the dates do not fit in very happily. At the Bodleian Library there is a manuscript poem on the terms of the chase which is said to correspond closely to the poem ascribed to 'Dam Julyans Barnes' in the Book of St Albans, but as it is anonymous no conclusion can be drawn from it. Whatever the lady's connection with the 'Book of Huntyng,' there is nothing to suggest that she wrote also the treatises on Hawking and Heraldry, and the probability seems to be that the three works were drawn from different sources and edited by the schoolmaster-printer As for the 'Treatyse of Fishing with an Angle, this does not appear at all in the first edition, though a manuscript of another version of it (first printed in 1883), from the character of the handwriting, is judged to have been in existence before 1480 This treatise was first added to the work in Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1496, with the obvious intention of completing it is a kind of 'Gentleman's Vade-Mccum' Throughout the sixteenth century the book remained very popular, its different parts being frequently reprinted But its popularity was that of a text book rather than a work of literature, and it is to its attractive subject and the mystery that surrounds its authorship, rather than to my literary merit, that it owes its fame Here is a typical extract from the 'Book of Hawking'

And if yowre hawke be harde pennyd [strongly scathered] she may be drawne to be reclaymed [pulled by a string to be taught to come back]. For all the while that she is tender pennyd, she is not habull to be reclaymed. And if she be a Goshawke or Tercell that shall be reclaymed ever sede hym [112] with washe meete at the drawyng and at the reclayinging, bot loke that hit be hoote, and in this maner washe it. Take the mice and go to the water and strike it upp and downe in the water, and wringe the waater owte and fede hir therwith and she be a brawncher sa hawk just able to leave its nest. And if it bene an Evesse sa hawk rearred in captivity) thow most wash the niecte cleaner than ye doo to the bra encher, and with a linne slinen cloth wipe it and sede hir, &c.

The treatise on coat armour offers ruther more scope for the display of literary skill, and it is only fair to make some brief extracts from this also Here is one on the origin of nobility, a point with which several writers of this period are concerned

How Gentilmen shall be kna-oyn from churles and how they first by an—Now for to devyde gentilmen from chords in haast it shall be preved. Ther was never gentilman nor churle ordenyd by kynde [nature] bot he had fadre and modre. Adam and Eve had nother fadre nor modre, and in the sonnys of Adam and Eve war founde bothe gentilman and churle. By the sonnys of Adam and Eve, Seth, Abell and Cayn, devyded was the royall blode fro the ungentill. A brother to sley his brother contrary to the law where myght be more ungentelnes. By that did Cayn become a chorle and all his ofspryng after hym, by the cursyng of God and his owne fadre. Adam. And Seth was made a gentilman thorow his fadres and modens blissyng. And of the ofspryng of Seth Noe come a gentilman by kynde.

From another section we may take these few lines, which tell us the vices which a gentleman must especially eschew

Ther be ix vices centrary to gentilmen—Ther ben ix vices contrari to gentilmen, of the wiche v ben in determynable and iiii determynable. The v indetermynable ben theys oon to be full of slowthe in his werris, an other to be full of boost in his manhode, the thride to be full of cowardnes to his enemy, the fourth to be full of lechri in his body, and the fifthe to be full of drynkyng and dronckunh. Ther be iiii determynable on is to revoke his own chalange, an other to sley his presoner with his own handis, the thride to voyde from his soueraygnes baner in the felde, and the fifthe to tell his soueraygne fals talvs

Lastly, here is a passage with a pleasant reference to King Arthur

Here beginns the the blasyng of armys -I have showed to you in this booke a foore how sentilmen began, and how the law of armys was first ordant, and how moni colowris ther be in cootarmums, and the difference of cootarmuris with mony other thynggis that here needis not to be rehersed. Now I intende to procede of signiin armys and of the blasyng of all armys. But for to reherce all the signys that be borne in armys, as Pecok, Pye, Batt, Dragon, Lyon and Dolfyn, and flowns and leevy, it was to longe a tariving ner I can not do lit ther be so mony. But here shall shortly be showed to blase all armys if ye entende diligenth to youre rulys-And be cause the cros is the moost worth signe emong al signys in armys at the cros I will begynne, in the wich this nobull and mighti prynce king. Arthure hadde grete trust, so that he lefte his armys that he bare of in Dragonys, and on that an other sheelde of m crownys, and toke to his armys a crosse of silver in a feelde of verte [green], and on the right side an ymage of owre blood lady with hir sone in hir arms. And with that signe of the cros he dyd mony maruelis after, as hit is writin in the bookis of cronyclis of his dedys.

Extracts like these mix serve to explain the great popularity of the book, which give just the information which a country gentleman would be

most likely to prize, and it the same time wis written in a tone sufficiently high to explain the readiness of a schoolmaster-printer to edit and publish it. But its main interest can hardly be called literary

The Paston Letters.

To offer a similar judgment on the fimous collection of letters which passed between members of the Paston family during the best part of a century (1424-1506) would be superfluous Private letters, interspersed with law papers, have no pretensions to be regarded as literature, but these possess an interest which compels liter iture to take cognizance of them, in much the same way is the secret diary which Samuel Pepys wrote for no one's reading save his own has become a classic The Pastons were a Norfolk family, belonging to the little village of that name near the coast, some twenty Their origin was so miles north of Norwich obscure that their enemies, of whom they had many, tried to fasten on them the distibilities which attached to servile descent, but in the fifteenth century a William Paston (d. 1444) was a justice of the Common Pleas, and his son John, also a lawyer, as executor and heir to the estates of Sir John Fastolf, rose to a very perilous and unstable importance This John Piston (d. 1466) had five sons, of whom both the first and the second bore his own name and succeeded to his From the second son was descended Robert Paston, first Earl of Yarmouth (d 1683), and the second Earl sold the family papers to the famous antiquary Peter Le Neve After passing through other hands, a selection from the letters was published by Sir John Fenn in 1787, and aroused immediate interest. They present, indeed, the most vivid picture which we possess of life in the gloomy days of the fifteenth century, when, over and above the convulsions of civil war, private disputes were carried on by armed forces, and the forms of law were merely the instruments of oppression William Paston, the judge, was noted for his uprightness, but his son John was a hard man, and in his unceasing quarrels, in which his houses were more than once formally besieged, he may have been as often wrong as right parents contracted him to Margaret Mauteby, who, though she had never seen him till the marriage was arranged, speedily proved herself a loving and even heroic wife The second John was a softer and more pleasure loving person than his father, and his mother worked hard, sometimes not with out bitterness, to protect the family interests from his fits of neglect. This John's letters often contain references to his books, through another section of the correspondence there runs a whole love story, we have accounts of tourneys and public events, notably one of the murder of the Duke of Suffolk on board ship (May 1450), the constant theme of legal struggles, with their violent inci dents, and abundant references to food, clothes, and

other matters which help to bring the duly life of the time close to us. The most interesting letters of the series are those of Margaret Paston, whose passionate devotion to the interests of her husband and family often gives her correspondence a literary value, which even her painfully bad spelling can only slightly obscure. For our quotations we will take two of her letters, and precede them by this recount given by her future mother-in law of her reception of her bridegroom. Our extracts are all taken from Mr. James Gairdner's edition. (The Paston Letters, 1872-75)

times Paston to William Paston (about 1440) — Fo my worshepefull honsbond, W. Paston, be this letter takyn,—Dere housbond, I recommande me to you de Blessyd be God I sende you gode tydynggs of the comyng, and the brynggyn hoom, of the gentylwomman that ye weinn of fro Redham, this same nyght, acordyng to poyntmen [appointment] that ye made ther for your self

And as for the furste aqueentaunce he twhen John Puston and the scyde gentylwomman, she made hymgentil chere in gyntyl wise, and leyde, he was verrayly your son. And so I hope ther shall nede no gret trete

[negotiations] be twyxe hym-

The parson of Stocton toold me, yif ye wolde byin [bin] her a goune, here moder wolde yeve ther to a godely furre. The goune nedyth for to be had, and of colour it wolde be a godely blen, or erlys [clse] a bryghte sangueyn. I prey yow do byen for me ij pypys of gold [rolls of gold thread]. Your stewes [fish ponds] do weel

The Holy Trinite have you in governaunce

Wretyn at Paston, in hist, the Wednesday next after Deus que errantilus [the third Sunday after Laster] for defaute of a good secretarye—Youres,

AGN PASTON

Our next letter (No 36), written some three years later (28th September 1443), shows that the readiness with which Margaret Paston had accepted her husband had soon repend into invous affection

Margaret Paston to John Paston - To my rygth wor chepful husbond, John Paston, dwelling in the Inner Temple at London, in hast -Kyth worchipful husbon, I recomande me to yow, desyrying hertely to her [hear] of your wilfar, thankkyng God of your a mendyng of the grete dysese that ye have hade, and I thancke you for the letter that ye sent me, for be [by] my trowthe my moder and I wer nowth in hertys as [not in heart's ease] fro the tyme that we woste [knew] of your schenesse, tyl we woste verely of your a mendyng. My moder be hestyd [vowed] a nodyr [another] ymmage of wax of the weytte of you to oyer Lady of Walsingham, and sche sent in nobelys [nobles, 6s. 8d] to the nii Orderys of Frerys at Norweche to pray for you, and I have be hestyd to gon on pylgreymmays to Walsingham, and to Sent Levenardys [St Leonard's shrine at Norwich] for yow, be my trouth I had never so hevy a sesyn [season] as I had from the tyme that I wost of your sekenesse tyl I woste of your a mendyng, and zyth [since] myn hert is in no grete esse [case], ne nowth xal [shall] be, tyl I wott that ze [ye] ben very hal [really whole, or well] Your fider and myn was dysday sevenyth [this day se'nnight or week] at Bekelys for a matyr of the Pryor of Bromholme, and he lay at Gurlyston

that nyth [night], and was ther tyl it was ix of the cloke [clock], and the toder day. And I sentte thedyr for a goune, and my moder seyde that I xulde have dan [then], tyl I had be ther a non, and so thei cowde non getc.

My fader [godfather] Garneyss senttee me worde that he xulde ben her [here] the nexch weke, and my emme [uncle] also, and pleyn hem [amuse themselves] her with herr [their] hawkys, and thei xulde have me hom with hem, and so God help me, I val exscusse me of myn goyng dedyr [thither] yf I may, for I sopose that I xal redelyer have tydyngys from yow herr dan I xulde have ther I xal sende my modyr a tokyn that sche toke [gave] me, for I sopose the time is cum that I xulde sendeth her, yf I kepe the be hest [promise] that I have made, I sopose I have tolde yow wat it was. I pray yow hertely that [ye] wol wochesaf [will vouchsafe] to sende me a letter as hastely as ze may, yf wryhyn [writing] be non dysesse [trouble] to you, and that ye wollen wochesaf to sende me worde quowe your sor doth [how your sore does] Yf I mythe have had my wylle, I xulde a seyne yow er dys tyme [have seen you before this], I wolde ye wern at hom, yf it wer your ese, and your sor myth ben as wyl lokyth to [looked after] her as it tys ther ze ben [where you are], now lever dan a goune zow [I would rather have this than a gown though] it were of scarlette. I pray yow if your sor be hol, and so that ze may indur [endure] to ryde, win my fader com to London, that ze wol askyn leve, and com hom wan the hors xul be sentte hom a zeyn [again], for I hope ze xulde be kepte as tenderly herr as ze ben at London may non leyser have to do wrytyn half a quarter so meche as I xulde sey to yow if I mith speke with yow I xall sende you a nother letter as hastely as I may thanke yow that ze wolde wochesaffe to remember my gyrdyl, and that ze wolde wryte to me at the tyme, for I sopose that wrytyng was non e.se to yow All myth [Almighty] God have yow in his kepyn, and sende yow Wretyn at Oxenede, in ryth grete hast, on Sent Mikyllys Evyn —Yorys, M Paston

My modyr grette [greets] yow wel, and sendyth yow Goldys blyssyng and hers, and sche prayeth yow, and I pray yow also, that ye be wel dyetyd of mete and drynke, for that is the grettest helpe that ye may have now to your helthe ward. Your sone faryth wel, blyssyd be God

Lastly, we may take this letter (No 685) of 29th November 1471 to her son, in which the cry, 'It is a death to me to think upon it,' shows how the prosperity of the family had become the passion of the woman's life

Margaret Fusion to John Paston—To John Paston, Esquier [the second son], be this delivered in hast—I grete zow welle, and send zow Goddes blyssyng and myn, letyng zow wete that I have a letter from zour brother, wherby I undyrstand that he cannot, ner may, make no porveyans [provision] for the C mark [£66, 13s. 4d], the wyche causethe me to be rythigh heavy, and for other thynges that he wight to me of that he is in dawnger. For remembering wat we have had befor thys and ho symppylly [how foolishly] yt hath be spente and to lytal profythe to any of us, and now arn in soche casse that non of us may welle helpe other with-owie that we schuld do that wer to gret a dysworschip [that which would be too great h

disgrice] for us to do, owther to selle wood or land or soche stuffe that were nessessary for us to have in our howsys, so mot I answer a for God, I wot not how to do for the seyde money, and for other thyngges that I have to do of scharge, and my worshup saved Yt is a deth to me to thynk up on yt. We thynkyth be zour brothers wrythtyng, that he thynkyth that I am informed [instructed] be sume that be a bowthe me to do and to sey as I have be for thys, but be my trowthe he demyth a mysse, yt nedyth ne not to be informed of no soche thengges. I construe in my owyn mend [mind], and conseyve 1 now [enough] and to myche [too much], and whan I have brokyn my conseyte to sume that in happe he deniythe 3t too [communicated my counsel to some that perhaps he refuses to consult with], they have put me in cownforth [comfort] more than I kowde have be any imajynasjon in my owyn conseythe. He wrythetyth [writes] to me also, that he hath spend thys terme xl li [£40] Yt is a gret thyng, me thynkyth be good dyscresyon ther mythe myche ther of aben [have been] sparyd Your fadyr, God blysse hys sowle, hathe had as gret maters to do as I trowe he hathe had thys terme [session], and hath not spend halfe the mony up on them in so lytyl tyme, and hath do ryth well At the reverens of God, avyse hym zet [yet] to be war of hys expences and gydyng that yt be no schame to us alle. Yt is a schame and a thyng that is myche spokyn of in this contre that zour faders graveston is not mad. For Goddes love late yt be remembyrd and porveyde [provided] for in hast. Ther hathe be mych mor spend in waste than schuld have mad that

The urgent need of money, the shame of raising it by any means that would show the straits to which she was reduced, the fear that her eldest son was suspicious of the friends she consulted, and was wasting money in London and managing his case worse than his father would have done, the grief that for years after that father's death no stone had been set up to his memory—what a picture of an anxious woman's heart it all makes, and how clearly it speaks to us across the centuries. If this is not literature, it is at least the stuff of which literature is made.

Caxton's Successors.

Returning from this episode of family letters to more formal attempts at literature, we may con tinue to take an interest in the work of the printers, not for its own sake, but because the industry with which it has been registered enables us to take a general survey of the literary output of the time, and to form some idea of the wints of the reading public and how they were supplied To obtain such a survey we need not concern ourselves with smill firms like Julyan Notary (1496-1520) or Richard Faques (1509-1530), each of whom issued a few English books in addition to liturgies and legal works For the forty years which followed the deaths of Caxton and Mach liner the English book trade was munly in the hands of two men-Jan Wynkyn de Worde (d 1534) and Richard Pynson (d 1530)

the presses of the former some five hundred different editions can still be traced, from that of Pynson some three hundred, or an average for Wynkyn of about twelve books a year, and Even if we allow for Pynson of about eight liberally for books issued by the smaller firms, and for those which have perished so absolutely as not to leave any trace behind, it is probable that a 'Publishers' Catalogue' of those days would not have contained more than forty entries a year, or a total for the whole of England of about a fifth, as near as we can reckon, of the contemporary output of Venice alone. Deficient in quantity, it cannot be said that in quality English books took any higher rank. It is noteworthy that the earliest references we have to our book-trade are both highly uncomplimentary In the Interlude of the Four Elements (see infra, page 152), probably written about 1520, the unknown author asks his readers-

To regard his only intent and good wyll
Whiche in his mynde hath oft tymes ponderyd,
What nombre of bokes in our tonge maternall
Of toyes and trifellys be made and impryntyd,
And few of them of matter substancyall,
For though many make bokes, yet uneeth ye shall in our Linglysshe tonge funde any warkes
Of connynge, that is regarded by clerkes

There may have been a pedantic view of literature in the mind of a man who goes on to complain that—

1 Hardly

Now so it is in our Englyshe tonge

Vany one there is, that can but rede and wryte,

For his pleasure wyll oft presume amonge

New bokys to compyle and balades to indyte,

Some of love or other matter, not worth a myte.

Presumption in literature is often a virtue rather than a crime, but the fact remains that there is little trace of scholarship of any kind in the books printed in England during this long period. No doubt many such books were imported, and the handful of learned Englishmen by writing in Latin were able to have their books printed abroad, but it is clear evidence of the low state of English

scholarship when we find so few books of any pretence to learning printed in all England, and that neither of the universities could provide work to maintain a printer 1. Our other reference to the printing-trade is from a Dialogue in verse prefixed by Robert Copland to an edition of the chapbook, Seven Sorrows that women have when theyr husbandes be deade, which must have been written soon after 1525. The dialogue is between a customer who lays down, as an axiom, 'A peny, I trow, is ynough on bokes,' and a printer who replies to the criticism.

By my soule, ye prynters make such Englyshe,
So yll spelled, so yll poynted, and so pevyshe,
That scantly one can rede lynés two
But to fynde sentence he hath ynough to do, the meaning
with the kindred sentiment—

I care not greatly, so that I nowe and than May get a peny as wel as I can

It can only be said that the printers and readers were worthy of each other, and the ignorance and indifference which they shared in common show how low literature had fallen in England Unless we are to reckon Barclay's translation of Sallust's Jugurtha, which has the text printed in small type at the side, Pynson's edition of Terence (1497) was not followed by any other Latin classic till Wynkyn's Bucolica Virgilii of 1512, and an edition of Cicero's Philippics by Pynson in 1521 completed the two printers' contributions to classical learning, no Greek book being printed in England until 1543 Of Latin schoolbooks there is a steady increase after 1510, and the appearance among them of works by Colet, Erasmus, and Linacre, as well as the manuals of the prolific Whittinton, was a good omen for the future of English schools Historical books, with the exception of Fabyan's New Chronicles of England and France (Pynson, 1516) and Lord Berners' translation of Froissart (Pynson, 1523-25), are confined to reprints of Cayton's editions The court historiographers of this period were the Frenchman Bernard André and the Italian Polydore Hergil, but the royal munificence did not go so far as to subsidise an English printer to publish their Latin annals. Travel was represented by Mandeville, of which it seems probable that Cayton himself had planned an edition, by the Pylgrymage of Sir Rychard Guylforde (Pynson, 1511), and by little handbooks of 'informacyon for pylgrymes' The stately and delightful but rather antiquated De Proprietatibus Rerum of Bartholomew the Englishman ın Trevisa's translation (Wynkyn, before 1500) until 1521 was almost the only printed book on science, but was then honourably reinforced by several medical treatises by Linicre. Of theology, properly so called, there is little till we come to the king's

¹ As examples of books written in Latin by Englishmen at this period and printed abroad we may note More's Utopia (Louvain 1517) Progymnasmata Tho Mori et Gul Lilu sodalium (Basel, 1518), More's Epigrammata (Basel, 1520), Fisher's De unica Magdalena (Paris 1519) Assertionis Lutherana Confutatio (Basel 1523), Sicri Sacerdotu Defensio (Cologne, 1528) Linacres editions of Galen's De Temperamentis (Venice, 1498, reprinted at Cambridge in 1521) and De Methodo Medendi (Paris 1525) Another proof of the difficulty of getting learned books printed in England at this time may be found in the important works which were left lying unprinted. Practically the whole of Dean Colet s theological works had to writ till Mr J H Lupton published them in five volumes between 1847 and 1876, More's History of Richard III was first published in a continuation of Harding's Chronicle in 1543 even some of Lord Berners translations had to wait for a publisher. In the reign of Elizabeth it became the fashion to keep poems and essays in manuscript, but at this period it would seem as if English readers cared so little for new works of any learning that publishers and authors were genuinely deterred from printing them.

¹ A press was started at Oxford in 1517, and closed in 1519 after printing six books. After this there is no Oxford press till 1585. At Cambridge nine books were printed in 1521-22, and then no more until 1583

Assertio Septem Sacramentorum, nor any edition of the Bible, unless we should mention the apocryphal 'Gospel of Nicodemus' which was frequently In religious literature we may note a good many Lives of the Saints, from reprints of Caxton's Golden Legend and the Vitæ Patrum, which he had left unfinished, to thin quartos, in verse and prose, on the miracles of our Lady and the Lives of St Katharine, St Margaret, St Bridget, St Werburg, St Francis, St George, St Thomas of Canterbury, and a few others Edification of another kind was provided in religious treatises, also extending from works of some size, like the Dives and Pauper of Henry Parker, an exposition of the Ten Commandments, of which Wynkyn and Pynson issued rival editions early in their career, down to little manuals of no literary interest. With these we may especially notice a translation of the De Imitatione Christi, of which the first three books were rendered by William Atkinson, chaplain to the Lady Margaret, Henry VII's mother, and the fourth by that princess herself. Of liturgies a good many were printed in England, though the foreign supply still continued, and we meet also with a fair number of law-books-not learned treatises like those printed in Italy, but summaries and manuals. In poetry Chaucer was reprinted, and some of Lydgate, and Skelton, Barclay, and Hawes, first among English poets in this one respect, enjoyed the pleasure of seeing some of their works in print. Plays also began to be printed, a few by Pynson and Wynkyn, and quite a little handful by John and William Rastell, a father and son, who, though both lawyers, were printers also, and took a personal interest in the stage. The books of light reading which Pynson and Wynkyn supplied on their own initiative were abridged and beprosed romances, such as Richarde Cuer de Lyon, The Byrth of Marlyn, Torrent of Portingal, &c., or chapbooks, in verse or prose, such as the Complaynte of a lovers lyfe, Complaynte of the too late maryed, the Tifteen Joys of Marriage, the Smith and his Dame, the Treatise of a Galaunt, the Gestes of the Wydowe Edith, or the already mentioned Seven Sorrows that women have when theyr husbandes be deade, whose titles afford a fair index to their contents. All these popular books are anonymous, and it is probable that they were mostly produced by humble imitators of Caxton whom the printers kept in their employ Copland, who belonged to this class, was a printer on his own account, as well as an assistant to Wynkyn de Worde. For himself or Wynkyn he translated from the French the Kalendar of Shepherdes (a miscellary of weather lore, morality, and devotion), the History of Kynge Apollyon of Thyre, and the History of Helyas Knyght of the Swanne, and to these and other works contributed prologues, both in verse and prose, which gave him a respectable position among his not very distinguished contemporaries. The Knyght of the Swanne was translated 'at the instygacion of the Puyssaunt illustryous Prynce Lorde Edwarde Duke of Buckyngham,' but the commission was not given directly to the humble Copland, but to Wynkyn de Worde, who used to style himself in his books 'prynter unto the moost excellent pryncesse the kvnges graundame' (the Lady Margaret) Had Copland been a man of higher position he would probably have carried on Caxton's work as editor-publisher with far more enterprise than the two foreigners, Wynkyn and Pynson, who nearly monopolised the English booktrade. But Caxton's real successor is a translator was no poor printer, but a nobleman and diplomatist, who took an active part in pageants as glittering as those he described.

John Bourchier, Lord Berners, was born in 1467, four years before the death of his father in the battle of Barnet, and succeeded to the title on the death of his grandfather in 1474. His grand-uncle, who had been appointed to the see of Canterbury in 1454, was still Archbishop on the accession of Henry VII, and the young noble was much at court, and intimate with Henry VIII On the latter's accession he was constantly employed both in diplomacy and war. Thus he took part in the campaign of Terouenne, acted as chamberlain to the Princess Mary when she married Louis XII, negotiated in 1518 for an alliance with Charles V, and on his return from Spain attended the king at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In 1520 he was made Deputy of Calais, and held this office till his death in 1533, amid constant money troubles, despite grants of manors in Surrey, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Oxfordshire which Henry VIII made him in 1528 Deputyship left him leisure for literary work, and at the king's suggestion he carried through a translation of the Chronicles of Froissart, which Pynson published for him, the first volume in 1523, the second in 1525 Lord Berners also translated from the French The History of the moost noble and valyaunt Knight, Arthur of Lytell Brytaine (i.e. Brittany), the Charlemagne romance, Huon of Bordeaux, and the Spanish treatise of Guevara, El Reloj de Principis, under the title The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius His translation of the Castel d'Amor (The Castell of Love) of Diego de San Pedro was translated direct from the Spanish, 'at the instaunce of Lady Elizabeth Carew, late wyfe to Syr Nicholas Carewe, Knight.' All these minor translations were probably made late in his life, and fell into the hands of different printers after his death His fame rests on the great Froissart, or, to give it its full title, the volumes of Sir John Froyssart of the Cronycles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngale, Scotland, Bretayne, Flaunders, and other places adjoynynge, translated out of Frenche into our maternall Englysshe tonge, which form a history of the courts and wars of Europe during the fourteenth century When in Spain, Lord Berners

had himself sent Henry VIII an account of a Spanish bull fight, and for his letters to the Prixy Council describing the Field of the Cloth of Gold he was accorded the Council's thanks. No translator could have been more thoroughly in sympathy with his original, or have caught its spirit more happily without tedious adherence to the letter Only the great size of the Chronicle has prevented it from vying with Mandeville as one of the most popular of English translations, and from its vivid pages picturesque extracts might be given almost without number. That which we have here chosen (from Chap 1) describes the sea fight of Sluys

Of the batell on the see before Sluse in Flaunders, bytwene the Lynge of England and the Frenchmen -Nowe let us leave som what to speke of therle of Henalt [the Earl of Hamault] and of the duke of Normandy and speke of the kyng of England, who was on the see to the intent to arryve in I hunders, and so into Heynalt to make war agaynst the I rench This was on mydsomer evyn, in the yer of our Lorde M CCC al., all the Lnglyssh flete was departed out of the ryver of Tan es and toke the way to Sluse. And the same tyme, bytwenc Blanqueberque and Sluse on the see, was sir Hewe Kyryell, sir Peter Bahuchet, and Burbnoyr and mo than sixscore greate vessels besyde other, and they wer of Normaynes, bydaulx [lightly armed peasants], Genowes [Genoese], and Pycardes about the nombre of al m. Ther they were layd by the French kyng to defend [forbid] the kyng of Englandes passage. The kyng of England and his came saylyng tyll he came before Sluse and when he sawe so great a nombre of shippes that their mastes semed to be lyke a gret wood, he demaunded of the maister of his shyp what peple he thought they were he answered and sayd, 'Sir, I thynke they be Normayns layd here by the Frenche kyng, and hath done gret dyspleasur in Englande, brent [burnt] your towne of Hampton and taken your great shyppe the Christofer' 'A,' quoth the kyng, 'I have long desyred to fyght with the Frenchmen and nowe shall I fyght with some of them by the grace of God and saynt George, for truly they have done me so many dyspleasurs that I shall be revenged and I may' Than the king sett all his shyppes in order, the grettest befor, well furnysshed with archers, and ever bytwene two shyppes of archers he had one shypp with men of armes, and than he made an other batell [division] to ly a lofe [aloof] with archers to confort [reinforce] ever them that were moost wery, yf nede were And ther were a great nombre of countesses, ladyes, knyghts' wyves and other damosels that were goyng to se the quene at These ladyes the kyng caused to be Gaunt [Ghent] well kept with thre hundred men of armes and five hundred archers.

Whan the kyng and his marshals had ordered his batayls, he drewe up the seales [sails] and cam with a quarter wynde to have the vauntage of the sonne. And so at last they tourned a lytell to get the wynde at wyll and when the Normayns sawe them recule [withdraw] back, they had marvell why they dyde so And some sayd, 'They thynke themselfe nat mete to medyll with us wherfore they woll go backe.' They sawe well howe the kyng of England was ther personally, by reason of his baners. Than they dyd appareyle [make ready] their flete in order, for they wer sage and good

men of warr on the see and dyd set the Christofer, the which they had won the yer before, to be formast, with many trumpettes and instrumentes, and so set on their ennemies Ther began a sore batell on bothe partes archers and crosbowes began to shote, and men of armes aproched and fought hande to hande, and the better to come togyder they had great hokes and grapers [grapplers] of yron to east out of one shyppe into an other, and so tyed them fast togyder. Ther were many dedes of armes done, takyng and rescuyng agayne, and at last the great Christofer was first won by the Linglysshmen, and all that were within it taken or slayne Then ther was great noyse and cry, and the Englysshmen aproched and fortifyed the Christofer with archers, and made hym to passe on byfore to fught with the Genoweys. This batayle was right fierse and terryble for the batayls on the sec ar more dangerous and fierser than the batayls I or on the see ther is no reculyng nor fleyng, ther is no remedy but to fight and to abyde fortune, and every man to shewe his prowes. Of a trouthe sir Hewe Kyriell and sir Bahuchet and Barbe Noyer were right good and expert men of warre. This batayle endured from the morning tyll it was noone, and the Englysshmen endured moche payne, for their ennemies were foure agaynst one and all good men on the see. Ther the kyng of Lugland was a noble knight of his owne hands, he was in the flower of his youth. In likewyse so was the erle of Derby, Pembroke, Herforde, Huntyngdon, Northampton, and Glocetter, Sir Raynolde Cobham, sir Richard Stafforde, the lorde Percy, sir Water of Manny, sir Henry of Flaunders, sir John Beauchamp, the lorde Felton, the lorde Brasseton, sir Chandos, the lorde Dalawarre, the lorde of Multon, sir Robert Dartoys, called erle of Rychmont, and dyverse other lordes and knyghtes, who bare themselfe so val yantly with some socours that they had of Bruges and of the countrey there about, that they obtayned the vyctorie. So that the Frenchmen, Normayns, and other were dysconfetted, slayne, and drowned, there was not one that scaped, but all were slayne. Whanne this victorie was atchyved the kyng all that nyght abode in his shyppe before Sluse with great noyse of trumpettes and other instrumentes.

Our second example of Lord Berners' happiness in translation shall be taken from a book very unlike the Froissart, but in its own day quite as famous The official chronicler of Charles V -Lord Berners may have known him personally—was a Franciscan monk, Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Mondoñedo (d. 1545) His Relog de Principes, or 'Dial of Princes,' has been attractively described as 'a didactic novel with Marcus Aurelius for its hero, and was designed for the edification of the Emperor Charles A rather transparent pretence that it was translated from a Greek manuscript in a library at Florence was virulently exposed in Spain, but passed muster in France and England, and Lord Berners' translation, made from an intermediate French version at the request of Sir Francis Bryan, and completed at Calais a week before the translator's death, was called The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius, Empirour and Eloquent Oratour First published in 1539, it went through at least seven editions, of which the

last is dated 1586, and its influence was thus presumably as great is or greater than that of the later version by Sir Thomas North (*The Dial of Princes*), first issued in 1568 Guevara's rhetorical style was one of the influences which fostered the growth of English Euphuism, and this early rendering of his *Reloj de Principes* by the translytor of Froissart is thus an interesting link between two eras. In our quotation, in which the writer is supposed to be Marcus Aurelius himself, the Euphuistic note only shows itself towards the end

There was an auncient lawe, none mighte be taken and received for a citisen in Rome, but he were first In the tyme of Cato examined by the Censore. Censorius, whan any woulde be a citezen of Rome, this examinacion was made of hym He was not demaunded, of whens he was, nor what he was, nor whens he came, nor wherfore he came, nor of what kinne or auncient stocke he came but onely ther toke his handes between theirs, and if they felt theim softe and smothe, forthwith as an idell vacabunde man they dispatched and sent him awaie, and if they found his handes harde and ful of hard knottes, by and by [forthwith] they admitted him a citisen and dweller in Rome Also when any officers toke any ill doers, and put theim in prison, that was called Marinotine, instede of informacion, the first thyng that they toke hede of was theyr handes, whiche if they had bene as a labourers handes, and a workeman, though his crime were grevous, yet his chastisement was mitigate and more easye, and yf the unhappy prisoner chaunced to have ydell handes, for a littell faute, he shoulde have sharpe punishment. It hath ben an olde saying. He that hath good handes, must nedes have I sate, I chastised never a laboureying good custome man, but I was sory for it nor I never caused to whyppe a vacabunde, but I was gladde of it I wyll tell you more of this Cato Censorius, whiche was greatly feared For even as children in the scholes, hering theyr master commyng in, renne to their bokes, so when Cato went through the stretes of Rome, every body went to theyr woorke. O right happy baron, before whom the people feared more to be ydell, than to be all before any other

I han beholde ye at this houre, what force vertue hath, and how valiaunt a vertuous man is, seeying that all the world feared Rome, onely for hir worthynes in armes and all Rome feared Cato, onely for his vertues adventures of men are so divers, and the suspect fortune geveth so many overthwart turnes, that after that a great space she hath geven great pleasures, incontinent we are cyted to hir subtyll travailes of repentaunce. O happie Cato Censorine, who with suche as have followed his waies, are now sure from the abatementes of fortune Than he that will have glory in this lyfe, and attaine glory after death, and be beloved of many, and feared of all let him be vertuous in doyng of good workes, and deceive no man with vaine wordes. I sweare unto you by the lawe of a man of worship, that if the goddes woulde accomplishe my desyre, I had rather to be Cato with the vertuous policies that he used in Rome, than to be Scipio with the abundance of blod that he shedde in Affricke

Less picturesque, but of native growth, was Fabyan's *Chronicles*, the other historical work mentioned as printed by Pynson (page 102)

Robert Fabyan (d 1513) was still rather a chronicler than a historian—one of those who hardly aimed at literary excellence or critical Fabyan, a clothier who became an alderman and sheriff of London, wrote a general chronicle of English history, called by him the Concordance of Histories, but printed (1515) as the New Chronicles of England and France (edited by Sir Henry Ellis in 1811) It is particularly minute with regard to what would probably appear the most important of all things to the worthy alderman, the succession of officers of all kinds serving in the city of London, from the accession of Richard I it is really a chronicle of London, and amongst other events of the reign of Henry V the author does not omit to note that a new weather cock was placed on the top of St Paul's steeple. Fabyan, who repeats the fabulous stories of early English history elaborated by Geoffrey of Monmouth, occasionally 'drops into poetry' or Fabyan thus tells the story of Jack doggerel Cade's rebellion

And in the moneth of Iuny this [1450], the comons of Kent assemblyd them in grete multytude, and chase to theym a capitayne, and named hym Mortymer, and cosyn to the duke of Yorke, but of moste he was named Iak Cade. This kepte the people wonderously togyder, and made suche ordenaunces amonge theym, that he brought a great nombre of people of theym vnto the Blak Heth, where he decysed a bylle of petycions to the kynge & his counsayll, and shewyd therin what iniury es and oppressions the poore commons suffred by suche as were aboute ye kynge, a fewe persones in nombre, and all vider coloure to come to his aboue [obedience] The kynges coun sayll seynge this byll, disalowyd it, and counsayled the kynge, whiche by the vii daye of Iuny had gaderid to hym a stronge hoost of people, to go agayne his rebellys, and to gyue vnto theym batayll. Than the kynge, after the sayd rebellys had holden theyr felde vpon Blak Heth vii dayes, made towarde theym. Wherof herynge, the capitayne drewe backe wt his people to a vyllage called Seuenok, and there enbataylled (Fabyan then tells how Sir Humphrey Stafford, sent against the rebels, is defeated and slain] And so soon as Iak Cade had thus ouer commyn the Staffordes, he anone apparaylled hym with the knyghtes apparayll, and dyd on hym his bryganders [body armour] set with gylt nayle, and his salet [helmet] and gylt sporis, and after he had re fresshid his people, he retourned agayne to Blak Heth, & there pyght [pitched] agayne his felde, as here tofore he had done, & laye there from the xxix. daye of Iuny, beynge seynt Peters day, tyll the firste day of Iuly whiche season came vnto hym the archebysshop of Caun terbury, and the duke of Bukkyngham, with whom they had longe communycacion, and fande hym right dis crete in his answerys how be it they could nat cause hym to lay downe his people, and to submyt hym vnto ye kynges grace

In this whyle, the kynge and the quene herynge of the encreasynge of his rebellys, and also the lordes ferynge theyr owne seruauntes, lest they wolde take the capitaynes partye, remoued from London to Kyllyngworth [Kenil worth], leuynge the cytic without ayde, except oonly the lorde Scalys, whiche was left to kepe the Tower, and

with hym a maily and warly [wirlike] man named Mathewe Gowth. Thanethe capitagne of Kent thus houynge [hovering] at Blakheth, to ye ende to blynde the more the people, and to brnyg hym in fame that he kept good mistyce, behedyd there a pety capitayne of his named Parys, for somoche as he had offendyd agayne such ordnaunce as he had stablisshed in his hoste. And heryng yt the kyng & all his lordes were this [thus] departed, drewe hym nere anto ye cytie, so yt vpon we first day of July he entred the burgh of South wark, beyng than Wednysday, and lodged hym there that night, for he might nat be suffred to entre that And the same afternoone, aboute v of ye cylie clol, the capitayne with his people entred by the brydge, and whan he came vpon the drawe brydge, he hewe the ropys that drewe the bridge in sonder with his sworde, and so passed into the cytie, and made in sondry places therof proclamacions in the kynges name, that no man, payne of dethe, shulde robbe or take any thynge pur force without payinge therfore. By reason wherof he wanne many hertes of the comons of the cytic, but all was done to bugyle we the people, as after shall enydently He rode thorough dyners stretes of the cytic, appere and as he came by London stone, he strake it with his sworde, and sayd, 'Nowe is Mortymere lorde of this cytic.' And when he had thus shewyd hymselfe in dyuerse places of ye cytic, and shewld his mynde to the mayre for the orderynge of his people, he retourned into Southwarke, and there abode as he before had done, his people commynge and goynge at lawfull houres whan they [Cade caused several persons to be exe wolde cuted, one a sheriff of Kent accused of extortion 1 Whan they hadde thus behedyd thyse n men, they toke the hede of Croumer and pyght it vpon a pole, and soo entred agayne the cytic wit ye heddes of the lordes Saye and of Croumer, and as they passed the stretes, toyned the poles togyder, and caused eyther deed mouth to kysse other dynerse and many tymes

Then towarde nyghte he retourned into Southwarke, and vpon the morne reentred the cytie, and dyned yt daye at a place in seynt Margarete Patyn [St Margaret Pattens] parysshe, called Cherstis hous, and whan he hadde dyned, lyke an uncurteyse gest, robbyd hym, as the day before he hadde Malpas. For whiche ii robberyes, albe it that the porayll [poor] and nedy people drewe vnto hym, and were parteners of yt ille, ye honest and thryfty comoners caste in their myndes ye sequele of this matter, and feryd leste they shuld be delt with in lyke maner, by meane wherof he loste ye peoples fauoure and hertes For it was to be thought, if he had not executed that robory, he myght haue gone ferre and brought his pur pose to good effect, if he hadde entendyd wel, but it is to demeane and presuppose that the entent of hym was nat good, wherfore it myght nat come to any good con Than vpon the v daye of Iuly, ye capi twine beyinge in Southwarke, caused a min to be be hedyd, for cause of displeasure to hym done, as the fame went and so kept hym in Southwarke al that day, how be it he myghte haue entred the cytic if he had wolde.

And whan nyght was comyng, the mayre and cytezeins, with Mathewe Gowth, lyke to their former appoyntment, kept the passage of the brydge, beynge Sonday, and defended the Kentysshmen, whiche made great force to reentre the cytic Thenne the capitayne seynge this bekerynge [bickering] begon, yode [went] to harneys, & called his people aboute hym, and sette so fyersly vpon

the cytezeyns, that he draue theym backe from ye stulpis [boundary posts] in Southwarke or brydge fote, vnto the drawe brydge Then the Kentysshmen sette fyre vpon ye drawe brydge. In defendynge wherof many a man was drowned and slayne, amonge ye whiche, of men of name was Iohn Sutton, alderman, Mathewe Gowgh, gentylman, and Roger Heysande, cytezeyn And thus contynued this skyrmysshe all nyghte tyll ix of the clok ypon the morne Thus contynuynge this cruell fyght, to ye distruccion of moche people on both sydes, lastly, after the Kentysshmen put to ye worse, a trewe [truce] was agreed for certayne houres, durynge ye which trew, ye archebysshop of Caunterbury, than chaunceller of Englande, sent a generall pardon to ye capitayn for hymselfe, and an other for his people by reason wherof he and his company departed the same nyght out of Southwarke, and so retourned euery man to his owne

But it was not longe after that ye capitayne wt his com pany was thus departed, that proclamacions were made in dyuers places of Kent, of Southsex [Sussex], and Sowtherey [Surrey], that who myght take ye foresayd Ink Cade, other on lyue or dede, shuld have a M marke [1000 marks] for his trauayl After whiche pro clamacion thus publisshed, a gentylman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awayted so his tyme, that he toke hym in a gardyn in Sussey, where in the takynge of hym the sayd Iak was slayne and so beyng deed was brought into Southwarke the xi daye of the moneth of 1450 and there lefte in the Kynges Benche for that nyght. And vpon morowe ye deed corps was drawen thorugh the hyghe stretes of the cytie vnto Newgate, & there hedyd and quarteryd, whose hede was than sent to London brydge, & his iiii quarters were sent to iii. sondry townes of Kent.

Edward Hall, or Halle (c. 1499–1547), chroni cler or historian, was a Londoner born, from Eton passed in 1514 to King's College, Cambridge, and next studied at Gray's Inn He became a common serjeant in 1532 His Union of the Noble Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke (1542, 3rd ed. 1550, best ed by Sir Henry Ellis, 1809) was only brought down to 1532, the rest, down to 1546, was com pleted by the editor and continuator, Richard Grafton (d. 1572), who was the printer of Matthew's Bible, of the first Book of Common Prayer, and of Hardyng's Chronicle, as well as of chronicles compiled by himself Hall's dignity and the reality of his figures had a charm for Shakespeare, and for Henry VIII's reign the work is really valuable as the intelligent evidence of an eyewitness-though too eulogistic of the king following extract, describing the scene in the council-room of the Protector Gloucester (afterwards Richard III), shows how closely Hall was sometimes followed by Shakespeare

The lorde protectour caused a counsaill to be set at the tower on the fridaye the thirtene daye of Iune, where was muche commonyng [communing] for the honourable solemnitee of the coronacion, of the whiche the tyme appointed aproched so nere, that the pageauntes were a making daye & night at Westminster, and vitaile killed whiche afterwarde was caste awaye.

These lordes thus sittyng commonyng of this matter, the

protectour came in emong their about nyne of the clocke salutyng theim curteously, excusyng him self that he had been from theim so long, saying merely that he had been a sleper that daye. And after a litle talkyng with them he sayed to the bishopp of Ely, My lorde you have verye good strawberies in youre garden at Holbonic, I require you let vs haue a messe of them Gladly (my lord qd [quoth] he) I would I had some better thing as redy to your pleasure as that, and with that in all hast he sente his seruaunt for a dishe of strawberies The protectour set the lordes faste in commonying and there vpon prayed theim to spare him a litle, and so he departed and came agayn between a and eleuen of the clocke into the chambre all chaunged with a soure angry countenaunce, knittvng the browes, frownyng and fretyng and gnawyng on his lips, and so set hym doune in his place. All the lordes were dismaied and sore marueyled of this maner and sodeyne chaunge and what thyng should hym tyle When he had sitten a whyle, thus he began What were they worthy to have that compasse and ymagine the destruction of me beyng so neare of bloud to the kyng & protectoure of this his royall realme. At which ques tion, all the lordes sate sore astonyed, musyng muche by whom the question should be ment, of which enery man knew him self clere.

Then the lorde Hastynges as he that for the familiaritie that was between theim, thought he might be boldest with him, aunswered and sayd that they were worthy to be punished as heynous traytours what soeuer they were, and all the other affirmed the same. That is (qd he) yonder sorcers my brothers wife and other with her, menyng the quene At these woordes many of the lordes were sore abashed whiche fauoured her, but the lorde Hastynges was better content in his mynde that it was moued by her then by any other that he loued better, albeit hys hart grudged that he was not afore made of counsail of this matter as well as he was of the takyng of her kynred and of their puttyng to death, whiche were by hys assent before deuysed to be beheaded at Pomfrete, this selfe same daye, in the whiche he was not ware that it was by other deuised that he hym selfe should the same daye be beheaded at London then sayed the protectour in what wyse that sorceresse and other of her counsayle as Shores wyfe, with her affinitie haue by their sorcery and witchecrafte this [thus] wasted my body, and therwith plucked vp his doublet sleue to his elbowe on hys lefte arme, where he shewed a weryshe [shrivelled] wythered arme & small as it was neuer other. And therupon, euery mannes mynde mysgauc theim, well perceyuyng that this matter was but a quarell, for well they wist that the quene was both to wyse to go about any such folye, & also if she would, yet would she of all folke make Shores wyfe least of her counsaile whom of all women she most hated as that concubine whom the kyng her husband most loued

Also, there was no manne there but knewe that hys arme was ever such sith the day of his birth. Neverthe lesse the lorde Hastynges, which from the death of kyng Edward kept Shores wife, whom he somwhat doted in the kynges lyfe, sauyng it is sayed that he forbare her for reverence towarde his kyng, or els of a certayne kynde of fidelitie towarde his frend. Yet nowe his hart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that as he knew ewell virtuely, therefore he aunswered and sayed, Certaynly my lorde, yf they have so done, they be worthy of heynous punishement. What, qd the protectour, thou servest me I wene with yf and with and. I tell the

they have done it, and that wyll I make good on thy bodye traytour And therewith (as in a great anger) he clapped his fyste on the borde a great rappe, at whiche token genen, one cried treason without the chamber, and therwith a doore clapped, and in came rushyng men in harneyes as many as the chamber could hold. And anone the protec toure sayed to the lorde Hastynges, I arrest the traytoure What, me my lorde? qd he Yea the traytoure, qd the protectour And one let flye at the lorde Stanley, which shroncke at the stroacke and fell vnder the table, or els hys head had bene cleft to the teth, for as shortly as he shrancke, yet ranne the bloude aboute his eares. Then was the Archebishop of Yorke and doctour Morton bishopp of Ely & the lorde Stanley taken and divers other whiche were bestowed in dyuers chambers, saue the lorde Hastynges (whom the protectour commaunded to spede and shryue him apace,) for by sainct Poule (qd he) I wyll not dyne tyll I se thy head of It boted hym not to aske why, but heally he toke a priest at auenture and made a shorte shrift, for a lenger woulde not be suffered, the protectour made so much hast to his dyner, which might not go to it tyll this murther were done, for sauying of hys ungracious othe. So was he brought furthe into the grene besyde the chapel within the towre, and his head layed doune on a logge of tymber that lay there for buildyng of the chapel, & there tyrannously striken of, and after his body and head wer enterred at Wyndesore by his maister kyng Edward the forth, whose soules Iesu pardon. Amen.

The Later Miracle-Plays and Religious Moralities.

We turned aside (page 49) from the history of the drama at the point which the miracle-plays had reached in the time of Chaucer when Herod and Pilate, as played by clerks or craftsmen on 'scaffolds high,' were already famous for their ranting, and the 'sorrow of Noah and his fellowship' when Norh's wife refused to come into the ark was a recognised theme for comic treatment. The great cycles 'of matter from the beginning of the world' were being acted all over England, and human nature, more especially the human nature of playwrights and actors, being what it is, it was only to be expected that the authors and players of each cycle should endeavour to introduce into their representation some special features whereby it might differ from and surpass others The Bible story being common ground to all, these differences could only be introduced either by the importation of legends or by the use of the imagination in scenes in which it would not clash with the somewhat elastic medieval ideas of reverence. legendary accretions we have an example in a painful but dramatic episode in the so-called 'Coventry' cycle, where a summoner, of the kind Chaucer depicted in the Canterbury Tales, arraigns Joseph and Mary before the Bishop, and the Blessed Virgin's chastity is proved by an ordeal which brings confusion on her accuser Of the use of imagination the stock instance is the comic development of the talk of the shepherds as they watch their flocks on the night of the Nativity In the Chester Plays this takes the form of an

unique manuscript long remained) the develop ment is much more marked, for here we meet with the work of a playwright whose talent, when we remember the cramped conditions under which he wrote, may be said to have come near to These Wakefield Plays have come down to us in a more composite form than any other The play of Jacob and Esau, from which a passage has already been quoted (page 48), has been regarded by good authorities as one of the most primitive fragments of the religious drama plays were borrowed, in a corrupt form, from the cycle played at the neighbour city of York. What here concerns us is, that about the end of the fourteenth century, or the earliest years of the fifteenth, the cycle was revised and added to by this unknown genius, whose work can clearly be traced by his fondness for a particular metre and the extraordinary freedom with which he handled his subjects His favourite metre is a nine line stanza, with central rhymes in the first four lines (aaaa bbb cdddc), and we find this used with admirable regularity through five long plays, that of Noah, two versions of a Shepherds' Play, and the plays of Herod the Great and the Scourging of Christ In all of these, it will be noted, there are personages (Noah's wife, shepherds, soldiers, executioners) in whose case the silence of the Scriptures left the dramatist a free In addition to the five complete plays, we find passages in the nine line metre, obviously of the same authorship, embedded in two other plays connected with Christ's Passion, in a play on the Raising of Lazarus, and in another on the Last Judgment, and (although here the evidence of metre deserts us) we cannot be wrong in attributing to the same hand some interpolations of extra ordinary humour and boldness in the killing of Thus we have altogether upwards of four thousand lines from this man's pen, and alike in their boisterous humour, their popular satire, and their grim portrayal of the terrors of death, they rank indisputably as among the most notable drimatic work produced before the reign of Elizabeth Our first extract must be taken from the famous sheep-stealing episode in the second of the two Shepherds' Plays The thief is a certain Mak, whom the shepherds suspect when they see him approach, but admit to share their supper After disarming their suspicions by lying down in the midst of them, he rises while they sleep, curries off a fat sheep to his cottage, and then resumes his sleeping place till the shepherds wake him, and he goes about his business shepherds miss the stolen sheep, quickly suspect Mak, and run to his cottage Mak's wife, so he says, has just hid a baby, but he welcomes them nevertheless, and here is the scene that follows

enormous supper and a wrestling match between

master and servant, in which the servant is, of course, victorious In the 'Wakefield' cycle

(often cited as the Towneley Plays, from the

family in whose possession

(57)

Mak I wold ye dynyd or ye yode, me thynk that ye swette
2nd Shep Nay, nawther mendys oure mode drynke nor mette

Mak Why, sir, alys you oght bot goode?

3rd Shep Yee, oure shepe that we gett,
Ar stollyn as thay yode Oure los is grette

11ak Syrs, drynkys!

Had I bene thore, Som shuld have boght it full sore. 1st Shep Mary, som men trowes that ye wore,

And that us forthynkys.

(58)

2nd Shep Mak, som men trowys that it shuld be ye.
3rd Shep Ayther ye or youre spouse—so say we.
Mak Now if ye have suspowse to Gill or to me,
Com and rype oure howse, and then may ye se
Who had hir

If I any shepe fott,
Aythor cow or stott—
And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott
Here syne she laid hir

(59)

As I am true and lele, to God here I pray,
That this be the fyrst mele that I shall ete this day

1st Shep Mak, as have I ceyll, avyse the, I say,
He lernyd tymely to steyll that couth not say nay

Gill I swelt!

Outt, thefys, fro my wonys '
Ye com to rob us for the nonys
Mak Here ye not how she gronys?
Youre hartys shuld melt.

(60

Gill Outt, thefys, fro my barne! negh hym not thor
Mak Wyst ye how she had farne, youre hartys wold
be sore
Ye do wrang, I you warne, that thus commys before
To a woman that has farne—bot I say no more.

Gill A, my medyll!
I pray to God so mylde,
If ever I you begyld,
That I ete this chylde
That lygys in this credyll.

(61)

Mak Peasse, woman, for godys payn! and cry not so.
Thou spyllys thy brane and makys me full wo
2nd Shep I trow oure shepe be slayn What finde ye
two?
3rd Shep All wyrk we in vayn. As well may we go.

Bot hatters,
I can fynde no flesh,
Hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh,

Bot two tome platers.

(57) Yode, went, nauther, neither mode, temper, mette, meat the stage of the goode anything that is not good, loss lose thore there forthynlys, makes sorry (58) Suspense suspicion rype ransack fott, fetched (59) Ceyll luck swell, faint, wonys dwelling for the nonys, for the nonce 'you come to seize your chance of robbing us. (60) Negh, approach thor, there farme, fared lygys, lies, credyll cradle. (61) Spillys, destroyest Bot hatters, But hang it 'nesh tender tome platers, empty plates.

(64)

2nd Shep Mak, freyndys will we be, ffor we are all oone.

Mak We! now I hald for me, for mendys gett I none.

Fare well all thre! all glad were ve gone!

[The shephents have.

3rd Shep Fare wordys may ther be, bot luf is ther none This yere.

1st Shep Gaf ye the chyld any thyng? 2nd Shep I trow not oone farthyng 3rd Shep Fast agane will I flyng,

Abyde ye me there [Goes back to the house

(65)

Mak, take it to no grefe if I com to thi barne.

Mak Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe, and fowll has
thou farne

3rd Shep The child will it not grefe, that lytyll day starne

Mak, with youre leyfe, let me gyf youre barne Bot sex pence.

Mak Nay, do way he slepys 2nd Shep Me thynk he pepys.

Mak When he wakyns, he wepys.

I pray you go hence

[The other shepherds come back

(66)

3rd Shep Gyf me lefe hym to kys and lyft up the clowtt [Seang the sheep What the dewill is this? he has a long snowte.

1st Shep He is merkyd amys. We wate ill abowte
2nd Shep Ill spon west, 1 wys, ay commys soull owte.
Ay, so!

He is lyke to oure shepe!

3rd Shep How, Gyb! may I pepe?

1st Shep I trow, kynde will crepe

Where it may not go

(67

2nd Shep This was a qwantt gawde and a far cast. It was a hee frawde

3rd Shep Yee, syrs, wast. Lett bren this bawde and bynd hir fast. A fals skawde, hang at the last, So shall thou.

Wyll ye se how thay swedyll His foure feytt in the medyll? Sagh I never in a credyll

A hornyd lad or now

(68)

Mak Peasse byd I what! lett be youre fare
I am he that hym gatt, and youd woman hym bare
1st Shep What dewill shall he hatt? Mak? lo, God!
Makys ayre!

2nd Shep Lett be all that Now God gyl hym care, I sagh. Gill A pratty child is he

As syttys on a woman's kne,

A dyllydowne, perde,

To gar a man laghe.

(64) All some all agreed kald, hold of mendys, amends, his love, Gaf gave flyng hasten. (63) Represe reproof foult has then sure, ill have you behaved starme star do way cease. (66) Clevit, cloth Ill spon west ovite, Bad spinning makes bal cloth (2 proverb), How, Gyb speed, This line is assigned in the VIS to the 3rd Shepherd, who has already seen the sheep, hynde cill crepe, hature shows itself somehow (another proverb). (67) Quantit gawde, dainty trick far cist, far throw, good try kee, high mast, it was bren, burn, chawde soold readyll, swaddle. (68) Fare, suss katt, be called ayre, heir sigh, say dyllydo vie pet gar, make.

(69)

3rd Shep I know hym by the eere marke, that is a good tokyn.

Mak I tell you, syrs, hark! hys noyse was brokyn. Sythen told me a clerk, that he was forspokyn.

1st Shep This is a fals wark, I wold fayn be wrokyn Gett wepyn.

Gill He was takyn with an elfe,

I saw it myself,

When the clok stroke twelf

Was he forshapyn

(70)

2nd Shep Ye two ar well feft, sam in a stede.
3rd Shep Syn thay manteyn there theft, let do thaym to dede.

Mak If I trespas eft, gyrd of my heede

With you will I be left

1st Shep Syrs, do my reede.

For this trespas,

We will nawther ban ne flyte,

Fught nor chyte,

Bot have done as tyte,

And cast hym in canvas. [They toss Mak in a sheet

(71)

Lord what I am sore, in poynt for to bryst!

In fayth I may no more Therfor wyll I ryst.

2nd Shep As a shepe of sevyn skore he weyd in my fyst. I or to slepe ay whore me thynk that I lyst

sepe ay whore me thynk that I fys 3rd Shep Now I pray you,

Lyg downe on this grene

ist Shep On this grene

1st Shep On these thefys yit I mene.

3rd Shep Wherto shuld ye tene?

Do as I say you.

[An Angel sings 'Gloria in excelsis,' afterwords let him say

(72)

Angelus Ryce, hyrd men heynd! for now is he borne. That shall take fro the feynd that Adam had lorne. That warloo to sheynd, this nyght is he borne. God is made youre freynd, now at this morne.

He beliestys,
At Bedlem go se,
Ther lygys that fre
In a cryb full poorely,
Betwyn two bestys.

(73)

Ist Shep This was a quant stevyn that ever yit I hard It is a mervell to nevyn, thus to be skard

2nd Shep Of Godys son of hevyn he spak upward All the wod on a levyn me thoght that he gard

Appere

3rd Shep He spake of a barne

In Bedlem I you warne

Let us seke hym there.

(G) Voyse nose forstekyn bewitched, turokyn, avenged, turfyn, weapons forshafyn, transformed (70) Feft, endowed sim together stede, place de le, death eft again gyrd of, strike off, With our left I put myself at your mere; reale, advice nawther ban ne flyte, neither curse nor scold chyte, chide as tyte as quickly as possible. (71) What, how in foynt for ready to seepn skore he, sevenscore pounds ay whore anywhere mene, think tene, sorrow Do, text So (72) Heyld, gentle lorne lost carleo, warlock, wixing, skeynd, punish tekestys, bids bygys hes that fre, that noble child. (73) Quant, dainty steryn, voice neryn, speak of skind, scared on a leryn hit by lightning gard caused starne, star—Throughout this extract it will be noted that the northern forms are very marked

Thus, after Gill's trick is exposed, the sheep found in the cradle, and Mak deservedly blankettossed, the play ends in orthodox fashion with the procession of the shepherds to Bethlehem and the presentation of their simple gifts to the Holy Child But until the appearance of the Angels there is no religious element in it, it is purely secular comedy, a rustic play worked out to its end in a masterly fashion

Is a contrast to the foregoing extract we must, in justice to the range of our anonymous dramatist, quote the five grim stanzas which he interpolated into the York Play of Lazarus Fresh from the grive, pointing to the marks of arrested but not yet effaced corruption, Lazarus preaches a sermon on De th, of which medieval poets ever took a morbid and horrible view, and which is here depicted with grisly power

Ilkon in sich aray with dede that shall be dight And closid colde in clay, wheder he be kyng or knyght, For all his garmentes gay, that semely were in sight, His flesh shall frete away, with many a wofull wight 3 4 Then wofully sich wightys creatures Shall gnawe the e gay knyghtys, Thare lunges and thare lightys, I hare harte shall frete in sonder,

Under the erthe ye shall thus carefully then cowche. The royfe of youre hall youre nal yd nose shall towche, Nawther great ne small to you vill knele ne crowche, A shete shall be youre pall, such todys shall be youre now che. tords-jewels Tody, shall you dere, molest I cyndys will you fere, frighten Youre flesh, that fare was here,

Thus rufully shall rote, In stude of fare colore

Thise masters most of myghtys,

Thus shall that be broght under

Sich bandys shall bynde youre throte.

Youre rud that was so red, youre lyre the lylly lyke, 5 6 Then shall be wan as led and stynke as dog in dyke, Wornies shall in you brede, as bees dos in the byke, And ces out of yourc hede thus gate shall paddoky, pyke, in this way-toads pick To pike you ar preste Many uncomly beest, Thu that shall make a feste Of yource flesh and of youre blode.

For you then soro vs leste

The moste has of youre goode

Youre goodys ve shall forsake, if ye be never so lothe, and nothing with you take bot sich a wyndyng clothe, Youre wife loro v shall slake, youre chylder also both Unnes your mynnyng make, if ye be never so wrothe, 8 o That myn you with nothyng That may be yourc helping, Nauther in mes syngring,

Mass-i e for the dead alms-giving for repose of the soul Ac yet with almus dede, Therfor in voure levyng

Be will and take good hede

(II)

Tal e hede for you to dele whils ye ar on life, Trust never freyndys frele nawthere childe ne wife, For sectures ar not lele, therfor youre good will stryfe, 10, 11 To by youre saules hele there may no man thaym shrife. prescribe as a penance

To shrife no man thaym may, After youre endyng day,

Youre saull for to glad, Youre sectures will swere 'nay,

Ye aght more then ye had'

1 Each one 2 Death. 3 Be eaten 4 Weight. 5 and 6 Rud and here the tanned and untanned skin. 7 Your higher good then shall be that your sorrows are at their least-ie. existence shall be all pain 8 Scantily 9 Remembrance 16 Executors.

soul

11 Loyal

The interpolation in the play of the Last Judgment is much longer than this, extending to some three hundred lines of broad satire, which ranges from the crimes of the perjurer and oppressor to the follies of the women, whose headgear makes them look 'horned like a cow,' and of those who pad their shoulders with moss and flock domysday oght tarid,' say the devils, 'we must have biggid hell more [built hell larger], the world is so warid [cursed]?

> Oure porter at hell yate Is haldyn so strate, Up erly and downe late, He rystys never

The author of these plays and interpolations introduces, along with English proverbs and some allusions to popular stories, a few tags in Latin, and may have been in minor orders, but his interests and his turn of thought were certainly secular, and had he lived at a time when the secular drama had won a recognised place he must have left no mean mark on English literature As it was, he carried the principle of humorous and satirical relief to the farthest point which the essentially religious character of the miracle plays could admit, and no further development was possible

The popularity of these miracle plays was enormous and of long duration, but whether from the love of novelty or from the wish to apply the same methods to other branches of Christian teaching, a rival to them came into existence as early as the time of Wyclif, who, in urging the lawfulness of having the Bible in English, reminds his readers how 'herfore frems han taught in England the Paternoster in Englissch tunge as men seyen in the playe of York' (De Officio Pastorali, Cap 15) This York Play of the Lord's Prayer (Ludus Oracionis Domini) was performed under the auspices of a special guild of the same name, which numbered in 1399 over a hundred members, and lasted till it was suppressed by Henry VIII The play itself had an even longer life, for it was performed in 1558, and once again in 1572, in which last year Archbishop Grindal confiscated the manuscript under pretext of examining into the purity of its doctrine A 'Creed Play,' which

gave myself

must have been much of the same nature, was performed at York once in ten years in the fifteenth century, and its revival in 1568 was only prevented by the adverse opinion, not of the Archbishop, but of the Dean. In the 'Creed Play' there may have been a mixture of history and allegory, in that of the Lord's Prayer the personages must have been mainly allegorical, personifications of virtues and vices, and this is the essential characteristic of the Morality Plays, of which the earliest extant specimens belong to the middle of the fifteenth century These, from having at one time belonged to a Mr Cox Macro, are sometimes alluded to as the 'Macro Moralities' They are three in number, and are respectively known as The Castell of Perseverance, Mind, Will, and Understanding (also called 'A Morality of the Wisdom that is Christ'), and Man-I ind None of them is of high literary ment, a love of alliteration leading the authors into the frequent use of tags ('by fen and flood,' 'by street and sty,' 'by street and strond,' 'by down and ditch,' &c), while the interest of the play is purely didactic, with hardly any relieving touch of humanity or humour Yet the most laboured portrayal of the struggle of the powers of Good and Evil for man's soul can never be wholly lacking in tragic interest, and the Castell of Perseverance, though spun out to some 3500 lines, is not unreadable. The unique manuscript gives a rough drawing of a stage castle, with a moat, and five 'scaffolds' round it, to be occupied by the World, the Flesh, and the Devil (Mundus, Caro, Belial), Covetyse (Covetousness) and Deus The play begins with a conference of the powers of ill, and then Humanum Genus (Mankind) comes forth as a new born child to lament his lot. His Good and Bad Angels come to his side, and he follows the Bad, who brings him under the power of the World Pleasure, Folly, and Brokbiting, Belial and the Flesh, and all the seven sins, become his companions, but his Good Angel brings Confession, Shrift, and Peni tence to his rescue, and he is lodged in the Castle of Perseverance. A battle ensues between the Sins and the Virtues, and the latter are for the time victorious, but Avaritia or Covetyse makes a fresh conquest of Mankind, and, amid his prayers to Visericordia (Vercv) and the gibes of the devils, his soul takes flight, to become the subject of a contention in heaven between Mercy, Justice, Fruth, and Peace, in which, with an appeal to Christ's Passion, Mercy gains her cause. A fur idea of the dialogue by which the plot is carried out may be gained from the scene of the first triumph of Malus Angelus and the defeat of Bonus, as his opponent hurries off Humanum Genus to the court of Mundus The quotation is taken from the writer's extract from the play in his English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes (3rd ed 1898)

Humanum Genur Whom to folwe wetyn I ne may
I stonde in stodye and gynne to rave,
begin
I wolde be ryche in gret aray

And he wolde that I it forsole,

Now so God me helpe, and the holy boke,

I not wyche I may have

Malus Angelus Cum on, man! where of hast thou care?

Go we to the werld, I rede the, blyve

For ther thou schalt now ryth wel fare

In case if you thynke for to thryve,

No lord schal be the lyche

Take the werld to thine entent, Wake the world your study

And late thi love be ther on lent,

And fayn I wolde my sowle save. As watyr in wynde I wave

Thou woldyst to the werld I me toke,

With gold and sylvyr and ryche rent

A none thou schalt be ryche.

Humanum Genus Now, syn thou hast be hetyn me so, 3

I wyl go with the and a say, make inal
I ne lette for frende ne fo, refrain
But with the world I wyl go play,
Certes a lytyl throwe. a little while
In this World is all my trust
To lyvyn in lykyng and in lust
Have he and I onys cust, once kissed
We schal not part, I trowe.

Bonus Angelus A'nny, man' for Cristes blod'
Cum agavn be strete and style'
The werld is wyckyd and ful wod,
And thou schalt levyn but a whyle
What covertyst thou to wynne'
Man, thynke on thyn endynge day,
Whanne thou schalt be closyd under clay,
And if thou thenke of that a ray,
Certes thou schalt not synne

Malus Angelus I a, on thi sowle thou schalt thynke all be tyme,

Cum forth, man, and take non hede,

Cum on and thou schalt holdyn hym inne.

Thi flesch thou schalt foster and fede

With lofly lyvys fode With the food of dainty living
With the werld thou mayst be bold,

Tyl thou be sexty winter hold, old

Wanne thi nose waxit cold, waxeth

Thanne mayst thou drawe to goode.

Mumanum Genus I vow to God, and so I may
Make mery a ful gret throwe—
I may leven many a day,
I am but vonge, as I trowe,
For to do that I schulde.
With I ride be sompe and sike,
And be ryche and lord lyke,
Certes, thanne schulde I be frike
And a mery man on molde.

Malus Angelus Iys, he my feyth, thou schalt be a lord,
And ellys hange me be the hals
But thou muste be at myn a cord,
Other whyle thou muste be fals
A monge kythe and kynne
Now go we forth swythe a non,
To the werld us must gon,
And bere the manly evere a mong,

Whanne thou comyst out or inne-

Only one other play remains to be mentioned, A goodly interlude of Niture compyled by mayster Henry Medwall,' chaplain to Archbishop Morton. Though first printed in the sixteenth century, this play, which is some three thousand lines long, probably belongs to its predecessor, and, like the Castell of Persecurance, traces the career of man from birth to death. Its character and drift may be sufficiently gathered from the 'names of the players' given at the end

Nature, Man, Reson, Sensualvie, Innocencye, Worldly affection, Bodyly lust, Wreth, Envy, Slouth, Glotony, Humvivie, Charyte, Abstynence, Lyberalyte, Chastyte, Good occupacyon, Shamefastnes, Mundus, Pacyence, Pryde

It is a dull play, but by no means ill written, and the long opening speech of N iture is relieved by the really pretty verse

Who taught the cok hys watche howres to observe, and syng of corage with shryll throte on high? Who taught the pellycan her tender hart to carve For she nolde suffer her byrdys to dye? Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde besyly Her strange entunys, in sylence of the night? Certes, I, Nature, and none other wight

Stephen Hawes.

The personification of abstract qualities which is so prominent a feature in these early moralities was characteristic of fifteenth century poetry in general In England, besides the morality-plays, it only produced one poem of any importance, The Pastime of Pleasure of Stephen Hawes It has been conjectured that Hawes was a native of Suffolk, and there are the usual assertions that he had been educated at Oxford and also at Cambridge, and had studied, or at least travelled, on the Continent Our first certain knowledge of him is from an entry in the household books of Henry VII in 1502, where he is mentioned as receiving, as one of the grooms of the chamber, an allowance of four y irds of blick cloth for the queen's functal 10th January 1506 Henry VII gave him ten shil lings as a reward for 'a ballett,' and in the course of the same year he dedicated to the king his Pastime of Pleusure. Three years later this was published by Wynkyn de Worde, who also printed in the same year two other poems by Hawes, The Con arizon of Secrets, which has no other ment than its morthity, and al. Josfull Medytacyon to All Linglande, on the coronation of Henry VIII Other poems by Hawes printed by Wynkyn ire The exemple of Verti, in the whiche se shall finde many goodly storys and naturall dysputacyons between four ladyes named Hardynes, Sapunce, Fortum, and Nature, which may have suggested to Hishop Bale the title I irt dis exemplum which he bestows on Haves himself, ind The Confort of Lovers Post of these are so rare that lattle is known of them, though from in abstract which has been printed of the second, it appears to run on very

much the same lines as the Pastime of Phasure For the 6th January 1521 there is an entry in Henry VIII's household accounts of a payment to 'Mr Hawse for his play' Two years later, on the 16th of February 1523, the will was proved of a Stephen Hawes of Aldborough in Suffolk, who was probably the poet, for a reference to him as 'yonge Steven Hawse, whose soule God pardon,' in a book published in 1530, shows that he was then dead, and had died presumably before he was forty

The full title of Hawes's chief work is The Passetyme of Pleasure, or the History of Graunde Amoure and La Bel Pucel, containing the knowledge of the Seven Sciences and the Course of Man's Life in this Worlde. The 'Seven Sciences' are those then usually studied, Grammar, Logic, Rhe toric, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, Astronomy, and Hawes does not flinch from such a thorough treatment of his subject, as we find in these two stanzas.

Madame, quod I, for as moche as there be Eight partes of speche, I would knowe right favne What a noun substantive is in his degre, And wherefore it is so called certaine? To whom she answered right gentely agayne, Saveng alway that a nowne substantive Might stand without helpe of an adjective.

The Latvn worde why che that is referred Unto a thynge which is substancyall, For a nowne substanty ve is well averred, And with a gender is declynall, So all the eight partes in generall Are Laten wordes, annexed properly To every speche, for to speke formally

A man who can write like this may stumble into poetry by accident, but plainly knows nothing of it as an art, and, indeed, it is rather the accident of the dull period in which he wrote than any merit of his own that gives Hawes a place in histories of literature. When 'Grunde Amoure' becomes enamoured of 'La Bell Pucell' in the 'Tower of Musik,' the verse certainly improves Music commands her ministrels to play, and bids Grand Amour lead his lady to dance.

By her propre hande, soft as any sylke, With due obeysaunce I dyd her then take, Her skynne was white as whales bone or mylke My thought was ravysshed, I might not aslake My brennynge hert, she the fyre dyd make, These daunces truely Musyke hath me tought To lute or daunce, but it avayleth nought

For the fyre kyndled, and waxed more and more, The dauncynge blewe it, wyth her beaute clere, My hert sekened and began to waxe sore. A mynute vi houres and vi houres a yere. I thought it was, so hery was my chere, But yet for to cover my great love aryght, The outwarde countenaunce I made glad and light

And for fere mone eyes should my hert bewray, I toke my leve and to a temple wente, And all alone I to my selfe dyd saye Alas! what fortune hath me hyther sente,

To devoyde my joye and my hert torment, No man can tell howe great payne it is, But if he wyll fele it, as I do y wis.

Alas! O lady, how cruell arte thou,
Of pyteous doloure for to buylde a nest
In my true hert, as thou dost right nowe!
Yet of all ladyes I must love the best, thee
Thy beaute therto dyd me sure arest
Alas, wyth love, when that it doth the please,
Thou mayest cease my care and my payne sone ease.

After leaving his lady Grand Amour pursues his studies of Geometry and Astronomy, and then leaves the tower of Science for that of Chivalry He is knighted, prays at the temple of Venus, vanquishes a giant with seven heads, and a 'wonderful monstre of the seven metalles made by enchauntement.' At last he is married to La Belle Pucelle, and lives with her till he is arrested first by Old Age and then by Death, whence comes the need for an epitaph

O mortall folke' you may behold, and se Howe I lye here, sometime a myghty knyght, The end of joye and all prosperite. In deth at last, through his course and myght, After the day there cometh the derke night, For though the day be never so longe, At last the belies ringeth to evensonge.

It has been contended that if Hawes had never written anything but this last couplet, he would have deserved our grateful remembrance. It is probable, however, that they are only a peculiarly happy proverb dovetailed into his verse. Our quotations have been taken from the Percy Society's reprint (1845) of Richard Tottel's edition of 1555.

Skelton.

By virtue of his longer life, John Skelton is more conveniently noticed after Hawes, though he was probably born some fifteen or twenty years before him-that is, about 1460-in the neighbouring county of Norfolk. No biographer has bestowed on Skelton the epithet virtutis exemplum, though Pope's 'beastly Skelton' singles him out rather unfairly for a condemnation which other poets of his time, notably John Heywood, equally deserved Our earliest reference to him is of a much more complimentary character, and comes from the pen of no worse a judge than William Caxton, who in 1490, in a very interesting prefice to his 'Eneydos' on the happy mean between far fetched and homely words in translation, writes

Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this lytyl treatys to holde me for excused for the translatynge of hit. Tor I knowliche my selfe ignorant of connynge to enprise on me so hie and noble a werke. But I praye Mayster John Skelton, late created poete laurente in the Universite of Oxenforde, to oversee and correcte this sayd booke. And to addresse and expowne where as shalle be founde faulte to theym that shall require it I or hym I knowe for suffy cyent to expowne and Englysshe

lton been fastened on to his name but it is not unfair to gather from them that his life was scandalous ind a discredit to his cloth A more authentic ancedote, embedded in a grave sermon on usury, tells us how, when he was referred to as a Latinist on a highway man's demand to have his conviction gurshed, because he had been indicted as fur (thief) instead of latro (robber), Skelton would see no difference between the words save that 'Fur sat on the bench, while Latro stood at the bar,' and the jest is of a piece with the freedom of speech which In those 'agenst Garmarks his later poems nesche' the virulence is merely humorous, for this was a poetic 'flyting' or bickering, in which Sir Christopher Garnesche was the challenger and Skelton the defender But most of his later poems are sitires, and, piqued, perhaps, at the reception accorded to some earlier dedications, he had the hardihood to choose Cardinal Wolsey as his chief In his Colyn Cloude the ittick on the corruption of the Church is mainly general, but there In Speke scen to be some side hits at Wolsey Parrot, an obscure poem, probably put together at various times, and preserved only in an incomplete condition, the satire is more outspoken In Why come to nat to Court! the Cardinal is virulently

attacked throughout, and it is small wonder that Skelton, who is said already to have suffered imprisonment for his satires, was obliged to take sancturry at Westminster with his friend Abbot In sinctuiry he died 21st June 1529 (less than half a year before Wolsey's disgrace), and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster Besides the works we have already named, Skelton wrote (probably about 1510) The Bowge of Court, the Court-Bouche or Court-Rations being the name he gives to a ship owned by the Lidy Favour, and with Drede, Favell (Cajolery), Suspicion, Disdayne, Ryote, Dyssymulation, Dis ceyte, and Haruy Hafter (Harry Crafty) as its passengers, each with a speech as if in a pageant The Lunnyng of Llynour Rummynge, in short lines, describes the drunken frolies of some women

it Mrs Rumming's alchouse near Leatherhead It is said to have been written for the imusement of Henry VIII, whose pilice of Nonsuch was not for off. In the 'ryght delectable tratyse upon a soodly Gurlande or Chapelet of Laurell, studyously dyvysed at Sheryf hotton Castell in the foreste of Giltres'-ic at Sheriff Hutton, the residence of the Duke of Norfolk-Skelton celebrates the be stowd on him by some noble lidies of a wreath of Liurch, and gives a list of his own works. Of his poems against the Scots, the earliest, printed by Dyce (The Poetical Works of John Stellon, with notes, by the Rev. Mexinder Dyce, 1843), was cilled forth by the buttle of Flodden in 1513, the second, Hove the doubty Duke of Albany, lyke a courde knight, ran awaye shamfully, with ar i ii dred tuo isai de tratlande Scottes and junt rarted I renchemen, beside the 'Witer of I wede,' refers to the Scottish comparan of 1523. Both are

with which Barclay's literary activity can be connected, but he is said to have left the Benedictine Order for the Franciscan, and he was presented in 1546 to livings in Essex and Somersetshire, and in 1552 to that of All Hallows, Lombard Street In this last year he died at Croydon, and was buried in Croydon Church on 10th June.

Barclay's Myriour of Good Manners and his other minor works are of small importance, but his Ship of Fools and his Eclogues take a high rank in the literature of his day. A note to Pynson's edition of the former work informs us that 'this present Boke named the Shyp of Folys of the worlde was translated in the College of Saynt Mary Oters in the counte of Devonshyre out of Laten, Frenche, and Doche [1e. German] into Englysshe tonge by Alexander Barclay, Preste,' and the mention of the three different languages throws some light on Barclay's methods famous Narrenschiff of Sebastian Brant, in which folly of every kind was satirised, was printed at Basel in 1494, translated into Latin verse three years later by Jakob Locher, and speedily retranslated from Latin into French by Pierre Riviere of Poitiers If Barclay had been translating Brant as he translated Sallust, one version would have sufficed him, but a glance at the Latin text which he prints in his own edition suffices to show that his work is not a translation, hardly even a paraphrase, but a poem of very considerable claim to originality, in which the successive points of the original are taken up and worked out in Barclay's own way Here, for example (we quote from Pynson's edition of 1509), is the description of the first fool of all, the Book Fool, who acts as steersman to the ship

I am the firste fole of all the hole navy, Io kepe the pompe, the helme and eke the sayle For this is my mynde, this one pleasoure have I, Of bokes to have grete plenty and aparayle I take no wysdome by them, nor yet avayle, Nor them perceyve nat, and then I them despyse Thus am I a foole and all that sewe that guyse

That in this shyp the chefe place I governe By this wyde see with folys wanderynge The cause is playne and easy to dysceme. Styll am I besy bokes assemblynge, For to have plenty it is a plesaunt thynge In my conceyt, and to have them ay in honde, But what they mene do I nat understonde

But yet I have them in great reverence
And honoure, savynge them from fylth and ordure.
By often brusshynge and moche dylygence,
Full goodly bounde in pleasaunt coverture
Of domas, satyn, or els of velvet pure,
I kepe them sure, ferynge lest they sholde be lost,
For in them is the connynge wherin I me bost

But if it fortune that any lernyd men Within my house fall to disputacion, I drawe the curtyns to shewe my bokes then, That they of my cunnynge sholde make probacion, I kepe nat to fall in altercacion, And whyle they comon, my bokes I turne and wynde, s For all is in them, and no thynge in my mynde.

Tholomeus the ryche causyd longe agone
Over all the worlde good bol es to be sought.
Done was his commaundement anone,
These bokes he had and in his stody brought,
Whiche passyd all erthly treasoure as he thought,
But nevertheles he dyd hym nat aply
Unto they r doctiyne, but lyved unhappely

So in lyke wyse of bokys I have store, But fewe I rede, and fewer understande, I folowe nat theyr doctryne, nor theyr lore, It is ynoughe to bere a bol e in hande, It were to moche to be in suche a bande For to be bounde to loke within the boke I am content on the fayre coverynge to loke.

bondage

Why sholde I stody to hurt my wyt therby, Or trouble my mynde with stody excessive, Sythe many ar whiche stody right besely, And yet therby shall they never thryve? The fruyt of wysdom can they nat contryve, And many to stody so moche are inclynde That utterly they fall out of theyr mynde

I am lyke other clerkes whiche so frowardly them

That, after they ar onys come unto promocyon, once They give them to plesour, theyr stody set asyde, Theyr avaryce coverynge with fayned devocion. Yet dayly they preche, and have great derysyon Agaynst the rude laymen, and al for covetyse, Though theyr owne conscience be blynded with that vyce.

But if I durst trouth playnely utter and expresse,
This is the special cause of this inconvenyence,
That greatest foles and fullest of lewdnes,
Havynge least wyt and symplest science,
Ar fyrst promoted and have greatest reverence
For if one can flater and here a hawke on his fyst
He shal be made Parson of Honyngton or of Clyst

1 Commune.

The parsons of Honiton and Clyst have nothing to do with Brant. They were neighbours of Barclay's in Devonshire, and his introduction of them into his *Ship* shows the free spirit in which he handled his original

So again, if we take the stanzas 'Of newe fasshions and disgised garmentes,' we shall find that some of them have a very English turn

Drawe nere ye courters and galantz disgised,
Ye counterfut caytifs, that ar nat content
As God hath you made his warke is despysed,
Ye thynke you more crafty than God ommpotent.
Unstable is your mynde, that shewes by your garment
A fole is knowen by his toyes and his cote,
But by theyr clothinge nowe may we many note

Nor of his clothynge one wryncle stode a wrye, In London he lerned to go so manerly Hygh on his bonet stacke a fayre broche of tynne, His pursys lynynge was symple, poore, and thynne, But a lordes stomake and a beggers pouche - Full yll accordeth, suche was this comely slouche. In the towne and cyte so longe getted had he 4 That frome thens he fledde for det and poverte. No wafrer, taverne, halehous, or taverner, To hym was there hydde, whyle he was hosteler, Fyrst was he hosteler, and than a wafrer, Than a costermonger, and last a taverner Aboute all London there was no propre prym But long tyme had ben famylyer with hym, But whan coyne fayled no favour more hadde he, Wherfore he was gladde out of the towne to fle. But shepeherde Faustus was yet more fortunate, For alwaye was he content with his estate, Yet nothynge he hadde to conforte hym in age Save a melche cow, and a poore cotage, The towne he used and grete pleasure hadde To se the cyte oft tyme whyle he was ladde, For mylke and botter he thyther brought to sell, But never thought he in cyte for to dwell, For well he noted the madde enormyte, Envy, fraude, malyce, and suche myquyte, Whiche reggne in cytes, therfore he ledde his lyfe Up londe in vyllage, without debate and stryle 7 Whan these two herdes were thus together met, Havynge no charges nor labour them to let, Theyr shepe were all sure, and closyd in a cote, Themselfe laye in lyttre, pleasauntly and hote, For costly was fyre in hardest of the yere, Whan men have most nede, than every thyng is dere, For passynge of tyme, and recreacyon, The bothe delyted in communicación, They Namely they pleydyd of the dyversyte argued Of rural husbondes, and men of the cyte, Faustus accused and blamed cytezens, To them imputyinge grete fautes, cryme, and synnes Amyntas blamed the rurall men agayne, And eche of them bothe his quareyl dyde maynteyne All wrothe dyspysed, all malyce and yll wyll Clene layde a parte, eche dyde reherse his skyll, But fyrste Amyntas thus for to speke began, As he whiche counted hymselfe the better man.

Shepherds. 2 Was called, 3 Husbandman. 4 Displayed himself
 Seller of fancy biscuits. 6 Dainty girl. 7 In the country. 8 Argument.

This is but poor work compared with the best verse in the same vein of Barclay's fellow-countrymen, but it added a fresh element to English poetry, and for this Barclay deserves his share of honour

Of the three poets whose work we have been reviewing, Stephen Hawes attained only a meagre popularity in his own century, the poems of Skelton and Barclay, on the other hand, were frequently reprinted. With the exception of Skelton's shortline poems, the Skeltonical verse to which he has

given his name, the works of all three are now read only by literary antiquaries, and several of those of Hawes and Barclay, for lack of a modern editor, are not accessible even to these Despite snatches of music in Skelton, which invite a kinder verdict, the importance of all three poets is indeed mainly But although their own works can historical hardly be said to live, they brought fresh life into English poetry, introducing new subjects and new ideas, and, in the case of Skelton, some metrical Moreover, they made an experiment, enrichment which had to be made, though it was foredoomed to failure. Partly from the practice of translation, partly from the increased reading of foreign languages, especially classical Latin, new words were pouring into the English language, and the poetical value of these 'inkhorn terms' had to be tested by use. If we look down a page of the stanzas of any of these poets, the eye is struck at once with the length of the words with which the lines end If a reckoning were made, it would probably be found that of the rhyme words in these stanzas quite fifty per cent. are of Latin origin 'I am but a yong mayd,' Miss Scrope is made to remark in Phylyp Sparowe

I am but a yong mayd,
And cannot in effect
My style as yet direct
With Englysh words elect.
Our naturall tong is rude,
And hard to be enneude
With pullysshed termes lusty

freshly painted polished

But it was precisely this 'ennewing' by means of 'wordis elect' and 'pullysshed termes' that Hawes, Skelton, and Barclay aimed at in their serious poetry

Chaucer, that famous clerke, His termes were not darke, But plesaunt, easy and plavne, No worde he wrote in vayne,

sang Skelton, but he goes on to explain that Lydgate wrote 'after an hyer rate'-that is, he used Latinisms instead of homely English or words which, if they had come from the French, had yet been made pliable by use in ordinary talk. Words like these, it was thought, were good enough for humorous poetry, but elegance was only to be attained by the use of a much more learned and 'curious' vocabulary The court poets, the writers of interludes, the poetical preface writers like Robert Copland, all aimed at this high-sounding phraseology, and in proportion to the amount of it which they introduced succeeded in making their works unreadable. It was fortunate that the experiment was not made at a time when there was finer poetic material to be spoilt.

ALFRED W POLLARD

movement in England fell well within the sixteenth century—into the spicious and glorious times of Queen Elizabeth, when—though not without dissentients—the nation had as a whole thoroughly made up its mind

Hence it is well to reckon the Newer English Literature from the marvellous outburst in Elizabeth's reign, though here, as clsewhere, it is impossible to draw sharp dividing-lines across the intellectual history of a nation. The Newer Luglish is sometimes held to begin with the six teenth century some books dating from the close of the lifteenth century are clearly more modern than others written well on in the next, survivals in temper and style from the older world epoch marking (if not epoch-making) miscellany was issued in 1557 by the printer Tottel, who was still publishing industriously after masterpieces by Spenser and Sidney, by Peele and Greene, had seen the light. Ascham sent loxophilus to the press under Henry VIII, and hid not quite finished the Scholemaster it his own death in Though there is no magic in the figures 1550, yet it is on the whole remarkable how many of the writers who shed its peculiar glory on Llizabeth's reign began their distinctive work after and not before her accession. And so it is best to group the writers in the following sub-section, transition authors all of them, it the end of the old rather than at the beginning of the new

Sit Thomas More, Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII, has had the honour of being reckoned the first writer of classical English prose- i prose not merely modern in contrast with that of his predecessors, but simple, direct, nervous, rhythmical, natural, and entertuning Born in London, 7th February 1478, More was a son of a justice of the King's Bench, and as a boy was page in the house hold of Archbishop Morton, by shom he was sent to Oxford, and so was drawn to the New Learning then being forwarded by Grocyn and Linaere Having completed his legil studies at New Inn and Lincoln's Inn, and seen much of Colet and Lilly, he was for three years reader in I urnivil's Inn, and spent the four years 1499-1503 in the Charterhouse in 'devotion and prayer,' with thoughts of becoming a priest. But in 1504 he was returned to Parliament, and in 1505 he married his first wife. On the accession of Henry VIII (1509) a brilliant prospect was opened up to More, though he had no natural inclination for public life. Introduced to the ling through Wolsey, he became under sheriff of I ondon (1510), Mister of Requests (1514), Treasurer of the Exchequer (1521), and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (1525) He was Speaker of the House of Commons, and was sent on missions to Francis I and Charles V On the fill of Wolsey in 1529, More, ig linst his own strongest wish, was appointed Lord Chancellor In the discharge of his office he displayed a primitive virtue and simplicity one stam on his character as judge is the harshness of his sentences for religious opinions, he was unquestionably guilty of great severities in individual instances Foxe treats him as a blinded papist and cruel persecutor. Even Froude, panegyrist of Erasmus, calls More 'a merciless bigot.' He no doubt was conscientiously of opinion that it was better that heretics should die than that they should continue in heresy. Like many of his friends, he would have welcomed a more reisonable theology and desired reform in the minners of the clergy, but never dreamt of defying the Church or dis puting its dogmas He saw with grave disapproval the successive steps which led Henry to the final schism from Rome, and in 1533 he resigned the Chancellorship. In April 1534, for declining the oath of idherence, which he thought would impugn the papil supremacy and sinction the royal divorce, he was sent to the Fower, and after a liarsh imprisonment of over a twelvemonth, cheerfully met his fite by beheading on Lower Hill, 7th July 1535. I rom the writings of his friend, Frasmus, we realise ill his virtues and all his attractions, but gather also that he wis 4 charming friend rither than a commanding personality His family life was singularly be intiful. In 1886 he was beaufied by the

Rom in Catholic Church In 1510 More published a Life of Pico of Mirundol 1, from the Latin His (incomplete) History of Richard III (written c 1513) has been called the first book in classical English prose, it is some times said to have been based on a Latin work by Archbishop Morton, not extant. More's greatest work is the sociological and sature if romance, written in Litin, the Utopia, which, describing an imaginary model country and people, idded to the English language a term for any very 'advanced' scheme of a trional improvement. First printed at Louv in in 1516, it was received with enthusiasm by funstill, Lrismus, and the educated public, a second edition appeared in 1517 It was then revised by More, and sent, through Erasmus, to Frobenius it Basel to print (1518)

The plan of Utopia was no doubt suggested by the Atlantis described by Plato, and has something in common with Plato's Republic and Augustine's City of God More works out a system of social arrangements whereby the happiness of the people might be secured to the utmost, idealising beyond what he really conceived to be possible to human n sture, he expounded a kind of Socialism or Communism he explicitly disowned One very un portant design of his imagined state was to exhibit a stirtling contrast to existing conditions in Eng lind and clscwhere, and so bring home to his contemporaries a serious siture on the avariet of the rich and the gross lives of the people. In his imaginary island all are contented with the necessaries of life, all are employed in useful labour, in clothing no man desires aught but durability, and since wints are few and everybody must labour, no one need work more than six hours a

For one shephearde or heardman is ynoughe to eate vp that grounde with cattel, to the occupying wherof aboute husbandrye many handes were requisite. And this is also the cause why victualles be now in many places dearer. Yea, besides this, the price of woolle is so rysen, that poor folkes, which were wont to work it, and make cloth therof, be nowe hable to bye none at all

Coneyne, covin, collusion, selye, simple, departe, remove.

More's other Latin works include epigrams, a translation of some of Lucian's dialogues, and pamphlets against the Lutherans Of his English controversial works the most important is the Dyaloge against Lutheranism and Tyndale, in five books, two defending Catholic practice as to images, relics, and pilgrimages, a third denouncing Tyndale's New Testament (as a faulty trans lation with heretical glosses, see pages 130, 131), and a fourth attacking Luther heartily Tyndale replied, and the controversy between More and Tyndale was a notable event in the English Reformation, each of the protagonists being accepted as a fit spokesman for his cause. In Tyndale's reply to More there was a large element of personal bitterness, for Tyndale, failing to understand More's attitude, thought him a time-server, suppressing his real convictions for professional And More, in his confutations of Tyndale's answer, descended to scurrility, believing, as he said, Tyndale's Wicked Mammon to be 'a very treasury and well-spring of wickedness' In the mun More stood for the supreme authority of the Church, Tyndale for the right of private judgment. The Dyaloge of Comfort against Tribulation dates from the time spent in the Tower

In the History, Richard III is thus described

Richarde, the thirde fonne [of Richarde, Duke of York], was in witte and courage egall with either of [his two brothers] in bodye and prowelle farr vnder them bothe, little of stature, ill setured of limmes, crol e backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right hard fauored of vifage, and fuch as is in flates called warlye, in other menne otherwife, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, euer frowarde None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche his disposicion was more metely then for peace. Sun drye victories hadde hee, and fommetime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne parfone, either of hardinesse or polytike order, free was hee called of dyspence, and somewhat aboue hys power liberall, with large giftes hee get him vnstedsaste frendshippe, for whiche hee was fain to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him stedsast hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he in wardly hated, not letting to kiffe whome hee thoughte to kyll dispitious and cruell, not for euil will alway, but after for ambicion, and either for the furetie or encrease of his estate. Frende and soo was muche what indifferent, where his advantage grew, he spared no mans deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose. He flewe with his own handes king Henry the fixt, being prisoner in the Tower as menne constantly saye, and that without commaindement or knowledge of the king, whiche woulde indoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office to some other then his owne borne brother

Warlye, warlike coumpinable or companiable, companion able despitious, for dispiteous, may be either full of despite or pittless.

The following is an extract from the Dyaloge Concerninge Heresyes

Of al which [heretikes] that euer sprang in Christes church, the very worst & the most beastlye, bee these Lutheranes, as their opinions and their lewde liuyng And let vs neuer dout but al that be of that fecte if any feme good as verye fewe do, yet will they in conclusion decline to the like levide liuinge, as their mayster & their felowes do, if thei might once (as by gods grace they neuer shall) frame the people to their owne frantike fantasie. Whiche dissolute huinge they be driven to dissemble, because their audience is not yet brought to the point to beare, whiche they furely trust to bryng about, and to frame this realme after ye fashion of Swycherlande or Saxony & some other partes of Ger manye, where theyr fecte hath already fordone the faith. pulled down the churches, polluted the temples, put out and spoyled al good religious folke, joyned freres and nunnes together in lechery, despited all saintes, blas phemed our bleffed lady, cast down Christes cross, throwne out the bleffed facrament, refused all good lawes, abhorred all good governaunce, rebelled agaynst all rulers, fall to fighte amonge themselse, and so many thousand slayn that the lande lyeth in manye places in maner deferte and defolate

They fare as dyd once an olde fage father fole in Kent at fuche tyme as divers men of worschippe assembled olde folke of the countrey to commune and deuyle aboute the amendemente of Sandewyche hauen. At whyche tyme as they beganne fyrite to enfearche by reason and by the reporte of old menne there about what thing had bene the occasion that so good an hauen was in so sewe yeares fo fore decayed, and fuche fandes rylen, and fuche shalowe flattes made ther with, that right small vessels had nowe muche worke to come in at dyners tydes, where great shippes wer win fewe yeres passed accustomed to ryde without difficultie, and fome laying the fault to Goodwyn fandes, fome to the landes Inned by dyners owners in the Isle of tenate [Thanet] out of ye chanell, in which the fea was wont to compaffe the ifle and bryng the vessels rounde about it, whose course at the ebbe was wont to fcoure ye hauen whiche nowe the Sea excluded thence, for lack of fuch course and scouring is choked up with fande, as they thus alledged, divers men divers causes. There starte vp one good old sather and said, Ye, masters say every man what he wil, cha marked this matter wel as fom other And by god I wote how it waxed nought well ynough For I knewe it good and haue marked, so chaue, whan it began to waxe worse. And what hath hurt it, good father? quod the gentlemen. By my faith, maysters, quod he, yonder same Tenterden steple, and nothing els, that by ye mass cholde twere a fair fish pole Why bath the steple hurt the hauen, good father, quod they? Nay byr Lady, maysters, quod he, yche connot tell you well why, but chote well it hath. For by God I knew it a good hauen till that steple was bylded, and by the mary maffe cha marked it well, it neuer throug fince. And thus wifely spake these holy Lutheranes, which fowyng feilmes and fedycions among

Whan an hatter
Will go finatter
In philosophy,
Or a pedlar
Waxe a medlar
In theology
Alle that ensue
They drive so farre a cast try so long a throw
That ever more
They do thersore
Bestrewe themselse at last.

See Lives of More by his son in-law, William Roper (first printed at Paris, 1626), Lord Campbell (Lives of the Chancellors) Seebohm (Oxford Reformers), Father Bridgett (1891), and Hutton (1893) also Nisard's Renaissance et Réforme (1855 3rd ed. 1877) and Father Bridgett's Wit and Wisdom of Sir Thomas More (1892). His English Workes were edited by a nephew (folio, 1557) with a dedication to Queen Mary The *Utopia* was translated by Ralph Robinson (1551 and 1556), Bishop Burnet (1684), and A. Cayley (1808). The Utopia has been edited by Lupton (1892) and Michelis (1896), and Robinson's translation has been frequently reprinted. The Utopia (a Latin spelling of a Greek comage for Voukere) has helped to create many an ideal 'Kennaquhair in some of which politics and in some romance has been dominant. Bacon's Neu Atlantis and Harrington's Oceana may be named compare some of Swifts works, The Coming Race, Butler's Erewhon, William Morris's News from Nowhere and other recent works on an unrealisable condition of things elsewhere in space or in a distant future on this planet.

In the extracts from More's English works we reproduce the spelling of the 1557 folio, and have followed the usage of the period with regard as well to the long f as to the u for v, &c.

The printed 'Gothic' or Black Letter was modelled on the characters generally in use for MSS (compare the Caxton on page 96 with the Chaucer and Wyclif MSS, pages 73, 88), till in Italy early in the fifteenth century the Caroline minuscules were revived as the (Roman or Italian) book-In Italy and France, Roman and Gothic held divided sway in print almost from the first But the first book to be printed in Roman letters in England was a Latin pamphlet by a Dean of St Paul's in 1518 The Roman shape gradually triumphed, but the Black Letter held its own in Bibles, proclamations, and acts of parliament The first English Bible printed in Roman type dated from 1576 The first Roman fonts cast on the Continent had no J, U, W, J, or w, and u was used The long f, a very early cursive form in writing, was used in all Black Letter at the begin ning and in the middle of words, whereas at the end of words the short s appeared regularly, this plan was usual in Roman printing in England till the very end of the eighteenth century new system gradually triumphed in the nine teenth, but some of the lightures, ch, sh, and especially ft, survived long after f separately had ceased to appear In MSS as early as the tenth century the V or capital (uncial) form of that Roman letter began to be preferred at the beginming of words, and u, the cursive form of the same letter, to be used in the middle. So in English printed books, though in modern English v and u have quite different sound-values, it was the rule

down into the seventeenth century to put vat the beginning and u in the middle of words, whether the sound was u or v (vnto, vse, haue, descrue, themselues) Somewhat similarly with I and J, 1 and 1, the J, originally a mere ornamental initial form of I, came gradually to be reserved for the consonantal use of I (=Y), and in English for the quite different sound-value of J In the fourteenth century it became usual to substitute y for the vowel 1, a custom that went out again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Wt is with When ye stands for the and ye for that the y is not really a y, but a device for representing b, the old letter for th The silent e at the end of English words is due to the Middle English obscure e, which was written and printed long after it ceased to be sounded But 'in the sixteenth century it was frequently added to almost all words ending phonetically with a consonant, when the preceding consonant was short and accented the consonant was doubled, as in bludde, bedde'

William Roper (1496-1578), son in-law and biographer of Sir Thomas More, was the son of a Kentish gentleman, whom he (apparently university bred) succeeded in his post of prothonotary of the Court of King's Bench In this capacity he became acquainted with More, and married his eldest and most gifted daughter Margaret. Soon after More's execution his sonin-law completed an admirably careful and affectionate biography, which was first printed at Paris in 1626 Roper remained a devout Catholic, and during Mary's reign sat in several parliaments for Kentish constituencies, but he made his peace with Elizabeth's government, and held his office in the Queen's Bench till his death describes the last scenes of More's life

When Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Tower ward againe, his daughter, my wife, desirous to see her father, whome she thought she should never see in this world after, and alsoe to have his finall blessinge, gave attendance about the Tower wharffe, wheare she knewe he should passe before he could enter into the Tower Theare tarryeinge his comminge, as soone as she sawe hun, after his blessinge uppon her knees reverentlie received, she hastinge towards him, without consideracion or care of her selfe, pressinge in amongst the midst of the thronge and companie of the garde that with holbards and bills went round about him. hastelie ranne to him, and theare openlie in sight of them, imbraced him and tooke him about the neck and kissed him. Who well likinge her most naturall and deere daughterlie affeccion towards him, gave her his fatherlie blessinge and manie godlie wordes of comfort besides, From whome after she was departed, she not satisfied with the former sight of him, and like one that had forgotten herselfe, beinge all ravished with the entire love of her father, havinge respect neither to her selfe, nor to the presse of people and multitude that weare theare about him, suddainlie turned backe againe, ranne to him as before, tooke him about the necke and divers times kissed him lovinglie, and at last with a full and heavie heart, was faine to depart from him the beholdinge

cardinal, on 17th June the old man, worn by sickness and ill-usage, was tried for denial of the king's supremacy, on the 22nd he was beheaded on Tower Hill In 1886 he was beaufied English writings of Bishop Fisher consist of a treatise on the penitential psalms, sermons, and a few small religious tracts. Three of the sermons are of exceptional historical interest-one at the funeral of Henry VII, one at the 'month's mind,1 or memorial service for Henry's mother, the Countess of Richmond (1509), and one on occasion of the public burning of Luther's books, 'agayn ye pernicyous doctryn of Martin Luuther' The treatise and the sermons alike contain, as Professor Mayor says, 'bursts of manly eloquence that entitle the writer to an honourable place among the early masters of English prose' Fisher thus commemorated the Countess

I wold reherce somwhat of her demeening in this behalve, her sobre temperaunce in metes and drynkes was knowen to al them that were conversaunt with her, wherin she lay in as grete wayte of herself as ony person myght, keping alway her strayte mesure and offendyng as lytel as ony creature myght, eschewing banquets, rere suppers, ioncyries betwee meales. As for fastynge for age and feblenes, albeit she were not bounde yet the dayes that by the chirche were appoynted, she kept them diligently and sereously, and in especyall the Holy Lent thrughout, that she restrayned her appetyte tyl one fysshe on the day, besyde her other peculer fastes of devocion, as Anthony, saint Mary Maudeleyn, saynt Katheryn with other, and thorowe out all the yere, the friday and saterday she full truely observed As to harde clothes wering she had her shertes and gyrdyls of heere, whiche whan she was in helth even weke she fayled not certaine dayes to weare somtyme that one, somtyme that other, that full often her skynne as I herde her say was perced therewith. In prayer every daye at her uprysynge, whiche comynly was not longe after v of the clok, she began certayne devocyons, and so after theym with one of her gentylwomen the matynes of our lady whiche she kepte her to then she came into her closet, where then with her chapelayn she sayd also matyns of the daye. And after that dayly herde mj or v masses upon her knees, soo contvnuynge in her prayers and devocions unto the hour of dyner, whiche of the etynge daye was x of the clocke and upon the fastynge-day xi After dyner full truely she wolde go her stacyons to thre aulters dayly, dayly her dyryges and commendacyons she wolde saye and her even songes before souper, both of the daye and of our lady, besyde many other prayers and psalters of Davyd thrugh out the yere. And at nyght before she wente to bedde, she faylled not to resorte unto her chapell, and there a large quarter of an hour to occupye her in devocyons. No mervayle though al this long tyme her knelinge was to her paynfull, and so paynfull that many tymes it caused in her backe payn and dysease. And yet nevertheles dayly whan she was in helth she fayled not to say the crowne of our lady, whiche after the maner of Rome conteyneth lx and thre aves, and at every ave to make a knelynge. As for meditacyon, she had dysers books in Frensshe, wherwith she wolde occupy herselfe whan she was wery of prayer Wherefore dyvers she dyde translate out of Frensshe into Englysshe. Her mervailous wepynge they can bere wytnes of whiche here before have herde her confession, which be divers and many, and at many seasons in the yere lyghtly every third daye. Can also recorde the same tho that were present at ony tyme when she was housilde, which was ful nie a dosen tymes every yere—what flodes of teres there issued forth of her eyes.

Rere suppers second suppers, ioncyries, junketings tho, those, was housylde, received the sacrament dyryges, dirges, offices for the dead, commendacyous commencative services.

Fisher's Latin works were published in a folio at Würzburg in 1597 his English works were edited for the Early English Text Society by Mayor (vol. 1. 1876) and Bayne (vol. 1. 1900). See the Life of the Blessed Thomas Fisher, by Father Bridgett (1888)

Sir Thomas Elyot was born about 1490 in Wiltshire, in 1511 became a clerk of assize, and in 1523 clerk of the king's council In 1531-32, as ambassador to Charles V, he visited the Low Countries and Germany, having orders to procure the arrest of Tyndale. In 1535 he went on a second embassy to the emperor, whom he seems to have followed to Tunis and Naples Member for Cam bridge in 1542, he died at Carlton, Cambridgeshire, 20th March 1546 His chief work, The Boke named the Gouernour (1531), is the earliest English treatise on moral philosophy, and deals largely with edu cation. Elyot protests against 'cruel and yrous schoolmasters, by whom children's wits be dulled' -a protest much needed in his generation main purpose was to emphasise the necessity of better education for the young nobles destined to govern the nation, his second to lay down principles of morality for the ruling classes. Other works were Of the Knowledge which maketh a Wise Man (1533), Pasquil the Playne (1533), Isocrates' Doctrinal of Princes (1534), Pico de Mirandola's Rules of a Christian Lyfe (1534), The Castel of Helth (1534), The Bankette of Sapience (1534), Bibliotheca (1538), the first Latin English dictionary, The Image of Governance (1540), Defence of Good Women (1545), and Preservative against Deth (1545)

Elyot based the Governour largely on the Italians Pontano, De Principe, and Patrizi, De Regno, although much in him is quite original. The Governour passed through eight editions in forty years, was more popular than even the Utopia, and entered largely into the literature and life of the sixteenth century. Ascham's Scholemaster and Locke's Thoughts concerning Education develop theses laid down by Elyot. Apparently both Budæus and Sturmius learnt from him.

Elyot is the sole 'authority' we have for the story so admirably worked up in Shakespeare's Henry IV, Part Second, about the notous Prince Hal and Judge Gascoigne. According to Mr Croft, who has given us an admirable edition of the Governour, with elaborate notes (2 vols, 1880), the story is utterly unhistorical, but the first English Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II, was sent away from the court for an insult to a royal minister, and some chronicler's record of this fact may by misapprehension or design have been transferred to Prince Hal From Elyot the

make therof mete that I may ete and that I may blesse the to-fore our lord er I dye. Now my sone take hede to my conceyll, and goo forth to the flock and brynge to me two the beste kyddes that thou canst fynde, and I shal make of them mete suche as thy fader shal gladly ete, whiche whan thou hast brought to hym and hath eten he may blesse the er he dye.' To whom Jacob answerd, 'Knowest thou not that my brother is rowhe and heery [rough and hairy] and I smothe? Yf my fader take me to hym and taste me and fele, I drede me that he shal thynke that I mocke hym, and shal give me his curse for the blessyng. The moder thenne said to hym 'In me,' said she, 'be this curse, my sone Nevertheles, here me, go to the flocke and doo that I have said to the.' He wente and fette [fetched] the kyddes and delyverd them to his moder, and she wente and orderned them in to suche mete as she knewe wel that his fader lovyd, and toke the beste clothes that Esau had and dyde hem on Jacob, and the skynnes of the kyddes she dyde aboute his necke and handes there as he was bare, and delyveryd to hym brede and the pulmente [stew] that she had boyled, and he wente to his fader and saide, 'Fader myn,' and he answerd, 'I here Who art thou, my sone?' Jacob saide, 'I am Esau, thy fyrste begoten sone. I have don as thou comaundest me. Aryse, sitte and ete of the venyson of myn huntyng, that thy soule may blesse me.'

The Golden Legend was frequently reprinted, and through this, through Lives of Christ, sermons, and popular books of devotion, the broad outlines of the Bible story were probably as well known as But save for the Psalms, of all in the Bible that is not story, notably the Prophets in the Old Testament and the Epistles in the New, there was small opportunity for any one ignorant of Latin to gain knowledge, and this was the case. also with the whole Bible in respect of its text as distinct from its general purport Meanwhile, however, materials for an accurate translation were Between 1514 and 1517 Cardinal accumulating Ximenes had printed at Alcala his splendid Polyglot Bible, which received the papal sanction in 1520 and was published in or before 1522 In 1516, under the title Novum Instrumentum, Erasmus had published at Basel the Greek text of the New Testament, with a new and scholarly Latin version In September 1522 Martin Luther published at Wittenberg his German New Testament, the first instalment of his new translation of the entire Bible. In 1523 a French translation of the New Testament by Jacques Le Fèvre d'Étaples was printed at Paris, and other portions of the Bible followed till the translation was completed in six volumes in 1528 But the Parlement of Paris condemned the first instalments of the book, and this was no good omen for the work of translation in England The man who undertook this task was William Tyndale, a member of a family which, on its migration to Gloucestershire from the north a during the Wars of the Roses, had assumed as an alternative name that of Huchyns or Hychyns, which was used also by Tyndale himself The date of his birth is unknown, but as William

Hychyns he matriculated at Oxford in 1510, and took his degree as Master of Arts five years later From Oxford he removed to Cambridge, where Erasmus had recently been acting as Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity By 1522 (having in the meanwhile taken holy orders) he had become tutor to the children of Sir John Walsh, of Old Sodbury in Gloucestershire, was preaching in the neighbouring villages, holding controversies with the clergy, for which he had to answer to the Chancellor of the diocese, and translating the Enchiridion Militis Christiani of Erasmus If Fove, the martyrologist, may be trusted, he declared at this time that if God granted him life he would cause 'a boye that dryveth the plough' to know more of the Scriptures than his opponents.

In the summer of 1523 Tyndale came to London, with an oration of Isocrates translated from Greek into English, as a proof of his scholarship, and tried to obtain a post in the household of Cuthbert Tunstall, the Bishop of London, himself a man of Repulsed by Tunstall, he was employed learning as a preacher at the church of St Dunstan's in-the-West, and hospitably entertained for six months by one of his hearers, Humphrey Monmouth But his mind was bent on translating the Bible. 'Even in the Bisshope of London's house,' he tells us (Preface to the Fyrst boke of Moses called Genesis), 'I intended to have done it,' and now, from what he saw of London and the London clergy, he 'understode at the laste not only that there was no rowme in my Lorde of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all Englonde,' and from England accordingly he fled, sailing for Hamburg in May 1524. After a visit to Luther at Wittenberg, and a return to Hamburg for money, probably supplied him by some of the London merchants, he betook himself, with his assistant, William Roy, to Cologne, and there arranged with Peter Quentel and Arnold Byrck man for the production of his New Testament, the former being a well-known printer, and the latter a publisher who had special relations with the English book-trade. But at Cologne at this time there was staying a prolific pamphleteer on the papal side, Johann Dobneck (better known by his Latin nom de guerre 'Cochlæus'), who also was negotiating with Cologne printers. A story came to Dobneck's ears that all England was to be Lutheranised through the exertions of two learned Englishmen, and on inquiry he found that three thousand copies of an English New Testament had already been printed in quarto as far as sheet K, a matter of eighty pages The case was promptly brought before the Cologne Senate, and to escape arrest the 'two English apostates,' as Dobneck calls them, had to take boat quickly up the Rhine to Worms, bearing with them what they could of their unfinished work the edition thus interrupted a solitary fragment

survives in the Grenville Library at the British Museum. This consists of sheets A-H—that is, eight out of the ten printed off—and contains Tyndale's 'Prologge' and his translation of St Matthew's Gospel to the beginning of chapter and The Prologue is partly Tyndale's own, partly borrowed from Luther, and this is the case also with the marginal glosses, of which there are some ninety in this fragment—about forty by Tyndale, and about fifty translated more or less closely from Luther. As a specimen of the translation we may take a passage to which, and to the side note on it, we may be sure that Tyndale's critics themselves promptly turned, Matthew and 5-28

And when his disciples were come to the other syde of the water, they had forgotten to take breed with them Then Jesus said unto them Take hede and beware of the leven of the pharises, and of the saduces. thought a monge themselves sayinge we have brought no breed with us. When Jesus understode that he saide unto them, () ye of lytell fayth, why are youre myndes cumbred because ye have brought no breed, Do ye not yet perceave, nether remember those voloves when there were v M men, and howe many basketts toke ye up? Nother the vir loves when there were iii M and howe many baskets toke ye uppe, why perceave ye not then that y spake not unto you of breed when I sayde, beware of the leven of the pharises and of the saduces? Then understode they howe that he bad nott them beware of the leven of breed butt off the doctryne of the pharises and of the saduces

When Jesus came into the coosts of the cite which is called cesarca philippi, he axed hys disciples sayinge whom do men saye that I the sonne of man am? They saide, some saye that thou arte Jhon baptiste, some helyas, some Jeremyas, or won [sic] of the prophetts He seyde unto them, butt whom saye ye that I am? Symon Peter answered and sayde Thou arte Christ the sonne of the levynge god. And Jesus answered and sayde to happy arte thou simon the sonne of Joins, for fleshe and bloud have not opened unto the that, but my fater which is in heven. And I saye also unto the, that thou arte Pcter,1 And apon thys roocke I wyll byide my congregacion and the gates of hell shall not preveyle ageynst it. And I wyll yeve unto the the keyes of the kyngdom of heven, and whatsoever thou byndest uppon erth, yt shall be bounde in heven, and what soever thou lowsest on erthe yt shalbe lowsed in heven

Then he charged his disciples, that they shulde tell no man that he was Jesus christ. From that tyme forth, Jesus began to show unto his disciples howe that he must go unto Jerusalem and suffer many things of the seniors and of the hye prestes and of the seribes, and must be killed and ryse against the thyrde day. Peter toke him asyde, and began to rehule hym sayinge mister favor thy sylfe, this shall nott come unto the Then turned he aboute, and sayde unto peter. I go after me satan, thou offendest me, because it ou perceavest nott godly thinges.

Jesus then sayde to hys disciples, If eny man wyll followe me leet him forsake him sylfe, and take his crosse and followe me. I or who socret will save his lyfe shall loose yt And who socrer shall loose hys lyfe for my sake, shall fynde yt Whatt shall hit proffet a man, if he shulde win all the hoole worlde so he loose has owne soule? Or els what shall a man geve to redeme his soule against with all? For the some of man shall come in the glory of hys father, with his angels, and then shall be rewarde every man accordinge to hys dedes Verely I saye unto you, some there be a monge them that here stonde which shall nott taste of deeth, tyll they shall have sene the sonne of man come in hys kyngdom

Arrived at Worms, Fundile arranged with a printer, who appears to have been Peter Schoffer, i descendant of the prototypographer of Munz, and we learn from a contemporary diary that an edition of no fewer than six thousand copies was now printed. Of all these only two remain, and from the more perfect of the two, now in the library of the Baptist College at Bristol, a fresimile reprint was edited by Mr Francis Fry ın 1862 From this facsimile we see that the text of the Cologne fragment was set up again with the correction of misprints, but that the side notes are iltogether omitted There are references, however, to separate editions of the Gospels of St Matthew and St Mark which have now perished, and it is possible that these were annotated

Dobneck and others had warned Henry VIII and Wolsey what Tyndale was about, and on 24th October 1526 Bishop Tunstall threatened with excommunication all who kept copies of his translation in their possession. But the importation of them into England, and their sale at from two to four shillings apiece (pence being then of the present value of shillings), proceeded apace, till the agency was discovered and the sale checked in 1528. In the same year Fyndale shifted his quarters from Worms to Marburg, and there published in April his treatist on Justification by Faith entitled The Parable of the Wicked Mammon This was succeeded in the following October by The Obedience of a Christen man and how Christen rulers ought to governe, in which he maintains the paramount authority of the Scripture in matters of faith, and of the king in matters of government,

I Peter in the greke, sygnifyeth a stoone in englysshe. This confession is the rocke. Nowe is simon barjona or simon jonas sonne, called Peter because of hys confession. Whosoever then this wyse confesseth of Christe the same is called Peter. Nowe is this confession come too all that are true christen. Then is every christen man and woman peter. Rede Bede, Austen and hierome of the maner of lowinge and by nding and note howe hierome checketh the presumeron of the pharises in his tyme, which yet had nott so monistrous interpretacions as oure new goddes have feyned. Rede Erasmus anuotacions. Hit was noot for nought that Christ ladd beware of the leven of the pharises, noo thynge is so sweet that they make not soare with their tradicions. The exangelion, that tooyfull tidynges ys nowe biterer then the olde lawe. Christes burthen is hevier then the yooke of moses, oure condicion and estate is ten tymes more grevious then was ever the iewes. The pharises have so levended Christes sweet breed.

Itt soundeth [means] yn greke away from me sathan and are [ste] the same words which Christe spake unto the devyll when he woolde have had him full doune and worshippe hym, luc mil

combating the charges of anarchy brought against the Reformers

After a shipwreck and a stay at Hamburg, Tyndale made his way to Antwerp, where the folly of Bishop Tunstall in trying to suppress his New Testament by buying up copies of it supplied him with fresh funds In 1530 he published, again at Marburg, his translation of the Pentateuch, with controversial side-notes, and also The Practyse of Prelates, a vehement attack not only on bishops in general, but on Wolsey, and also on the king for his proceedings for divorce Sir Thomas More's Dyaloge, 'wyth many thyngys touching the pestylent secte of Luther and Tyndale,' had appeared in 1529, and in 1531 An Answere unto Sir Thomas More's Dialoge was printed for Tyndale at Antwerp, and elicited More's replics of 1532 and During part of 1531 a reconciliation with Henry VIII seemed possible, but by the end of the year the king requested the emperor to arrest him as a spreader of sedition, and Tyndale was obliged to leave Antwerp In 1533 Henry's hostility had cooled, and Tyndale returned to Antwerp, publishing in the same year a Briefe Declaration of the Sacraments, in which he adopted the extreme Zwinglian view In August 1534 he was annoyed, and with reason, to find that another Reformer, George Joy, had reprinted his New Testament with alterations of his own, among which was the sub stitution for the word 'Resurrection' of such phrases as 'the life after this.' His own revised version was then nearly ready, and was published in November 1534, with a translation of the portions of the Old Testament read on some Sundays and festivals as 'Epistles,' and with new marginal glosses. A copy of this issue, specially printed on vellum, was presented to Anne Boleyn, and is now preserved in the British Museum. A new edition 'yet once agayn corrected by Willyam Tyndale' is dated 1535, but in May of that year Tyndale was enticed from the 'English house'-that is, a house set apart for the use of the English merchants at Antwerp, where he was staying with his friend Thomas Poyntz, carried beyond the walls of the free city to where the emperor held sway, arrested, and imprisoned in the castle of Vilvorde. It is certain that Henry VIII had no hand in this outrage, but the efforts of Tyndale's friends to urge him to interfere on his behalf were unsuccessful. During an imprisonment of more than a year Tyndale still laboured at his task of translation, till he was tried and condemned as a heretic. At last, on 6th August 1536, after having been degraded from holy orders, he was strangled and burnt at Vilvorde

How many editions of Tyndale's New Testament were printed during his life and soon after his martyrdom will never be known. There are allusions to three printed at Antwerp before 1534 without his revision, but all of these have perished utterly. Of editions dated 1536, the year of his death, there are some seven different varieties

extant, and probably others once existed. Despite the difficulties which from time to time hampered their sale in England, upwards of thirty other editions were issued during the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI In the second half of the century Tyndale's version was practically superseded by the Genevan, but of this, as of every other Protestant translation, it was itself the basis fact that subsequent translators found so little to alter is the best testimony to Tyndale's scholarship and literary skill His scholarship led him to go direct to his originals, and though his version shows traces of the influence of the Latin Testament of Erasmus, and in a less degree of the German of Luther, it is essentially his own interpretation of the Greek (and in the case of the Old Testament of the Hebrew), thus differing entircly from the Wyclifite translation, which, like that of Rheims, was based on the Latin Vulgate. Tyndale's literary judgment is equally beyond question The objections taken by Sir Thomas More and other opponents to his use of such words as congregation, elder, love, favour, knowledge, repentance, instead of church, priest, charity, grace, confession, penance, with their ecclesiastical asso ciations, have in some cases been sustained by subsequent revisers, in others not. Other changes were made to obtain what was thought a truer meaning or a happier rhythm, but, with the exception of that of Rheims, every subsequent version of the New Testament which we have to mention must be regarded as a modification of Tyndale's translation, not as a new work. Thus the credit for rhythm and beauty of phrase which is commonly assigned to the so called 'Authorised Version' of 1611 is mainly due to William Tyndale, and to the very inferior scholar but able translator, Miles Coverdale, who immediately took up his work.

This Miles Coverdale (b. 1488) was a York shireman, who had been educated at Cambridge and taken priest's orders in 1514. We hear of his making the acquaintance of Thomas Cromwell at the house of Sir Thomas More, of his preaching as a Reformer, and in 1531 of his taking the degree of Bachelor of Canon Law at Cambridge Not very long after this, not on his own initiative ('It was neither my labour nor my desyre to have this worke put into my hand' is his own assertion), but apparently at the expense and instigation of a rich Antwerp merchant, Jacob van Meteren, he took up the task of making a translation of the entire Bible 'out of Douche [that is, the German versions of Luther and the Zurich translators] and Latyn' There is great controversy as to where the book was printed, but it is perhaps best assigned to the press of Christopher Froschover of Zurich No perfect copy is extant, but it is clear that there were two issues in 1535, in one of which the preliminary matter appears to have been set up afresh by an English printer, probably James Nycolson of Southwark. By an Act passed in 1534 books

printed abroad could no longer enter England ready bound (lest the English binders should lose their profit), and the first sheet may have been daininged in transit, or have been reprinted merely to give the book an English look. In 1530 Henry VIII had issued a proclamation 'for dampning of erronious bokes & heresies & prohibitinge the havinge of holy scripture translated into the vulgar tonges,' but now this new version was dedicated to the king, and in 1537 editions were issued by Nycolson not only 'newely oversene and correcte,' but 'set forth with the kynges most gracious license.'

Meanwhile another editor was at work, John Roscrs, a Cambridge graduate (born at Aston, near Birmingham, about 1500), who had come under Tyndale's influence at Antwerp, and had apparently received from him a manuscript which brought his version of the Old Testament to the end of the second book of Chronicles A Bible in which the rest of the Old Testament was supplied from Coverdale's rendering was now in 1537 printed abroad (probably at Antwerp) for the London publishers R Grufton and E Whitchurch, and this also circulated in England as 'set forth with the linges most gracyous lycence. To secure this it was necessary to suppress Tyndale's name, and the book was therefore put forth as 'truly and purely translated into Englysh by Thomas Matthew,' a pscudonym at this time apparently intended for Fynd ile, but which was afterwards regarded as an alias of Rogers himself

In 1539 a new edition of this 'Matthew's Bible' was printed at London 'by John Byddell for Thomas Barthlet [the king's printer], newly recognised with great diligence after most faythful exemplars, by Rychard Taverner' This Richard Taverner was a lawyer who had been educated at Oxford, and had had to do penance there in 1528 for helping to circulate Tyndalc's New Testament. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and the numerous small changes he made, especially in the New Testament, vere all in the interest of greater accuracy and cle irness, but after 1539 his Bible and New Testament were each only reprinted once, and his edition exercised no influence on subsequent revisions. Thus the important issue of the year 1539 was not laverner's, but a new recension by Miles Cover dale, undertaken at the instance of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. This, which measures fifteen inches by ten and ranks as the first of the so called 'Great Bibles,' was originally set up, by license of the French king, by the Paris printer François Regnault, under the supervision of Coverdale and Richard Grifton, but in December 1538, when the text was nearly finished, the Inquisition intervened, and the work was stopped. After a brief interval, however, Coverdale and Grafton were able to convey the presses, types, and workmen to London, and rescued also a great quantity of the printed sheets By April 1539 the work was completed in London, and was issued with a title page designed

by Hans Holbein, representing Henry VIII, Archbishop Cranmer, and Cromwell all distributing It was stated to be 'truly translated after the veryte of the Hebrue and Greke textes, by the dylygent studye of dyverse excellent learned men, expert in the forsayd tonges,' and it differs from the text of 'Matthew's Bible' more especially by the use made in the Old Testament of the commen tary by Sebastian Munster published in 1534-35 Exactly a year later (April 1540) was published the second 'Great Bible,' which, from its containing a prologue by Cranmer and the note 'apoynted to the use of the Churches,' is often quoted as Cran-In it Coverdale carried his revision mer's Bible a little farther, and with this issue his work as a Bible translator closes The third 'Great Bible' was published in July 1540, the fourth, with the arms of Cromwell cut out from Holbein's title-page (he had been executed on 28th July), in the following The title of this edition runs 'The November Byble in Englyshe of the largest and greatest volume, auctorysed and apoynted by the comm undemente of oure moost redoubted Prynce, and soveraygne Lorde, Kynge Henrye the VIII, supreme heade of this his churche and Realme of Englande to be frequented and used in every churche within this his sayd realme,' and in 1541 royal proclamation was made for this 'Byble of the largest and greatest volume to be had in every churche,' its price being fixed at ten shillings unbound, or 'for every of the sayde Bybles well and sufficientlye bounde, trymmed and clasped, not above twelve shyllynges' To supply the demand created by this proclamation three other editions had to be issued in May, November, and December 1541, but the reaction in the king's policy had already set in, and from 1541 to the end of his reign there was no more Bible printing in England. That a translation of the complete Bible had been printed and circulated in England was due, in different degrees, to the zeal of five men, Tyndale, Coverdale, Rogers, Cromwell, and Cranmer these, Coverdale lived to a great age, held for a short time the bishopric of Exeter, translated upwards of thirty different theological works, and Of the other four, died peacefully in 1565 Tyndale, Rogers, and Cranmer were burnt, and Thomas Cromwell beheaded

We have now brought down the history of Bible translation in England to the end of the reign of Henry VIII, but instead of stopping here it will be convenient to continue our narrative to the completion of the 'Authorised Version' in 1611. The publication of English Bibles was naturally resumed under Edward VI, and checked again in the reign of Queen Mary. Of the Protestant divines who fled from England to escape her persecution, many found a home in Switzerland, more especially at Geneva, and it was thus at Geneva, where Beza had recently edited a new Latin translation of the New Testament, that William Whittingham, a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford,

and a connection by marriage of Calvin, set about a fresh English version of the same book. This was printed in 1557, and was followed three years later by a complete Bible, the work of Whittingham and some of his fellow exiles, the printing being paid for by members of the English congregation at Geneva. This new version was accompanied by marginal notes, which naturally showed the Calvinistic leanings of their authors. But the revised translation, which took Tyndale's edition of 1535 is its basis for the New Testament and the Great Bible in the case of the Old, was a sober and scholarly piece of work, and spring at once into popularity

Although the Geneva version was cordially approved by the chief English theologians, it was never adopted for use in churches, chiefly, no doubt, because it had originated with the extreme section of the Reformers In 1563 Matthew Parker, one of the most learned occupants of the see of Canterbury, formulated a scheme for a new trans lation, which was published five years later, and is generally known as the 'Bishops' Bible,' from the fact that eight of its thirteen revisers were bishops. As might, perhaps, be expected from this fact, there seems to have been very little consultation among them, all being busy men, and some with no great inclination for their task second edition, in which the New Testament was further revised, appeared in 1572, and between that date and 1606 some twenty other editions were printed, the majority of them in large folio, suitable only for use in churches The Geneva Bible, of which about a hundred editions, mostly in octavo, were printed in the same period, completely held the field for private use.

In 1582, more than half a century after Tyndale had begun his work, the priests of the English College at Rheims issued a New Testament for the use of Roman Catholic Englishmen translated, not directly from the Greek, but from the Vulgate Latin version, although it is clear that in some minor points, notably as to the use of the definite article, the Greek original was carefully The main object of the translators consulted seems to have been to produce a version which should be in strict accordance with Catholic tradition, and should be read in the light of the commentary by which it was accompanied words were rather transliterated than translated, so that we have such words as 'Parasceue,' 'Azymes,' the 'bread of Proposition,' 'exinanited' (Phil 11 7), the contention of the editors being that where an exact equivalent could not be found it was best to leave the word as it stood and refer the reader to a note for its explanation the New Testament had been issued the English College moved from Rheims to Douay, and here in 1609—that is, after an interval of twenty-seven years—by the addition of the Old Testament, this version of the Bible was completed Adherence to the same principles made the Douay Old Testament even more difficult reading than the earlier volume, and the Rheims and Douay Bible went through very few editions until it was carefully revised by Bishop Challoner in the eighteenth The chief scholars who helped to procentury duce it were Gregory Martin, late of St John's College, Oxford, Dr Bristow, late of Exeter College, Dr Worthington, and, it is said, though with no great certainty, Cardinal Allen. As a specimen of this translation in a simple passage where it shows to advantage, we may take the same extract from St Matthew xvi as we chose in the case of Tyndale's edition of 1525 expounded in numerous notes of considerable length, which need not here be reproduced

And when his disciples were come over the water, they Who said to them, Looke wel and forgot to take bread beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees. But they thought within them selves saying, Because we tooke not bread. And Jesus knowing it, said, Why do you thinke within your selves, O ye of litle faith, for that you have not bread? Do you not yet understand, neither do you remember the five loaves among five thousand men, and how many baskets you tooke up? Neither the seven loaves, among foure thousand men, and how many maundes you tooke up? Why do you not understand that I said not of bread to you, Beware of the leaven of the Phansees and Sadducees? Then they understoode that he said not they should beware of the leaven of bread, but of the doctrine of the Pharisees and Sadducees,

And Jesus came into the quarters of Casarea Philippi and he asked his disciples, saying, Whom say men that the Sonne of man is? But they said, Some John the Baptist, and othersome Elias, and others Hieremie, or one of the Prophets. Jesus south to them, But whom do you say that I am? Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art Christ the sonne of the living God And Jesus answering, said to him, Blessed art thou Simon bar Jona, because flesh and bloud hath not revealed it to thee, but my father which is in heaven. And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rocke wil I build my church, and the gates of hel shal not prevule against it. And I wil give to thee the keies of the kingdom of heaven And whatsoever thou shalt binde upon earth, it shal be bound also in the heavens and whatsoever thou shalt loose in earth it shall be loosed also in the heavens

Then he commaunded his disciples that they should tel no body that he was Jesus Christ

From that time Jesus began to shew his disciples, that he must goe to Hierusalem, and suffer many things of the Ancients and Scribes and cheefe Priestes, and be killed, and the third day rise againe. And Peter taking him unto him, began to rebuke him, saying, Lord, be it farre from thee, this shal not be unto thee. Who turn ing said to Peter, Go eafter mee, Satan, thou art a scandal unto me because thou savourest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men.

Then Jesus said to his disciples, If any man wil come after me, let him denie him self, and take up his crosse and follow me. For he that will save his life, shal lose it, and he that shal lose his life for me, shal finde it. For what doth it profite a man, if he gaine the whole world, and sustaine the damage of his soule? Or what permu-

metoryte, that we maye li e a I exhorte therfore that abirse all intercessions and gerynge of thrulkes be lad for all men for kynges, and for all that are in quiet and a peasable lyte, with thinge, prayers, suppliered on, COVI RDALI —1539 (1535) I exhante therfore / that who c cions, intercessions and bevyinge of thruskes be had for all men all Myn, o / prycrs / supplier for kinges/and for all that are in ructionic that we may he r Trans-1534 (1525)

tell the trueth in Christ and Ise not beying the teacher of the a preacher and an apostle I gentyls with fryth and verific apostic I all the tructh in cacher of the gentyls in fayth Christ and Ise not / hinge the and vertue.

dowtyng Ishe was also the I will therfore that the men wennen, that they araje them selves in combe apparell with other, golde or pearles, or costly that professe godlynesse thornw praye every where, lyftyng up handes without writh, or haveur, not with broided here, arrye but as becommeth wemen, shamfastnes and discrete good worches commeth wemen that professe the I wyll therfore that the men maye everywhere / liftynge up ome hondes without writh or dowtinge Lykry st. also the wemen that they ange them sclves in combre aparell with other golde / or pearles / or costly wershippinge of God thorau good shamfastnes and discitle be havenur/not with broyded heare/ araye but reith suche as be

I TIMOTIM II 1-10 IN THE FINE CHIFF PROTESTINT VERSIONS, 1525-1611 intercessions and giving of thankes (1) I cahorte therefore, that erst of all supplications, practs, (1521) 1-1500 (1557) be made for all men,

(1) I cahort you therfore, that tions, intercessions, and geving of thrukes, be made for al (2) I or kinges, and for al that

BISHOLS' BIRLE—1572 (150S)

first of al prayers, supplied

to be saved, and to comme unto ceptable in the sight of God our leade a quiet and peace ible left, are in aucthoritic, that we may in al godlynesse and honestie, Swour menne (4) Who wil that all men shal are in autoritic, that we may lead a quiet and a peaceable life, in all (2) I or km25, and for all that ceptable in the sight of God our be saved and come unto the (3) For this is good and ac sodimes and honestic S wour,

> all godlynes and honestic 1 or that is good and acceptal in the syght of Cod our Sassour, which

> > godines and honestic. I or that

quict and a persable life/in all 15 good and accepted in the sight of bad oure saviouse which will have all men saved/and to come

(3) I or that is good and ac

raunsour for al, a testimonn the man Christ Jesus man, coluli is the man Christ (6) Who gave him self a roun some for all men to be a testi csus,

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(5) For there is one God, and

knowledge of the trueth

of the trueth I or ther is one

and one (mediator) betwene God and man, e on the man selfe a munsome for all nen, that it shilld be testified at his tyme where unto I am ordayned

will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge Christ Jesus, which gave him

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For ther is one god / and one

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men pray evene where, lifting up pine hands without wrath or speake ye trueth in Christ, and he not,) even a teacher of the (7) Whereunto I am ordemed a preacher and an apostle, (I (S) I wil therefore that the Gentiles in futh and veritie monne in due time,

(S) I myl therefore that the menne pray every where, lyfting appe holy handes without wrath

and veritie

nes and modestie, not with broyded (9) Lakerwise also the women, that they araye them selves in heare, or gold, or pearles, or cometie apparel, with shamefast costlic apparel, douting

The English Bible

(2) I or hings and for all that uc in authority, that we may and a quiet and perceable life (3) I or this is good and accept iest of all supplications, privers, (I) I cahoit, therefore, that intercessions and giving of thunks, in all godliness and honests V11,S10\ 01 1611 Se made for all men

(4) Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the able in the sight of God our anowledge of the truth , mourt (4) Who myl have al menne

(b) Who gave lumself a runsom (5) For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, (6) Who gave him selfe a

(5) I or there is one God, and one mediatour of God and minni,

the knowledge of the tructh

speak the truth in Christ, and he n preacher and an apostle, (1 (7) Whereunto I am ordained for all, to be testified in due

> a preacher and an apostle, (1 4.7 the tructh in Christ, and Iye not,) teacher of the Gentules in fayth

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m due 11 mes

(9) In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in accdness and sobrety, not with brouded hur, or gold or peuls, modest uppurel, with shame hands, without wrath and doubt-(8) I will their fore that men orry everywhere, lifting up holy not,) 1 teacher of the Gentiles n faith and verity

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(10) But (which becometh or costly array,

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good worls

tation shal a man give for his soule? For the Sonne of man shal come in the glone of his father with the angels—and then wil he render to every man according to his workes.

Amen I say to you, there be some of them that stand here, that shal not taste death, til they see the Sonne of man comming in his kingdom

We come now to the version of 1611, which is still used in English churches in our own day, although a fresh revision was undertaken in 1870 and completed in 1885 The version of 1611 took its origin from the famous Himpton Court Conference at the beginning of the reign of Among the objections which the Puritan party made to the English Church Service, one was that it introduced faulty renderings of the Holy Scriptures Independently of this, the in feriority in popular esteem of the Bishops' Bible to the Genevan version was felt to be a misfortune, and, under the personal supervision of the king himself, a new revision was undertaken, in which the plan of dividing the task among separate translators, which had been imperfectly carried out in the case of the Bishops' Bible, was now very carefully organised. Six committees, consisting of from seven to ten members each, were formed, two of them sitting it Westminster, two it Oxford, and two it Cambridge Definite rules were drawn up for their guidance, among them being that the Bishops' Bible was to be 'as little altered as the truth of the original will permit,' that the 'old ecclesiastical terms' were to be kept, that marginal notes were to be confined to references and fuller explanations of difficult words, and that 'these translations be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible Findale's, Matthews, Coverdale's, Whitchurch's, Geneva? To have formally idded the Rheims New Testiment to these would doubtless have been impolitic, despite its omission, there seems no doubt that this also was The new version appeared in a splendid folio in 1611, with a long profice from the pen of Dr Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who admirably states the principle of the revision in the sentence, 'I ruly (good Christian Reader) wee never thought from the beginning, that we should needs to make a new translation, nor ver to make of a bad one a good one (for then the imputation of States had bene true in some sort, that our people had bene fed with gall of Dragons in stead of wine, with where in stead of milke I but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principall good one not justly to be excepted ig unst that hath bene our indervour, that our marke? With no less happiness he proceeds worke both not bene hudled up in sevents two diys [in allusion to 'the posting histe' attributed by legend to the authors of the Septurent], but hath cost the workemen, as light as it seemeth, the planes of twise seven times seventic tho dayes and matters of such weight and consequence are to bee speeded with instartine, for in a busist our daily speech

nesse of moment a man feareth not the blame of convenient slicknesse. Neither did wee think [it] much to consult the Translators or Commentators, Chaldee, Hebrewe Syrian, Greeke or Latine, no nor the Spanish, French, Italian or Dutch, neither did we disdame to revise that which we had done and to bring backe to the in all that which we had hammered but having and using as great helpes as were needfull and fearing no reproch for slownesse, nor covering pruse for expedition, we have at the length through the good hand of the Loid upon us, brought the worke to that passe that you see.'

With such loving care was the version prepared which even after three centuries seems is firmly rooted in the affections of the English people is at any previous time. Fo illustrate its relations to its predecessors we show in a table printed on the opposite page the first ten verses of 1 famothy it, as they appear respectively in fundales revised edition of 1534, in Croinwell's Bible of 1539 (which represents Coverdale's revision of his edition of 1535), in the Genevic Bible of 1560, in the Bishops' Bible of 1572, and in the version of 1611 similar tible for the Old Testiment would yield similar results, but this is the less necessary since in the 'Priyer Book version' of the Psalms, which is taken from the Great Bible (the standard trans lation at the period it which the English Prayer Book was compiled), Coverdile's work is familiar to most Englishmen precisely where it is most successto make comparison more easy words in the earlier versions which have been changed in that of 1611 are printed in italies, but no attempt has been made to drive attention to transpositions or It will be noted that the Genevin was the first version to introduce the unhappy division into numbered verses

The affection with which most members of the English speaking race regard this version of 1011 (its popular title, 'The Authorised Version,' spring rather from general consent to use it than from any enactment) may make us overrate the telicit of the minor alterations, which, despite the subst intial adherence to fixed de's text, may be found in every verse. But the felicity is a real thing no mere fancy due only to loving familiarity and associations The translators themselves must have had a similar reverence for the versions they had to rehandle, and in editing texts already son e three quarters of a century old they must have telt the full charm of slight archaisms. Of what this un il version of the Bible (final, that is, as a monu ment of linguinge) has done for our literature, there is no need to speak. It has supplied a model of archite prose which has been freely it ed both for translations from ancient works in mini languages and also for religious writing of every kild, and familiarity with it has helped at once to enrich and to sober the style of almost every sub-equent English writer and to stay the described of of

Hugh Latimer (1485?-1555) distinguished himself as a zealous, popular, and effective Re The son of a yeoman at Thurciston, near Leicester, he was educated at Cambridge, where he became a fellow of Clare and university preacher In 1524, in proceeding BD he muntained thesis against Melanchthon, being 'as obstinate a papist as any in England, he himself said But, becoming acquainted with Thomas Bilney, a cele brated defender of the doctrines of Luther, he began to small the Word of God, forsaking the school doctors and such fooleries,' and crelong was preaching doctrines strongly savouring of heresv His preaching at Cambridge give great offence to the Catholic clergy, and before Cardinal Wolsey as papal legate Bilney recanted and Latimer dis-



BISHOP LATIMER
From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

owned Lutheranism Bilney afterwards disclaimed his abjuration, and suffered martyrdom Latimer was known to favour the king's divorce, and as one of the divines appointed to examine the lawfulness of Henry's marriage with Catharine, reported against its validity This secured him royal favour, and he was made chaplain to Anne Boleyn and rector of West Kington in Wiltshire In 1535 he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, and at the opening of Convocation on 9th June 1536 he preached two powerful sermons urging the work of reformation It is fur to remember that when John Forest, Queen Catharine's confessor, was roasted to death with peculiar barbarities as a Catholic recusant, it was Latimer who preached the sermon exhorting the victim, all in vain, to recant. When the Court became lukewarm in the work of reformation Latimer retired to his diocese, and laboured in 'teaching, preaching, exhorting, writing, correcting, and reforming, either as ability would serve or the time would bear' Twice during Henry's reign he was sent to the lower, in 1539 and 1546, on the former occasion resigning his bishopric. At Edward VI's accession he declined to resume his episcopil functions, but devoted himself to preaching till Edward's death (1553) In April 1554 he was examined at Oxford, and committed to Bocardo, the common jail there, where he lay for more than a twelvemonth, feeble In September 1555, with Ridley and and sickly Cranmer, he was brought before a commission, and found guilty of heresy. On 16th October he was burned with Ridley opposite Balliol College, exclaiming to his companion, 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England is I trust shall never be put out. Latimer was brave, honest, devoted, and energetic, homely and popular. He was conspicuous amongst the Reformers in substituting for incredible and often preposterous legendary tales of saints, martyrs, and miricles discourses on gospel truths and moral and religious duties. Humour and earnestness, a vein of familiarity and drollery, manly sense and devout evingelical fervour, distinguish his scrinons and his life.

In the first of his Seven Sermons preaened before Ldward VI in 1549 (and reprinted by Mr Arber), Latimer takes occasion to describe his parentage ind upbringing, with a casual reference to his father's having fought for Henry VII against the Cornish rebels at Blackheath in 1497. The laborious puns on 'double,' 'two,' and 'two too' will be noted

My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, only he had a farme of me or impound by yere at the vitermost, and here upon he tilled so much as kepte halfe a dosen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked xxx kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, with hym selfe, and hys horsse, whyle he came to ye place that he should receive the kynges wages. I can remembre yat I buckled hys harnes when he went vnto Blacke heeath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to have preached before the kinges maiestic nowe. He maryed my systers with a pounde or xx. nobles a pice, so that he broughte them up in godlines, and feare of God.

He kept hospitalitie for his pore neighbours. And sum almess he gave to the poore, and all this did he of the sayd farme. Wher he that now hath it, paieth xii pounde by yere or more, and is not able to do any thing for his Prynce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or gene a cup of drincke to the pore. Thus all the enhansinge and rearing goth to your private commoditie and wealth. So that where ye had a single to much, you have that and syns the same, ye have enhansed the rente, and so have encreased an other to much. So now ye have doble to muche, whyche is to to much. But let the preacher preach til his tong be worne to the stompes, nothing is amended. We have good statutes made for the commen welth as touching comeners, enclosers, many metinges and sessions, but in the end of the matter their commeth

nothing forth. Wel, well, thys is one thynge I wyll saye vnto you, from whens it commeth I knowe, even from the devill. I knowe his intent in it. For if ye bryng it to passe, that the yomanry be not able to put their sonnes to schole (as in dede vinuersities do wonderously decaye all redy) and that they be not able to mary their daughters to the avoidyng of whoredome, I say ye plucke salvation from the people and viterly distroy the realme. For by yomans sonnes, the fayth of Christ is and hath bene mayntained chefely. Is this realme taught by rich mens sonnes? No, no, reade the Cronicles, ye shall fynde sum time noble mennes sonnes, which have bene vipreaching byshoppes and prelates, but ye shall finde none of them learned men. But verilye, they that shoulde loke to the redresse of these thinges, be the greatest against them.

The value of archery as an evercise is thus enlarged on in the sixth sermon, and contrasted with bollying (trolling the bowl, tippling), glossying (glozing, flattering), and gullying (cheating)

Menne of Englande in tymes paste, when they woulde exercyse theym selues (for we must nedes have some recreation, oure bodyes canne not endure wythoute some exercyse) they were wonte to goo a brode in the fyeldes a shootynge, but nowe is turned in to glossyng, gullyng, and whoring wythin the house.

The arte of shutynge hath ben in tymes past much estemed in this realme, it is a gift of God that he hath geuen as to excell all other nacions with all. It hath bene goddes instrumente, whereby he hath gyuen vs manye victories agaynste oure enemyes But nowe we haue taken up horynge in tounes, in steede of shutyng in the fyeldes A wonderous thynge, that so excellente a gift of God shoulde be so lytle estemed. I desyer you my Lordes, euen as ye loue the honoure and glory of God, and entende to remoue his indignacion, let ther be sente fourth some proclamacion, some sharpe proclamacion to the justices of peace, for they do not their dutye. Iustices now be no justices, ther be manye good actes made for thys matter already Charge them vpon their allegiaunce yat this singular benefit of God mave be practised, and that it be not turned into bollyng, glossyng and whoryng wythin the townes, for they be negligente in executyng these lawes of shuting. In my tyme my poore father was as diligent to teach me to shote as to learne anye other thynge, and so I thynke other menne dyd theyr children. He taughte me how to drawe, how to laye my bodye m my bowe, and not to drawe wyth strength of armes as other nacions do, but with strength of the bodye I had my bowes boughte me according to my age and strength as I encreased in them, so my bowes were made bigger, and bigger, for men shal neuer shote well, excepte they be broughte vp in it. It is a goodly art, a holsome kynde of exercise, and much com mended in phisike Marcilius Ficinus in hys boke de triplica unta (it is a greate while sins I red hym nowe) but I remembre he commendeth this kinde of exercise, and sayth, that it wrestleth agaynst manye kyndes of diseases In the reuerence of God, let it be continued.

In the third of these sermons he thus describes uncomplimentarily the Reformation in Germany

Germany was visited xx yeares with goddes word, but they did not earnestly embrace it, and in lyfe follows it, but made a myngle mangle and a hotchpotch of it, I can not tell what, partely poperye, partely true

religion mingeled together. They say in my contrye, when they cal theyr hogges to the swyne troughe Come to thy myngle mangle, come pyr, come pyr, euen so they made mingle mangle of it.

They coulde clatter and prate of the Gospell, but when all commeth to al, they toyned poperie so with it, that they marde all together, they scratched and scraped all the lyunges of the churche, and under a couloure of religion turned it to theyr owne proper gaine and lucre God, seynge that they woulde not come unto his words, now he visiteth them in the seconde tyme of his visitation with his wrathe. For the takinge awaye of Goddes word is a manifest token of his wrath. We have now a first visitacyon in Englande, let ve beware of the seconde. We have the mynystracyon of his words, we are yet well, but the house is not cleane swepte yet.

Here is one of his many shrewd criticisms on 'unpreaching prelates,' with an autobiographical illustration

And yet to have pulpetes in churches it is very well done to have them, but they woulde be occupied, for it is a vayne thyng to have them as they stand in many churches I heard of a Byshop of Englande that wente on visitacion, and (as it was the custom) when the Byshop . shoulde come and be runge into the toune, the greate belles clapper was fallen doune, the tyall [tie, fastening] was broken, so that the Byshop coulde not be runge into the toune. Ther was a greate matter made of thys, and the chiefe of the paryshe were muche blamed for it in the visitacion. The Byshop was some what quicke with they m. and signified that he was muche offended. They made theyr aunsweres, and excused them selues, as wel as they coulde, it was a chaunce, savd they, that we clapper brake and we coulde not get it amended by and by, we must tarrye til we can haue done it. It shal be amended is shortelye as maye be Amonge the other there was one wyser then the rest, and he commes me to the Bishop. Why my Lord, sayth he, doth your lordship mak so great matter of the bell, that lacketh hys clapper? here is a bell, sayeth he, and poynted to the pulpit, that hath lacked a clapper thys xx. yeres. We have a parson that fetteth [fetcheth] out of thys benefice fiftye poundes euerye yere, but we neuer se hym I warrant you ye Byshop was an vnpreaching prelate. He could fynde faute wyth the bel that wanted a clapper to ryng hym into the toune, but he could not fynd any faut wyth the parson that preached not at his benefice. Euer thys office of preachynge hath bene least regarded, it hath skante hadde the name of goddes seruyce. They must synge Salue, festa dies aboute the churche, that no man was the better for it, but to shewe theyr gaie cotes and garmentes. I came once my selfe to a place, ridyng on a tornay home warde from London, and I sente worde ouer nyghte into the toune that I would preach there in ye morninge because it was holy day, and me thought it was an holye dayes worck. The church stode in my waye, and I toke my horsse, and my companye, and went thither I thoughte I shoulde have founde a greate companye in the churche, and when I came there, the churche dore was faste locked

I tarried there halfe an houer and more, at last the keye was founde, and one of the parisht commes to me and sayes, Syr, thys is a busye daye with vs, we can not heare you, it is Robyn Hoodes daye. The parishe are gone a brode to gather for Robyn Hoode, I praye

you let [hinder] them not I was fayne there to gene place to Robyn Hoode, I thought my rochet shoulde haue bene regarded, thoughe I were not, but it woulde not serue, it was fayn to gene place to Robyn Hoodes men

It is no laughynge matter, my friendes, it is a wepyng matter, a heavy matter, a heavy matter, vinder the pretence for gutherynge for Robyn Hoode, a traytoure and a thefe, to put out a preacher, to have hys office lesse estemed, to prefer Robyn Hode before the ministracion of Gods word, and all thys hath come of vinpreachynge prelates. Thys Realine hath ben il provided for, that it hath had suche corrupte judgementes in it, to prefer Robyn Hode to goddes worde. Yf the Byshoppes had bene preachers, there shoulde neuer have been any suche thynge, but we have a good hope of better. We have had a good begynnynge, I besech God to continewe it

In another he tells at length 'Master Morc's' story of Tenterden steeple (page 123). The famous description of the devil as the most diligent preacher in England as from the sermion on the Ploughers (1549—also reprinted by Mr Arber

And nowe I would aske a straunge question. Who is the most diligent bishoppe and prelate in al England, that passeth al the reste in doinge his office, I can tel, for I knowe him, who it is, I knowe hym well nowe I thynke I so you lysting and hearkening, that I shoulde name him. There is one that passeth al the other, and is the mo t diligent prelate and preacher in al Lngland And wil ye knowe who it is? I wil tel you. It is the Deuyl. He is the moste dyligent preacher of al other, he is neuer out of his dioces, he is neuer from his cure, ye shal neuer funde hym unoccupyed, he is euer in his parishe, he keepeth residence at al tymes, ye shal never fynde hym out of the wave, cal for him when you wyl, he is cucr at home, the diligenteste preacher in all the Realmo, he is ouer at his plougho, no lordynge nor loytringe can hynder hym he is ener applynge his busynes, ye shal neuer fynde hym idle, I warraunte you And his office is to hinder religion, to mayntayne supersticion, to set vp idolatrie, to teach al kynde of popetrie, he is readice as can be wished, for to sette forthe his ploughe, to deuise as manye wayes as can be, to deface and obscure Godes glory Where the Deuyl is residente and hath his plough goinge there awaye with bokes and vp with candelles, awaye with Bibles and vp with beades, awaye with the lighte of the Gospel, and vp with the lyshte of candells, yea at noone dayes. Where the Deuyll is residente, that he maye prenaile, vp with al superstition and idolatrie, sensing, peintynge of ymages, candles, palmes, asslus, holye water, and newe scruice of menes inuenting, as though man could inuent a better waye to honoure God wyth then God him selfe hath apointed. Downe with Christes crosse, vp with purgatory picke purse, vp wyth hym, the popish pourgatorie I mean Awaye wyth clothings the naked, the pore and impotent, vp with deckynge of ymages and gaye garnishinge of stockes and stones, vp wyth mannes traditions and his lawes, downe wyth Gods traditions and hys most holy worde, downe wyth the olde honoure dewe to God, and vp wyth the new gods honour, let al things be done in latine. There muste be nothynge but latine, not as much as Men ento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerim reverteris Remembre man that thou arte asshes, and into asshes thou shalte

Whiche be the wordes that the minister rcturne speaketh to the ignorunte people, when he gyueth them asshes ypon asshe wensdaye, but it muste be spoken in latine. Goddes worde may in no wyse be translated into englyshe. Oh that our prelates woulde be as dili gente to sowe the come of good doctrine as Sathan is to so we cockel and darnel. And this is the deutly-he ploughinge, the which worketh to have thinges in latine, and letteth the fruteful edification. But here some man will said to me, what, sir, are ye so prime of the deads counsell that ye know all this to be true? Fruh I know him to wel, and have obeyed him a little to much in condescentinge to some follie And I knowe him as other men do, yea, that he is ever occupied and cuer busic in followinge his plough. I I no v bi saint Peter which swith of him Sicut les rugins circuit querens quem deueret. He goeth aboute lyle a roaminge Iyon seekynge whome he maye denoure. I woulde hane this texte wel vewed and examined energy words of it Circuit, he gotth aboute in cuerye corner of his dioces. He goeth on visuation daylye. He lemeth no place of He walketh round aboute from hys cure vnuisited place to place and ceaseth not Secut leo, as a Ison, that is, strongly, boldly, and proudlye, straytelye and fiercelye, with hiute lookes, with his proude countendunces, with hys stately braggynges Rigiens, roaringe, for he letteth not slippe any occasion to speake or to roare out when he seeth his tyme Querens, he goeth about seelyng and not sleeping, as oure bishoppes do but he seketh diligently, he searcheth diligently al corner, wheras he may have his pray, he rough abrode in every place of his dioces, he standeth not styl, he is neuer at reste, but euer in hande with his plough that it may go forwarde But there was never such a preacher in Ligland as hc 15

See Latimer's Nem 1111s and Sern in edited by Certie with Life for the Parker Society (1844-45) and the Tives by Gdfin (1755), Demans (1865) and ed 1866) and R M and A J Carlyle (1 aders of Religion, 1966), and the hiblic riphly prenied to Arber's reprint of Tae 11 ng ers

Archbishop Crammer. - After the trans Intions of the Bible, especially the Authorised Version, probably no one book has been so in fluential in establishing a standard of dignity and grace for the English tongue as the Book of Common Prayer And both the first Prayer Book of Edward VI and the second-which is substantially the Prayer Book still in use-were drawn up under the supervision of Thomas Cranmer, and doubtless owe much of their beauty and dignity of devotional utterince to his inspiration and guidince The history of this great successor of Becket-sometimes so much of an opportunist as to draw on him the charge of being a 'time server'-is so well known that here we need do no more than recapitulate the chief dates of his life Born in Nottinghamshire in 1489, and educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, he in 1529 pleased Henry VIII by his suggestion that the question of a divorce should be referred to the universities of Christendom Successively royal chaplain and archdeacon of Taunton, he was consecrated Warham's successor at C interbury in 1533, and played a very conspicuous part in Church and State—especially in the great revolution

known as the Reformation under Henry VIII and Edward VI—until Mary's accession, he was convicted of treason and of heresy, recanted his heresy, and then recanted his recantation, and died calmly at the stake in 1556

Prejudices of the most opposite kinds have too long prevented correct views of his character, in a very difficult time he was no doubt somewhat defective in strength of character, but he was unquestionably one of those who did most to mould the polity of the Church of England was without dispute the most learned English theologian of his time Latimer made no pretence to scholarship or learning, Gardiner had a knack of skilfully using theological commonplaces in controversy, but little more, his younger contemporary, Bishop Jewel, was also mainly a controversialist, and Bishop Ridles declared of Cranmer, 'He passeth me no less than the learned master his young scholar' Over forty works by him are He translated many devotional forms into noble English, and, as we have seen, the Prayer Book owes much to his command of the mothertongue. He certainly wrote some hymns, and there is even ground for believing that the version of 'Veni Creator Spiritus' in the ordination service is from his own pen The preface to the first Prayer Book was entirely his, and so was the vigorous preface to the reprints (1540-41) of the Great Bible, of which the following-with its interesting reference to the 'Saxon' and other old translations—is the first part

For two sondric sortes of people, it seineth moche necessary that somethinge be said in the entrye of thys book, by the waye of a preface or prologue, wherby herafter it maye be both the better accepted of them which hitherto coulde not well beare it, and also the better vsed of them which hertofore haue mysused it. For truly some there are that be to slowe, and nede the spurre some other seme to quicke, and nede more of the brydell some loose their game by shorte shotynge, some by ouer shotynge some walke to moche on the lefte hande, some to moche on the right. In the former sorte be all they that refuse to reade, or to heare redde the scripture in theyr vulgar tonges, much worse they that also let or discourage the other from the readynge or hearinge therof the latter sorte be they, whiche by their mordinate readynge, undiscreete speakyng, contentious disputyng, or otherwyse, by their licencyous lyvynge, slaunder and hynder the worde of God moost of al other, wherof they wolde seme to be greatest furtherers. These two sortes, albeit they be moost farre unlyke the one to the other, yet they both deserve in effecte lyke re proche Neyther can I well tell whyther of them I maye judge the more offender, hym that doth obstinately refuse so godlye and goodly knowledge, or hym that so ungodly and so ungoodly doth abuse the same

And as touchynge the former, I wolde marvaile moche that any man sholde be so madd as to refuse in darkenes lyght, in honger, foode, in colde, fiver for the worde of God is lyght, Incerna pedibus meis uerbum tuum Foode, non in solo pane unut homo, sed in omni zerbo Dei Fyer, ignem uem mittere in terram, et quid

uolo, msi ut ardiat? I wolde marvaile (I saye) at thys, saue that I consyder how moche custome and usage maye do So that yf there were a people, as some write De Cimmerius, which neuer sawe the Sunne by reason that they be situated farre towarde the north pole, and be enclosed and ouershadowed with high mountagnes, it is credyble and lyke ynough that yf, by the power and wyll of God, the mountaynes sholde synke downe and give place, that the light of the Sunne myght have enteraunce to them, at the fyrst some of them wolde be offended therwyth the olde prouerbe affermeth, that after tyllage of come. was first founde, many delyted more to fede of maste and acornes, wherwyth they have bene accustomed, than to eate breed made of good corne. Soche is the nature of custome, that it causeth is to beare all thynges well and easilye, wherwith we have bene accustomed, and to be offended with all thynges therento contrary And therfore I can well thanke them worthy pardon, which at the comming abroad of scripture doubted and drewe backe. But soch as wyll persyste styl in theyr wylfulnes, I muste nedes judge not onely foolyshe, frowarde, and obstinate, but also peuvshe, peruerse, and indurate

And yet, yf the matter sholde be tryed by custome, we myght also allege custome for the readynge of the scripture in the vulgare tonge, and prescribe the more auncient custome. For it is not moch aboue one hundreth yeare ago, sens scripture hath not bene accustomed to be redde in the vulgar tonge within this realme, and many hundred yeares before that it vas translated and rede in the Savones tonge, which at that tyme was oure mothers tonge Wherof there remayneth yet divers copyes founde lately in olde abbers, of soch antique maners of writinge and speak ing, that fewe men nowe ben able to reade and And when this language waxed understande them olde and out of comen vsage, because folke shulde not lacke the frute of reading, it was agryne translated in the newer language. Wheref yet also many copies remayne and be dayly founde

But nowe to let passe custome, and to weye, as wyse men euer shulde, the thing in his awne nature let vs here discusse, What it auayleth scripture to be had and redde of the laye and vulgare people. And to this question I entende here to saye nothing but that was spoken and written by the noble doctour and most morall dinne saynt John Chrisostome, in his thyrde sermon De Lazaro albeit I wilbe some thyrge shorter, and gether the matter into ferwer wordes and lesse rowme then he doth there, because I wolde not be tedious

See the Parker Society's edition of Cranmer's works (Jenkyns 4 vols. 1844-40) and the Lives by Strype (1694), Gilpin (1784), Todd (1831) Le Bas (1833) Dean Hook in Lires of the Archbishops (11, vil 1868), Collette (1887) and Mason (1898) and Bishop Dowden in The Workmans tip of the Prayer Book (1900).

John Leland, 'father of English antiquaries,' was born in London about 1506, and educated at St Paul's School, Cambridge, and Oxford, he also made some stay in Paris. He was one of the earliest Greek scholars in England, was acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish, and studied (as very few then did) Welsh and Anglo-Saxon Henry VIII made him one of his chaplains, and bestowed several benefices upon him, and in

1533 made him 'king's antiquary,' with a commission to search for documents and antiquities in all cathedrals, abbeys, and colleges, or wherever records and antiquities were deposited. With this commission he began a tour which lasted six (if not more) years, and amassed a vast store of information designed to be worked up into the 'Historie and Antiquities of the Nation' was terribly distressed by the shocking destruction of priccless documents at the dissolution of monisteries, and carnestly besought Cromwell to authorise him to collect the MSS for the king's library, and he did thus secure a few from being utterly lost. He laboured with prodigious in dustry, but in vain, to digest his vast collection of material, into which Stow and Camden and William Burton and Dugdale burrowed five years of his life were darkened by insanity, he died in 1552 He published in his lifetime some Latin poems and a few English and Latin tracts, but his great work, The Itinerary, though current in several MS copies, did not see the light in print till 1710-12, when it was published in nine volumes by Thomas Hearne Many of his papers are now in the Bodleian I ibrary and British Museum edited the Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis in 1709, and Hearne published six volumes of the Collectanea in 1715 Derwentwater, the Roman Wall, and Fintagel are described in these extracts from the Itinerary, the fourth records one of many such traditions

On the Lst Side of the Ysle, where as the Water of Darguent risith, is a lytle poore Market I own cawlled Keswike, and yt is a Myle fro S. Herebertes Isle that Bede speketh of Divers Springes cummeth owt of Borodale, and so make a great Lough that we cawle a Poole, and ther yn be in Isles. Yn the one ys the Isledd Places of M. Radelys an other is cawled S. Hereberts Isle, where is a Chapel. The in ys Vycar Isle, ful of trees lyke a Wyldernes.

Bytwyxt I hyrwal and North I yne yn the wast Ground stondeth yet notable Peaces of the Wall, the which was made ex lapide quadrato, as yt there appereth yet. Looke wher as the Grownd ys best enhabited thorowy the Walle, so there yt lest appereth by reason of Buildinges made of the Stones of the Waule. The Walle on the sarther side toward the Pictes was strongly dichyd Beside the Stone Wall, ther appere yet yn very many Places restigna muri cespitatu, that was an Arow Shot a this side the Stone Wal, but that it was thoroughly made as the Stone wal was yt doth not wel appere there.

Fro Bolnes to Burgh abowt a 1111 Myles. fro thens yt gotth within half a Myle of Cairlucl, and leffe on the North fide, and croffeth over Edon a 111 Quarters of a Myle benethe Cairluel, and fo to Terreby a litel Villag a Myle fro Cairluel. then thorough the barony of Linflok, and thorough Gillefland on the North fide of the River of Arding a Quarter of a Myle of the Abbay of Lenarcoft, and then a 111 Myles above Lenarcoft yt croffeth over Arding, then over the litle Brooke of Polt roffe, the which devideth Gillefland in Cumberland from Sowth Fyndale yn Northumbreland. then to a Caftel caulled Thirlewal, flondyng on the fame. thens directly

Est thorough Sowth Tyndale not far fro the great Runes of the Castel of Cairvorein, the which be nere I hyrlewal, and so over North Tyne, then directly Est thorough the Hedd of Northumbreland.

Wyth yn mi. Myles of the fayde Camylford apon the North Clifys Lintagel, the which Castel had be lykehod ni Wardes, wheref it be woren away with gulfyng yn of the Sc. yn fo much that yt hathe made ther almost an Isle, and no way ys to enter ynto hyt now but by long Elme I rees layde for a Bryge So that now withoute the Isle renneth alonly a Gate Howse, a Walle, and a fals Braye dyged and walled In the Isle remayne old Walles, and yn the Est Part of the same, the Grownd beyng lower, remayneth a Walle embateled, and Men alyve faw ther yn a Postern Dore of Vren Ther is yn the Islc a prety Chapel with a Tumbe on the left Syde. Ther ys also yn the Isle a Welle, and ny by the same ys a Place hewen owt of the Stony Ground to the Length and Brede of a Man Also ther remayneth yn the Isle a Grownd quadrant walled as yt were a Garden Plot by this Walle appere the Ruines of a Vault Grownd of this Isle now nuryshyth Shepe and Conys.

Mastar Paynell told me that he saw at Brakley in the Parts by Bukynghum manisest Fokens that it had bene a Wallyd Found, and Iokens of the Gates and Fowres in the Walles by the halfe Cirkles of the Foundations of them (I sowght diligently, and could find no Tokens of Wales or Diches.) And that there hithe bene a Castell, the Dyke and Hills whereof do yet appere. (I saw the Castle Plott.) And that there hathe bene dyvars Churches in it. And that there was of late a Place of Crossyd Friers, and that one Nevilla a great Gentilman there was buried. And that one Neville apon a tyme kyllyd in the Churche at Brakeley a Priest and buried hym in his facrid Vestiments. and that this Nevill toke there an othar Prist and buried hym quike.

George Cavendish was gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, was strongly attached to him, and after the prelate's fall continued to serve him faithfully till his death, when he returned to Suffolk. He died about 1562, leaving in manu script a Life of Cardinal Wolsey, long attributed to his brother, Sir William, one of Henry VIII's privy councillors This first separate biography in the English tongue, written about 1557 by a devout Catholic full of regrets for the past, could not well be published in Elizabeth's days, but circulated in MS copies, about a dozen of which are still extant. It was published first for party purposes in 1641, in a mutilated form, like this, all the other editions down to 1815 were very imperfect. Mr Singer believed himself to have been fortunate enough to identify the author's own autograph M5, and from it he printed his very careful edition, with introduction, notes, and appendices But unluckily he not merely 'modernised' the spelling, but sought occasionally to improve the style, even altering the author's words, so that the Kelmscott edition, printed in 1893 from a transcript of the autograph in the British Museum, was the first to give us the book as the author left it. Our extracts are from the

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Chamberlayne and Controller to loke what this soden shot shold mean, as though he knewe nothing of the matter They theruppon lokyng owt of the wyndowe into Temes, retorned agayn, and showed hyme that it semed to them that there shold be some noble men and strayngers arryved at his brygge, as ambasitors frome some forrayn prynce With that, quoth the Cardynall, I shall desier yow because ye can speke frenche to take the paynnes to go down in to the hall to encounter and to receyve them according to ther estats and to conduct them to thys chamber, where they shall se us & all these noble personages syttyng merely at our bankett, desyryng them to sitt down with us and to take part of our fare & pastyme. They went incontynent down into the hall, where they re ceyved them with xx newe torches, and conveyed them uppe in to the chamber, with suche a nomber of dromes and fyves as I have seldome seen together at oon tyme in any maske

At ther arryvall in to the chamber if and it together, they went directly byfore the Cardynall where he satt, salutyng hyme very reverently, to whome the Lord Chamberlayn for them sayd, Syr, forasmyche as they be strayngers and can speke no Englysshe, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus havyng understandyng of thys your tryhumphant bankett, where was assembled suche nomber of excellent fayer dames, could do no lesse under the supportation of your good grace, but to repayer hether to view as were ther incomperable beawtie, or for to accompany them at mume chaunce, and than after to daunce with them and so to have of thaym acquayntaunce. And, Syr, they furthermore requyer of your graces lycence to accomplesshe the cause of ther repayer. To whome the Cardynall answered, that he was very well contentyd they shold do so Than the maskars went first & saluted all the dames as they satt, and than retorned to the most worthyest, and there opyned a cuppe full of gold with crownes and other peces of coyne, to whome they sett dyvers pecys to east at. Thus in this maner perusyng all the ladys and gentylwomen, and to some they lost and of some they won. And thus don, they retorned unto the Cardynall with great reverence, poryng down all the crownes in the cuppe, which was abought in c. crownes At all! quoth the Cardynall, and so east the dyse and wane them all at a cast, where at was great joy made Than quod the Cardynall to my Lord Chamberlayne, I pray vou, quod he, shew them that it semys me howe there shold be among theme some noble man, whome I suppose to be myche more worthy of honor to sitt & occupie this rome and place than I, to whome I wold most gladly, if I knewe hyme, surrender my place according to my dewtie. Than spake my Lord Chamberlayne unto them in Frenche, declaryng my Lord Cardynall's mind, and they roundyng hymc agayn in the eare, my Lord Chamberlayne said to my Lord Cardynall, Sir, they confesse, quod he, that among them there is suche a noble personage, among whome if your grace can appoynt hyme frome the other, he is contented to discloss hyme self, and to accepte your place most worthely With that the Cardynall, takyng a good advysement among them, at the list, quod he, Me semys the gentilman with the blake beard shold be evin he And with that he arose out of hys chayer, and offered the same to the gentil man in the blake beard, with his cappe in his hand

1533 made him 'king's antiquary,' with a commission to search for documents and antiquities in all cathedrals, abbeys, and colleges, or wherever records and antiquities were deposited. With this commission he began a tour which lasted six (if not more) years, and amassed a vast store of information designed to be worked up into the 'Historie and Antiquities of the Nation' was terribly distressed by the shocking destruction of priceless documents at the dissolution of monasteries, and earnestly besought Cromwell to authorise him to collect the MSS for the king's library, and he did thus secure a few from being utterly lost. He laboured with prodigious industry, but in vain, to digest his vast collection of material, into which Stow and Camden and William Burton and Dugdale burrowed five years of his life were darkened by insanity, he died in 1552 He published in his lifetime some Latin poems and a few English and Latin tracts, but his great work, The Itinerary, though current in several MS copies did not see the light in print till 1710-12, when it was published in nine volumes by Thomas Hearne. Many of his papers are now in the Bodleian Library and British Museum edited the Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis in 1709, and Hearne published six volumes of the Collectanea in 1715 Derwentwater, the Roman Wall, and Tintagel are described in these extracts from the Itinerary, the fourth records one of many such traditions

On the Lst Side of the Ysle, where as the Water of Darguent risth, is a lytle poore Murket Fown cawlled Keswike, and yt is a Myle fro S Herebertes Isle that Bede speketh of Divers Springes cummeth owt of Borodale, and so make a great Lough that we caule a Poole, and ther yn be in Isles. Yn the one ys the Hedd Places of M Radelys an other is cauled S Hereberts Isle, where is a Chapel the in ys Vycar Isle, ful of trees lyke a Wyldernes.

Bytwyxt I hyrwal and North Tyne yn the wast Ground stondeth yet notable Peaces of the Wall, the which was made ex lapide quadrato, as yt there appereth yet. Looke wher as the Grownd ys best enhabited thorowg the Walle, so there yt lest appereth by reason of Buildinges made of the Stones of the Waule. The Walle on the sarther side toward the Pictes was strongly dichyd Beside the Stone Wall, ther appere yet yn very many Places restizua muri cespitatu, that was an Arow Shot a this side the Stone Wal, but that it was thoroughly made as the Stone wal was yt doth not wel appere there.

Fro Bolnes to Burgh abowt a nur Myles, fro thens yt gooth within half a Myle of Cairluel, and leffe on the North fide, and croffeth over Edon a in Quarters of a Myle benethe Cairluel, and fo to Terreby a litel Villag a Myle fro Cairluel, then thorough the barony of Linstok, and thorough Gillesland on the North fide of the River of Arding a Quarter of a Myle of the Abbay of Lenarcost, and then a in. Myles above Lenarcost yt croffeth over Arding, then over the litle Brooke of Polt rosse, the which devideth Gillesland in Cumberland from Sowth Tyndale yn Northumbreland, then to a Castel caulled Thirlewal, stondyng on the same, thens directly

Lft thorough Sowth Tyndale not far fro the great Ruines of the Castel of Cairvorein, the which be nere Thyrlewal, and so over North Tyne, then directly Est thorough the Hedd of Northumbreland

Wyth yn mr. Myles of the fayde Camylford apon the North Clif ys Tintagel, the which Castel had be lykehod III. Wardes, wherof ii be woren away with gulfyng yn of the Se. yn fo much that yt hathe made ther almost an Isle, and no way ys to enter ynto hyt now but by long Elme Trees layde for a Bryge So that now withowte the Isle renneth alonly a Gate Howse, a Walle, and a fals Braye dyged and walled In the Isle remayne old Walles, and yn the Est Part of the same, the Grownd beyng lower, remayneth a Walle embateled, and Men alyve faw ther yn a Postern Dore of Yren Ther is yn the Isle a prety Chapel with a Tumbe on the left Syde Ther is also yn the Isle a Welle, and ny by the same ys a Place hewen out of the Stony Grownd to the Length and Brede of a Man Also ther remayneth yn the Isle a Grownd quadrant walled as yt were a Garden Plot. by this Walle appere the Ruines of a Vault Grownd of this Isle now nuryshyth Shepe and Conys.

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I'l person to whome he offered than his chayer was Syr Edward Ne ille, a comly knyght of a goodly personage, that myche more resembled the kyng's person in that maske than any other. The king, heryng and perceverng the Cardynall so disseyved in his estimacyon and chovs, cold not forbeare lawyng, but plukked down his visare, and Mayster Nevvll's, and dasht owt with suche a pleasaunt countennunce and chere that all noble estats there assembled, seying the kying to be there among them, rejoyed very myche. The Cardynall eftsones de sired his highnes to take the place of estate, to whome the Lynge answered, that he would goo first and shyfte his apparell, and so departed and went strayt in to my lord's bed chamber, where was a great fier made and prepared for hyme, and there newe apparelled hyme with And in the tyme of the ryche and pryncely garments kvng's absence, the disshes of the bankett were clean taken up, and the tables spred agayn with newe and swett perfumed clothes, every man syttyng untill the lyng and his maslers came in among theme agayn, every man beyng newly apparelled Than the Lyng toke his seate under the clothe of estate, commainding no man to remove, but sit still as they dyd byfore Then in came a new bankett byfore the kyng's majestie, and to all the rest thorough the tables, wherin I suppose was served in c displies or above, of wondreouse costly meats and delyces, subtilly devysed Thus passed they forthe the hole night with banketing, dauncing, and other tryhumphant devyses, to the great comfort of the kyng, and pleasaunt regard of the nobylitie there assembled

Dromes drums chambers short gun, mume chaunce, mum chinec, a silent game with cards or dice rounding whispering lawing laughing

The story of Wolsey's death (1530) is memorable for the dramatic use made of it by Shakespeare in *Harry VIII*—for doubtless Shakespeare had read Cavendish's VIS

Than was he in confession the space of an hower And whan he had endyd his confession, Mayster Kyngston bade hyme good morowe, for it was abougt vii of the clocke in the morning, and asked hyme how he did. Sir, quod he, I tary but the will and pleast of God, to render unto hyme my symple sowlle in to his dyvyn hands. Not yet so, sir, quod Majster Kangston, with the grace of God, you shall lyve and do very well, if we will be of good Mayster Lyngston, my desease is suche that I cannot lyse, for I have had some experience in my desease and thus it is Nay, sir, in good fayth, quod Mayster Kyngston, ye be in such dolor and pensyvenes doughting that thyng that in dide ye nede not to fear, whiche makyth you myche wors than ye shold be. Well, well, Mayster Kyngston, quod he, I so the matter ayenst me, how it is framed, but if I had served God as dyligently as I have don the kyng, he wold not have gevyn me over in my gray heares Howbeit thys is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly dyligence and paynnes that I have had to do hyme service, not regarding my sodly dewite Wherfore I pray you, with all my hart, to have me most bumbly commendyd unto his royall majestie, be seching hyme in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembraunce all matters procedying between hyme and me frome the begynnyng of the world unto thys day, and the progress of the same, and most chenfely in the waytie matter yet dependyng (meaning the matter newly begon bytwen hyme and good Queen Katheryn) than shall his concyence declare whether I have offended hyme or no He is sucr a prvnce of rovall coorage, and hathe a pryncely hart, and rather than he wyll owther mysse or want any parte of his will or apetite he will put the losse of the oon halfe of his realme in daynger, for I assure you I have often kneled byfore home in his privie chamber on my knes the space of an hower or too to perswade hyme frome hys wyll and apetite, but I could never bryng to passe to diswade Therefore, Mayster Lyngston, if it hyme ther froo chaunce hereafter you to be oon of hys privile councell, as for your wysdome and other qualities we be mete so to be, I warne you to be well advysed and assured what matter ye put in his hed, for ye shall never putt it owt

And sey, furthermore, that I requyer his grace in godd's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depresse this newe pernicious sekte of the Lutarynnauncers that it do not encreace within his domynions thoroughe his necligence, in suche a sort that he shal be fayn at lengthe to put humors uppon hise bake to subdewe them as the King of Beame did, who had good game to se his reade commyns than enfected with Wycklyffe's heresies, to spoyell and murder the spirituall men and religious persons of his realme, the whiche fled to the king and his nobles for socour agenst ther frantyke rage.

Mayster Kyngston, farewell. I can no moore, but

Mayster Kyngston, farewell. whyshe all thyngs to have good successe My tyme drawyth on fast I may not tary with you And forget not, I pray you, what I have send and charged you withall, for whan I ame deade, ye shall peradventure remember my words better And evyn with these words he began to drawe his speche at lengthe, and his tong to fayle, his eyes beyng sett in his hed, whos sight faylled hymc. Then we began to put hyme in remembraunce of Christ's passion, and sent for the abbott of the place to annele hyme, who came with all spede and mynestred unto hyme all the servyce to the same belonging, and caused also the gard to stand by, bothe to here hyme talk byfore his deathe, & also to be wytnes of the same, and incontynent the clocke strake viii, at whiche tyme he gave uppe the gost, and thus departed he this present lyfe. And callyng to our remembraunce his words the day byfore, howe he sayd that at viii. of the cloke we shold lose our mayster, oon of us lokyng uppon an other, supposyng that he profecied of hys departure.

Here is thend and fall of pryde and arrogauncye of suche men, exalted by fortune to honour and high dygnytes, for I assure you, in hys tyme of auctorytie and glory, he was the haultest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spirituall profession, wherin shold be all meknes, humylitie & charitie, the processe wherof I leave to theme that be learned and seen in the dyryn lawes.

Lutarynnauncers, Lutherans harnoys, armour, Beame Bohemin thend, the end haultest, haughtiest annele, give extreme unction.

Singer's edition (1815) was republished by Professor Morley in his 'Universal Library (1886).

Sir John Cheke (1514-1557) was professor of Greek at Cambridge, where he was born, and having embraced the Reformed faith, was one of the preceptors of the prince afterwards Edward VI

He is chiefly distinguished for his evertions in promoung the study of 'the Greek language and Having elaborated and literature in England introduced a new mode of pronouncing Greek (the few students of Greek in England having heretofore employed the Continental pronunciation, which Cheke thought wrong), he was violently assailed by Bishop Gardiner, then chancellor of the university, but, notwithstanding the fulminations against it, the system of Cheke prevailed, being, in fact, very much like that still in use in England At Mary's accession he was stripped of everything and fled, but was treacherously seized in Belgium, brought back, and thrown into the Tower, where fear of the stake At his death, made him abjure Protestantism. believed to be occasioned by remorse for having recanted, he left several works in manuscript, amongst which was a translation of Matthew's Gospel in English, simplified by adhering mainly to words derived from Anglo-Saxon roots, and spelt on a phonetic plan He edited homilies of Chrysostom, various Latin translations from Greek, Latin controversial works on theology, disquisitions on Greck pronunciation, and a Life of Bucer most notable work in English is a pamphlet, published in 1549, under the title of The Hurt of Sedition, how Gr evous it is to a Commonwealth, designed to admonish the people who had risen under Ket the tanner Having first dealt with 'religious Rebelles,' he proceeds then to address 'the other rable of Norfolke Rebelles'

Ye pretend a common welth. How amend ye it by killing of Gentlemen, by spoyling of Gentlemen, by im prisoning of Gentlemen? A maruclous tanned common welth. Why should ye thus hate them, for their riches or for their rule? Rule they never tooke so much in hand as ye do now They neuer resisted the King, neuer with stood his counsaile, be faithfull at this day, when ye be faithlesse not only to the King, whose subjectes ye be, but also to your Lords, whose tenaunts ye be Is this your true duty-in some of homage, in most of fealtie, in all of allegeance-to leave your duties, go backe from your promises, fall from your faith, and, contrarye to lawe and truth, to make valawfull assemblies, vagodly companies, wicked and detestable campes, to disobey your betters and to obey your tanners, to chaunge your obe dience from a King to a Ket, to submit your selues to Fravtours, and breake your fayth to your true Kinge and Lordes?

If riches offende you, bicause ye woulde have the lyke, then thinke that to bee no common welth, but envye to the common welth. Envye it is to appayre [impair] another mans estate, without the amendement of your owne, and to have no Gentlemen, bicause we be none your sclues, is to bringe downe an estate, and to mend none. Would ye have all alike riche? That is the over throwe of all labour and viter decay of worke in this realme. For who will labour more, if, when he hath gotten more, the ydle shall by lust, without right, take what him list from him, under pretence of equalitie with him? This is the bringing in of ydleness, which destroyeth the common welth, and not the amendement of labour, that maintaineth the common welth. If there shoulde be such equalitie, then ye take all hope away

from yours, to come to any better estate than you now leave them. And as many means mens children come honestly up, and are great succour to all their stocke, so shoulde none be hereafter holpen by you. But because ye scake equalitie, whereby all cannot be riche, ye would that belike, whereby every man should be pore. And thinke beside, that riches and inheritance be gods proudence, and given to whom of his wisedom he thinketh good

The following letter from Cheke to his friend Peter Osborne, Remembrancer of the Exchequer in London, was printed from the autograph by the Camden Society (Letters of Eminent Literary Men, 1843), and brings us very near the sixteenth century bookman, of whom there is a Life by Strype (best ed. 1821)

I fele the caulme of quietnes, being tost afore with stormes, and have felt of ambitions bitter gal, poisoned with hope of hap. And therfore I can be men on the bankes side without danging miself on the sea. Yor sight is ful of gai things abrode, which I desire not as things sufficiently known and valend. O what pleasure is it to lacke pleasures, and how honorable is it to file from honors throws. Among other lacks I lack painted bucrum to lai betweyne bokes and bordes in mi studi, which I now have trimd. I have nede of vax yardes. Chuse you the color. I prai yow bi me a reme of paper at London Fare ye well. With commendacons to yr Mother, Mr Lane and his wife, Mr and Mrs Saxon, with other From Cambridge the xxx of Mai 1549.

Yrs known,

JOAN CHEKE.

To his loving Frende, Mr Peter Osborne.

Sir Thomas Wilson, born at Strubby in Lincolnshire about 1525, was a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and tutor to two little Dukes of Suffolk who died on the same day evile during Mary's reign, he was tortured by the Inquisition at Rome, but under Elizabeth held various high employments, sat on commissions, was repeatedly ambassador to Portugal, Scotland, and the Netherlands, and after being Secretary of State with Walsingham, was, though a layman, made Dean of Durham In 1551 he published The Rule of Reason, contemyng the Arts of Logique, in 1553 The Arte of Rhetorique, and in 1572 A Discourse uppon Usurye He died in 1581 Rhetorique is partly Quintilian and the schoolmen. partly oracjons, epistles, and other model composi tions by himself His own style is rather clear and vigorous than graceful or sonorous. He strongly advocates simplicity of language, condemning those who 'powdered their talk with over seas language' Amongst the false styles he censures is alliteration, of which he gives the following caricatured example 'Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual? The following is a passage from the Rhetorique (ed. of 1585)

Among other lessons this should first be learned, that wee neuer affect any straunge unkehorne termes, but to

speake as is commonly received, neither seeking to be ouer fine, nor yet hung ouer careless, using our speeche as most men doe and ordering our writes as ye fewest haue done. Some seeke so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mothers language. And I dare sweare this, if some of their mothers were alive, ther were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerkes will say they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them for counterfeiting the Kings English. Some farre journeyed gentlemen, at their returne home, like as they loue to go in fortync apparell, so thei wil pouder their talke with ouer sea language He that commeth lately out of Fraunce will talke French Lnglish, and neuer blush at the matter And other chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrise to our English speaking, the which is as if an Orntour that professeth to otter his minde in plaine Latine would needes speake poetrie, and farre fetched colours of straunge antiquitie The Lawyer will store his stomacke with the prating of Pedlers Auditor in making his accompt and reckening, cometh in with sise sould and cater denere [six soulds or sols or sous, quatre deniers] for 6s and 4d The fine Courtier will talke nothing but Chaucer The misticall wiseman, and Poeticall Clerks, will speake nothing but quaint prouerbes and blinde allegories, delighting much in their owne darke nesse especially when none can tell what they doe say The vnlearned or foolish phantastical, that smelles but of learning (such fellowes as haue seen learned men in their daies), will so Latin their tongues, that the simple can not but wonder at their talke and thinke surely they speake by some reuelation. I know them that thinke Rhetorique to stande wholie upon darke wordes, and hee that can catche in ynke horne terme by the taile him they coumpt to be a fine Englisheman and a good Rhetorician

The following are illustrative anecdotes from the same work, for which modern parallels might be found

An English Phisition ryding by the way and seeing a great companie of men gathered together, sent his man to know what the matter was, wherevpon his man vader standing that one there was appointed to suffer for killing a man came riding backe in al poste haste, and cried to his maister long before he came at him get you hence, sir, get you hence for Gods lone. What meanest thou (quoth his maister) Mary (quoth the seriaunt) yonder man shall dye for killing of one man, and you, I dare saie, have killed a hundred men in your daies. get you hence there fore for Gods lone if you lone your self.

A man may by hearing a loud lye pretelie mocke the lye by reporting a greater lye. When one being of a lowe degree and his father of meane wealth had vaunted much of the good house that his father kept of two Beefes spent weekely and half a score tunne of wine dronke in a yere, another good fellowe hearing him lye so shamefully indeede (quoth he). Beefe is so plentifull at my maister your fathers house that an Oxe in one day is nothing, and as for Wine, Beggers that come to the doore are scrued by whole gallands. And as I remember your father hath a spring of Wine in the middest of his Court, God continue his good house keeping.

Roger Ascham (1515-1568) was not only a typical literary Englishman, but a notable representative of the New Learning as it took root in England Born at Kirby Wiske, near Thirsk

in Yorkshire, he studied at St John's College, Cambridge, where, in spite of his avowed leaning to the Reformed doctrines, he obtained a fellow-His reputation as a classical scholar soon brought him numerous pupils, and about 1538 he was appointed Greek reader at St John's Hıs leisure hours were devoted to music, penmanship (in which he excelled), and archery In defence of the latter art, and to show how well he could handle Platonic dialogue, he published, in 1545, Tox ophilus, which in style ranks among English For this treatise, which was dedicated to Henry VIII, he received a pension of £10, in 1546 he was appointed university orator He was tutor at Cheshunt to the Lady Elizabeth (1548-50), and as secretary to Sir Richard Morysin or Morison, ambassador to Charles V, spent three years (1550-53) on the Continent, at Augsburg chiefly, but with occasional visits to Vienna, the Tyrol, and Carinthia. On his return he became Latin secretary to Queen Mary His caution seems to have preserved him from suffering in any way for his Protestantism, and after Mary's death Elizabeth retained him at court as secretary and tutor, which offices he held till his death, 30th December 1568 He thought highly of cock-fighting as a pastime for gentlemen, and though he inveighed against gambling, Camden says he was too fond of cards and dice. In his last illness he suffered much from sleeplessness, and fell on the strange device of having 'a cradle made for himself in which after the manner of infants he was rocked to and fro' Unluckily we are not told how the remedy The Scholimaster, his principal work, answered discusses the value of classical education, educational problems, and things in general It was not published till 1570 His Report of Germany is a very interesting contemporary account of European haute politique at the critical time of the struggle between Charles V and Maurice of Saxony two hundred and ninety five letters, Latin and English, are partly official and partly personal, and range over a wide variety of subjects, and in virtue of one of them quoted below, he may rank as one of the very earliest of 'picturesque tourists' on the Rhine. Ascham (who sometimes spelt his name Askham or Ascam) is an entertaining writer, but has not the charm of Sir Thomas More. His enthusiasm for Greek and letters was sincere, and his English style combines a sort of strained simplicity, which does not disdain alliteration's artful aid, with a pseudo-classical balancing of phrases

In writing *Toxophilus*, Ascham meant not merely to commend the pastime of archery, but to show his countrymen that it was possible, though un usual, to write English as well as scholars were wont to write Latin

And though to have written it in an other tonge had bene bothe more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can thinke my labour wel bestowed, yf with a little hynderaunce of my profyt and name, maye come any fourtheraunce, to the pleasure or commoditie of the gentlemen and yeomen of Englande, for whose sake I tooke this matter in hande. And as for ye Latin or greke tonge, every thing is so excellently done in them, that none can do better. In the Englysh tonge contrary, every thinge in a maner so meanly, bothe for the matter and handelynge, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned for the moste parte, have ben alwayes moost redye to wryte. And they whiche had least hope in latin, have bene moste boulde in englyshe when surelye every man that is moste ready to taulke, is not moost able to wryte

The value of pastimes for students is thus set forth by Toxophilus to Philologus, who has argued that a student should stick to his books, and 'take hede how he spendeth his tyme in sporte and playe.' Toxophilus argues

Far contrariuse I herd my selfe a good husbande at his boke ones saye, that to omit studie somtime of the daye, and sometime of the yere, made as moche for the encrease of learning, as to let the land lye sometime falloe, maketh for the better encrease of come This we se, yf the lande be plowed euery yere, the corne commeth thinne vp, the eare is short, the grayne is small, and when it is brought into the barne and threshed, gyueth very cuill faul [fall, crop] So those which neuer leave poring on their bokes, have oftentimes as thinne invention, as other poore men haue, and as smal wit and weight in it as in other mens. And thus youre husbandrie me thinke, is more like the life of a couetouse snudge that oft very euil preues [proves], then the labour of a good husband that knoweth wel what he doth. And surehe the best wittes to lerning must nedes have moche recreation and ceasing from their boke, or els they marre them selues, when base and donipysshe wittes can neuer be hurte with continuall studie, as ye se in luting, that a treble minikin string fa small gut string] must alwayes be let down, but at suche time as when a man must nedes playe when ye base and dull stryng nedeth neuer to be moued out of his place. The same reason I finde true in two bowes that I haue, wherof the one is quicke of cast, tricke, and trimme both for pleasure and profyte the other is a lugge slowe of cast, following the string, more sure for to last, then pleasaunt for to vse I wolde not saye thus moche afore youg men, for they wil take soone occasion to studie litle ynough. But I saye it therfore bicause I knowe, as litle studie getteth litle learninge or none at all, so the moost studie getteth not ye moost learning of all. For a mans witte sore occupied in ernest studic, must be as wel recreated with some honest pas time, as the body sore laboured, must be refreshed with slepc and quietnesse, or els it can not endure very longe, as the noble poete sayeth.

Further on lefull or lawful pastimes

That emest studie must be recreated with honest pastime sufficiently. I have proved afore, both by reason and authoritie of the best learned men that ever wrote. Then seing pastymes be lefull, the moost fittest for learning is to be sought for — A pastyme, saith Aristotle, must be lyke a medicine — Medicines stande by contraries, therfore the nature of studying considered, the fittest pastyme shall soone appeare. In studie every parte of the body is ydle, which thing causeth grosse and colde

humours to gather togyther and vexe scholers verye moche, the mynde is altogythar bent and set on worke A pastyme then must be had where every parte of the bodye must be laboured to separate and lessen suche humours withal the mind must be vnbent, to gather and fetche againe his quicknesse withall. Thus pastymes for the mynde onelye, be nothing fit for studentes, bycause the body which is moost hurte by studie, shuld take away no profyte thereat. This knewe Erasmus verye well, when he was here in Cambrige which when he had ben sore at his boke (as Garret our booke bynder hath verye ofte told me) for lacke of better exercise, wolde take his horse, and ryde about the markette hill, and come agayne If a scholer shoulde vse bowles or tennies, the laboure is to vehement and vnequall, whiche is condempned of Galene the example very ill for other men, when by so manye acles they be made vnlawfull.

Running, leaping, and coyting be to vile for scholers, and so not fit by Aristotle his judgement—walking alone into the felde, hath no token of courage in it, a pastyme lyke a simple man which is neither flesh nor fisshe. Therfore if a man woulde haue a pastyme holesome and equall for euery parte of the bodye, pleasaunt and full of courage for the mynde, not vile and vinhoneste to give ill example to laye men, not kepte in gardynes and corners, not lurkynge on the night and in holes, but euermore in the face of men, either to rebuke it when it doeth ill, or els to testifve on it when it doth well—let him seke chefely of all other for shotynge.

The advantage of bows over guns (as they then were!) in war is thus stated

The nexte good poynt in a souldier, is to have and to handle his weapon wel, whereof the one must be at the appoyntment of the captayne, the other lyeth in the courage and exercise of the souldier yet of al weapons the best is, as Euripides doth say, whereith with leest daunger of our self we maye hurt our enemye moost And that is (as I suppose) artillarie. Artillarie now a dayes is taken for it thinges. Gunnes and Bowes, which how much they do in war, both dayly experience doeth teache, and also Peter Nannius a learned man of Louvyn [Louvain] in a certayne dialoge doth very well set out, wherein this is most notable, that when he hath shewed excedyng commodities of both, and some discommodities of gunnes, as infinite cost and charge, combersome car ringe and yf they be greate, the vicertayne leuelyng, the perall of them that stand by them, the esycr auoydyng by them that stande far of and yf they be lytle, the lesse both feare and teoperdy is in them, beside all contrary wether and wynde, whiche hyndereth them not a lytle yet of all shotyng he cannot reherse one discommoditie.

Ascham was very angry at 'a certaine Frenchman called Textor' [Joannes Ravisius Textor or Tivier, 1480-1524], who absurdly wrote that 'the Scottes which dwell beyonde Englande be very excellent shoters, and the best bowmen in warre' He thus confutes him, and expresses the aspirations of English Protestants for 'atonement' with Scotland, then a Roman Catholic nation

Textor neded not to have gone so punishlye [previshly] beyonde Englande for shoting, but myght very soone, even in the first towne of Kent, have founde suche plentie of shotinge, as is not in all the reduce of Scot

and agaync The Scottes surely be good men of warre n theyr owne feate [that in which they have skill] s can be but as for shotinge, they neyther can vse t for any profyte, nor yet wil chalenge it for any prayse, although master Textor of his gentlenesse wold yue it them. Textor neaded not to have fylled vppc us booke with suche lyes, if he hadde read the storye of Scotlande, whiche Joannes Maior doeth write wherin ie myghte haue learned, that when James Stewart yrst Lyng of that name, at the Parliament holden at Saynt Johnnes towne or Perthe, commaunded vnder bayne of a greate forfite, that cuery Scotte shoulde earne to shote yet neyther the loue of theyr countrie, he feare of their enemies, the auoydying of punishment, for the receytinge of any profyte that myght come by it, oulde make them to be good Archers whiche be vnapte and unfytte therunto by Gods prouidence and nature

communication, wherby they give the whole prayse of shotynge honestlye to Englysshe men, saying thus that every Englysshe Archer heareth under his givele xain becottes.

But to lette Textor and the Scottes go yet one thynge woulde I wysshe for the Scottes, and that is this, that seinge one God, one faythe, one compasse of the see, one lande and countrie, one tungue in speakinge, one maner and trade in lyuynge, lyke courage and stomake in war, lyke quicknesse of witte to learning, both made

Therfore the Scottes them selves proue Textor a lyer,

oothe with authoritie and also daily experience, and by a extayne Prouerbe that they have amonges them in theyr

Englande and Scotlande bothe one, they wolde suffre hem no longer to be two but cleane give over the Pope, which seketh none other thinge (as many a noble and wise Scottish man doth knowe) but to fede up dissention and parties between them and vs, procuring that hyage to be two, which God, nature, and reason wold have one.

Howe profytable suche an attonement were for Scot

ande, both Iohannes Maior and Ector Boetius whiche wrote the Scottes Chronicles do tell, and also all the gentlemen of Scotlande with the poore communaltie, lo wel knowe. So that there is nothing that stoppeth this matter, saue onelye a fewe freers, and suche lyke, whiche with the dregges of our Englysh Papistrie lurkyng now amonges them, study nothing els but to brewe battell and stryfe betwixte both the people Wherby onely they hope to maynetayne theyr Papisticall kyngdome, to the destruction of the noble blood of Scotlande, that then they maye with authoritie do that, whiche neither noble man nor poore man in Scotlande yet docth knowe. And as for Scottishe men and Englishe men be not enemyes by nature, but by custome not by our good wyll, but by theyr owne follye whiche shoulde take more honour in being coupled to Englande, then we shulde take profite in being joyned to Scotlande.

In the Scholemaster, the main contention is that 'loue is better than feare, ientleness better than beating to bring up a childe rightlie in learninge,' and after quoting Socrates to the effect that 'no learning ought to be learned with bondage' or compulsion, but as it were in playing, and so in a measure anticipating the kindergarten, he deals with fond or injudicious teachers

Fonde senolemasters neither can understand nor will follow this good counsell of Socrates, but wise ryders

in their office can and will do both which is the onelie cause that commonly the yong tentlemen of England go so vnwillinglie to schole, and run so fast to the stable For in verie dide fond scholemasters by feare do beate into them the hatred of learning, and wise riders by ientle allurementes do breed vp in them the loue of riding They finde feare and bondage in scholes, they scele libertie and freedome in stables which causeth them viterlie to abhorre the one, and most gladlie to haunt the other And I do not write this, that in exhort ing to the one I would dissuade yong ientlemen from the other yea I am some with all my harte that they be giuen no more to riding then they be I or of all out ward qualities, to ride faire is most cumelie for him selfe, most necessarie for his contrey, and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exceede all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises amongest the noble ientlemen, the old Persians, Alwaise to say troth, to ride faire, and shote well

And it is pittie, that commonlie more care is had, yea and that emonges verie wise men, to finde out rather a cunnynge man for their horse, than a cunnyng man for their children. They say nay in worde, but they do so in dede. For to the one they will gladlie giue a stipend of 200 Crounes by the yeare, and loath to offer to the other 200 shillinges. God that sitteth in heauen laugheth their choice to skorne, and rewardeth their liberalitie as it should for he suffereth them to have tame and well ordered horse, but wilde and vnfortunate children and therfore in the ende they finde more pleasure in their horse, than comforte in their children.

This is Ascham's most famous 'interview'

And one example, whether love or feare doth worke more in a child for vertue and learning, I will gladlie report which maie be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leauc of that noble Ladie Iane Grey, to whom I was exced ing moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge Plucdon Platonis in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som ientlemen wold read a mene tale in Bocase [Boccaccio]. After salutation, and dewtic done, with som other taulke, I asked hir, whic she wold lcese [lose] soch pastime in the Parke? Smiling she answered me I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure that I find in Plato Alas good folke, they neuer felt what trewe pleasure meant. And howe came you, Madame, quoth I to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you vnto it seinge not many women, but verie fewe men haue atterned thereunto I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will meruell at One of the greatest benefites that euer God gaue me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and seuere parentes, and so tentle a scholemaster when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be mene, or sad, be sowyng, planyng, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number, euen so perfitelie, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presentlie some tymes with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies, which I will not

name for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till tyme cum that I must go to M Elmer, who teacheth me so ientlie, so pleasantlie, with soch faire allurementes to learning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, be cause, what socuer I do else but learning is ful of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking vinto me. And thus my booke hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bringeth dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles vinto me. I remember this talke gladly, both bicause it is so worthy of memorie, and bicause also, it was the last talke that euer I had, and the last tyme that euer I saw that noble and worthie ladie.

He records a sad tale of a misguided infant

This last somer, I was in a ientlemans house—where a yong childe, somewhat past fower yeare olde, cold in no wise frame his tonge to saie a litle shorte grace—and yet he could roundhe rap out so manie vyle othes, and those of the newest faction, as som good man of fourescore yeare olde hath neuer hard named before—and that which was most detestable of all, his father and mother wold laughe at it.—I moche doubte what comforte an other date this childe shall bring vito them.

On the question whether he approved of sending voung men to complete their education by a sojourn in Italy, Ascham writes

Syr, quoth I, I take goyng thither and hung there, for a yonge tentleman that doth not goe vinder the keepe and garde of such a man as both by wisedome can and authoritie dare rewle him, to be meruelous dangerous. And whie I said so than, I will declare at large now which I said than privatelie, and write now openlie, not bicause I do contemne either the knowledge of strange and diverse tonges, and namelie the Italian tonge, which next the Greeke and Latin tonge I like and loue aboue all other or else bicause I do despise the learning that is gotten, or the experience that is gathered in strange contries or for any private malice that I beare to which countrie, and in it, namelie Rome, I huae alwayes speciallie honored bicause, tyme was whan Italie and Rome haue bene, to the greate good of vs that now live, the best breeders and bringers up of the worthiest men, not onelie for wise speakinge, but also for well doing, in all Ciuill affaires, that euer was in the worlde. But now that tyme is gone, and though the place remayne, yet the olde and present maners do differ as farre as blacke and white, as vertue and vice. Vertue once made that contrie mistres over all the worlde. Vice now maketh that contrie slaue to them, that before were glad to serue it If you thinke we judge amisse, and write to sore against you, heare what the Italian sayth of the English man, what the master reporteth of the scholer, who vitereth playnlie, what is taught by him, and what learned by you, saying, Englese Italianato, e vn diabolo incarnato, that is to say, you remaine men in shape and facion, but becum deuils in life and con dition

His criticism of the ethical significance of Morte D'Arthur is trenchant rather than sympathetic

In our forefathers tyme, when Papistrie as a standing poole conered and ouerflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tong, sauying certaine bookes of

Cheualrie, as they sayd, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in Monasteries by idle Monkes or wanton Chanons—as one for example, Morte Arthure—the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in, two speciall poyntes, in open mans slaughter, and bold bawdrye. In which booke those be counted the noblest kinghtes, that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest aduoulteries by sutlest shiftes—as Sir Launcelote, with the wife of king Arthure his master Syr Tristram with the wife of king Marke his vincle—Syr Lamerocke with the wife of king Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at.

A letter written by Ascham to his friend Raven at St John's, in Cambridge, describes a journey from England by Mechlin, Brussels, Louvan, Maestricht, Jülich, to Cologne [Colen], thence up the Rhine by Coblentz and Mainz to Speier, then by Cannstadt, Esslingen, and Ulm to Augsburg, whence the letter was despatched. Ascham is an acute observer and an entertaining correspondent As he rides from Maestricht into the Rhineland at Julich he thus describes the country (we follow the standard edition—Giles's—of the Works, which is modernised in spelling)

The country by the way may compare with Cambridge shire for corn. This know, there is no country here to be compared for all things with England is little, lean, tough, and dear, mutton likewise, a rare thing to see a hundred sheep in a flock Capons be lean and little, pigeons naught, partridge as ill, black, and tough, corn enough everywhere, and most wheat. Here is never no dearth, except corn fail. The people generally be much like the old Persians that Xenophon describes, content to live with bread, roots, and water, and for this matter, ye shall see round about the walls of every city, half a mile compass from the walls, gardens full of herbs and roots, whereby the cities most part do live is stolen, such justice is exercised. These countries be rich by labour and continuance of man, not by goodness of the soil If only London would use, about the void places of the city, these gardens full of herbs, and if it were but to serve the strangers that would live with these herbs, beside a multitude which either need, covetousness, or temperance would in few years bring to the same, all England should have victuals better cheap I think also there is more wine indeed drunken in England, where none grows, than even there, from whence it cometh. It is pity that London hath not one goodman to begin this husbandry and temperance At Briges [Bruges], in Flanders, we had as fat good, and great mutton, and fatter, better, and greater capons than ever I saw in Kent, but nowhere else.

At Cologne the reason is given why the Cathedral was still unfinished, and the relics of Ursula and the ten thousand virgins commented on, not without some suspicion of the story, and this is the record of the three next stages of the journey

We took a fair barge, with goodly glass windows, with seats of fir, as close as any house, we knew not whether it went or stood. Rhene is such a river that now I do not marvail that the poets make rivers gods. Rhene at Spires, having a farther course to rin into the ocean sea than is the space betweet Dover

and Barwick, is broader over a great deal than is Thames at Greenwich From Colen this day we went to Bonna, the bishop's town, the country about Rhene here is plain. We were drawn up Rhene by horses Little villages stand by Rhene side, and as the barge came by, six or seven children, some stone naked, some in their shirts, of the bigness of Peter Mand, would run by us on the sands, singing psalms, and would rin and sing with us half a mile, whilst they had some money

We came late to Bonna at cight of the clock—our men were come afore with our horse—we could not be let into the town, no more than they do at Calise, after an hour—We stood cold at the gate a whole hour—At last we were fun, lord and lady, to he in our barge all night, where I sat in my lady's side saddle, leaning my head to a malle [portmanteau], better lodged than a dozen of my fellows

14 Octob We sailed to Brousik [Breisig] 15 miles afore we come to Bonna begin the vines and hills keeping in Rhene on both sides for the space of five or six days journey, as we made them, almost to Mavence, like the hills that compass Halifax about, but far branter [shecrer] up, as though the rocks did cover you like a pentice [pent house] on the Rhene side all this journey be pathways where horse and man go commonly a yard broad, so fair that no weather can make it foul if you look upwards ye are afruid the rocks will fall on your head, if ye look downwards ye are afraid to tumble into Rhene, and if your horse founder it is not seven to six that ye shall miss falling into Rhene. There be many times stairs down into Rhene that men may come from their boat and walk on this bank, as we did every day four or five miles at once, plucking grapes not with our hands but with our mouths if we list

The grapes grow on the brant rocks so wonderfully, that ye will marvel how men dare climb up to them, and yet so plentifully, that it is not only a marvel where men be found to labour it, but also almost where men dwell that drink it. Seven or eight days journey ve cannot east your sight over the compass of vines. And surely this wine of Rhene is so good, so natural, so temperate, so ever like itself, as can be wished for man's use. I was afraid when I came out of England to miss beer, but I am more afraid when I shall come into England, that I cannot lack this wine.

It is wonder to see how many castles stand on the tops of these rocks unwinable. The three bishops electors, Colen, Trevers, and Mayence, be the princes almost of whole Rhene. The lansgrave hath goodly castles upon Rhene which the emperor cannot get. The palatine of Rhene is also a great lord on this river, and hath his name of a castle standing in the midst of Rhene on a rock [the Pfalz]. There he also goodly isles in Rhene, so full our walnut trees that they cannot be spent with cating, but they make vile of them. In some of these isles stand fair abbeys and numeries wonderfully pleasant. The stones that hang so high over Rhene be very much of that stone that you use to write on in tables, every poor man's house there is covered with them

15 Octob From Brusik to Confluentia [Coblenz] xviii miles Here Mosella comes into Rhene as fair as Trent The bishop of Trevers hath here two fair castles of either side of Rhene up in high rocks, one bragging the other, and both threatening the town with many pieces of ordinance

We quote last from the same Augsburg letter a contemporary glimpse from the great Emperor Charles V at dinner

I stood hard by the Emperor's table. He had four courses, he had sod beef very good, roust mutton, baked hare. The Emperor hath a good face, a constant look he fed well of a capon, I have had a better from mine hostess Barnes many times in my chambers. He and Ferdinando ate together very handsomely, carving themselves where they list, without any curiosity. The Emperor drank the best that ever I saw, he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine. His chapel sung wonderful cunningly all the dinner while

There have been many editions of Fosophilus and the Schole mister—of both by Arber, and of the latter by Mayor (1873, new ed 1883) Collected editions of the English works were by Lunet in 1771 and Cochrane in 1815 and of the whole works (including the Latin letters, &c.) by Giles in 1864-65. There are Lives by Grant (Latin, 1570) and Katterfeld (German, 1879)

A somewhat sharp contrast to the serious and dignified writers from Morc to Ascham is presented by a contemporary, Andrew Boorde, or BORDE (1490-1549), who, born about 1490 at Boards (formerly Borde's) Hill, near Cuckfield in Sussex, was brought up a Carthusian, after 1527 studied medicine at Orleans, Toulouse, Montpellier, and Wittenberg, visited Rome and Compostella, and for Thomas Cromwell carried through a confidential mission in France and Spain. He practised medicine in Glasgow (1536), in spite of what he calls 'the deuyllyshe dysposicion of a Scottysh man not to loue or fauour an Englisheman' He describes Ireland and the Irish, Wales, Cornwall, Flanders, Saxony, Denmark, Norway and Iceland, Naples and Sicily His last and longest journey was by Antwerp, Cologne, Venice, and Rhodes to Jerusalem, and back by Naples, Rome, and the He lived for some time at Winchester, and having fallen into irregular ways, died in the Fleet prison in London To the end he was a staunch Catholic Boorde's chief works are his Dyctary and Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, edited by Dr Furnivall in 1870 The latter is a kind of guide book to Europe, 'the whych dothe teache a man to speake all maner of languages and to know the usage and fashion of all maner of countreys' In virtue of the Dictary he may be accounted the father of writing books of domestic medicine. The Brevyary was also a medical work. The Boke of Berdes dissuades from beard growing He has been unreasonably called 'the original merry andrew' because that word appears on the title of several works attributed to him without evidence, The Merie Fales of the mad men of Gotham, Scogins Jests, and The Mylner of His own jocular title was 'Andreas Perforatus,' a pun on 'Bored.' His Itinirary of Europe has perished, but the Handbook of Europe survives, and the Itinerary of England or Pire grination of Doctor Boorde was printed by Hearne The earliest known specimen of the ın 1735

Gyps, language occurs in the Introduction. His interspersed doggered rhymes are sometimes more effective—as they are more uncouth—than his prose. He thinks well of the English as 'more better in many thynges, specially in maners and mushod,' than other peoples. But the Englishman is iddicted to foppery in dress, running after new fashions. In the Boke there is a cut of an unclothed Englishman, holding tailors' shears, and an autobiographical description.

I am an English man and naked I stand here, Musing in my mind what rayment I shal were For now I will were this, and now I will were that, Now I will were I cannot tel hat. All new fashvons be pleasunt to me, I will have them shether I thryse or thee, Now I am a frysker, all men doth on me looke, What should I do but Let cocke on the hoope? What do I care yf all the world me fryle? I will get a garment shal reche to my tayle Than am I a minion for I were the new gyse, The next yere after this I trust to be wyse, Not only in wering my gorgious aray, For I wil go to learning a hoole somers day I wyll learne Latine, Hebrew, Greeke, and Frenche, And I wyl Larn Douche sitting on my benche I do feare no man, all men feryth me, I ouercome my aductsaries by land and by see, I had no peere if to miself I were trew, Because I am not so, dyners times do I rew Yet I lake nothing, I have all thyng at wyll If I were wise and wolde holde my self styll, And medel with no matters not to me part lyning, but cuer to be trew to God and to my kynge But I have suche matters rolling in my pate, That I wyl speake and do I cunnot tell what No man shall let me but I wil hauc my mynde, And to father, mother, and freende I wil be inkinde

This passage forms the text or the perorition of Borrow's appendix 'On Foreign Nonsense' in the Rom my Rye, and some have thought it was in Shikespeare's mind when—to Nerissa—Portin criticises her English suitor in the Merchant of Leman

Even more characteristic of the nation was the irrepressible tendency to profane swearing. 'In all the worlde ther is no regyon nor countree that doth use more swearynge than is used in England, for a chylde that so irse can speake, a boy, a gyril, a wenche now a dayes will swere as great othes as in olde knave and an olde drabbe.'

The Scotsm in thus describes himself

I am a Scottshe man and trew I am to Fraunce, In enery countrey my effe I do maunce, I will hoost myselfe, I will crake and face I lose to be exalted here and in enery place. An Fu_slyshe man I cannot naturally lone

Even more uncomplimentarily he adds

[1] have dissymbled moche, And in my premyse I have not kept touche.

When he comes to describe Scotland in prose all he has to say of the Lowlands is that therein is

plenty of fysh and fleshe and cuell ale except Leth ale, there is plenty of haver cakes, whiche is to say oten cakes, this part is the hart and the best of the realme. The other part of Scoolande is a baryn and a waste countrey, full of mores lyke the lande of the w ld Ireshe. And the people of that parte of Scotlande be very rude and unmanered and viitaught, yet that part is some hat better than the North parte, but vet the South parte will grow a bone and cost it into the dish again Theyr Lyshe and Fleshe, be it rosted or soden, is serued with a syrup or a sause in one disshe or platter of all nacyons they do sethe their fysh moste beste. The borders of Scotland towards England lyueth in much pouertic and penurve, haujinge no howses but suche as a man mave buylde wythin iij or iv houres he and his wyfe and his horse standeth all in one rome. In these parties be many out lawes and stronge theucs, for much of theyr lyuvng standeth by stelyng and robbyng The people of the countrey be hardy men and stronge men and wellfauored and good musy cyons'

The Irishman and the Welshman are as frankly treated as the Scotyshman and have even less reason to think the likeness flattered. Brief conversations, not unlike those still manufactured for tourists, are given in Lowland Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, as also in base Dutch, high Dutch, Italian, modern Greek, and other tongues.

Henry VIII., who was born the year after Boorde, and died two years before him, was him self an accomplished and really learned writer—the Issertio Septen Sacramentorum against Luther, which earned for in English king the title of 'Defender of the Laith,' appears to have been munly his own work, and it seems certain that he wrote English songs and composed the music to them. One of the best authenticated is that called 'The King's Ballad' in a manuscript in the British Museum dating from Henry's own time. It is familiar in a modernised form. The older form is thus given by Chappell (new ed. 1893, vol. 1 p. 42)

Pastyme with good companye
I love & shall untyll I dve,
Gruche who lust but none denye,
so God be plested thus leve wyll I.
For my pastunce,
hunt syng & dance,
my hart is sett
all goodly sport
for my comfort,
who schall me let?

Youthe must have sum dahance, off good or y'll sam pastance. Company me thynkes then less, all thoughts and fansys to dejease ffor thilmes is chef mastres of vices all.

Then who can say but myrth and play is best of all?

Company with honeste,
is vertu vices to file
Company is good & ill,
but evry man hath hys fre wyll
the best ensew,
the worst eschew,
my mynde schalbe
Vertu to use,
vice to refuse,
thus schall I use me

of the metrical versions of the psalms formerly attached to the English Prayer Book This was for two hundred years the standard translation, and it obtained currency in Scotland and Ireland also Thomas Sternhold (1500-49), born near Blakeney in Gloucestershire, or, according to Fuller and Wood, in Hampshire, became Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII and Edward VI, and essayed to do more perfectly what Coverdale in England and Marot in France had attempted-to supersede at court and amongst the people the current 'obscene ballads' The first edition (undated, but probably in 1547) contains only nineteen psalms, the second (1549), thirty seven A third edition, by Whitchurch (1551), contains seven more by] H [John Hopkins], probably a native of Awre in Gloucestershire, who died rector of Great Waldingfield, Suffolk, in 1570 The complete book of psalms, which appeared in 1562, formed for

nearly two centuries almost the whole hymnody

of the Church of England, and was known as the 'Old Version' after the rival version of Tate and

Brady (q v) appeared (1696) Forty psalms bore

the name of Sternhold, and sixty that of Hopkins

the metre for all but a few of his psalms, and his

The rest were the work of various authors Sternhold chose the ballad metre of 'Chevy Chace' as

Sternhold and Hopkins deserve remem-

brance as joint-authors of by far the larger number

choice made this the standard of common metre (C M) for most psalters down to the present day, greatly influenced hymn writing also, and doubtless had no little effect in giving the uneducated their standard for verse and for poetry Hopkins had four rhymes to Sternhold's two Fuller thought highly of the versions as poems, but admitted that their authors' 'piety was better than their poetry, and they had drunk more of Jordan than of Helicon.' The wording is flat as well as homely, and wholly fails to render the majesty of the Hebrew psalms

The first to versify the whole psalter in English was Robert Crowley or Crole (1518?—88), Arch-

The first to versify the whole psalter in English was Robert Crowley or Crole (1518?-88), Archdeacon of Hereford and Prebendary of St Paul's, who was deprived and imprisoned for opposition to vestments as 'the conjuring garments of popery' He was born in Gloucestershire and educated at Oxford, and was for some years a printer, issuing in that capacity three impressions of Piers Plow-

man He wrote much controversial divinity His version of the Psalms is sufficiently uncouth, printed (1549) as it is in black letter, each pair of double long lines forming a verse, it is at times difficult to make out the lines and metre, though it is common metre. Thus run some verses of the Seventy-fourth Psalm

O God howe longe shall thyne enmy do the dispyte and shame? Wylt thou suffer him ever to blaspheme thyne holy name?

Lord whye wythdrawest thou thy powre? Why doeth thy right hand byd Styll in thy bosome? pulle it out and let thy foes be stryed

The first half line ends with 'enmy',' thus accented, and the third has to be read, 'Wilt thou suffer' him ever to'. In the last line is a good old form of 'destroyed'

The same verses are a little more rhythmical—though finally more grotesque—in Sternhold and Hopkins

When wilt thou Lord once end this shame and cease thine encines strong?

Shall they alway blaspheme thy name, and raile on thee so long?

Why dost Thou draw Thy hand abacke and hide it in Thy lap?

Oh plucke it out and be not slacke to give thy foes a rap!

D P

Development of the Secular Drama.

All but the latest of the plays at which we have hitherto looked were plainly intended to be acted on stages or platforms in the open air, but we gather that towards the close of the fifteenth century it had become customary for dramatic entertainments also to be held indoors, in the halls of large houses The consequences of bringing the players from their 'scaffolds high' into a room in close proximity to the audience—and that audience of a more educated kin'l than would be gathered in the street—were very great. Amid the new surroundings the incongruities of the Scriptural drama would have been intolerable, and no new plays of this kind were written until Bishop Bale revived them in a totally different Scenic accessories and stage apparatus, again, were necessarily reduced to a minimum, and partly as a result of this the 'action' in the new plays is of the most restricted kind Lastly, the plays, being no longer the sole business of a summer holiday, were greatly cut down in length, they began to be called InterIndes—that is, entertainments wherewith to while away the time after or before a banquet or other solemnity—and though they remained for the most part severely didactic, they now took a much greater variety of theme. Thus there are (1) plays intended to draw men to heaven by good deeds, confession, and

repentance, (2) plays denouncing vice and the temptations of youth, (3) controversial plays, advocating Protestant doctrines as against Catholicism, (4) plays on education, one of them with definite scientific instruction, (5) plays that are little more than pleasant arguments in verse, (6) plays for schoolboys or young undergraduates, with a good deal of rough merriment in them, and lastly (7) one or two plays that are satires, and come much nearer than their fellows to the modern drama, since they hardly make any pre-Of these seven tence of having a moral at all groups the first forms the link between the larger moralities, such as the Castell of Perseverance, and the interludes proper. The finest example is 'the morall playe of Everyman,' of which the head-title reads, 'A treatyse how the hye fader of heven sendeth dethe to somon every creature to come and give acounte of theyr lives in this worlde, and is in maner of a morall playe' 'Here shall you see,' says the Messenger who speaks the Prologue, 'how Fellowship, Jollity, Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty will fade from thee as flower in May, 'O to whom shall I make my mone?' sighs Everyman when the play is half through

O to whom shall I make my mone For to go with me in that hevy journay? First Felawshyp said he wolde with me gone, His wordes were very plesaunt and gay, But asterwarde he leste me alone Than spake I to my kinnesmen all in dispayre, And also they gave me wordes fayre, They lacked no fayre spekynge, But all forsoke me in the endinge. Then went I to my Goodes, that I loved best, In hope to have comforte, but there had I leest, For my Goodes sharply dyd me tell That he bryngeth many into Hell Than of my selfe I was ashamed, And so I am worthy to be blamed Thus may I well my selfe hate. Of whom shall I now counseyll take? I thinke that I shall never spede Tyll that I go to my Good Dede But, alas, she is so weke That she can nother go ne speke. Yet will I venture on her now My Good Dedes, where be you? Good Dedes Here I lye, colde on the grounde, Thy sinnes hath me sore bounde That I can not stere Everyman O Good Dedes, I stande in great fere, I must you pray of counseyll, For helpe now sholde come ryght well.

Up to this point the story follows the old Buddhist parable which came to Europe embedded in the legend of Barlaam and Josaphat But here the dramatist interpolates orthodox teaching on the sacraments, Good Deeds taking Everyman to Knowledge, by whom he is guided to Confession, and shriven and houselled. But in the end the old parable is again followed, for Beauty, Strength, and Five Wits gradually fall away from man as

he approaches the grave, and it is Good Deeds who abides with him and pronounces the prayer for the dying

> Shorte our ende and mynyshe our payne, Let us go and never come agayne

Under the name of *Elckerlijk*, a Dutch version of this play was written in the fifteenth century, probably by a certain Petrus Dorlandus. It is still a matter of controversy as to whether the Dutch playwright translated from the English or the English from the Dutch, but the latter altern. Ive seems the more likely

Of the plays denouncing vice and the temptations of youth, the Enterlude of Hyckescorner, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, is probably one of the earliest. Hyckescorner, after whom it is named, is a travelled rogue, who plays but a small part in the action, the chief characters being Freewill and Imagination, whom Pity, Contemplation, and Perseverance endeavour to keep in the strught road. What life there is in the play is derived from its allusions to contemporary manners of the unedifying sort, but it was apparently popular, for it was not only reprinted at a later date, but borrowed from by the author of an Interlude of Youth, which probably belongs to the reign of Queen Mary

In Lusty Juventus, which may have been written under Edward VI, we have a play of much the same sort, differentiated by controversial additions, Juventus being led astray from the Reformation principles in which he has been brought up till he falls from heresy into unclean living, from which he is rescued by Good Counsel and Knowledge Though dull in itself, the play is noteworthy for two things—In the first place, it contains a charming song

In a herber grene, a slepe where as I laye, The byrdes sang swete in the myddes of the daye I dreamed fast of myrth and play In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Me thought I walked stil to and fro, And from her company I could not go, But when I waked it was not so In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therfore my harte is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight,
Whiche is my joy and hartes delyght
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure

Its second distinction is that it was chosen towards the end of the century, by the author of a play on Sir Thomas More, to represent a typical interlude. It is recorded of More that in his young days, when plays were acted before Cardinal Morton, he used to step among the actors and improvise a part, and the unknown playwright introduces such an incident into his own work. More receives a message that the Lord Mayor of London, 'accompanied with his lady and her traine,' are coming to visit him. Hard on the messenger's heels arrive

the Lord Cardinal's Players tendering their services 'To have a play before the banquet will be excellent,' says More, and from seven which they ofter him he chooses the Mairiage of Witt and Wise dome, but is really served with a version of Lusty Juventus When the play should begin, the fellow who is to play Wit has to run to the property makers for a false beard, and though, at More's bidding, a start is made, after a while Inclination has to confess, 'Forsooth we can goe no further till our fellowe Luggins come, for he plays G od Councell, and now he should enter to admon the Witt that this is Lady Vanite and not L ly Wisdome, More himself supplies his place with a couple of improvised speeches, and then, though Luggins has arrived, dinner is ready, and the play is stopped 1

It has been worth while to epitomise this incident because it sets so vividly before us the manner in which these interludes were played. Of course, where the paymaster was a strong Protestant, or a strong opponent of the Reformation, the play wright would give a controversial turn to his moralities, and so help to keep alive the religious feuds which the Tudor monarchs especially dis Such theological interludes are specifically lıkcd forbidden in more than one royal proclamation. only a few of them have come down to us, the best being that of New Custom, in which Perverse Doctrine and Ignorance, dressed as Roman priests, are defeated by New Custom and Light of the Gospel, despite the help of Cruelty and Avarice

With these moral interludes that aimed at the reformation of manners we must mention Skelton's play of Magnificence, printed about 1530-soon after the poct's death Magnificence is shown discarding his good counsellors, Liberty, Felicity, and Measure, for the vices Fancy, Counterfeit Countenance, Clokyd Colusyon, &c, who impose on him by false names He is ruined, buffeted by Adversity, and assailed by Poverty, Despair, and Mischief Good Hope saves him from suicide, and Redress, Sad Circumspection, and Perseverance restore him to his former estate. The play has some passages of moderately good rhetoric, but it has been much overpraised, and ranks rather with the heavier than the more vivacious interludes

Of the educational plays the extreme instance is the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, probably written about 1520, and printed some ten years later. We cannot find room to quote the whole of its descriptive title-page, but the following paragraphs will be found sufficient to indicate its character.

A new Interlude and a mery, of the nature of the nu Elementes, declarying many proper pointes of Phylosophy Naturall, and of Dyvers Straunge Landys, and of Divers Straunge Effectes and Causis, whiche Interlude, if the hole matter be playd, will conteyne the space of an hour and a halfe, but, if ye list, ye may leve out muche of the sad mater, as the Messengers parte, and some of Naturys parte, and some of Lyperyens parte, and jet the matter will depend conveniently, and than it will not be paste thre quarters of an hour of length

Here follow the namys of the Pleyers

The Wessengere, Nature Nature, Humanyte, Studyous Desire, Sensuall Appetyte, the Taverner, Experyens, Ygnorunce also, yf ye lyst, ye may brynge in a Dysgysynge

Here follow dyvers matters whiche be in this Interlude conteyingd

Of the sytuacyon of the mi elementes, that is to sey, the Verth, the Water, the Vyre, and Lyre, and of their qualytese and propertese, and of the generacyon and corrupcion of thynges made of the commystyon of them

Of certeyn conclusions provynge that the yerth must needs be rounde, and that it hengyth in the modes of the fyrmament, and that it is in circumference above xxi m myle.

Of certevn conclusions provynge that the see lyeth rounde uppon the yerth

The programme which we are obliged thus ruthlessly to cut short is faithfully carried out, despite the temporary success of Sensuall Appetyte in carrying away Huminyté from the lectures of Studyous Desire to frolic at a tavern educational plays of a later date and less severe didacticism are John Redford's Wyt and Science 1550), and 'a new and pleasant enterlude intituled the Warriage of Witte and Science, licensed for printing in 1570, and very brightly and pleasantly written The Disobedient Child and The Nice Wanton, both of them late interludes, with real characters in them, are designed chiefly to warn parents against sparing the rod., The other three plays we have mentioned may all have been acted at schools or colleges

Of the purely argumentative interludes, John Heywood's Play of Love and the Dialoge of Gentylnes and Nobylite, which has been attributed to him, though without evidence, are excellent examples. The former is diversified by one of the characters pretending (as an illustration of his argument) to set another on fire, and in Gentylnes and Nobylite there is some little laying about with whips, but practically each interlude is the working out of a theme for discussion. Our coming-hither, says the merchant, when the Plowman's whip interrupts his discussion with the Lnight as to which is the better gentleman—

Our commyng hyder, and our entent, Ys not to fyght, but by way of argument, Every man to shew hys oppnnyon To see who coude shew the best reason To prove hym self noble and most gentylman

¹ The play of Sir Thomas More was printed for the Shake-speare Society in 1844, and this scene from it is quoted nearly in full in the Predecessors of Shakespeare, by J. A. Symonds. The und known dramatist lived close enough to the days of interludes for his picture of the performance of one to be accepted as trustworthy but his use of part of the text of Linty Juvenius under the name of the Mirriage of Butt and Wisdoms is confusing. Possibly the latter play was of his own invention. To the Protestant teaching of Linty Juvenius itself More would certainly have objected.

The other characters take the same view of their functions, and the discussion goes happily forward

Another play by John Heywood, The Play of the Wether, is almost equally argumentative, but has a good deal more stage bustle about it. Jupiter comes down to earth to hear petitions about the weather, engaging an amusing knave, Mery Report, to interview the petitioners. A hunt loving gentleman, a forester, a water-miller, a wind-miller, a fashionable lady, a laundress and a jolly schoolboy, 'the least [Le. smallest] that can play,' all come and ask for different kinds of weather, and wrangle with each other and with Mery Report. In the end Jupiter promises that they shall all have what they desire in turn (that is, as Meri Report foresees, English weather will go on much as before), and a bright little play ends in general contentment, and not without a moral as to the selfishness of human desires. This was probably a play for boys, and the same, we may be sure, was the case with an anonymous interlude, I hersites, which local allusions connect clearly with Oxford Originally composed probably as a Christmas play, this was acted, in the form in which it was sent to press, during the rejoicings at the birth of Edward VI —that is, in October 1537 The characters are only five-'Thersites a boster, Mulciber a smyth, Mater a mother, Miles a knyght, and Telemachus,' and the purport of the play is succinctly set forth in the head-title, 'Thys enterlude followynge dothe declare howe that the greatest boesters are not the greatest doers' Thersites, 'commeth in firste havinge a clubbe uppon his necke, boasts plentifully, and then persuades Mulciber to make him a suit of armour, Mulciber's interpretation of his request for a sallet or helmet, as referring to a salad (Woldest thou have a sallet, nowe all the herbes are dead?"), being, perhaps, the earliest English example of a stage pun. Provided with arms Thersites boasts so dreadfully that his mother becomes alarmed for his life, but a fine snail is his first antagonist (he has much ado in making it draw in its horns), and when the knight challenges him he flies to his mother for protection scenes of the same kind follow, and both the boys who acted in the play and their fellows in the audience probably thought it excellent fun. The borrowing of the names Thersites and Telemachus from Homer, and the lineal descent of the cowardly briggart from the Viles Gloriosus of Plautus, are points to be noted.

We have already mentioned two plays by John Mexicol, the Play of the Wether and the Play of Love, we have now to notice three others, which are distinguished from the other interludes at which we have been looking by their entire absence of any moral. Their author was probably born about 1497, and his name occurs in several entries in royal household books from 1515 onwards, showing that he was a singer and player of the virginals at Henry VIII's court, and was more especially attached to the service of the Princess Mary, from

whom in 1538 he received a fee of forty shillings for playing an interlude 'with his children' (that is, some company of boy actors) before her Mary's coronation Heywood made her a Latin speech in St Paul's Churchyard, after her death he seems to have fled to Malines, whence he wrote to Burghley in 1575 asking for some pecuniary fa our Two years later, by which time he must have been eighty, he is once more inentioned among other Roman Catholic fugitives, and then we hear no more of him till he is alluded to as dead, in 1587 Besides his plays he wrote a Dyaloge of Wit and Folly, six Centuries of Proverbs (that is, poems into which he worked all the proverbs he could think of), and a long and dull allegorical poem, The Spider and the Flie His plays with which we are here concerned are certainly free from these faults, save the Plip of Love they are ill short and all witty, though too often extremely gross. All of them were printed by William Rastell between 1530 and 1533, and beyond this we have not much clue to their dates. A merry Play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and neybour Pratte, contains an allusion to Pope Leo \ (d. 1521), but need not therefore have been written during his pontificate. In it a Pardoner and a Friar-whose characters and even some of the speeches are taken from Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales-invade a parish church, and both try to preach at the same time in order to gain money, they quarrel and fight, till in the end the Parson arrives The rest of the play may be quoted in full

Is ther any blood shed here betwen these knaves? Thanked be God, they had no stavys, Nor eggetoles, for than it had ben wronge ! edge took Well ye shall synge another songe ' Neyhour Prat, com hether I you pray Prat Why, what is this nyse fraye? Parson I can not tell you One knave dysdaynes another, Wherefore take ye the tone and I shall take the other, We shall bestow them there as is most convenyent For suche a couple I trow they shall repente That ever they met in this chyrche here! Neyboure, ve be constable, stande ye nere Take ye that laye knave and let me alone With this Lentylman By God and by saynt John I shall borowe upon presthode somwhat! For I may say to the, neybour Prat, It is a good dede to punysh such, to the ensample Of suche other how that they shall mell រោះជុំជំរឹង In lyke facton as these catyfes do ia hion Prit In good favth, may ster parson, vi ve do so, I e do but well to teche them to be ware. Pardon Mayster Prit I pray ye me to spare, For I am sory for that that is done, Wherfore I pray ye forgyve me sone For that I have offended within your libertye, district And, by my trouthe, syr, 3c may trust me, I wyll neser come hether more Whyle I lyve, and God before

Parson No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch!

I shrewe your hartys bothe for this lurche !

Since

Prat Nay, I am ones charged with the, Wherfore, by saynt John, thou shalt not escape me, Tyll thou hast scouryd a pare of stokys Parson Tut, he weneth all is but mockes! Lay hande on hym, and com ye on, syr frere! Ye shall of me hardely have your hyre, Ye had none suche this vii yere, I swere by God and by our Lady dere. Frere Nay, mayster parson, for Goddys passyon, Intreate not me after that facyon For, if ye do, it will not be for your honesty Parson Honesty or not, but thou shall se What I shall do by and by Make no stroglynge I com forthe soberly! For it shall not avayle the, I say Frere Mary, that shall we tryc even struyt way I defy the, churle preeste, and there be no mo than thou. I wyll not go with the, I make God a vow! We shall se fyrst which is the stronger! God hath sente me bonys! I do the not fere! Parson Ye, by my fayth, wylt thou he there?

Neybour Prat, brynge forthe that knave,
And thou, syr frere, yf thou wylt algatys raveFrere Nay, chorle, I the defy!
I shall trouble the fyrst,
Thou shalt go to pryson by and by!
Let me se now! Do thy worste!

Prat south the condense and the carron south the

For why I have moughe to do my selfe!

Prat with the pardoner and the parson with the free Parson Helpe! Neybour Prat! Neybour Prat! In the worship of God, helpe me som what! Prat Nay, deale as thou canst with that elfe,

Alas! for payn I am almoste dede,
The reede blood so ronneth downe aboute my hede
Nay, and thou canst, I pray the, helpe me!
An, if
Parson Nay, by the mas, fclowe it wyll not be!

Parson Nay, by the mas, followe it will not be!

I have more tow on my dystaffe than I can well spyn!

The cursed frere dothe the upper hand wyn!

Frere Wyll ye leve than, and let us in peace departe? Parson, Prat. Ye, by our Lady, even with all our harte! Frere, Pard Than adew, to the devyll, tyll we come agayn Parson, Prat And a myschese go with you bothe twayne.

That the rogues should thus have the best of the fray is quite in accordance with Heywood's humour In The Foure PP a very mery enterlude of a Palmer, a Paraoner, a Potecary, and a Pedlar, the Pedlar acts as judge while the others contend which can tell the greatest lie, the prize being won by the Palmer with the remark, most innocently introduced, that in all his travels he never yet saw 'any one woman out of patience.' In A playe between Johan Johan the husbonde, Tyb the wyfe, and Sir Johan the preste, vice is again triumphant. Tyb and the priest have an intrigue, which the husband rightly suspects At the opening of the play he is boasting of the drubbing he will give Tyb when she comes home, but she sends him to bid the priest sup with them on a pie Johan's cowardice incites the worthy pair to an amazing effrontery, and he is set to mend a pail while they eat the pie, its final disappearance rouses him to a flash of courage, but the priest and Tyb run off together, and after a moment's triumph it occurs to Johan that he must follow to see what

they are after—an edifying conclusion on which the curtain drops. It is evident that when such a play as this could be acted the secular drama had fully come into existence.

In addition to the medley of plays which we have already described, we must mention those of John Bale (b 1495, d 1563), Bishop of Ossory under Edward VI To the controversics in which his virulence earned him the epithet 'bilious,' Bale contributed an attack on monasticism entitled The Actes of Englyshe Votaries, and also The Image of both Churches His Illustrium Majoris Britannia Scriptorum Summarium (1549), a useful though inaccurate account of five hundred British authors, has given him a better claim to remembrance his twenty two plays only five are extant-A Fragedy or interlude manifesting the chief promises of God unto man, The Three Lawes of Nature, Moses and Christ, a Life of John the Baptist, The Temptacyon of our Lorde, and his historical play, King John, in which the king is represented as the guardian of English freedom against papal aggression The religious plays are formless productions, which certainly had no influence on the develop-Perhaps the same should be ment of the drama said of King John, which seems to have been originally written about 1550 and revised in the reign of Elizabeth. The allegorical element from the old moralities is still present in it, for Simon of Swynsett, who poisons John, must needs call himself 'Monasty call Devocion,' and be called by Bale 'Dissimulation,' and we find among other characters 'Privat Welth' ('lyke a Cardynall'), 'Sedycyon,' and more notable than these a personification of England But as a first attempt to dramatise history the play is not without interest, and there are some few dramatic touches, such as the poisoner's attempt to avoid sharing the draught, and his courageous acquiescence when

he finds it the only way to secure his victim Bale's plays stand apart, the others here noticed have been arranged so as to exhibit the gradual triumph of the secular over the didactic interest in the drama, which can actually be traced, despite its intermittent progress and what seems to us the strange persistence of the didactic element. Of two points which remain to be noticed in the history of these interludes, one is that the plays which have been presented to us, diverse as they are, do not cover the whole ground clear that there were popular performances of a much cruder character, which never attained the honour of print, for we find allusions by Ben Jonson and others to the parts played by the Devil and the Vice, of which only faint traces survive. The Vice (there is no doubt that the obvious etymology of the name is the right one) was dressed as a Jester, presented a humorous contrast to the stupider Devil, and at the end of the performance carried him off to hell on his In extant plays the Devil only appears once, while of the Vice we have no other traces

than the attaching of his name to a humorous character, such as Mery Report in Heywood's Play of the Wether Our second point is, that in Henry VIII's reign we begin to hear of companies of players of two kinds, boys and men The boys were school children, probably the choir-boys of royal chapels, the men were in the service of the king, or of some great nobleman, but probably took up acting as a profitable amusement rather than as their main employment. In a suit brought by John Rastell before 1530 against a costumier who had confiscated some dresses left in his keeping as a set off against a bill for erecting a stage in Rastell's garden at Finsbury, the witnesses called to appraise the dresses are a tailor, a currier, a skinner, a plasterer, and others of the like con It is thus evident that the love of acting which the miracle-plays had fostered in the members of the Trade Guilds was still alive, and that, as we might be sure without corroborative evidence, Bottom the weaver and Snug the joiner in the Midsummer Night's Dream are not mere absurdities, but the actual players of Shakespeare's boyhood amusingly caricatured

Heywood's play of Johan Johan the husbonde, &c., bears some resemblance to a contemporary French farce, but, with that exception-and the probable Dutch origin of Everyman—there is no trace of foreign influence in the English plays at which we have been looking. But Terence in the sixteenth century was probably more read in schools than he is at the present day, many of these plays were produced amid scholastic surroundings, and by the middle of the century the influence of Latin comedy upon English at last becomes apparent In Ralph Roister Doister, Gammer Gurton's Needle, and Jacob and Esau we have plots definitely worked out, and the earliest instances of division into acts and scenes. With the examination of these three plays and of the tragedy of Ferres and Porrex, written under the influence of Seneca, this section of the history of the drama will come to a convenient haltingplace. The first of these, which was quoted from in the third edition of Wilson's Art of Logique in 1553, was the work of Mehoias Udaii (b. 1505, d. 1556), who was headmaster of Eton College from about 1534 till his dismissal for immorality in 1541, was employed in Protestant controversy under Edward VI, and yet remained in favour under Mary During 1553 he acted as schoolmaster to the boys brought up in Bishop Gardiner's household, and from 1554 to a month before his death, in December 1556, as headmaster of Westminster school On the ground of an allusion to a balladmonger (Jack Raker), also mentioned by Skelton, Udall's play has been referred to the period of his Eton headmastership—that is, before 1541, but the fact that it is not mentioned in the 1551 and 1552 editions of Wilson's Art of Logique suggests the year 1553, when he was acting as Bishop Gardiner's domestic schoolmaster, as a more likely date, and we may imagine, if so, that it was the success of the play which caused Queen Mary in 1554 to direct Udall to prepare dialogues and interludes for performance before her In 1533 Udall had edited for scholastic use a selection of sentences entitled Flowes for Latine spekynge selected and gathered out of Terence, and the same translated into Englysshe, which went through several editions, and this play, though essentially original, shows marked traces of his studies in Latin comedy Ralph Roister Doister is a rich fool who believes that every woman loves him, a boaster and a coward (cf the Miles Gloriosus) In Matthew Merygreeke, who gets money and good dinners on the score of imaginary services, while he mocks him behind his back, we have the typical 'parasite' of Greco-Latin comedy Ralph insists on making love to Dame Custance, who is already affianced to Gawyn Goodlucke. Merygreeke, by changing the punctuation,1 turns a love-letter written for Ralph by a scrivener into an open insult, and when the Dame remonstrates with him for helping Ralph to pester her, frankly gives his patron away Ralph, attempting to carry off Dame Custance, is defeated by her and her wenches, and the play ends happily with the return of Goodlucke, the collapse of Ralph, and the reconciliation of Dame Custance and her lover The scene in which, despite the Dame's loyalty, the suspicions of Goodlucke's messenger are aroused, may be quoted as one of the most human incidents in the play

ACTUS IIIJ SCÆNA IIJ

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, SYM SURESBY, RALPH ROISTER, MATHEW MERYGRELE, TRUPENY

C C What meane these lewde felowes thus to trouble me still?

Sym Suresby here perchance shal therof deme some

And shall suspect in me some point of naughtinesse, And they come hitherward An, It

S S What is their businesse?

C C I have nought to them, nor they to me in sadnesse S S Let us hearken them, somewhat there is, I feare it

R R I will speake out aloude best, that she may heare it M M Nay alas, ye may so feare hir out of hir wit

R R By the crosse of my sworde, I will hurt hir no whit.

M M Will ye doe no harme in deede, shall I trust your worde?

R R By Roister Doisters fayth I will speake but in borde

S S Let us hearken them, somwhat there is I feare it. R R I will speake out aloude, I care not who heare it,

1 For example, the opening lines are read as— Swete maistresse, wheras I love you nothing at al Regarding your richesse and substaunce chief of al For your personage, beaute &c.

whereas the stops should come, clumsily enough, after 'I love you and 'substaunce. It is this passage that is quoted by Wilson as 'an example of soche doubtful writing, whiche by reason of poincting maie haue double sense, and contrarie meaning, taken out of an entrelude made by Nicolas Udal.

Sirs, see that my harnesse, my tergat, and my shield, Be made as bright now, as when I was liste in fielde, As white as I shoulde to warre againe to morrowe, For sicke shall I be, but I worke some folke sorow Therfore see that all shine as bright as sainct George, Or as doth a key newly come from the smith's forge. I woulde have my sworde and harnesse to shine so bright,

That I might therwith dimme mine enimies sight, I would have it east beames as fast, I tell you playne, Is doth the glittryng grasse after a showre of rame And see that in case I shoulde needs to come to arming, All things may be ready at a minutes warning, For such chaunce may chaunce in an houre, do ye

heare?

M/M As perchance shall not chaunce againe in seven

R R Now draw we neare to hir, and here what shall be

M M But I woulde not have you make hir too muche afrayde

R R Well founde 'sweete wife (I trust) for al this your soure looke.

C C Wise, why cal ye me wise?

S S Wife? this gear goth acrook.

M M Nay, mistresse Custance, I warrant you our letter Is not as we redde een nowe, but much better, And where ye hulfe stomaked this gentleman afore, For this same letter, ye will love hym now therefore, Nor it is not this letter, though we were a queene, That shoulde breake marriage betweene you twaine, I weene

C C I did not refuse hym for the letters sake

R R Then ye are content me for your husbande to take

C C You for my husbande to take? nothing lesse truely R R Yen, say so, sweete spouse, afore straungers hardly

M M And though I have here his letter of love with

Yet his ryng and tokens he sent, keepe safe with ye C C A mischiefe take his tokens and him and thee too But what prate I with fooles? have I nought else to doo?

Come in with me Sym Suresby to take some repast S S I must, ere I drinke, by your leave, goe in all hast, To a place or two, with earnest letters of his.

C C Then come drink here with me

S S I thank you

C C Do not misse

lucke

You shall have a token to your maister with you.

S S No tokens this time, gramercies. God be with you [Exeat

C C Surely this fellowe misdeemeth some yll in me, Which thing but God helpe, will go neere to spill me. R R Yea, farewell fellow, and tell thy maister Good

That he commeth to late of thys blossome to plucke. Let him keepe him there still, or at least wise make no

As for his labour hither he shall spende in wast. His betters be in place nowe

M M As long as it will hold

C C I will be even with thee, thou beast, Thou mayest be bolde.

R R Will ye have us then?

C C I will never have thee.

R R Then will I have you?

C C No, the devil shal have thee.

I have gotten this hourd more shaine and harme by thee, Then all thy life thou canst do me honestlie.

Of our other two comedies, the second, 4 newe, mery, and wittle Comedie or Interlude, treating upon the Historie of Jacob and Esau, has obtained less attention than it deserves, perhaps because of its Scriptural subject, it is, however, really a comedy, and a very pleasantly and brightly Besides the Scriptural characters written one there are two neighbours, an old nurse, and three servants—Ragnu, the unwilling attendant of Esau in his hunting, Mido, a boy who leads the blind Israc, and Abra, 'a little wench, servant to Mido, who practises walking with his Rebecca.' eyes shut against the day when he may himself be blind, and offers to 'scud like a little elf' on a message, is a really delightful small boy, and Ragau is an admirable comic servant, his unkind treatment by Esau being skilfully emphasised to deprive the latter of the spectators' sympathy The carliest extant edition of the play is dited 1568, but it was licensed in 1557-58, the probable date of its composition Without any specific evidence its authorship has been ittributed to William Hunnis, a minor poet who versified some psalms in 1549, and was entrusted with the charge of the children of the Chapel Royal by Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign he published several volumes of verse with pleasant titles, such as AHiveful of Honey, A Handful of Honey suckles,

Our third comedy, Gammer Gurton's Needle, comes still farther over the Elizabethan border, for it was played at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1566, and this (despite the earlier licensing of a play called Dyccon the Bedlam, a familiar character who appears in Gammer Gurtoit's Needle) was the probable date of composition The earliest extant edition is one published in 1575, and in this it is said to have been 'made by Mr S M[aste]r of Art? This Mr S was long identified with John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, but in an edition of the play in Professor Gayley's English Comedies (not published at the time of writing), Mr Henry Bradley, whose name is sufficient guarantee for the certainty of his conclusions, is to show that the real author is a certain William Stevenson, as yet unknown to The play itself suffers sadly from its pro longation through the five acts, which had now apparently become the fashion How Gammer Gurton lost her needle while mending her hus band's breeches, and how every one in turn was suspected of the theft till the said husband, on sitting down, became painfully aware of its presence in the mended garment, offered an excellent subject for an interlude on the lines of those of John Heywood, but is rather a thin subject for a On the other hand, Gammer Gurton's Needle is well written and full of rustic humour,

and is notable, moreover, for having preserved to us the old drinking-song

> I can not eate but lythe meate, my stomache is not good, But sure I thinks that I can drynks, with him that weares a bood Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care, I am nothinge a colde, I stuffe my skyn so full within of joly good Ale and olde Backe and syde, go bare, go bare, booth footc and hande go colde, But belly, god send the good ale moughe, whether it be new or olde

From this convival song, of which this one verse must suffice as a specimen, we turn to our first English tragedy This was published in 1565 by William Griffith, under the title The Iragedie of Gorbodia, whereof three Actes were wrytten by Thomas Nortone, and the two last by Thomas Sackvyle. Set forthe as the same was shewed before the Quenes most excellent Majestie, in her highnes court of Whitchall, the xviij day of January Anno Domini, 1561 By the Gentlemen of th' ynner Temple in London.' Five years later another edition was issued by John Day, under the title of The Tragedie of Terres and Porrex In the preface to this, William Griffith is scoffed at as 'one W G [who] getting a copie therof at some vong mans hand, that lacked a litle money and much discretion,' had taken advantage of the absence of the authors to 'put it forth excedingly corrupted,' a statement which rather exhygerates the faults in the first issue.

'The argument of the Tragedie' is thus given

Gorboduc, King of Brittaine, divided his realine in his life time to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the yonger. The people, moved with the crueltic of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and The nobilitie assembled and mot terribly destroyed the rebels. And afterwardes for want of issue of the prince whereby the succession of the crowne became uncertaine, they fell to civil warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

Among its aramatis persona we find these neatly arranged pairs

Dor la 1, a counsellor assigned by the king to his cldest sonne, Perrex

Parlander, a counsellor assigned by the ling to his yongest sonne, Porrex.

Hermon, a purisite remaining with Petres. Tinair, a parasite remaining vith Porrey A intimi, a messenger of the elder brother's death Nuntrus, a messenger of Hule Lergus rung in armes.

For once English literature had come under a foreign influence which, in appearance at least, reality was fir otherwise, for to receive the concep. I poetry as distinct from the drama.

tion of the trigic drima in any form vas a great gift, though we may well I ment that it came from the Latin rhetorician, Seneca, rather than from Eschylus, Sophocles, or Europides The litter, however, were but just beginning to be read, and Sencea to the men of the sixteenth century still stood out as the chief ancient tragedian, just as Plautus and Terence were chiefs in comedy, and his lifeless, unactable plays, with their long declamatory speeches and their absence of action, were regarded, even twenty years later by so good a critic as Sir Philip Sidney, as the true models of the tragic drama. How this model was displaced belongs to the story of the Elizabethan Here, meanwhile, is the beginning of Act v in this first English tragedy

Clotyn Did ever age bring forth such tirants harts? The brother hath bereft the brothers life, The mother she hath died her cruell handes In bloud of her owne sonne, and now at last The people loe, forgetting trouth and love, Contemning quite both law and loyall hart, Even they have slaine their soveraigne lord and queene

Mandud. Shall this their trutorous crune unpunished rest? Even yet they cease not-caryed on with rage In their rebellious routes—to threaten still A new bloudshed unto the princes kinne, To slay them all and to uproote the race Both of the king and queene, so are they moved With Porrex death, wherin they fallely charge The giltlesse king, without desert at all, And traitorously have murdered him therfore, And eke the queene.

Gwenard. Shall subjectes dare with force To worke revenue upon their princes fact? Admit the worst that may, as sure in this The deede was fowle, the queene to slav her sonne. Shall yet the subject seeke to take the sworde, Arise agaynst his lord and slay his king? O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes Are not rent out, even from their living breastes, And with the body throwen unto the foules As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest.

Tergus There can no punishment be thought to great For this so grevous cryme, let spede therfore Be used them, for it behaveth so

Eubulus Ye all my lorde, I see, consent in one, And I as one consent with ye in all I holde it more than neede with sharpest la i To punish this tumultuous bloudy rage I or nothing more may shake the common state Than sufferance of uproares without redrase Wherby how some kingdomes of mightic power, After great conque tes made, and florishin, In fame and wealth have ben to rune brought, I pray to love that we may rather wayle Such happe in them than witnesse in our selves

Tragedy, be it noted, has brought with it its appropriate metre, blank verse, but to account for was stifling and harmful. Even in this case the I this we must now take up the history of English

Wyatt and Surrey.

tere th West and Surrey, so come again (

for he real ling poers which we quitted it (

for it is death, and these two viters in a for ever some than Ladgate and Hoceleve, are his it mad to excessors owing something to his own teample, and much to the Italian influences to all the line insects was so great indebted.

L'e Chacer himself—and the point is of some intermediation of the professional didicticism, but were connected, only much more lightly with the cora and hied interesting and crowded lives. The elder of the two, Inomas Wyata, was the son of a Sir Henry Writt's hosteod well in the favour on Henry VIII. He was born in 1503 at his father's

ciale it Allington in Kent, and entered St Johns College, Cam ridge if the age of Lielie In 1520 hc took his master's degree, ind married Lhzabeth dugher of Thomas Frooks, Ford Cobbian His service at court seems to have begun as in equire of the bod, o the king, a dignity to which Chancer rose through preliminary In 1527 he enjoyed another of Chancers experiences, attiching him elf to the suite of Sir John Russell in a mission to Ital,, in the course of which he visited Venice, Ferrira, Bolog in, Florence, and

Ron c In 1529-50 he was High Marshal at Calais, and in 1533 was exercinate the marriage of Anne boten, ith show emisplaced ingenuity has represented him is having been in love. In May 1536 his sister a nited on Anne at her execution, and he his iself vis impresented in the lower from 5th May o 14th June apparently is a sympathiser with the quee L. In the following October he vas employed i, must he rebels in I incolnshire, and in 1537 was An ghted it disent, igainst his will on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V, from which he was not releved till April 1529 After he had been home but a port time he was sent on mother mission to the en sero", but in July 1540, shortly after his cent of return, come the execution of Thomas Crome ell the head of the Protestant parts, to s and W it belonged, and he was promptly ne ed in one of his lite colleagues of treachery d areanic behaviour during his Spanish entals and so in imprisoned in the Fover The claimed strughtforward defence procured his i

acquated, but his connection with Spain cost him his life after all, for in October 1542 he caught a chill in riding hastily to Falmouth to escort a Spanish ambassador to London, and died of fever at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire.

The career of Whatt's younger contemporary, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (a title of courtesy), was even more eventful. His grandfather, Thomas, Earl of Surrey, had fought against Henry VII at Bosworth field, but was pardoned and subsequently created Duke of Norfolk for his victory at Flodden. On the death of that duke, in 1524, the poet's father, another Thomas Howard, became Duke of Norfolk, and he himself, then a boy of seven or eight (he was probably born in 1516 or the following year), enjoyed the second title of Earl of Surrey. His youth was passed between Fen-

dring Hall in Suffolk and Kenninghall in Norfolk, and he was fortunate in having as his tutor John Clerke, an Oxford scholar, who had travelled in Italy, and knew and wrote both French and Italian as well as Latin From 1529, or carlier, Surrey was much in the company of the king's illegitimate son, the Duke of Richmond and Somerset, who in November 1533 was married to his sister, Lady Mary Howard, a union abruptly ended by the bridegroom's death in 1536 In October 1536 Surrey was knighted, and commanded a force



SIR THOMAS WYATT Mer Drawing by Holbern,

sent against the Lincolnshire rebels. In 1537 he suffered a polite imprisonment at Windsor for a blov given within the precinets of the court, and wrote two of his happiest poems, one recalling an earlier stay there with the Duke of Richmond, the other in honour of the nine-year-old Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, who had died a prisoner in the Fower in 1534. The poor little maid was now a pet at the English court, and Surrey wrote this sonnet, which has come down to us with the title, 'Description and praise of his love Geraldine'

From Tuskanc¹ came my ladie's worthy race Fair Florence was sometyme her auncient scate The Western yle, whose pleasaunt shore doth face Wilde Camber s² chis, did geve her lively heate Fo tered she was with milke of Irishe brest Her sire an Erle her dame² of princes' blood From tender yeres in Lintain she doth rest, With kinges child, where she tasteth costly food Honsdon did first present her to mine evne
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her vertues from above—
Happy is he that can obtaine her love

¹ The Fitzgeralds claimed descent from the Giraldi of Florence.
² Cambria—Le. Wales. ³ Elizabeth Grey, granddaughter of Eliza
Leth Woodville wife of Edward IV ⁴ The Princess Mary

In other headings to his poems as first published Surrey is spoken of as 'the lover,' and there is mention of 'his love,' and 'his lady,' but this is the only explicit reference to Elizabeth Fitzgerald Drayton, however, in his Heroical Epistles, inserts an imaginary letter from 'Gerildine' to Surrey, and in Nash's Jack Wilton (see below at page 332) Surrey is represented as touring Italy (where he never set foot) as a knight errant in her service. Working on these hints, in editing Surrey's poems in 1815, Dr G F Nott invented fancy headings, into which 'the Fair Geraldine' is dragged on every possible occasion, without any real justification, and the legend is not yet quite dead

In May 1541 Surrey was created a Knight of the Garter, in July 1542 he suffered a short imprisonment in the Fleet for challenging one John a Leigh, and next January took part in a foolish frolic in which stones were shot from cross bows at the windows of London citizens, and also at the houses of ill fame on the south side of the river The Mayor complyined to the Privy Council, and on 1st April Surrey was again committed to the Fleet. Here he wrote 'A Satire against the Citizens of London,' beginning (in Nott's edition)

I ondon! hast thou accused me
Of breach of laws? the root of strife!
Within whose breast did burn to see
So fervent hot thy dissolute life,
That even the linte of sins, that grow
Within thy wicked walls so rife,
For to break forth did covet so,
That terror could it not repress.

Before the Privy Council Surrey had simply con fessed that, 'touching the stone-bows, he could not deny but he had very evil doings therein,' and there seems no reason for taking this satire as seriously meant. In the autumn he joined the English force attacking Landrecies, afterwards visiting the Emperor Charles V at Valenciennes On his return he was appointed the king's cupbearer, and about this time began the building of a mansion at St Leonard, near Norwich, over which he exhausted his means. In 1544 he was present at the capture of Boulogne and at the unsuccessful siege of Montreuil In August 1545 he was appointed governor of Boulogne, then attacked by the I rench, and held his position there amid great difficulties till his recall in March 1546. At the end of this year the imminence of the king's death brought the strife between the Howards and the Seymours to a crisis and December Surrey was cited before the Privy

Council, and on the 12th both he and his father were arrested and sent to the Tower. A charge of making pretensions to the crown by using the arms of Edward Confessor, to which his family had a right, was trumped up against Surrey. He was condemned by a packed jury on 13th January 1547, and beheaded six days later.

Round Wyatt and Surrey, whose varied lives brought English poetry into a new atmosphere, sprang up, as Puttenham tells us in The Arte of English Poesic (sec infra, page 266), a new company of courtly makers,' of whom Thomas Lord Vaux (1511-62), Sir Francis Bryan (d. 1549), Nicholas Grimald (1519-62), and Thomas Churchyard (1520?-1604) are known to us by name With no patrons to please, it was characteristic of the 'courtly makers' for more than a century to let their poetry be passed round only among their friends, and it was thus not until June 1557 that (from the press of Richard Fottel, whence its familiar name of 'Tottel's Miscellany') there appeared a thin volume entitled Songes and Sonettes written by the right honorable Lorde Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey, and other This was reprinted, with alterations, the next month, went through six other editions (1559, 1565, 1567, 1574, 1585, and 1587) and formed a kind of 'Golden Treasury' on which all the Elizabethan poets were brought up. The first edition contained forty poems by Wvatt, ninety-six by Surrey, forty by Grimald, and ninety-five of 'Uncertain Auctours,' in the second edition thirty of Grimald's were omitted, and the poems of uncertain authorship increased by thirty nine

In addition to any defects due to posthumous editing, we must remember that Wyatt, in leading English poetry into fresh fields, had to contend with many difficulties. The printed editions of Chaucer were so corrupt is to obscure his melody, Wyatt was probably hardly a good enough Italian scholar to catch the secret of that of Petrarch, while English poetical diction had to be rescued from its dreadful polysyllables and built up ancw It is, therefore, not surprising to find that Wyatt sometimes halts between what he took to be a Chaucerian pronunciation and that of his own day, that, in introducing the sonnet into English, he neither followed Petrarch correctly nor hit on the modification of three quatrains and a couplet, invented by Surrey, and so gloriously handled by Shakespeare, and that his more formal verse is frequently slow of movement and sometimes impossible to scan As chance would have it, the first sonnet of his writing in 'Tottel's Miscellany' exhibits all his faults at their worst, and has more than once been singled out for unkind quotation If the reader will remember the Chaucerran spellings 'resoun,' 'scsoun,' 'condicioun,' facyoun, Wyatt will be seen to better advantage in this, entitled 'Of Change in Mind'

Lehe man me tell'th I change most my devise And on my faith, me thinke it good reason If a many that would be taken was a life that the one gure. It has been to better the one gure. It has been that the taken was a life that he of the condition, I have the taken that a liveral line to life the term in which nessed of the rise. But year, has one or nessed that than an most, I have to a to that the than an most, I have to a to that the still after one rate. The though a life that and kepe you in that state, and have with the do havel this werted gost, I have a direct hall not be variable, I that a cone, your owne, both firm and stable.

the tho shous part of Writts glory to have in troduced the sonnet into English it is not by his ten initiations of Petrarch or his own essays on the same lines, that his contribution to our hierature in it most furly be judged. His real innovation was the revival of that lyine il mood which had produced some charming snatches of Inglish verse in the thirteenth century and had then died away, even Chaleer having but a funt touch of it. In Wratt it is predominant and to illustrate it a few quotations are worth much disquisition. Here, from Notes edition of Surrey and Wratt (1816) which contains many poems not in Tottel's Miscellany, its one of the most often quoted of Wratt's lyrics.

Forget no vet the tried intent Of such a truth as I have meant, My great trivial so gladly spent, Forget not vet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can,
Forget not yet!

herget not yet the great assis, the ericl wrong, the scornful ways, the punful patience in delays, Forget not yet !

Forget not oh forget not this, How long ago hath been and is the nint hat never meant aims Forget not vet?

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long both thee so lov'd,
Who e steadfy t faith vet never moved
Forget not this!

Sented less well known than this is the stouthearted poem. To a ladic to answere directly with year or may,' for which we have the advantage of Mr Arber's reprint of Lottel's Miscellany (1870)

M dance, withouten mine worder,
there I am sure, you will or no
Ard it you will, then leave your boordes,
Ard is your ent int how it so
I ere with a lock you stall me call
And if or e, that burns alway,
Ye have prever in heard!
I'm wer mine you with Yea, or Nay
It is a Year of half the finne
If the Nate freezes as before
Y e half are for man of the
I there owne and your no more

Another poem, entitled 'The lover praieth not to be disd uned, refused, mistrusted, nor forsaken,' is a good example of the cumulative effect which Wyatt sometimes attains

Disdame me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so sodenly,
Sins well we wot that in my hert
I meane we not but honestly

Refuse me not, without cause why,
Nor thinke me not to be unjust,
Sins that by lotte of fantist,
This circfull knot neades knit I must

Mistrust me not, though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfastnesse
Beleve them not, sins that we se
The proofe is not as they expresse

Forsake me not, till I deserve Nor hate me not, tyll I offend Destroy me not, tyll that I swerve, But sins ve know what I intend,

Disdaine me not, that am your owne Refuse me not, that am so true Mistrust me not, till all be knowne Forsake me not, ne for no new

There is a touch of another kind in the poem beginning, 'They flee from me that sometime did me seke,' and lyrics which contain such stanzas as—

Blame not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me,
I or lick of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me,
I hough my songs be somewhat strange
And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my Lute,

or,

And wilt thou leave me thus
That hath lov'd thee so long
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say may! say may!—

in their feeling, their melody, and their simplicity of phrase break away altogether from the wordy rhetoric of Wyatt's predecessors, and are a worthy prelude to the best Elizabethan verse

Besides his sonnets and lyrics, Wyatt versified the Penitential Psalms, not very happily, and also wrote some satires, which may be illustrated by a few lines from that entitled 'Of the Courtiers Lite, written to John Poyns'

My Poyns, I can not frame my tune to favne, To cloke the truth for prayse, without desert, Of them that list all vice for to retaine I am not he such eloquence to bost, To make the crow in singying as the swanne, Nor call the lyon of coward beastes the most, That can not take a mouse as the cat can And he that duch for honger of the golde, Call him Mexinder, and say that Pan Passeth Appollo in musike manifold,

Mid->

Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde
Prayse him for counsell that is dronke of ale,
Grinne when he laughes that beareth all the sway,
Frowne when he frownes and grone when he is pale,
On others lust to hang both night and day
None of these poyntes would ever frame in me,
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way

The satiric note of indignation rings true in these lines, carelessly written as some of them are For such careless lines Wyatt has suffered much in critical esteem, but he had the root of the matter in him as no English poet had had since Chaucer, and deserves, for what he did as well as for when he did it, a higher place among English poets than is usually assigned him

In turning from Wyatt to Surrey it is usual to contrast the smoothness and finish of the younger poet with the crabbedness of the elder. If we look only to their sonnets the contrast is obvious enough, for Surrey had the wit to invent the spurious but effective sonnet form of three quatrains and a couplet—a metre in which smoothness is lightly attained—and easily surpasses. Wyatt in these poems. His sonnet to Geraldine has already been given, for another we may take his fare well to his squire, Clere, who saved his life at the cost of his own in a skirmish outside Montreuil

Norfolk sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead, Clere of the county of De Cleremont hight, called Within the womb of Ormond's race thou'rt bred, Anne And sawst thy cousin crowned in thy sight Boleyn Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase, (Ay me ' while life did last that league was tender) Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze, Landrecy burnt and batter'd Boulogne render At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure, recovery Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will, Which cause did thee this pining death procure, Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfill. Ah! Clere! if love had booted, care, or cost, Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost

The allusiveness of this closely packed sonnet no doubt hinders its popularity, but not many finer have been written, and the warm personal feeling which runs through it is not often found in Surrey's poetry. It appears in a lighter vein in the poem written during his imprisonment in Windsor

So cruell prison how coulde betide, clas
As proude Windsor? where I in lust & joye,
With a kinges sonne, my childishe yeres did passe,
In greater feast than Prims sonnes of Troy
Where eche swete place returns a taste full sower,
The large grene courtes, where we were wont to hove, hover
With eyes cast up into the maydens tower,
And easie sighes, such as folke drawe in love
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight
With wordes and lokes, that tygers coulde but rewe,
When eche of us did pleade the other's right
The palme play, where, dispoyled for the game,
With dazed eies oft we by gleames of love,

Have mist the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads above.
O place of blisse, renuer of my woes,
Geve me accompt, where is my noble fere comrade
Whom in thy walles thou doest eche night enclose.
To other leefe, but unto me most dere.
Eccho, alas, that dothe my sorow rewe,
Returns therto a hollow sounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
In prison pyne, with bondage and restrainte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe
To banish the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

Surrey's lyrics are both fewer and less striking than those of Wyatt, but in 'A praise of his Love



HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY
From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery

wherin he reproveth them that compare their Ladies with his,' he is seen at his best

Geve place ye lovers, here before
That spent your bostes & bragges in vaine,
My Ladie's beawtie passeth more
The best of yours I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sonne the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.
And thereto hath a trothe as just
As had Penelope the fayre.
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing scaled were

Than I with pen have skill to showe
I could rehearse, if that I wolde,
The who'e effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mold,
The like to whom she could not paint.
With wringying handes howe she dyd cry
And what she said, I know it, I
I knowe, she swore with ragying mynd

And vertues hath she many moe,

Her kingdom onely set apart, There was no losse, by lawe of kind,

not distro this arrangement which is the chief tu ning Joint in the history of the northern king don. The list iddition to its population, the dien Anal in people were soon to become the com nurt element in the north, to substitute their North I nel h or Angle in speech for the Anrious Celue tongues spoken in Alba, Strathelyde, and tallor is of the Scotland their laws and usages and to make Scottish civilisation what it has been The non-rely identified itself with its new Ingo in subjects and became gradually alienated from the original Celtic polity. To speak of the Lord indo to Scotling to really a misnomer, unless it be remembered that the name denotes a political illimice only in blood and tongue and temper the people of the Lowlands, though no doubt a very mixed rice, especially in the west are English rather than Scottish, and even in the west are as English is the people of I meishire or Cumberland ire Lughsh in a sense that the southern English are not. Angle in and not Saxon. The Lowlanders of Scotland are Scotch very much as the people of Brandenburg are Prussian The Branden burger though they have long been subjects of the Prussian monarchy, are in no wise Prussian in blood and are not even akin to the Prussians proper, the Slavonic or Lithuanian inhabitants of the distern parts of the kingdom The cession of Lothian in the eleventh century did not make it Scottish sive in its political connection. transist, it was the Anglian Lowlander who became the 'typical Scot,' the very antithesis of the Celt According to the authorities the Celt is imirble, winsome, impressionable, changeable and cisily discouraged, voluble in speech, witty and humorous, instinct with poetry and the love of irt - 'litimic' even where is we are told, the I'm hehm in is hard, matter of fact, repellent, prag matic, uns, mpathetic dull in perceptions. Yet on the same showing the Englishman is a very Celt -courteous, debon or chattering laughing, and chusive - is compared with the 'typical Scot,' who is described as dogged, dour, unimpressionable, undemonstrative, obtase to wit and sprightliness, and uncouth of speech, persistent, self issertive, and cautious and 'practical' to a pitch undreamt of in England, though (in the heroes ind heromes of novels especially ') possessed of earthin surprising and contradictory saving crices Verily the Lowland Scots ire Inglis ifsis Inchines and the actual Highlander himelf more closely resembles the typical Scot than he does the theorem if Celt

Micr the cession of Lothian is before, it was Northumbrian English that was the speech of the people there. Until the cession, Lothian was part of an Lughish kingdom, and Edinburgh was well within the limits of the country in whose tongue the first, reat writers of English spoke and wrote Cedmon and Beda, Cynewulf and Alcuin, spoke the torque common to York and Edinburgh, not the torque of London Winchester, and Canter

bury, and the great school or university of York, founded by Ecgberht, had grown to its highest fame ere Lothian ccased to be English territory in the fullest sense of the word. And it was a Lothian sunt—St Cuthbert—who spoke in a vision to Ælfred in his dirk days at Athelney, and en couraged him to make the stand that saved Britain from becoming Danish

In the eleventh century Scotland had nearly attained its permanent limits, although Oikney, Shetland, the Western Isles, and Argyll remained Norwegian, and although Strathelyde and Galloway were not fully incorporated till after 1125 Scotland was not yet a nation in the twelfth century, but it was well on the way It was in the eleventh century that the names Scotia and Scotland were applied to part of North Britain the Lothians were from the twelfth century recog nised as part of the kingdom the Angles (not the Celtic Scots) called Scotland, but not for long after this did the Angles of Lothian dream of calling themselves or their language Scottis The Scottis tongue meant till the sixteenth century the Celtic or Gulic language of the Highlanders of Scotland in the thirteenth century issued writs Scotis, Anglis, at Francis—to their Gaelic, Anglian, and Norman-French subjects Fordun says his countrymen spoke some of them Scotic and some Teutonic, the earlier Lowland writers called the tongue they used Inglis or English - Barbour, Wyntoun, Blind Harry, Dunbar, all professed to be writing Inglis Dunbar not merely professed to write Inglis himself, but regards his own as essentially the same language with Chaucer's, Chaucer is the flower 'of oure tong,' 'of oure Inglisch all the lycht.' It was 'm Inglis tong' that Kennedy, sneered at by Dunbar as a Carrick Highlander, undertook to instruct his ignorant countrymen Gourlay, vicar of Dollar, burnt as a heretic in 1534, was charged with teaching his congregation to pray to God 'in Englische,' and he admitted that, as his parishioners were rude and knew no Latin, it was forced on his conscience to teach them the ten commands 'm Inglische,' and the Lord's Prayer likewise 'in thair awin mother tounge' Lyndsay wrote in Inglisch, and praised Douglas as 'of our Inglis rethorike the rose.' Givin Douglas, writing in the very year Flodden was fought, and the author of the Complaynt of Scotlande, in the year after Pinkie -both it a time of special embitterment against the 'auld enemy' in the south-are the first Lowland writers who profess to write in Scottis But the long wars between England and Scotland had bred in the northern kingdom such an increasing antipathy to the southern foes that the northerners more and more disliked to be in any way mixed up with the English name from the middle of the sixteenth century Scottislater contracted to Scots, or in the English form Scottish and Scotch - superseded Inglis as the regular name for the Teutonic speech of southern

Scotland, the form Scots now frequently used even by English writers not being properly a southern English word at all, but a foreign and borrowed form. It stands to Scottis exactly in the same relation that Scotch does to Scottish, the first two being the northern, the latter two the normal southern forms

For centuries before and after the Conquest the Northumbrian from the Humber to the Forth But before, and was essentially the same tongue especially during and after, the wars that led to the assertion of Scottish national independence at the beginning of the fourteenth century divergences became more and more marked. 'South of the Tweed and the Cheviots,' as Dr Murray has said (in Chambers's Encyclopædia, vol ix p 248), 'the Northumbrian sank from the rank of a literary language used by poets, preachers, and chroniclers, to that of a local dialect, or group of patous, overshadowed by the king's English of London, and more and more depressed under its influence After 1400, or at least after the fifteenth century, it disappears from the view of the student. But north of the Tweed and Solway the Northumbrian remained the language of a court and a nation, it sprend westward and northward over districts formerly occupied by British and Gaelie (or it may be Pictish) populations, from which it sustained modifications phonetic and structural, it received literary culture, and especially contracted alliances with French and Latin on its own account, so as to acquire by the close of the fifteenth century dis tinctive and strongly marked features of its own not found in the cognate dialects in the north of England From the close of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century it was the vehicle of an extensive and in many respects brilliant literature, it was the medium of legisla tion and justice, and fulfilled every function of a national language. But a serious shock to its independent development was given by the Reformation, in consequence of the close relations between the leaders of that movement and the English Protestants, and the use of English books, especially of the English version of the Geneva Bible, printed at Edinburgh in 1576-79 followed the accession of James VI to the crown of England, the transference of the seat of govern ment to London, and the consequent disuse of the "Scottis toung" by the court and by the nobility, who found it desirable to speak the king's English, and gradually grew ashamed of their Scotch After this, few works were written in the native tongue, except such as were intended for merely local use. It became obsolete in public legal use at the time of the Commonwealth, and though retained a little longer in the local records of remote burghs and kirk sessions, it disappeared from these also by 1707. But though it thus became obsolete in official and literary use, so that Scotchmen thenceforth wrote in English tinged more or less with Scotticisms, or words, phrases,

and idioms derived from their native speech, it still continued, in several dialectal varieties, to be the vernacular of the people, and after a period of neglect it bloomed forth anew as the vehicle of ballad and lyric poetry, in Lady Wardlaw, Allan Ramsay, Burns, and their numerous fellow singers. But the modern Scotch, as well as that used in the dialogue of novels by Sir Walter and his successors and imitators, is, as we shall see, a very different tongue from the old literary Scotch, and is, indeed, very largely modern English written or pronounced in the Scottish manner.

The early literature of the Gael in Scotland-Columba and Adamnan, author, about 700, of the famous Vita Columba, were both Irish born -can hardly be discntangled from that of Ircland In the Middle Ages, though Scotsmen became familiar and prominent at foreign universities, Scotland produced few great thinkers or writers the Borders have a good (though not undisputed) claim to two of the most conspicuous European scholars of their time-Michael Scott in the earlier and Duns Scotus in the later years of the thirtcenth century Michael Scott, Aristotelian and philosopher, was even more eminent as astrologer and magician, and played a large part at the learned court of the Emperor Frederick II Duns Scotus, the 'Doctor Subtilis' of the Franciscans, renowned alike for his learning and his originality, divided the allegiance of the Schoolmen with the Dominican Thomas Aquinas, and for centuries gave the name of Scotists to half the medicial theologians of Christendom Their works, in Latin, deal with matters beyond our province

Dr Murray describes as Early Scottish all verse and prose down to about 1475-corresponding in time to the Middle English Period in England Middle Scottish comes down - not, of course, unaltered—to about 1650, when from a national speech the tongue had sunk to a dialect, and corresponds to early modern English outstanding fact about the early Scottish language is that it is identical with contemporary north English, insomuch that we cannot from the language alone say on which side of the Border a book was written (see pages 45, 51) The similarity will be easily seen on comparing the specimens of the Scottish work of this period with the extracts from English Northumbrian books given above, such as the Cursor Mundi (page 47) or the writings of Richard of Hampole The reader will find a specimen of northern English (not Scotch) as it sounded to Chaucer's cars at page 72, and will recognise many characteristic northern forms still current in modern Scotch - banes, atanes, rae for 101, bathe for both, as (1e zaes) for sous Even in Chaucer's southern English are many forms or pronunciations now preserved only in northern dialect, though not in origin peculiarly northern. Thus in our Chaucerian selections the northerne- will note with interest such words or Literatuie belongs to the older world Blind Harry is partly a reversion to the pre Chancerian type, although, is his been pointed out by Professor Skeit, he deo shows frequently both in rhymes and phrisis, the mentable influence of the misterpoet of the preceding century Lyndsay, whose rude but effective satires were enormously popular in Scotland, was rather a facetious 'Piers Plonman' than a Chaucerian, but borrowed phrases and ide is like the rest, both he and Montgomerie belong to the second or middle period. Scottish sixteenth century prose writers were a large and various company, here we need name as representitives of the prose of the second or middle period only two men of the foremost rank-know, the first really powerful writer of contemporary history in the English tongue, and Buchanin, who wrote very little in the Scottish vernacular, but is humanist and Latin poet took amongst the learned of Europe a place that had as yet been conceded to no writer of British birth During the second period of Scots writing, the language had undergone a double series of changes. On the one hand it had altered from its old self and become less like Middle English The Scots vernacular always in several ways remained more Anglo Saxon and less Norman French than southern English—contrary to what is often sud or assumed. But the spelling was modified in various ways, and the professional

speech, and were soon dropped even by writers Just so French sixteenth-century writers minu fictured masses of words from Latin and Greek that never belonged to the spoken language, but remained fectitious Yet 'Ciceronianism' had one 500d result in Scotland as in France at helped b to produce a rhythmical sonorous prose, in dig-

Reform ition

unthors had adopted large numbers of words direct from French and Latin—an 'aurente' style -which never formed part of the vernacular

> mified and well built periods. Now, as in the earlier period, the practice of translation from the French powerfully influenced literary style. On the other hand Scottish authors were being more and more directly influenced by southern literary English. The result became very conspicuous after the

> opponents with an unpatriotic tendency to Angle cise in his literary style as well as in his doctrine The Catholic virters, including the compiler of the Complayed of Scotlande, strove to write whit the, thought their national tongue without Loglish admixture, with a leaning to a French vocabu fire But the Anglicising process had begun and

> Chancer in, from the carliest of them onwards, showers marked trices of their master's influence on their style is well as on their thought. One of tre points that makes for James 1's authorship of the Kings Quar is that it is not veitten in posts but in such a mixed didect as might have become natural to a Scotsman long resident

become ineradicable long before

Knox was trunted by his Catholic

The Scottish

in England-'not true Northumbrian,' Professor Skeat says, 'but a singular and quite artificial language not ill adapted for literary purposes, with southern forms and even Kentish rhymes' Chaucer's and other English influences are patent in Henryson Gavin Douglas expressly admits that he cannot get on without southern words, and he uses many quite needless southern forms Alexander Barclay (see page 116), educated and settled in England, became an English author Dunbar, who in his youth had tramped and begged in England, wrote at least one of his poems in almost perfectly pure southern English, and in his Scots ones constantly uses southern as well as northern forms—go as well as ga, two as well as two and tway, alone and alone, stone and stane, goist and gaist, and with old, told, gold, and behold rhyming as in English Ιt must not be assumed, however, that an old Scots writer is Anglicising when he uses forms the modern Scotsman treats as southern Dunbar regularly has eris for men's ears, and lug only once and then derisively Ear was originally common to north and south, though modern Scotch has dropped it for lug significant that Allan Ramsay felt bound in a single one of Dunbar's poems printed by him, The Devil's Inquest, to alter the word devill into de'il no less than fourteen times, evir to e'ir, and nevir to ne'ir, besides making here as elsewhere other changes in spelling and wording (go, fro, roe, &c., regularly to gae, frae, rae, &c.), in order to make Dunbar more 'Scotch,' apparently, or to bring him into accordance with the -decayed and vulgarised-Edinburgh Scotch of 1724.

Nothing is more instructive for the history of the national tongue after the middle of the sixteenth century than the contrast already noted between the writings of the Roman Catholics of Scotland and their Protestant opponents Dr T Graves Law puts the case thus in the following paragraph

'The writings of the Roman Catholics of Scotland during the later half of the sixteenth century deserve some notice, for, while Catholics came less directly under the influence of English literature, if only out of opposition to their adversaries, they clung the more tenaciously to the native The contrast between the language of Ninian Winyet (see below at page 230) and that of John Knox is most marked Winvet even affected not to understand the Reformer, and wrote to him in 1573 "Gif you throw curiositie of novations hes foryet our auld plane Scottis quhilk your mother lent you, in tymes cuming I sall wryte to you my mynd in Latin, for I am not acquynted with your Southeroun" (Buke of Four The policy was suicidal, for Scor Questions) the number of Latin works of controversy published by Scottish exiles on the Continent can have had little or no influence on their countrymen at home. During the ascendency of the Catholic

Duke of Lennos, however, in 1579-1582, when there seemed hope of converting the young king, a more serious attempt was made to appeal to the people in their own language Mary Stuart had begged for Scottish missionaries on the ground that English priests were not sufficiently understood John Hay, a Jesuit expelled from Scotland in 1579, wrote urgently to his General of the need of books "written in the Scottish language," and early in the following year he printed at Paris his Certaine Demandes Father Parsons, who had just successfully introduced his secret printing-press into England, also wrote to the General (September 1581), "Scotland is to be won, if at all, within the next two years," and he announced the preparations he was making for sending into the north Catholic books in the vernacular "such as have hitherto been never or rarely seen in Scotland" Nicol Burne had published his Disputation concerning the Controversit Headdis of Religion in 1580, and John Hamilton, another secular priest, followed early in the next year with Ane Catholike and Facile Traictise A Scottish Catholic Catechism (Barberini MSS, Rome, transcript in Signet Library, Edinburgh) which was prepared in answer to Craig's Short Summe (1581), though left unprinted, is another indication of the controversial efforts of the time. Meanwhile, with the view of counteracting the new movement, John Craig had drawn up the famous King's Confession or Negative Confession, the first of the National Covenants signed by the king and his household, January 28, Its apparent Anglicising tendency provoked the taunts of Hamilton "Giff King James the fyft," he wrote, "var alyve, quha, hering ane of his subjectis knap suddrone, declarit him ane traiteur, quidder vald he declare you triple traitoris, guha not onlie knappis suddrone in your negative confession, but also hes causit it to be imprentit at London in contempt of our native language" Although at a later date a few other Catholic books appeared in the vernacular, they were far less distinctively Scottish The crisis of 1579-82 may be said to form a landmark in the history of the national literature, and it may be taken as significant also of the now still closer approximation of north and south on the side of the Protestants, that a catechetical treatise of John Craig on the "Lord's Supper," printed by Henry Charteris in Edinburgh in 1581, was issued simultaneously, with comparatively slight alterations, by Thomas Marsh in London, for the English Puritans'

Just about this date occurs such a marked decline in Scottish productivity as to form well-nigh a break in the literary history of the nation. The theological and political struggles and distractions consequent on the Reformation seemed so to have absorbed the energies of the nation that literature almost vanishes from view. About 1580, also, Professor Masson, looking at the question

saries 'Tyr-ibus ye Tyr ye Odin,' which Dr Murray holds is simply Tyr hæb us, 51 Tyr 3e Odin (i.e. 'Tyr keep us, both Tyr and Odin'), would therefore be part of a veritable litany to the ancient heathen deities of the land before Anglian war-gods 'had yielded to the pale god of the Christians.'

The most ancient Anglian document extant in this northern area is the inscription in runes on the Ruthwell Cross in Dumfriesshire, now again, after many vicissitudes, preserved within the church The cross has on it also sculptures, described in as many short Latin sentences The runic inscriptions, mainly on the narrow sides of the shaft, long defied interpretation, and were in 1823 strangely misinterpreted, on the hypothesis that the runes were Scandinavian. Not till after Kemble had rightly deciphered them as runes of the Anglo-Saxon type in 1840 was it found, definitely and certainly, that the poem in Northumbrian, part of which they contained, existed also in a West Saxon version in the Vercelli Book (see above, pages 15, 30), it is indeed one of the Cædmonian poems Stephens, to whom we are indebted for a complete rendering and a full monograph on the subject (1866), thought the cross with its inscriptions dated from A.D 680, Sweet and Bugge held it to be not later than 750, others have argued that the runic inscription cannot be earlier than 800, and others again that it may perhaps be as late as 950 among all these conflicting hypotheses, there is no doubt that the famous inscription is part of a poem in old Northumbrian on the rood of Christ, corresponding to that in the Vercelli Book. The first lines are, as transcribed by Stephens

> On geredæ hinæ God Almeyottig Tha he walde On galgu gistiga Modig fore Ale men,

The inscription throughout shows markedly northern forms, such as walde for wolde, the meaning of this part has been given above at page 10

The first contribution to our common literature made by the Anglian inhabitants of what we call Scotland may be earlier and much more noteworthy than is commonly recognised Falling just within the seventh century, it comes not from the Borders, not from Lothian, where the Northumbrian colonists first made themselves at home, but from comparatively remote North Ayrshire. The story of Dryhthelm as recorded by Bede is in substance a very early type of those Visions of Judgment-of Purgatory, Hell, and Heavenwhich had such a fascination for the medieval mind, it anticipates the voyage of the Irish St Brendan in the eleventh century 'to the mysterious land far from human ken,' and the descent of the Welsh knight Owen into Patrick's Purgatory in the twelfth century Dante's Divina Commedia is the culmination of such visions of the invisible, and

Paradise Lost has not a little in common with them. Bede tells us he had the story of Dryhthelm from Dryhthelm's most intimate confidant, then still living, and Bede's graphic Latin, professedly an abridged version of Dryhthelm's own account of the matter, no doubt gives us truly what the Cunningham laird declared he saw in the other world, in phrases that are a direct echo of his own across the intervening twelve centuries Skene thinks the incuneningum of the MSS is (through misreading the MS t for c) really for Tyningham in East Lothian But even if it be impossible to say certainly where Dryhthelm's home was, his story reflects the views on the future life cherished by the northern Northumbrians a century after Christianity had first been preached in And though the original Northumbrian words are lost to us, the narrative shows too vividly what people in the Scottish Lowlands were at that time thinking and talking about to be passed over in a work like the present

The twelfth chapter of the fifth book of Bede's History is wholly devoted to the story of a mortal 'who rose from the dead, and related many things which he had seen, some terrible and others de-Dryhthelm, Drycthelm, or Drithelmsuch was his very Anglian name-was head of a household 'in that district of the Northumbrians which is called In-cuneningum,' and led a Christian life, as did all his house. He sickened, and byand by he died at evening, 'but in the morning early, he suddenly came to life again and sat up, upon which all those that sat about the body weeping fled away in great terror, and only his wife, who loved him best, remained with him, though in great consternation and trembling' He comforted her, assuring her he was really alive, but warned her he must leave her and enter upon the monastic life. He now divided his property into three parts (one for his wife, one for his children, and one for the poor), repaired to the monastery of (Old) Melrose, received the tonsure, and lived in great austerity and universal admiration till his second and final When in winter he stood up to the neck in the Tweed, with bits of ice floating against him, and his fellows wondered how he could endure such a sore ordeal, he only said, 'I have seen greater cold'-as well he might !

He was not wont to relate to everybody what befell him in that dread night of 696 or thereby, but told it frankly to such as were likely to profit by the narration, and most precisely and frequently to his friend and fellow-monk, Hæmgils, from whom Bede had it, also to the pious and learned King Aldfrith of Northumbria, who, 'when he happened to be in those parts, very often went to see him' This was Dryhthelm's story

'He that led me,' said he, 'had a shining countenance and a bright gurment, and we went on silently, as I thought, towards the north east Walking onwards, we came to a valley of great breadth and depth, and of

ture in the Venerable Bede's work. It is Bede, too, who in his Life of St Cuthbert records the sayings and doings of the very greatest of the early Northumbrians of Lothian. The Life of Cuthbert was written about the same time as Adamnan's Life of Columba, most famous of early books in the Celtic region of Scotland, but both Columba and Adamnan were Irish born Scots

There seems little doubt that Bede's "reuneningum was Cunningham or North tyrshire. Though this district was within the British langdom of Strathelyde, that langdom was for nearly fifty years before 635 dependent on Northumbria. Of Kyle we know that in 750 Eadberht of Northumbria added it to his langdom, and most writers on Bede regard the identification of Cuneningum and Cunungham either as probable (Sievenson Plummer) or as certain (Haddan and Stubbs in Council). It does not, of course follow that the people of Cunningham were mostly Anglian at this time. For Dryhthelm, see Plummer's Bad's (Clarendon Press 2 vols 1850). Stevenson's translation, and Giles's The Distance of Christian Be grap is an Drychelm and for other similar visions, Plummer's notes on this chapter of Bede, and Plumpte's Dante (2 vols. 1850-57).

Next in date and in interest may be noted old words and phrases in the twelfth century laws of Scotland, long after the outlying portion of Nor thumbria beyond the Tweed had been ceded to the King of Scots, and some early charters.

More importance attaches to the often quoted verse recorded by the chronicler Wyntoun—a Cautus or lament on the woes inflicted on Scotland by the accidental death of King Alexander III in 1286 Wyntoun thus introduces it

Ile deyd suddanly,
This sang wes made off hym for thi
Qulien Alysandyr oure kynge wes dede
That Scotland led in line and le
Away wes sons off ale and brede,
Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gle,
Oure gold wes changyd in to lede
Cryst borne in to Vyrgynyte
Succoure Scotland and remede

placed

Wyntoun no doubt 'modernised the spelling to suit his own time (1420) but this earliest status in the measure of All people that on earth do dwell is doubless in the main a close rendering of the thirteenth-century dirge. For this means therefore, Laws (for Laws) is love, & is lea, shelter tranquillity some abundance.

That stad [is in] perplexyte

In 1295 songs were current in Scotland against Edward I—referred to in the Lanercost Chronicle as 'lyricæ camenæ irritationibus et abominationibus plenæ'—one of which, preserved by Fabyan, is an (imperfect) rendering of thirteenth century Scots in Tudor English. When, after the Scots had rebelled under Bahol, Edward marched north to invade Scotland, he besieged Berwick. But at first, in Fabyan's words, 'the Scottes defended it egerly and bete the Englysshemen backe, and brent some of the Englysshe shyppes, with the whiche enterprise they were so enflamyd with pryde that in derysyon of the kynge they made this mokkyshe ryme folowing

What? wenys Kynge Edward with his longe shankys To have wonne Berwyk all our onthankys?

Gaas pykes him, And when he hath it Gaas dykis him. When Kynge Edwards herde of the pryde of ye Scottes and knew of theyr scornfull ryme, he was somdeale amovyd,' returned to the siege with more vehemence, and ultimately 'wanne the toune'

Wengs is weens, thinks, all our onthanks, despite our opposition (See Geo Neilson, Peel its Neiling, 1896, p. 11)

Some small prose fragments have survived from this date. Thus at the battle of Falkirk (1298), Wallace, after making a paling of stout posts and twisted ropes, led his pikemen to the front, and, according to Rishanger (before 1312), said to them in their native tongue (dicens eis patria lingua), 'I have broughte youe to the ryng, hoppe yef ve kunne,' or 'Hy have putt ou to the gamen, hoppet yif ve kunnet.' In these grimly playful words—almost always oddly misinterpreted of dancing-the fierce west-country warrior was doubtless comparing his palings to the lines drawn in such ancient children's games as hopscotch or hop-score In Wright's Political Songs of England we find the line, 'And whan theih comen to the ring hoppe if his kunne'

Fabyan also tells us that after the victory of Bannockburn (1314) the 'maydens and mynstrelles of Scotlande' exulted over the southron, and gives (slightly altered) the rhyme he doubtless found in the Brit of Engelonde, a chronicle dating from the middle of the fourteenth century, which records that 'the maidens made a songe therefore in that cuntre of Kynge Edwarde of Engelonde, and in this maner theironge.

Maydens of Engelonde sore maye 3e morne
For that 3e han loste your lemmans at Bannokesbourne!
With hevaloghe!

What? wende the Kynge of Engelonde
[To] have gotton Scottland?
With rombyloghe!'

Limitans is sweethearts—heraloghe (or here-a loave) and romby-loghe (or rimbyloave) are jungles common in old songs. Fabyans version is apily introduced by Marlowe into his historical drama of Elward II. Our version is from MSS of the Brut in the Hunterian Museum Glasgow.

There were evidently Border ballads (see page 6) before Barbour's time, he excuses himself for omitting details of an English defeat on the Esk

For quha sa likis that may heir Young women, quhen that will play,' Sing it amang thame ilka day

Fragments of the laws in Scottish of Robert II and III (1389-98) have been printed, and a Scots letter of 1400 will be found at page 188

Huchown of the Awle Reale.—Difficulties amounting to mystery attend the personality and the work of 'Huchown,' although there is as explicit notice of him almost contemporary as there is of most early poets. Andrew of Wyntoun (see page 181), in the middle of an argument about the 'Emperour' whom Arthur overthrew, interjects an apology for Huchown's use of that term, saying that on that score he was free from blame

And men off gud dyscretyowne
Suld excuse and love Huchowne,
That cunnand was in literature,
He made the gret Gest off Arthure
And the Awntyre of Gawane,
The Pystyll als of Swete Swsane,
IL was curyws in hys style,
Fayre off facund and subtille,
And ay to plesans and delyte
Made in metyre mete his dyte,
Lytill or nowcht nevyrtheles
Waverand fra the suthfastnes

truth

Chiefly through the shrewd judgment of Sir Frederick Madden, the 'gret Gest' has been unanimously identified with the alliterative poem the Morte Arthure, the 'Awntyre of Gawane,' a few years ago equated by Mons Amours in his fine study of the Scottish Alliterative Poems with the 'Awntyrs of Arthure,' had previously been identified, as it will be again, with 'Gawane and the Grene Knight' (see page 52), while the 'Pystyll,' a rendering of the story of Susanna and the elders, has descended to us under its own name

The identity of the poet has excited the more discussion as, in spite of the personal references to him being confined to Scotland, his treatment of his themes is completely devoid of national or un-English indications, and the tests of language for his period are indubitably vague. Wyntoun does not say he was a Scot, but his allusion is scarcely compatible with anything else, and savours of familiar knowledge of a personage of the Scottish court. Nearly half a century before Wyntoun, John Barbour almost certainly quotes him, and more than half a century after Wyntoun, William Dunbar, in the Lament for the Makaris, mourns among his poetic predecessors

The gude Syr Hew of Eglyntoun

There are thus excellent grounds for claiming—what is no longer disputed - that Huchown was from the north Wyntoun's epithet of the Awle Reale (Hall Royal) and the surname given by Dunbar were long ago combined and held to indicate Sir Hugh of Eglinton, an Ayrshire nobleman, brother-in law of King Robert II, and holding various important offices under David II and Robert II The chief objection taken to this identification is, that 'Huchown' is a familiar diminutive associated with servants or others of inferior grade, and never applied to persons of rank. This, however, is an error, as the earliest vernacular instance of the name in Scotland hitherto pointed out occurs in a marriage contract of 1416, wherein the bridegroom is designated as 'Huchon Fraser, lord of the Lowat' (Lovat) is thus to be surmised that Huchown was a standard vernacular form of the name at that An objection has also been stated that the high religious tone of all Huchown's work was out of keeping with his being a layman, against this it is urged that happily the loftiest piety and purity are no monopoly of cleric or monk.

The argument against Sir Hugh apparently fails, and unless the chronology or other features of the poems themselves should some day be proved inconsistent with the claim made for him, he will be likely to hold the field

Sir Hugh was born probably between 1300 and 1320, as he held public offices before the middle of the century He was Chamberlain of Cunningham and of Irvine, then the chicf seaport of western Scotland, he was also Justiciar of Lothian and Commissioner for the Borders On the accession of the Stewarts to the throne he is found, along with Barbour, as an Auditor of Exchequer He was himself a financier from whom the Stewart king was a borrower His death took place about the time when Barbour's Bruce was being finished—in the spring of 1376 Sir Hugh, a kinsman of royalty, who was thus courtier, lawyer, treasurer of a leading scaport, and colleague of Barbour, made repeated journeys into England really or ostensibly on pilgrimage. Under David II (at whose court Sir Hugh held dignified place, and in whose company he at least once, but perhaps frequently, visited the English capital) the patriotic party had reason to be apprehensive of the much too friendly relationship established, after 1346, between their monarch and the English David's repeated visits to England had been of ill omen for the cause of Scottish independence, but we cannot be sure that the very causes bringing the two courts into sympathy did not tend to produce certain of those Arthurian poems attributed to Huchown, which betray no traces of patriotic Scottish feeling, and might, but for other evidences, be deemed English Besides, Arthur was a world-theme of chivalry, and chivalry was nearing its height before Richard II, its most luckless patron, succeeded to the English crown, accordingly there is little room for surprise at Scottish romance expositions of cosmopolitan chivalry

The latest theory of Huchown's poetical evolution turns largely upon a parchment manuscript in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, comprehending several Latin texts, among which are the Destruction Troje of Guido de Columpna (or delle Colonne), a work usually styled De Prelus Alexandri, the Charlemagne Itinerarium of the pseudo-Turpin, and the travels of Sir John Mandeville. manuscript was certainly not written until after 1356, and the theory is that the good Sir Hugh in his poetic career made from it the alliterative translation of Guido known as the Destruction of Troy, as well as the similar rendering of the De Prelus, recently published as the Wars of Alex ander These translations both show many unique or exceedingly remarkable agreements with certain exceptional features of the Hunterian MS, and from these it is contended that it most prob ably was the actual codes employed (Athenæum, 12th May and 16th June 1900) The Destruction had previously been claimed for Huchown on account of its many affinities to the Morte Arthure this conclusion the new argument repeats, while reckoning the Wars and still other works as products of the same industrious pen. Although the volume of literature thus attributed to one man is certainly large, it is to be remembered that the output of Barbour was most extensive, and that the entire series of alliterative works so accredited to Huchown would not amount to so much as the acknowledged achievement of either Chaucer or Gower The various pieces are brought very near each other by the same recurrent alliterations, by vocabularies which, when allowance is made for differences of theme, are much alike, and most of all by a power of expressive language, rising clear above the artificialities of alliteration, in vigorous narrative and description and earnest utterance of refined thought. Throughout, the sustained dignity of tone is even more remarkable than the fervently religious attitude Assuredly the author of these poems was a great master of expression, to whom the alliterative system presented no more restraint than did blank verse to Milton. These translations show the unwearied student acquiring an easy familiarity with the technique of the alliterative music of words, while engaged upon the task of learning all that the Latin and French literature of the period had to teach him of the great cycles of romance-of Troy and Alexander, of Arthur and Charlemagne, and of others of the Nine Worthies whose praises he perhaps celebrated, as if by way of summary of his life's work, in the piece called the Parlement of the Thre Ages (Roxburgh Club), partly translated from the French poems the Fuerre de Gadres and the Vaux du Paon, the latter of which dates from the first decade of the fourteenth century were long said for the soul of Huchown, at least of Sir Hugh, in the Abbey of Kilwinning, where no doubt his ashes lie. In this Ayrshire bard four centuries before Burns there are, as Wyntoun said, 'plesans and delyte,' a plenitude of medieval literature and an unsurpassed grandeur of style, albeit difficult at first—for his poems bristle with archaisms which distinguish him from Barbour, just as in the south they marked off Piers the Plowman from the Canterbury Tales

In the Morte Arthure, which tells of the king's campaign with and victory over Lucius the 'Emperour,' there are many chivalric episodes, amongst them being Arthur's combat on St Michael's Mount with the giant, five fathom long, flat-mouthed as a fluke, and shovel-footed with unshapely shanks'

Who the lenghe of the lede lelly accountes,
Fro the face to the fote was fyfe fadome lange '
Thane stertez he up sturdely one two styffe schankez,
And sone he caughte hym a clubb alle of clene yryne!
He walde hafe kyllede the kyng with his kene wapene,
But thurghe the crafte of Cryste at the carle failede
The creest and the coronalle, the claspes of sylver,
Clenly with his clubb he crasschede downe at onez'

The Lyng castes up his schelde and covers hym faire, And with his burlyche brande a box he hyme reches, Fulle butt in the frunt the fromonde he hittes That the burnyscht blade to the brayne rynnez, He feyed his fysnamye with his foule hondez, And frappes faste at his face fersely theraftyr! The kyng chaungez his fote, eschewes a lyttille, Ne had he eschapede that choppe, chevede had evylle, He folowes in fersly and festeness a dynte, Hye upe one the haunche with his harde wapyne, That he hillid the swerd halfe a fote large, The hott blode of the hulke unto the hilte rynnez, Ewyne into inmette the graunt he hyttez, Just to the genitales and jaggede thame in sondre, Thane he romyede and rarede and ruydly be strykez Fulle egerly at Arthur, and on the erthe hittez, A swerde lengthe within the swarthe he swappez at ones, That nere swounes the kynge for swoughe of his dynttes, Bot 5st the kynge sweperly fulle swythe he byswenkez, Swappes in with the swerde that it the swange brystedd, Bote the gutts and the gorre gushes owt at ones, That alle englaymez the gresse one grounde ther he

Lede, man coronalle ornamental top of helmet bax, blow fromonde, forehead fulle butt directly feyed, doomed, fisnamye physiognomy frapper strikes chevede succeeded festeness fastens hilled covered hulke, fellow immette entrails romyede groaned swarthe ground swonghe rushing sound sweeperly, swiftly swythe, quickly byswenkez recovers swange, long, englaymes, makes slimy

When Arthur returns from France to resume his own, and punish the false and rebellious Mordred, a great sea fight against Mordred's Danish allies is necessary off Sandwich before Arthur's army can effect a landing. This is described with a degree of technicality proving that the Chamberlain of Irvine knew right well the tackle of a ship

So stowttly the forsterne one the stam hyttis
That strokes of the stere burde strykkys in peces.
Be thane cogge appone cogge krayers and other
Castys crepers one crosse als to the crafte langes
Thane was hede rapys hewene that helde upe the mastes,
Thare was conteke fulle kene and crachynge of chippys!
Gret cogges of kampe crassches in sondyre,
Mony kabane clevede cabilles destroyede,
Knyghtes and kene menne killide the braynes!
Kidd castelles were corvene with all theire kene wapene,
Castelles fulle comliche that coloured ware faire!
Upcynes eghelynge thay ochene thare aftyre,
With the swynge of the swerde sweys the mastys,
Ovyre fallys in the firste frekis and othere
Frekke in the forchipe fey es bylevefede

Forsterne midships stim ships prow stere burde starboard cog, ship krayers small ship crepers grapnels hederapys hewene upper ropes cut conteke strife chippe, ships, cogges of kampe, ships of war kidd famous ufcynes, turrets (i) eghelynge edgewise ochene break frekis men frekke quickly fey, dead bylavefede, left

And so the battle goes on with Titanic fury, and the 'Archers of Inglande' shoot through the 'hard steel' of the enemy

Tille alle the Danes ware dede and in the depe throwene

The collected Early English Alliterative Poems, edited by Dr Morris, including the beautiful rhymed alliterative Pearl (see page 54), a veritable gem of

the Middle Ages, have been claimed as Huchown's The sea-pieces in the poems of that collection called Cleanness and Patience are peculiarly characteristic Here is part of his account of the of his manner voyage of Noah, from the former of those poems Noe had oft nevened the name of oure lorde, Hym astsum in that ark as athel God lyked, Ther alle ledez in lome lenged druye The arc houen watz on hyje with hurlande gotez, Keste to kythez uncouthe the cloudez ful nere Hit waltered on the wylde flod, went as hit lyste, Drof upon the depe dam, in daunger hit scmed, Withouten must other myke other myry bawelyne, Kable other capstan to clyppe to her ankrez, Hurrok other handehelme haspede on rother, Other any sweand sayl to seche after haven, Bot flote forthe with the flyt of the felle wyndez, Whederwarde so the water wafte hit rebounde. Ofte hit roled on rounde and rerede on ende, Nyf oure lorde hade ben her lodezmon hem had lumpen harde

Vevened named astrum a company of eight viz. Noah his wife his three sons, and their wives athel noble ledez, people lone, the ark druye, dry houen heaved, hurlande gotez, tushing waters, kytnez, regions uncouthe unknown voaltered weltered myke, critiches, bawalyne bowline hurrok oar rother, rudder, swaying, nyf, unless lodezmon, pilot lumfen, befallen

Surely the ark's voyage has seldom been described with more of nautical sympathy, while the picture it presents of that unique craft rudderless, mastless, and without sail or cable, but with God as pilot, is a poetic creation of a high order

See Sir F Madden's Syr Gawayne Bannatyne Club (1838) also Sir Gawayne (1864) Morte Arthure (1865), Destruction of Troy (1869-74) Early English Alliterative Poems (1864), Wars of Herander (1886) all publications of the Early English Text Society Dr Moritz Frautmann in Anglia (1877) discu sed the problems of authorship in a paper entitled Der Di liter Huchown und seine Werke Mr Israel Gollancz edited The Parlement of the 1 hre Ages Roxburgh Club (1897) An excellent general state ment on authorship &c. is given in M Amours edition for the Scottish Text Society of the Scottish Alliterative Poems (1897). For the claims of Huchown see G P M Neill in Scottish Review (1888), and Geo Neilson Athenaum 12th May and 16th June 1900 Mr Henry Bradley's suggestion that Awle Ryale was Oriel College Oxford, and Huchown thus an Englishman has been debated in Athenæum (22nd December 1900 to 23rd February 1901) and in Neilson's Sir Hew of Eglintoun (Trans I hilosophical Society of Glasgow, 1900-1901)

GEO NEILSON

Other Alliterative Poems -A number of early northern poems are written in a complicated rhyming stanza of thirteen lines, with systematic alliteration besides in the rhyming syllables characteristic form of the strophe has eight long lines rhyming alternately, followed by one other long line (called by Guest the bob-line) rhyming with the last four short ones (collectively called the wheel) As we have seen (page 51), it is not easy to say of some of these whether they belong to Scotland or the north-west of England Mons Amours, in his collection for the Scottish Text Society (1892-97), attributes The Awntyrs of The Awntyrs of Arthure Arthure to Huchown contains the apparition of her mother's prophetic ghost to Queen Gaynour (Guinevere), and a contest between Gawain and Sir Galeron of Galloway

in part adapts the *Trental of St Gregory* The first verse will serve to illustrate both the language and the rhythm—Tarn Wadling being a small lakelet in the heart of Cumberland

In Kyng Arthure tyme ane awntir by tyde,
By the Ferne Wahethelyne, als the buke tellis,
Als he to Carelele was commene, that conqueroure kyde,
Withe dukes, and with ducheperes, that with that dere
duellys,

For to hunnte at the herdy, that lange hase bene hyde, And one a daye thay tham dighte to the depe dellis, To felle of the Fernmales, in the Foreste well. Frythede, Faire in the fermy-sone tyme, by frythis and fellis Thus to the wode are thay wente, the wlonkeste in wedys, Bothe the kynge and the quene, And alle the doghety by dene, Syr Gawane, gayeste one grene, Dame Gayenoure he ledis

Ane awater by-tyde, an adventure befell, kyde, kythed, made known, famous ducheferes douze pairs the twelve paladins or knights, to humte hyde to bunt the herds that had long been hid, or undisturbed, thay tham dighte, they directed them selves well Frythede, well enclosed, fernysone, close time vlonkeste in tedys, gayest in raiment, by-dene together

The Knightly Tale of Golagros and Gawane is referred to Clerk of Tranent, named in Dunbar's Lament for the Makaris, who seems to have died about the end of the fiftcenth century There is at most a presumption that it may have been by him. The tale carries Arthur and his knights through many adventures towards the Holy Land, to which a very brief visit seems to have been paid. Most of the story befalls in France, and concerns a combat between Gawane and Sir Golagros, a knight of marvellous prowess who dwelt by the Rhone, and, vanquished by Gawanc, ultimately did homige to Sir Walter Scott presumed it was based on 'Celtic tradition' Sir F Madden proved the story to be derived from the Perceval of Chrestien of Troyes It is no mere translation, the author uses considerable freedom with the story, and the complicated stanzas, combining alliteration and rhyme, are very unlike the French original

Later Poems -Here we may briefly deal with one or two alliterative poems of considerably later The Buke of the Howlat, a poem in a similar stanza, seems to have been written by Richard Holland or de Holande, secretary to Archibald Douglas, Earl of Morry, a priest of the diocese of Moray and rector of Halkirk parish in Caithness. The poem, written just before 1452, is an elaborate apologue (largely a panegyric of the exploits of the Douglases), in which pheasants, cranes, swans, and the like represent patriarchs, cardinals, bishops, and other ecclesiastics, and the eagles, falcons, hawks, and so on represent the emperor, dukes, knights, and civilians generally The Howlat or Owl, ashamed of its mean appearance, appeals to the Peacock, the pope of birds Crows, wrens, cushats, moorfowl, the robin redbreast, the solan goose, and many more bear a part in the proceedings, the plan of which may have been suggested by Chaucer's Parliament of Fowls Especially interesting is the form here given to the tale of Douglas's famous expedition to Palestine with the heart of the Bruce. After the Bruce's death the good Sir James Douglas—about whom is first found in this poem the noble apostrophe

O Dowglas, O Dowglas, Tender and trewe-

enclosed the heart in a silver casket, according to his promise to the dead king, and bore it with him in pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The historical accounts make Douglas die in Spuin, fighting with the Saracens, the actual command given him by Bruce having been to carry it 'against the enemies of God' Holland, for the greater glory of the hero, makes him reach the Holy Sepulchre, consecrate the heart there, and afterwards die in battle with the Saracens at some place not specified

The bert costive he couth clos in a cler cace, And held all hale the behest he hecht to the king Come to the haly graf, throw Goddis gret grace, With offerandis and visions, and all uthar thing, Our Saluatouris sepultur, and the samyn place, Quhar he raiss, as we reid, richtuis to ryng, With all the relykis raith, that in that roome vas, He gart hallo ve the hart, and syne couth it hyng, About his hals full hende, and on his awne hart. Oft wald he kiss it, and cry 'O flour of all chewalry' Quhy Jeif I, allace 'quhy' And thoy, deid art!

'My deir,' quoth the Dowglass, 'art thow deid dicht'
My singuler souerane, of Saxonis the wand!
Now bot I semble for thi saull with Sarazenis mycht,
Sall I never sene be into Scotland'
Thus in defence of the faith he fure to the feeht,
With knychtis of Clinstindome to kepe his command.
And quhen the batallis so brym, brathly and bricht,
War joyned thraly in thrang, mony thousand,
Amang the hethin men the hert hardely he slang,
Said 'Wend on as thou was wont,
Throw the batell in bront,
Ay formast in the front,
Thy fays amang

'And I sall followe the in faith, or feye to be fellit, As thi lege man leile, my lyking thow art'
Thar with on Mahownis men manly he incllit,
Braid throw the battallis in bront, and bur thaim backwart.

Couth clos did enclose, benest he hecht, the promise he made, virious orisons, raiss—richiuss to ryng rose to reign in righteousness riv's, soon, gart caused syne con his hyng, then did it hang, About his hals full hende about his neck full reverently leif live, dead dicht given up to death singuler, unique Saxous the nand rod of the English, their scourge bot I semble unless I contend fure, fared brym brathly and bricht, fierce, impetious and glorious thraly, havely slang slung, hurled fays foes feye to be fellit fated to be slain, the lege man leile thy hegeman loyal lyking, to e darling, Mahomet's mellit, joined in battle.

The Douglas epi-odes recounted in the above-quoted stanzas po sess a double interest from the fact that they are, with some freedom of poetic handling taken from Barbour's Brice which is in two passages (Houlat lines 305 507) expressly cited as the writ of thar werk—that is the writ of the deeds not of Bruce only but of Bruce and Douglas. Barbour humself (Bruce in 33) had similarly stated it to be his literary purpose to extol the provess both of the Scottish king and of his gallant colleague, the good Sir'

James. Thus in every sense the Howlat is as it declares itself to Le a continuation of that earlier poetic tradition which in the Bruce found its classical expression. Although every attempt to prove the poem a political allegory has failed its laudation of the great house which rivalled the Stewart dynasty raises much more than a suspicion of a partisan object. In like manner the relation of its author to the Douglases while still in the ascendant, and his exile after their fall, tend to invest the Howlat with the piquancy of a document directly or indirectly saturical and fundamentally political. To the touch of doubt the mo t obvious fact becomes two-edged. The authenticity of part of the Bruce sheart passage quoted in the Houlut has been questioned in spite of the Howlats testimony of borrowing from the Brite Critics are found to maintain that the Bruce passage in question found only in Hart's printed edition of the Brice is an after in ertion, and copied from the Howart It is fair to say howe er that not until 1899 was there pointed out the clearness of the quotation by the Horelat of the passage from the Bruce

Rauf Coilsear, telling how the charcoal-burner entertained Charlemagne and was knighted, after prowess shown in a fight with Magog, a Saracen, seems to have been written about 1470, since it is referred to as well known by Gavin Douglas in 1503, and is named by Dunbar and in the Complaint of Scotlande Sir Roland, Sir Oliver, and the subjects are foreign, no French original for the story or poem is known, the setting is wholly northern. The poem is a picture of the life and manners of Scotland under James III and James IV

The writing of alliterative verse did not die out with Holland long after Chaucer's influence was markedly felt in Scotland we have occasionally alliterative stanzas in Henryson and Douglas, Dunbar wrote the Tua Marut IVemen and the IVedo in regular alliterative measures, without rhymes or stanzas, but with a superfluous produgality of alliterating words, and Kynd Kyttok is in a stanza closely resembling that above described. So is the Gyre Carling (page 109) No doubt some of the hardly-known poets commemorated in the Lament for the Makaris (see page 196) wrote knightly romances in similar measures

John Barboun.—Conspicuous among early Scottish writers is the venerable figure of the Archdeacon of Aberdeen The precise date and place of his birth are not known, but he may have been born near Aberdeen about 1316, so that he was an elder contemporary of Gower, and though born perhaps a quarter of a century before Chaucer, he seems to have died not long before him He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357, when, as again in 1364, he went with young scholars to Oxford, and he was chosen by the Bishop of Aberdeen to act as his commissioner at Edinburgh when the ransom of David II was debated In 1365 he obtained a passport to 'travel through England with six companions on horseback towards St Denis and other sacred places,' and in 1368 he again received permission to travel through England towards France with two servants. At home he enjoyed royal In 1373 he was clerk of audit of the household of King Robert II, and one of the

epic poem, The Bruce, was in progress, and in 1377 a sum of ten pounds was paid by the king's command, apparently as a first recognition of the work. This gift was followed in a few months by a royal grant of a perpetual annuity of twenty shillings For another poem on the Troy legend (of which fragments have been preserved) he received a pension for life of ten pounds a year, payable half-yearly The authorship of The Legends of the Saints is on strong grounds ascribed to him, and Wyntoun speaks of his having written a history of the Stewart fimily, 'The Stewartis Oryginale' The last payment which Barbour received was at Martinmas 1394, and entries in the chartulary of Aberdeen Cathe dral prove that his death took place on 13th March 1396 Barbour's anniversary continued to be celebrated on that day in the cathedral church of St Machar at Aberdeen until the Reformationthe expense of the service being defrayed from the perpetual annuity granted to the Archdeacon by the first of the Stewart kings in 1378, 'pro compilacione Libri de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Roberti de Brus'

Barbour's poem of The Bruce is in some 14,000 octosyllabic lines, which by no means rhyme smoothly, are sometimes little more than the sheer doggerel of the chronicler, and but rarely rise to the level of real poetry To call Barbour 'the father of Scottish poetry' is accordingly misleading, though his work is lacking neither in interest nor attraction, and in some respects is really poetic. If he is not altogether a poet, neither is he a mere chronicler, and, as is pointed out below, he drew extensively on French romances for his representation of Scottish events, deeds, and speeches As Professor Skeat has insisted, Barbour, though he professes to give us substantially 'soothfast story,' expressly calls his work romance, consciously or unconsciously he would embellish facts But we must not ascribe to that cause Barbour's most startling departure from historical fact-he confounds Bruce, competitor for the crown and grandfather, with Bruce the liberator and grandson, for this confusion is common to him with many other early histories of this period He makes his hero reject the crown said to have been offered to him by Edward, and so the same Norman noble whose claims had been finally rejected by Edward triumphs at Bannockburn, and the poet chronicler omits the fact that the grandson had sworn fealty to Edward and done homage to Baliol He sought to present in Bruce a true hero and patriot, throwing off the yoke of oppression, and all that could weaken the heroic picture was excluded With Bruce, Douglas is specially Almost all the personal traits and adventures of Bruce-all that gives individuality, life, and colour to his history-will be found in the pages of Barbour The rhyming narrative of the wanderings, trials, sufferings, and fortitude of the monarch, the homely touches of tenderness and domestic feeling interspersed, as well as the knightly courtesy and royal intropid bearing, tended greatly to endear and perpetuate the name of the Scottish sovereign. Bruce comforts his men by telling how Rome was brought low by Hannibal, but rose triumphant from her humiliation, and when he was himself in very cyil case, retreating across Loch Lomond, he entertained them with tales of French chivalry

The Kyng the quhilis merily
Red to that that was him by
Romanys of worth: I erambrace,
That worthily our commyn was
Throw the rycht doughty Olywer,
And how the duk peris wer
Assegyt in till Egrymor

The characters and exploits of Bruce's brave associates, Randolph and Douglas, are also admirably drawn Strange to say, Barbour makes no mention of Wallace, obviously for the reason already given-Wallace's presentment would have diminished the glory of the hero. He is perhaps at his best in telling a good story, a picturesque episode or anecdote. He has a singular gift for vivid description of the pomp and circumstance of war, and shows great skill in contrasting the magnificence of the English knights with the poor and hardy Scottish countrymen Amongst really poetic flights are Barbour's description of May, his account of the friendship between Bruce and Douglas, his tale of Bruce and the poor washerwoman, and the burst on freedom Dignity rarely fails him, he can always infuse true tenderness into his work, and in his fervid patriotism he strikes the note re peated all down the course of Scottish history to Burns and Scott-Scott, indeed, has repeatedly followed Barbour closely Of humour Barbour His poem begins with the story of has traces the Bruce, and ends with the burial of his heart at Melrose. It is an invaluable monument of the early language of the Lowlands, which Barbour, like the rest, calls Inglis

The first book contains the exultant burst in praise of freedom (225-240)

A! fredome is a nobill thing! Fredome mayss man to haiff liking ! makes-105 Fredome all solace to man giffis He levys at ess that frely levys! A noble hart may haiff nane ess, Na ellys nocht that may him pless, Gyff fredome fail; he for fre liking Is sharnyt our all other thing yearned for-over Na he, that ay hass levyt fre, May nocht knaw weill the propyrte, special condition The angyr, na the wrechyt dome, That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome. coupled with Bot gyff he had assayıt it, Than all perquer he suld it wyt, thoroughly (par caur) And suld think fredome mar to pryss Than all the gold in warld that is.

The preparations for the battle of Bannockburn are thus described in Book xi

274	On Sonday than in the mornyng,	-
3/4	Weill soyn eftir the sonne rising,	
	That herd the mess full reuerently,	\$00n
		mass shrove, confessed
	That thought till de in that melle.	die~melee
	Or than to mak thar cuntre fre	country free
380	To god for thair richt prayit thai	
•	Thair dynit nane of thame that day,	
	Bot, for the vigili of sanct Iohne,	
	That fastit bred and vatur ilkone.	each one
	The king, quhen that the mess ves dor	ie, was
	Went for to se the pottys 1 soyne,	500n
	And at his liking saw thaim maid	
	On ather syde the vay, well braid,	way
	It was pottit, as I haf tald	_
200	Gif that their fais on horss will hald	foes
390	Furth in that vay, I trow that sall Nocht weill eschew foroutyn fall escap	
	Throu out the host syne gert he cry	garred caused
	That all suld arme thame hastely,	proclaim
	And busk thame on thar best maner	
	And quhen that all essemblit wer,	
	He gert aray thame for the ficht,	
	And syne our all gert cry on lucht,	caused-aloud
	That quhat sa euir man that fand	
	His hert nocht sekir for till stand	sicker, safe
400	To wyn all or de vith honour,	die
	For to manteyme that stalward our,	struggle
	That he be tyme suld tak his way,	
	And nane suld duell with him bot that That wald stand with him to the end,	
	And tak the vre that god vald send	Y
	Than all ansuerd with a cry,	hour
	And with a voce said generaly,	
	That name for dout of dede suld fale,	fear of death
409	Quhill discumfit war the battale	Until
_	Bruce's encounter with Bohun is	dataslad at
	gth in Book xii	detailed at
	And Glowcister and Herfurd wer, With thair battalis, approchand ner,	
	Befor thame all thar com rydand,	forces
	With helme on hed and sper in hand,	
	Schir Henry of Bowme the worthy,	Bohun
	That wes one gud knycht and hardy,	Donan
_	And to the erll of Herfurd cosyne,	cousin
	Armyt in armys gude and fyne,	
	Com on a steid, a merk schot neir ma	rk shot, distance between the butts
	Befor the other that thair wer,	orange, the Butts
	And knew the king, for that he saw	
	Hym swa araynge his men on raw, And be the croun that wes set	so-in rows
	Abovin his hed on the basnet,	•
	And toward him he went in hy	bassinet helmet
10	And quhen the kyng so apertly	haste
7-	Saw hym cum forrouth all his feris, out	openly from
	In hy till hym his hors he steris,	haste
	And quhen schir Henry saw the kyng	1.4210
	Cum on for outen abaysyng,	without dismas
	Till him he raid in full gret hy	haste
	He thought that he suld weill lightly	
	Vyn hym, and haf hym at his will,	Win
	Sen he hym saw horsit so ill.	sprang together
50	Than sprent that saminyn in till a lyng,	on a line
20	Schir Henry myssit the nobill kyng,	

And he, that in his sterapis stude, Stirrups With ax that wes bath hard and gude With so gret mayn rought hym ane dynt, reached-stroke That nouthir hat no helme mycht stynt The hevy dusche that he him gaf, thunin clave the head to That he the hed till harnyss claf the brains The hand ax schaft ruschit in twa. And he doune till the erd can ga did go, fall All flatlyngis, for hym falgeit mycht, failed 60 This was the first strak of the ficht, stroke performed doughtily That wes perfornyst douchtely And quhen the kyngis men so stoutly Saw him, right at the first metyng, For outen dout or abaysing, Without hesitation or dismay Have slavn ane knycht swa at ane strak, Sic hardyment than can that tak, That that com on right hardely Quhen Ynglis men saw thame stoutly Cum on, that had gret abaysyng dismay 70 And specialy, for that the kyng So smertly that gud knycht had slayne, quickly Than that with drew thaim euir ilkane, every one And durst nocht than abyde to ficht, So dred that than the Lyngis micht 87 Owhen at the king repart wes, When that-returned That gert his men leif all the chass, The lordis of his cumpany 90 Blamyt him, as that durst, gretly, That he hym put in auenture To mete so stith a knycht and sture hardy-strong In sic poynt as he than wes seyn, For that said, 'weill it mycht haf beyne Causs of thair tynsale euirilkane' 1069 The kyng, thame ansuer maid he nane, Bot menyt his hand ax schaft, that swa lamented 98 Wes with ane strak brokyn in two From Barbour's lengthy account of the battle in Books vii and viii we give a few episodes 476 The Scottis men full denotly knelyt all doune, till god to pray, And a schort prayer thair maid that Till god, till help thame in that ficht 480 And quhen the Yngliss king had sicht Of thame kneland, he said in hyhaste 'Jon folk knehs till ask mercy' Yon Schir Yngerame said, '5e say suth now, That ask mercy, bot nocht at 30w Sou For thair trespass to god that cry I tell zow a thing sekirly, That zon men will wyn all or de, die For dout of ded thar sall nane sie ' fear-death-flee 'Now be it swa,' than said the kyng, 490 'We sall it se but delaying ' see-without He gert trwmp vp to the assemble, caused give the signal for On ather syd than men mycht se Full mony wicht men and worthy, All ready till do cheuelry Thus war that boune on athir syde, array ed And Ingliss men, with mekill prid, That var in till thar awaward, their vanguard Till the battall that schir Eduard Gouernyt and led, held straucht thair vay 500 The horss with spuris hardnyt thai, And prikit apon thame sturdely,

And that met thame right hardely,

¹ Pots-covered holes with spikes, to hamper and injure cavalry

Swa [that], at the assemble thair, Sic a frusching of speris wair crashing That fer avay men mycht it her At thar metyng, for outen wer, without doubt pierced through Wer stedis stekit mony ane, Mony gud man borne dounc and slane, And mony ane hardyment douchtely brave deed 510 Wes thair eschewit full hardely achieved That dang on other with vapnys ser, Sum of the horss, that stekit wer, stuck, thrust through Rusclut and relit right [roydly]. Bot the remanant, nocht for thi, nevertheless That mycht cum to the assembling, For that lat maid 13 cht no stynting, hesitation But assemblit full hardely And that met thame full sturdely With spens that war scharp to scher, 520 And axis that weill grundyn wer, well ground Quhar with wes rought full mony rout. dealt-blow The ficht was thair so fell and stout, That mony worthy men and wicht, Throu forss, wess fellit in that ficht, That had no mycht to ryss agane 541 The gud erll thiddir tuk the way With his battale in gud aray, And assemblit so hardely, Quhill men mycht her, that had beyn by, Till A gret frusche of the speres that brast crashing-broke For thair fais assalzeit fast, foes—assailed That on stedis, with mekill prid, Com prikand as that wald our ryd The erll and all his cumpany 550 Bot that met thame so sturdely, That mony of thame till erd that bar earth-bare And mony a stend was stekit thar, And mony gud man fellit vndir feit, That had no power to riss seit. rise—yet Ther men mycht se ane hard battale, And sum defend and sum assale, And mony a riall rymmyll ryde royal blow severe Be rought thair apon athir syde, dealt Quhill throu the byrneiss brist the blud, breastplates 560 That till the erd doune stremand aud gaed went The erll of Murreff and his men Moray So stoutly thame content then, That that wan plass ay mair & mair place On thair fais, the quhethir that war foes-whether Ay ten for ane, or ma, perfay, Swa that it semyt weill that that War tynt emang so gret mcn5e, lost-crowd As that war plungit in the se And quhen the Yngliss men has seyne 570 The erll and all his men be deyne forthwith Fecht sa stoutly, but effraying, without Richt as that had nane abaysing, dismay That pressit thame with all thar mycht And that, with spens and suerdis brycht [And] axis that rycht scharply schar, shore In myd the visage met thame thar Thar men mycht se ane stalwart stour. struggle And mony men of gret valour With speris, macyss, and with knyvis. maces 580 And other vapnys vissill thair lyvis weapons exchange Swa that mony fell doune all ded, The gyrss wox with the blude all red.

Drove

grass waxed

2 Weapons sorely

27 Thar mycht man her richt mony dynt blan And vapnys apon armour stynt, checked And se tummyll knychtis and stedis, With mony rich and ryoll wedis garments Defoulit roydly vnder feit. rudely Sum held on loft, sum tynt the suct lost their life-blood A long quhill thus fechtand that wer, That men no noyis na cry inycht her, noise, shouting Men herd nocht ellis bot granys and dyntis, That slew fire, as men dois on flyntis, struck Sa faucht thai ilkane egirly That that maid nouther noyis no cry, shouting not cry Both dang on other at thar mycht, 40 With wapnys that war burnyst brycht. 203 Than mycht men heir ensengeis cry, ensigns And Scottis men cry hardely, 'On thame! On thame! On thame! that fail!! With that so hard that can assaill, And slew all that that mycht our ta, overtake And the Scottis archeris alsua معلد Schot emang thame so sturdely, Distressing-210 Ingrevand thame so gretumly _everely 220 For that that with thame fechtand weir Set hardyment, and strynth, and will, valour With hart and corage als thar till, And all thur mayne and all thar mycht, To put thame fouly to the flycht foully 228 And fra schir Amer with the king Aymer de Valence Wes fled, wes nane that durst abyde, Bot fled, scalit on ilka syde scattered-every And thair fais thame presit fast, That war, to say suth, all agast,

Of horss and men so chargit wass, That apon drownit horss and men upon 340 Men mycht pass dry atour it then [The Bulk of Alexander and other Works aftelbuted to Barbour -- Entirely fresh light was in 1900 cast on Barbour's Bruce, explaining some of its peculiarities and furnishing an admirable key to its construction as a poem. As history it remains what it has always been, a prime document the veracity of which in essential substance and detail has been many times unex-As a poem, however, pectedly corroborated and to a restricted degree as history also, it was unquestionably influenced by the French [nerre Roman d'Alexandre, especially the de Gaderis and the Vaux du Paon, both of which, as we had occasion to notice, are be lieved to have been in the repertory of the mysterious 'Huchown' Barbour in the Bruce refers to the 'Forrayours' in 'Gadyris' (iii. 75), and the speech he assigns to Bruce at Bannockburn is in part a faithful rendering of the address of Alexander the Great at the battle of 'Effesoun' in the Vaux du Paon Barbour's citations include one passage from that part of the French Roman d'Alexandre which is

And fled swa richt effrayitly

That of thame a full gret party

337 And Bannokburn, beture the braiss,

I led to the wattir of Forth, and thar

The mast part of thame drownit war

nver Forth

brace, banks

filled

known as the Assaut de Tyr, and which was not, like the Fuerra and the Vaux, rendered into vigorous Scottish in The Buth of the most noble and vailseand Conquerour Alexander the Great, written-according to the disputed colophon-in 1438, printed about 1580, and reprinted for the Bannatyne Club in 1831 Attention having at last been called to the quite phenomenal relation between this poem and the Bruce, it is now contended that such overwhelming resemblances of so many lines through and through both poems-sometimes in matters of relative specialty, oftenest in mere commonplace phrases-are only explicable on the basis of the colophon being an error-perhaps for 1378-and of Barbour having himself written the Possibly, according to this view, the translation Scottish Alexander was in hand before the Bruce was written, and when the latter work was undertaken the poet's mind was saturated with reminiscences of his other task. At any rate, the amount of material common to both poems is truly extraordinary Historians as well as poets have ever exercised the right of making speeches for their kings and warriors, and Barbour did not go far amiss in heroically supplying for the Scottish monarch at Bannockburn a battle-speech equally poetical in its origin borrowed from Alexander the Great.

The Scottish Alexander is a vivid, energetic, wellrounded poem in precisely the metre, style, and diction of the Bruce, using the same rhymes and the same mannerisms repeated again and again Some of these have been found so characteristic as to admit of classification as idiosyncrasies of The Alexander, however, although a translation capital and most interesting piece in itself, derives its chief importance from the unique character of its connection with the Bruce The battle of Bannock burn as described in the latter is simply studded with lines identical with others in the Alexander The reader will best appreciate this from a few examples, which may be compared with the Bannockburn lines in the Bruce printed above

	•		
Alexan	eder .	1	Bruce
P \GE.		ВŁ	LINE
308	Vpone Tysday in the morning	17	374
347	Anc lytill before the sone rysing	M	375
15, 46	For to mantene ane stalwart stour	ır.	401
twice)			
319	Now cum quhat euer God will send	χı	.10
315	For dout of dede will nane the fale.	ХI	40,
	nlso	XII	. 488
417	To disconfit the great battale	31	409
46	Armit in armouris gude and fyne	ХII	32
390	And to the erd he gart him gr.	XII	- 58
415	Dang on other with wapnes seer	หม	511
353	Or hand ax that was scharp to schere.	XII	519
227	Throw fore was fellit in the fecht	χn	524
98	Thare mycht men se that had bene by	хíi	544
56	And mony knyghtes fell underfut		553-4
•	That had na power to rysc 5t		
226	Quhare mony ane rummill rude was set	X11	557
67	ın blude		'
	That stremand fra his woundis jude	XII	559-60

54 With dartis that richt scharpely share
410 In middes the visage met thame thare.
34 Thair men might sie ane stalwart stour
382 The grene gras vox of blude all red...
360 Of wapnys that on helmis styntis.
370 That kest fyre as man dois flyntis.
371 XII. 575
XII. 576
XII. 577
XII. 578
XII. 578
XII. 576
XII. 577
XII. 578
XII. 578
XII. 576
XII. 577
XII.

There are some hundreds of analogous parallels, and as the lines thus owned in common by the Bruce and the Alexander are seldom such as any author would be likely to plagiarise, although often far from being mere commonplaces of the period, the inference has been drawn that nobody but Barbour himself could have made the Scottish translation This conclusion has received ample corroboration from rhyme tests, and from comparison of methods of translation disclosed by Barbour's other works of that order It assumes that the colophon date-1438-must have been merely scribal or an error of the No doubt this fact presents a slight difficulty, but it is the only one which exists, and scribal errors and intentional changes were far from uncommon On the other hand, the date 1438 can only be accepted on the extravagant supposition that the translator was so imbued with Barbour's technique as to enable him to copy even his distinguishing error of rhyme, that of occasionally equating yng with yne Not only so it would require us to believe that Barbour and the anonymous translator both had recourse to Huchown when they wished to describe the month of May Huchown, translating Guido, had written in the Destruction of Troy (line 12,969)

Hit was the moneth of May when mirthes begyn,
The Sun turnyt into Tauro taried there under,
Medos and mountains mynget with floures,
Greves wex grene and the ground swete,
Nichtgalis with notes newit there songe,
And shene briddes in shawes shriked full lowde.

bright—woods

The Alexander has two descriptions of May especially noteworthy, because they differ from the rest of the poem in respect that seventeen lines out of twenty-three combine rhyme and alliteration. The Bruce also has two descriptions of May (that of Were or Ver being truly of the summer month) likewise remarkable for the quite exceptional and systematic alliterations they contain in thirteen lines out of twenty two

Alexander, page 107 In mery May quiten medis springis And foullis in the forestis singis,

¹ Dr Albert Herrmann, a German scholar had in his Untersitchingen über das schottische Alexanderbuch (1893) suggested that the translator of the Alexander in 1438 had learned the Briace by heart and thus came to imitate it so frequently and closely. Mr J T P Brown is, it is understood, publishing in Germany his view that the Briace was rewritten towards the close of the fifteenth century by a seribe who 'edited it by the insertion of romance embellish ments including the numerous passages from the Alexander. The ascription to Barbour of the Alexander was first made by the present writer in a paper on 'John Barbour, Poet and Translator read to the Philological Society in London on 22nd June 1900, when it was unanimously accepted as proved beyond doubt.

Professor Sheat, followed by Dr Metcalfe (Scot. Fext Soc. 1866), denied Barbour's claim. The renewed argument for Barbour by Geo Veilson (Scot Antiquary 1897, and Athenaum, 27th Feb. 1897) has met with no reply The critical views expressed in the present article are set forth in Geo Neilson's John Barbour Poet and Translator (Proc. Plulo! Soc., June 1900). J T T Brown : The Wallace and The Bruce Restudied (Bonn, 1900) denied the genuineness of the text of Bruce, and ascribed many of its best passages to John Ramsay, a late 15th-century scribe, who was thus credited not only with collaborating in the composi tion of the Wallace of Blind Harry, but also with redacting and embroidering the Brice, as written by Barbour This bold study in sceptical and reconstructive literary criticism was at once at tacked by Neilson from the historical base, and a keen controversy ensued in the Athenaum from 17th Nov 1900 to 23rd Feb 1901, on which a critic in that journal (9th Feb.) summing up, recorded the impression 'that in this problem historical criticism has proved With critics generally the authorship of the much too powerful Alexander remains an open question, and the discussion is not

Andrew of Wyntonn.-Andrewe of Wyntowne, one of the canons regular of St Andrews, who became prior of the Inch in Lochleven, did 'at the instans of a larde,' Schyr Jhone of Wemis, resolve to draw up chronicles out 'off Latyne in tyll Ynglys sawe' (which he calls 'owre langage') And inasmuch as his Chronicle is to expound the beginning of angels and men, he wills that it be called 'orygynale.' The angels are briefly dealt with, and he proceeds to 'Adame owre orygynale,' the Creation, the Fall (without specifying Satan's share), the 'spate of Noe,' and the Scripture history briefly, followed by some account of Egypt, Assyria, Rome, emperors and popes, till he comes to 'Ynglis and Scottis story' That he has little regard to the relative importance of events may be seen from the chief incident recorded under the papacy of Siricius (384-398), when-according to his authorities—St Jerome translated the Bible out of Hebrew, and St Austin received Christendom, and St Ambrose was making 'antemys and wersyklys & ymnys' (anthems, versicles, and hymns), at this time there was born a remarkable two-headed 'barne,' which, in addition to two heads ('hevydys'), four eyes, four ears, two mouths, two noses, four hands, four feet, twenty fingers and twenty 'tays,' had an inconveniently 'dowbyll wyt'-

For quhen the ta hevyd oysyd to slepe the one head used The tothir than wald walk or wepe, And quhen the tane wald tak the mete Than wald the tothir nevyr ete

The Orygynale Cronykil is in general merely a rhyming chronicle without poetical merit save a certain rude vigour and homely simplicity, though at times it rises to the level of poetry, and as a piece of literature it is greatly inferior to Barbour It contains the usual proportion of fables, but fewer than Fordun (see page 182), and makes no mention of the forty-four fabulous kings before Fergus, though the early chronology of Scotland is chaotic. The Cronykil is of no small historical value, especially for some periods of the national life, about the bishopric of St Andrews, for example, Wyntoun gives us more information than anybody else Andrew, who must have known a good deal of law, and often uses legal phraseology, became prior of

St Serf's island monastery about 1395, and brings down his record (written here, no doubt) to 1406 On doubtful grounds, he is sometimes said to have written the last lines in 1424. The date of his death is not known 'In honowre of the ordrys nyne of haly angelys,' he divided his work into nine books, of which five deal with sacred and universal history, and only the last four with Scottish story. It is not known what Wyntoun gave Andrew birth—there is one on the Haddingtonshire Tyne—or to what family of Wintons he belonged

The Flood is described with some force

Ane hundyr dayis and fyfty gude
The wattyris wox as that war woude
Off wellys waveryde wavys wyde
Oure hyrne and hyrst, fra syd to syde
The meeting of Macbeth with the Weird Sisters

(compare Bellenden, page 216) is thus described

A nycht he thought in hys dremying, That syttend he was besyd the Lyng At a sete in hwntyng, swa In till a leysh had grewhundys twa He thought quhile he wes swa syttand He sawe thre wemen by gangand, And that wemen than thought he Thre werd Systrys mast lyk to be. The fyrst he hard say gangand by, 'Lo, yhondyr the Thayne off Crumbaw chty !' Cromarty The tothir woman sayd agane, 'Of Morave ylondyre I se the Thayne!' The thryd than sayd, 'I se the King!' All this he herd in his dremying Sone efflyre that, in his yhowthad, youth Of thir thaindomys he thaine wes made, Syne neyst he thought to be King, Fra Dunkanyis dayis had tane endyng ! Duncan's The funtasy thus of his dreme Movyd hym mast to sla his eme. uncle As he dyd all furth indede, As before the herd me rede, And Dame Grwok, his emys wyff, Gruoch Tuk, and led wyth hyr hys lyff, And held hyr bathe hys wyff and queyne, As befor than scho had beyne Till hys eme quene, lyvand Quhen he was Kyng with crowne ryngnand reigning For lytyll in honowre than had he The greys off affynyte. degrees All thus quhen his eme wes dede, He succeedyt in his stede, And seventene wyntyr full rygnand As Kyng he wes than intill Scotland. All hys tyme wes gret plente Abowndand baith in land and sc. He was in justice rycht lawchful, And till hys legis all awful Quhen Leo the tend was Pape off Rome, [Really Leo 12.] As pylgryne to the Curt he come, And in his almus he sew sylver Till all pure folk that had myster poor-peci And all tyme oyeyd he to wyrk used Profytably for Haly Kyrke. At the siege of Berwick in 1290 the Scots de-

feated the first attacks of the English and burnt

their ships, the 'mokkyshe ryme' made by the Scots on this occasion has been given above at Wyntoun describes with malicious joy the rage and disgust of Edward 'with the lang schankis' on hearing of the disaster, and tells how he writhed with wrath and led a new host in person against the troublesome town, how, foiled again in an open assault, he had recourse to 'dissymbelatyoun,' and pretended to withdraw his armies, and how, having disguised them as Scots, with falseprinted banners, he returned again to the gates

Wythin the town the Scottis wes Rejosyd in till gret blythnes rejoiced Off that sycht, for that wyst noucht Off the desayt agayne thame wrought deceit Bot that trowyd, that thaire Kyng supposed That ost hade sende in there helpyng host For the the yhettis alsa fast Therefore-gates All off the towne that gert wp cast. caused And at thru yhettis oppvn then I ast thrang in the Inglys men, thronged And umbeset the Scottis thare, beset Or thu wyst welle, quhat that ware. Ere they The Inglis men thare slive downer slew All hale the Scottis natyowne, n hole That with in that towne that fand, Off all condytyowne nane sparand, Leryd and lawde, nwne and frere, Learned and lewd (vulgar)—nun All wes slavne with that powere Off allkyn state, off allkyn age, all kind of That sparyd nother carl na page Bath awld and showng men and wyvys, old-wives sucking bairns And sowkand barnys thar typt thare lyvys -lost Yhwmen and gentilmen alsa, Yeomen The lyvys all thu tuk thann fra The carnage went on a whole day—

Thus that slayand ware sa fast All the day-

till at last even the king was sickened, and

- 'Lasses, lasses,' than cryid he,
- 'Leve off, leve off' that word suld be.

The last two lines show what was the language of this very 'English' King Edward I, and of his commanders and camp But though Edward and lus nobles and gentry habitually spoke French (lasses 1s, of course, lasses), as doubtless Bruce, Baliol, and the Scottish nobles also did, Edward knew English, and is recorded to have sometimes spoken English.

The story of the defence by Black Agnes of her castle of Dunbar in 1339 against the English besiegers is told with spirit and with much detail, including a famous episode

Schyre Willame Mwntagw, that swa Hade tane the sege, in hy gert ma in haste caused make A mekill and a rycht stalwart engyne, breaching tower And wp smertly gert dres it syne, quickly caused That warpyt at the wall gret stanys hurled-stones Bathe hard and hevy for the nanys, Bot that nane merryng to thame made marring, injury And alswa qwhen that castyne hade, when they had cast Wyth a towalle a damyselle Arryid jolyly and welle

Winyt the wall, that that mycht se, To make them the To gere thaim mare anoyed be more annoyed Thare at the sege welle lang that lay, Bot there lytill vantage gat that,

For gwhen that bykkyre wald, or assayle, bicker, fight That tynt the mast off thare travayle lost the most part

The part of Wyntonn's Chronicle concerning Scotkind was printed by Macpherson in 1795 a complete edition was prepared by David Laing for the 'Historians of Scotland' series (3 vols. 1872-7). The Instorical importance of Wyntown is recognised by the numerous early MSS of the Crony Lil still in existence. See Mr Craigie in the Scottish Review for 1897 and in Augha for 1898. In 1900 the Scot tish Text Society was preparing an edition from an unpublished text

More than half a century before Wyntoun indited his Chronicle in the priory at Lochleven, a secular priest, John Fordun, canon of Aberdeen Cathedral, was gathering and recording the annals of Scotland in Latin Fordun is represented as having travelled far and wide throughout Britain and Ireland, with his MS in his breast, gathering materials, his labours having been vastly increased by the vandalism of the tyrant Edward, who had carried off the national records Fordun gathered a good deal of the material that later, in Boece's hands, blossomed out into the mythical history of early Scotland, for which only recent research has substituted authentic fact. He brought his Scotichionicon down to the death of David I in 1153, but had collected materials extending to the year 1385, about which time he is supposed to have died His History was then taken up and continued (also in Latin) to the death of James I (1437) by Walter Bower, or Bow-MAKER, abbot of the monastery of Austin Canons on Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth, who died in 1449. Bower and others made interpolations throughout and alterations, but as it is, the Scotichronicon is the principal authority for the history of Scotland before the fifteenth century. On early Scottish history-writing Skene thus sums up Fordun there were 'only short chronicles and lists of kings. The germs of much that was fabulous were to be found among them, intermingled with fragments of true history, but nothing like the spurious and fictitious history of after-times then In the Scotichronicon these fables are found digested into something like a chronological system, which formed the basis of the fictitious superstructure invented by historians of the school of Hector Boece (see page 212), but the narra tive of the Scotichronicon becomes more valuable during what may be called the historic period of In that of the twelfth and thir-Scottish history teenth it forms the indispensable groundwork of our annals, while in the fourteenth century it be comes a contemporary authority, but this is only true in so far as it is the work of John Fordun The additions of his continuators are not of the same value' until they in turn become contemporary historians, Bower's account of his own time is certainly important.

Shene's edition of Fordun (2 vols. 1871-72, with translation) does not contain Bower's continuation. The Scotichronicon as com pleted by Bower was edited by Goodall in 1759.

The Kingis Quair and James L.—The lustre that surrounded the name of James I of Scotland has of recent years been somewhat shorn of its brightness. With the real facts of his reign before us, it is now impossible to regard him as a king after the model of an Alfred or a St Louis, pursuing with undivided aim the happiness and well-being of all classes of his people. His claims also to be regarded as a poet have of late been Yet, after every abatement has been made, James must ever remain one of the most interesting figures in the history of his country His long exile and imprisonment, his undoubted personal accomplishments, and, above all, his early and tragic death, must continue to give him a place apart in the succession of Scottish

As the result of the latest research, much must be rejected or modified in the traditional accounts of James's life Born in 1394, he was the third son of Robert III, that amiable though feeble king whose difficulties with his unruly barons are so vividly set forth in the Fair Maid of Perth James's early education was entrusted to Bishop Wardlaw, one of the most enlightened Scots of his day, and subsequently the founder of the University of St Andrews. At this period it was to France that the studious youth of Scotland flocked for the completion of their studies, and as Scotland and France were then in the strictest bonds of political amity, there were at once public and private reasons for sending the heir of the Scottish crown to that friendly country That James was sent to escape personal danger there is no evidence to show view of his future career it would be hard to say whether the miscarriage of his guardians' purpose was of good or evil fortune. In the spring of 1406 James sailed for France, but was captured by the English off Flamborough Head. For eighteen years he remained a prisoner, and, though strictly guarded throughout the whole period, he received an education which, alike for his future as a poet and as a king, was probably of greater value than what even France could have afforded him made that sympathetic study of Chaucer which he turned to such profit in the Kingis Quair, and he acquired that knowledge of the English constitution which enlarged his views of his function as a king of Scots The traditional account which associates his exile so closely with Windsor Castle must now be set aside If he is to be thought of in connection with one spot more than another, it is with the Tower of London rather than Windsor Castle, for it was in that prison and asylum of princes that his longest abodes were made point of fact, however, his changes of residence were frequent throughout the whole term of his detention, and there are on record at least two visits to France, each of some months' duration

The death of Henry V in 1422 opened a way for the restoration of James to his native country, yet his return was delayed for other two years. At

length, in 1424, on the pledge of a ransom of £40,000, to be paid in six instalments, the Scots received back their king. With him James took as his wife Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, grandson of Edward III the relations of James and his wife before their marriage we cannot speak with certainty, for, whatever view we take of the authorship of the Kingis Quair-the 'King's Quire or Book'-the very nature of that poem precludes us from taking its statements as matters of fact. Yet their union may have been one of love as well as policy Their married life was happy, and if we may measure Joan's attachment to her husband by the ferocity of her revenge on his assassins, that attachment must have been great indeed

During his actual reign of thirteen years it would seem as if James were pursued by a sense of the years he had lost in his long evile. His well-known saying, 'I will make the key keep the castle, and the bracken-bush the cow', expresses at least the general aim of his policy. Of his energy and capacity as a ruler even the meagre record of his actions that has been preserved affords conclusive proof Yet the course and conclusion of his reign leave us in little doubt that his energy was not directed by tact and prudence, and that the aggrandisement of the Crown lay as near his heart as the general good of his people. By his violent and illegal confiscations he alienated the majority of his nobles, and by rash impositions he made himself unpopular with his subjects at large. His assassination (1437) in the Blackfriars' Convent at Perth was the issue of personal revenge; but even the circumstances of his end, so fitted to touch the heart of a people, gave him no place in the memory of his countrymen such as was held by his descendants James IV and James V

It is strange to turn from the picture of the king, energetic, hard, and even unscrupulous, to that of the poet who idealised his love in such a poem as the Kingis Quair Yet, independently of the evidence of his poetry, we know that James was keenly susceptible to the lighter graces of life. He was an adept in all manly sports, he sang and he played several instruments, and he took delight in drawing and painting and gardening. Of all the learning of the time, and specially of the art of poetry, he was an ardent student, and it was doubtless this reputation which led to his being accredited with the authorship of several poems now dissociated from his name. The Kingis Quair and A Ballad of Good Counsel-of all the poems that have been attributed to him these are the only two that his most competent editor, Professor Skeat, accepts as indisputably the work of James The Song on Absence, Peblis to the Play, Chrystis Kirk of the Grene, cannot, according to Professor Sheat, be ascribed to him 'with any show of reason'-a conclusion contested by Mr Henderson in his Scottish Vernacular Literature (1898) But scepticism

has not stopped short even here, and it has lately been maintained that we have no certainty that the Kingis Quair itself is from the hand of The case against James may be briefly stated the copyist of the only manuscript which exists errs in assigning certain poems to Chaucer, and he may also err in the case of James, the references of the early Scottish historians to James's poetry are so vague that they leave the question open, in lists of Scottish poets by Dunbar and Sir David Lyndsay respectively there is no mention of James I, in the poem itself there are errors of fact regarding James's life which could not have been made had James himself been its author, and, lastly, the poem is an imitation, both in language and structure, of the pseudo Chaucerian Court of Love, which, though it was first printed as Chaucer's in 1561, and was long believed to be his, was certainly not written before 1450 This is not the place to discuss a question which perhaps only a combination of literary, philological, and historical experts could adequately handle, but it may be said that the majority of critics continue to declare in favour of the authenticity of the poem

One fact, heretofore overlooked, may here be noted as not without significance. James's household seems to have been a veritable nest of royal singing birds. In an age when women were not usually conspicuous in letters, no less than three of James's six daughters attained literary fame on the Continent. The unhappy Marguérite d'Ecosse, married to the Dauphin who became Louis XI, sought in poetry consolation for her husband's neglect, and was not merely the friend and patron of poets, but spent many a sleepless night in writ ing rondeaux Her next sister, Isabel, Duchess of Bretagne, was credited with a touching poem (in French) on Marguérite's early death. The fourth daughter of the house, Eleanor, was the wife of Sigismund, Archduke of Austria, and she took high rank amongst the vernacular German writers of the fifteenth century by her translation of an old French romance, long a model for German authors

Since the day when the Kingis Quair was given to the world, it has always been regarded as an exceptionally interesting poem Washington Irving only expresses the opinions of successive generations of readers when he speaks of its 'delightful artlessness and urbanity,' and 'its refinement and exquisite delicacy, banishing every gross thought or immodest expression, Regarded as an artistic whole, indeed, the poem has serious defects. The six different sections of which it is composed are not fused by the unconscious logic of passion and imagination, and appear to have been prompted merely by the conventional models of the time. In this regard, the Court of Love, with which it challenges comparison, has a distinct superiority, but, on the other hand, in the natural and beautiful expression of the sentiment of rapturous love which is the theme

of both, there can be no hesitation in choosing between the two poems. In the Court of Love a certain hardness and commonness of tone repels us in its most highly-wrought passages, but the poet of the Kingis Quair is the ideal lover throughout. It is this impression we receive from the poem of a nature inherently formed for love that, together with its pure poetic quality, has ensured to the Kingis Quair its peculiar place in the species of imaginative literature to which it belongs

A Ballad of Good Coursel

Sen throu vertew encressis dignite,

And vertew flour and rut is of noblay,
Of ony weill or quhat estat thou be,
His steppis sew, and dreid thee non effray
Exil al vice, and folow trewth alway

each

grass-soon

Luf maist thy God, that first thy luf began, And for ilk inch he wil thee quyt a span

Be not our proud in thy prosperite,

For as it cumis, sa wil it pas away,
Thy tym to compt is schort, thou may weill se,
For of green gres soyn cumis walowit hay
Labour in trewth, quhill licht is of the day
Trust maist in God, for he best gyd thee can,
And for ilk inch he wil thee quyt a span.

Sen word is thrall, and thocht is only fre,

Thou dant thy tung, that power hes and may, restrain
Thou steik thyn een fra warldis vanite, shut—eyes
Refrein thy lust, and harkin quhat I say,
Graip or thou slyd, and creip furth on the way,
Keip thy behest unto thy God and man,
And for ilk inch he wil thee quyt a span

From the Kingis Quair'

Quhare as in stripte ward and in strong prisoun,
So fer forth, of my lyf the heup lyne,
Without confort, in sorowe abandoun,
The second sistere lukit hath to twyne,
Nere by the space of zeris twise nyne,
Till Iupiter his merci list aduert,
And send confort in relesche of my smert

Quhare as in ward full oft I wold bewulle

My dedely lyf, full of peyne and penance,
Sung ryght thus, quhat haue I gilt to faille

My fredome in this warld and iny plesance?

Sen euery wight has thereof suffisance,
That I behold, and I a creature

Put from all this—hard is myn auenture!

The bird, the beste, the fisch eke in the see,

They lyve in fredome euclich in his kynd,

And I a man, and lakkith libertee,

Quhat schill I seyne, quhat resoun may I fynd,

That fortune suld do so? thus in my mynd

My folk I wold argewe, bot all for noght,

attendants

Was non that myght, that on my peynes rought. recked

Than wold I say, 'gif god me had deuisit
To lyve my lyf in thraldome thus and pyne,
Quhat was the cause that he me more comprisit
Than other folk to lyve in suich ruyne?
I suffer allone amang the figures nyne,
Ane wofull wrecche that to no wight may spede,
And 5it of euery lyvis help hath nede.'

thee

haste

mean

The longe daves and the nyghtis cke
I wold bewaille my fortune in this wise,
For quhich, again distresse confort to scke,
My custum was on morms for to ryse
Airly as day, o happy exercise!
By the come I to toye out of turment
Bot now to purpose of my first entent—

Bewailing in my chamber thus allone,
Despetred of all tope and remedye,
For tirit of my thoght, and we begone,
Unto the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
To se the warld and folk that went forby,
As for the tyme, though I of mirthis fude
Myght haue no more, to luke it did me gude

Now was there maid fast by the touris wall A gardyn faire, and in the corners set. Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small Railit about, and so with treis set. Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet, That lyf was non walking there forby, That myght within scarse ony wight aspye.

So thik the bewis and the leues grone
Beschadit all the aleyes that there were,
And myddis euery herberc myght be sene
The scharpe grene suete ienepere,
Growing so faire with branchis here and there,
That, as it semyt to a lyf without,
The bewis spred the herbere all about,

And on the smalle grane twistis sat

The lytill suete nyglitingale, and song
So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat

Off luffs vse, now soft, now lowd among,
That all the gardyng and the wallis rong
kyght of thaire song, and on the copill next

Off thaire suete armony, and lo the text

Cant is

'Worschippe, 3e that louens bene, this may,
For of 5our blisse the kelendis are begonne,
And sing with vs, away, winter, away'
Cum, somer, cum, the suete sesoun and sonne'
Awake for schame! that have 5our hevynnis wonne,
And amorously lift vp 5our hedis all,
Thank lufe that list 5ou to his merci call'

Quben that this song had song a lytill thrawe,
I hat stent a qubile, and therewith vnaffraid,
As I beheld and kest myn eyne a lawe,
From beugh to beugh thay hippit and that plaid, hopped
And freschly in their birds kynd arraid
Thaire fetheris new, and fret thame in the sonne,
And thankit lufe, that had thaire makis wonne mate

This was the plane ditee of theire note,
And there with all vinto my self I thoght,
'Quhat lyf is this, that makes birdle dote?
Quhat may this be, how cummyth it of ought?
Quhat nedith it to be so dere ybought?
It is nothing, trowe I, but feynit chere,
And that men list to counterfeten chere.'

I'ft wild I think, 'o lord, quhat may this be? Again
That lufe is of so noble might and kynde,
I ufing his folk, and suich prosperitee

Is it of him, as we in bukis fynd?

May he oure hertes setten and vinbynd?

Hath he vpon oure hertis suich maistrye?

Or all this is bot feynyt fantasye!

(Stanias 25-57)

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my moon,
Bewailling myn infortune and my chance,
Vinknawin how or quhat was best to doon,
So ferre I fallyng into lufis dance,
That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,
My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,
Was changit clene ryght in an othir kynd

Off hir array the form gif I sall write,

Toward hir goldin haire and rich atyre
In fret wise couchit was with perllis quhite.

And grete balas lemying as the fyre, rubies—gleaming.

With mony one emerant and faire saphire,

And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of howe,

Off plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blowe,

Full of quaking spangis bryght as gold,

Forgit of schap like to the amorettis,

So ne v, so fresch, so plesant to behold,

The plumys eke like to the floure Ionettis, St John's wort And other of schap like to the round crokettis, curls And, aboue all this, there was, wele I wote, Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote

About hir nck, quhite as the five amaille, enamel A gudely cheyne of smale oricuerye, goldsmith's work Quhareby there hang a ruby, without faille, Lyke to ane herte schapin verily,

That, as a sperk of lowe, so wantonly

Semyt birning vpon hir quhyte throte,

Now gif there was gud partye, god it wote!

An huke sche had vpon hir tissew quhite,
That gudeliare had noght bene sene toforowe,
As I suppose, and girt sche was a lyte,
Thus haftving louse for haste, to suich delyte half loose

It was to see hir south in gudelihede, That for rudenes to speke thereof I drede.

And forto walk that fresche mayes morowe,

In hir was 300th, beautie, with humble aport,
Bountee, richesse, and wommanly facture,
God better wote than my pen can report
Wisedome, largesse, estate, and connying sure
In enery poynt so guydit hir mesure,
In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,
That nature myght no more hir childe anance.

(Stanzas 45-50.)

. . .

1 'I suffer when alone being like a cipher among the other nine figures 2 'Now God knows if there was a good partner (Skeat).

See Professor Skeat's edition of James's poems for the Sea ush Text Society, in which references will be found to previous writers on James's poetry. See also koss, Seature History and Later's time to the Lernal of the Reformation (1834). Henderson Scottish Vernacular Laterature a Suc in. His ry (1855). Justerard, The komance of a king's Life (1856). J. T. Brown the Authorship f the kingis Quair a king Criticism (1856). K. S. Rait, The Kingis Quair will the New Criticism (1856). K. S. Rait, The Kingis Quair will the New Criticism (1856). K. S. Rait, The Kingis Quair will the New Criticism (1856). K. S. Rait, The Kingis Quair will the New Criticism (1856). K. S. Rait, The Kingis Quair will the Kingis Quair is discussed in the Athena in for July and August 1856, and for December 1839. Ly M. Jusseland in the Refue History, ac for 1837 (refinited) and by Sheat Chincerian and other fixes, 1277 (p. hav). In the Insense of the King's Quair we also author of Francisch B of the Komanut of the King's Quair was also author of Francisch B of the Komanut of the King's Quair will be not written in true.

brian but in a purely artificial language, with southern and even kentish forms and peculiarnies and so is B. For the identification of the scribe of the Kingis Quair, see Mr Geo. Nelson in the Athenaum of 16th December 1899 and Mr A. H. Millar in that of 21st December. Rossetti's ballad, The Kingis Tragedy (1831), on James's fate is as admirable as Galt's novel The Spacinfe is poor P. HUME. BROWN

Blind Harly, or HENRY THE MINSTREL, is thus spoken of by John Major in his Latin History of Greater Britain (translated for the Scottish History Society by Constable, 1892) 'There was one Henry, blind from his birth, who in the time of my childhood fabricated a whole book about William Wallace, and therein he wrote down in our native rhymes—and this was a kind of composition in which he had much skill-all that passed current amongst the people in his day. I, however, can give but a partial credence to such writings as This Henry used to recite his tales in the households of the nobles, and thereby got the food and clothing that he enricd' Major was born in 1469, and Blind Harry may be said to have 'flourished' on a modest scale about 1470 it is hardly credible that Major can have had authority for saying the Minstrel was blind from birth, and his work proves that he was by no means so unlettered as is commonly assumed Payments made to him by the king's command cease—presumably at his death—in 1492 Wallace Harry claims that it was founded on a narrative of the life of Wallace, written in Latin by Arnold Blair, chaplain to the Scottish hero, but the chief materials have evidently been the traditionary stories told about Wallace in the minstrel's own time, more than a century and a half after Wallace-the Wallace is even less of a historical document than Barbour's Bruce Perhaps too much has been made of the Minstrel's patriotic hatred of the English, in contrast to Barbour's less marked partisanship. and of his fierce thirst for revenge on his own and his country's oppressors But Harry's Wallace is a merciless champion, for ever hewing down the English with his strong arm and terrible sword, and rejoicing in the sufferings of his enemies Both with Barbour and Blind Harry it is fatal to measure literary value by historical accuracy

Some of the incidents in Harry's narrative are so palpably absurd (such as the siege of York, the visit of the Queen of England, when queen there was none, to Wallace's camp with an offer of £3000 in gold, and the combats of Wallace with the French champions and the lion) that they could hardly have been intended to be accepted as history The only manuscript of the work which exists is dated 1488, and was written by that careful scribe, John Ramsay of Lochmalonie, in Kilmany, who also transcribed Barbour's Bruce The blind Minstrel was therefore alive four years after the date of Ramsay's manuscript, as we know from the treasurer's books of the reign of James IV, and Ramsay had doubtless the author's help-perhaps took it down from his own recitation Few copies would !

be made of a pocm extending to 11,858 lines. In 1897 Professor Skeat drew attention to the fact that Blind Harry in some score of cases betrays the influence of Chaucer in his rhythms, in expressions, in occasion il half lines, and even in his grammatical forms, and Mr Craigie has pointed out that the peroration or epilogue at the end of the IVallace contains part of the substance of the prologue to the Franklin's tale. Blind Harry writes

Go nobil buk, fulfillyt of gud sentens
Suppos thou baran be of cloquens
I yow besek, off your beneuolence,
Quha will nocht low, lak nocht my cloquence, blane
It is weill I nawin I am a burel man,
Tor her is said as gudly as I can
My spreit felis na termis asperans
knows—inspired

Chaucer's Franklin had made a similar apology
But sires by cause I am a burel man
At my bigynnyng first I yow biseche,
Have me excused of my rude speche
My spirit feeleth noght of swich mateere

The *Il allace* is in ten syllable lines of heroic verse, and is pithy and graphic rather than poeti It is usual to place Harry far below Barbour as a poet, but Mr Crugie has sought to reverse this historic verdict by insisting on Harry's conciseness in contrast to Barbour's undisputed prolivity, his greater variety of incident, his more vivid descriptions and more pregnant single lines, his keener passion for liberty, and his avoidance of a kind of padding not unusual in the Bruce A paraphrase of the Wallace into modern Scotch, by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield (1722), was long a favourite with Scottish country-folks, of it, and of a rhymed chap book on Hannibal, Burns said 'They were the first books I read in private, and gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since. The story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest'-a notable testimony to Harry's influence on Scottish thought and literature.

The poem opens thus

Our intecessowris, that we suld of reide,
And hald in mynde thar nobille worth deid
We lat ourslide, throw werray sleuthfulnes,
And castis we cuir till other besones.
Till honour ennymys is our haile entent,
It has beyne seyne in thir tymys bywent,
Our ald ennymys, cummyn of Saxonys bliid,
That neury zeit to Scotland wald do gud,
But euir on fors, and contrar haile thair will
Quhow gret kyndnes thar has beyne kyth thaim till.

Adventure on the River Irvine

So on a tym he desynt to play
In Apenll the xxiij day
Till Erewyn wattir fysche to tak he went,
Sic fintasje fell in his entent.
To leide his net, a child furth with him 3eid
But he, or nowne was in a fellowne dreid
His syerd he left, so did he neuir agayne,
It dide him gud, suppos he sufferyt payne.

went ere noon Off that labour as than he was nocht slesly, Lnowing Happy he was, tuk fysche haboundanle Or of the day x hours our couth pas, Ridand thar come, ner by quhar Wallace was, The lorde Persye, was captane than off Ayr, thence-Fra thine he turnde and couth to Glaskow fair did fare Part of the court had Wallace labour scyne, seen Till him raid v cled in to ganand greyne, 1, 2 And said sone 'Scot, Martyns fysche we wald have.' Wallace meklye agayne ansuer him gave, 'It war resone, me think, yhe suld haif part Waith suld be delt, in all place, with fre hart.' 4 He bad his child, 'Gyff thaim of our waithing,' The Sothroun said, 'As now of the delyng We will nocht tak, thow wald giff we our small ' 100 He lychtyt doun, and fra the child tuk all Wallis said than , 'Gentill men gif ,e be, Leiff ws sum part, we pray for cheryte. charity Ane agyt knycht serwis our lady to day, Gud frend, leiff part and tak nocht all away ' 'Thow sall haiff leiff to fysche, and tak the ma, more All this forsuth sall in our flyttyng ga. We serff a lord, thir fysche sall till him gang ' Wallace ansuerd, said, 'Thow art in the wrang' 'Quham thowis thou, Scot? in faith thou servis a blaw '5 Till him he ran, and out a suerd can draw Willaham was wa he had na wappynis thar, SOLLA apparently a Bot the poutstaff, the quhilk in hand he bar pole with a net Wallas with it fast on the cheik him tuk Wyth so gud will, quhill of his feit he schuk. The suerd flaw fra him a fur breid on the land 7 Wallas was glaid, and hynt it sone in hand, caught-soon And with the swerd awkwart he him gave Wndyr the hat, his crage in sondre drave. Be that the layff lychtyt about Wallas, With that the rest He had no helpe, only bot Godiss grace. On other side full fast on him that dange, thrust Gret perell was giff that had lestyt lang Apone the hede in gret ire he strak and The scherand suerd glaid to the colar bane. guded Ane other on the arme he hat so hardely, Quhill hand and suerd bathe on the feld can ly Till-did The tothir twa fled to thar hors agayne He stekit him was last apon the playne stabbed Thre slew he thar, two fled with all thair mycht Eftir thar lord, bot he was out off sicht, Takand the mure, or he and that couth twyne. senarate Till him that raid onon, or that wald blyne, anon And cryst, 'Lord, abide, your men ar martynt doun Rycht cruelly, her in this fals regioun. V of our court her at the wattir baid, Five-bided Fysche for to bryng, thocht it na profyt maid We ar chapyt, bot in feyld slayne are thre.' escaped The lord speryt, 'How mony mycht than be?' 'We saw bot ane that has discumfyst ws all.' Than lewch he lowde, and said, 'Foule mot yow fall, Son ane yow all has putt to confusioun. Quha menys it maist, the dewyll of hell him droun, bemoans This day for me, in faith, he beis nocht socht.' Quhen Wallas thus this worth werk had wrocht, Thar hors be tuk, and ger that lewyt was thar, gear-left Gaif our that crifft, he zeid to fysche no mar, went-more Went till his cyme, and tauld him of this drede. And he for no weyle ner worthut to waide, And said, 'Some, thir tythings sytts me sor, And be it knawin, thou may tak scatth tharfor ' barm

'Wnol.,' he said, 'I will no lungur bide,
Thir Southland hors latt se gif I can ride'
Than bot a child, him service for to mak,
Hys emys sonnys he wald nocht with him tak
uncle
This gude knycht said, 'Deyr cusyng, pray I the,
Quhen thow wants gud, cum fech ynewch fra me' enough
Sylvir and gold he gert on to him geyff
Wallace inclynys, and gudely tuk his leyff.

(From Book 1.)

1 V, five. 2 Gay green. 3 St Martin was universally associated with feasting and good cheer. 4 Spoils of the chase. 5 'Whom do you familiarly address with 'thou Scot? You deserve a blow 6 Can here is gan in the sense of did coulh for us past tense is a confusion with the other c in, 'is able.' 7 Furrow s-breadth. 4 Very nearly went out of his mind.—Wallate was staying at the time with his uncle, Sir Richard Wallace of Riccarton.

Fawdon's Ghost

At the Gask woode full fayne he wald haiff beyne, Bot this sloth brache, qubilk sekyr was and keyne, On Wallace fute followst so felloune fast, Quhill in that sight that prochit at the last approached Thar hors war wicht, had solorned weill and lang To the next woode twa myil that had to gang, nsıng ground Off vpwith erde, that zeid with all thair mycht, Gud hope that had for it was ner the nycht I awdoun tyryt, and said, he mycht nocht gang Wallace was wa to leyff him in that thrang He bade him ga, and said the strenth was ner, stronghold Bot he tharfor wald nocht fastir him ster Wallace in ire on the crag can him ta neck-did take With his gud suerd, and strak the hed him fra. Dreidless to ground derfly he duschit dede. 3 Fra him he lap, and left him in that stede leapt Sum demys it to ill, and other sum to gud, And I say her, into thir termys rude, Bettir it was he did, as thinkis me. cause of Fyrst, to the hunde it mycht gret stoppyn be. delay Als Fawdoun was haldyn at suspicioun, Also For he was haldyn of brokill complexioun fickle character Rycht stark he was, and had bot htill gayne Thus Wallace wist had he beyne left allayne, And he war fals, to enemyss he wald ga, If Gyff he war trew, the Sothroun wald him sla. Mycht he do ocht bot tyne him as it was? Fra this questioun now schortly e will I pass.

In the Gask hall thair lugyng haif thai tayne, lodging Fyr gat that sone, bot meyt than had that nane. Twa scheipe that tuk besid thrim of a fauld, Ordanyt to soupe in to that sembly hauld, sup-seemly hold Graithit in haist sum fude for thain to dycht 5 So hard that blaw rude hornys wpon hycht 6 Twa sende he furth to luk quhat it mycht be, Thu bud rycht lang, and no tithingis herd he, bided Bot boustous noyis so brymly blowind fast loud-fiercely So other twa in to the woode furth past Nane come agrane, but boustously can blaw In to gret ire he send thaim furth on raw Quhen he allayne Wallace was lewyt than, left The awfull blast aboundyt mekili mayr Than trowit he well that had his lugying seyne, His suerd he drew of nobill mettall keyne, Syn furth he went quhar at he hard the horne, where that With out the dur Fawdoun vas him beforn, Is till his sycht, his awne hed in his hand, A croys he maid, quhen he san him so stand

At Wallace in the hed he swaket thar, And he in haist sone hynt it by the hair, caught Syne out agayne at him he couth it cast, did In till his hart he was gretlye agast Rycht weill he trowit that was no spreit of man, It was sum dewill, at sic malice began. that He wast no waill thar langar for to bide, Vp through the hall thus wight Wallace can glid, Fill a closs stair, the burdis raiff in twyne, In fute large he lap out of that in. leapt-house Wo the wattir sodevalve he couth fair, did fare Agayne he blent quhat perance he sawe thair Him thocht he saw Taudoun that hugly syr, ugly fellow That hall hall he had set in a fyr, A gret raftre he had in till his hand Wallace as than no langar walde he stand, Off his gud men full gret meruaill had he, How thu war tynt through his feyle fantase Traistis rycht weill all this was suth in deide, Believe ye Supposs that it no point be of the creide creed Power that had witht I ucifer that fell, The tyme quhen he partyt fra hewyn to hell Be sic myscheiff giff his men inveht be lost, Drownyt or slayne among the Inglis ost, Or quhat it was in liknes of Faudoun, Quhilk brocht his men to suddand confusioun, Or gif the man endyt in ewill entent, Sum wikkit spreit agayne for him present, I can nocht spek of sie diuinite, To clerkis I will lat all sic materis be Bot of Wallace, furth I will yow tell Quhen he wes went of that perell fell, Beit glaid wes he that he had chapyt swa escaped Bot for his men gret murnyng can he ma, did he make Prayed-Creator Flayt by him self to the Makar off buffe above Quhy he sufferyt he suld sic paynys pruff prove He wyst nocht weill giff it wes Goddis will, Rycht or wrang his fortoun to fullfill Hade he plesd God, he trown it mycht nocht be He suld him thoill in sic perplexite. suffer (to fall)

(From Book v)

drove

1 Sleuth hound. 2 Strong—sojourned, worked 3 Crashed heavily to the ground quite dead. 4 Had gone or walked but little. 5 Pre pared—cook 6 Heard horns blow loudly on high 7 But the loud blowing went on. 8 He (Fawdon) hurled in the head. 9 knew no choice, possibility 10 Boards reft in twain. 11 Peeped round to see what appearance. 12 Lost—ill omened apparation.

Bot gret curage in his mynd euir draiff,

Off Inglismen thinkand amendis to haiff

An edition of Blind Hurry's Wallace was printed in 1570, and no old Scottish work was so often reprinted down to the eighteenth century. That by Dr Jamieson was the first critical edition (1820) the best text is that edited by Moir for the Scottish Fext Society (1885-80). Hamilton's paraphrase (1722) was reprinted more than a dozen times, and superseded the original in popular use. For Chaucer's influence on Blind Harry, see Skeat in The Modern Language Quarterly, Nov 1897 and for Vir Craigie's comparison of Barbour and Blind Harry as Literature, see the Scottish Review, July 1893.

Scottish Fifteenth-Century Prose.—
Scottish prose literature, vigorous in the sixteenth century, had hardly made a beginning in the fifteenth There has been preserved Ane Schort Memoriale of the Scottis Croniklis from the reigns of James II and James III, dating from about 1460 (printed 1820) There are translations about 1450—90 by Sir Gilbert Hay of the Buke of Battailis and Buke of the Order of Knyghthede from the French,

the Buke of the Governaunce of Princes from the Latin, and the Buke of the Conqueror Alexander the Great from the French (the latter over 20,000 Laing edited the second namedlines of verse) also translated by Caxton-in 1847, the Scottish Text Society undertook an edition of the first three And The Craft of Dying and other religious pieces printed for the Early English Text Society (1870) seem to belong to the end of the century is a Scots letter or grant dated 1412, and written by James I while he was a prisoner in England, From the end of the previous century we have one of the very oldest and most interesting Lowland Scots letters extant-that from the Earl of March to Henry IV of England announcing his grievances at the hands of the unhappy Duke of Rothesay, counting kin with the king after a highly Scottish fashion, and pleading for Henry's It must have been written before Rothesay's marriage with the daughter of Douglas (February 1400), and represents the 'Englis' current north of the Tweed at that date, the writer's style is as clear as he wished his 'entent' to be, and the fact is interesting that at this date Norman French was not necessarily familiar to the higher nobility of Scotland The Earl of March rebelled against Robert III, threw himself into the arms of Henry IV, served him with distinction at the battle of Shrewsbury, and even took part in English raids into Scotland. The letter is reproduced in facsimile in vol. ii of the National Manuscripts of Scotland (1870)

Excellent mychty and noble Prynce likis yhour Realte to wit that I am gretly wrangit be the Duc of Rothesay the quhilk spousit my douchter and now agayn his oblising to me made be hys lettre and his scal and agaynes the law of halikire spouses ane other wif as it ys said, of the quhilk wrangis and defowle to me and my douchter in swilk manere done, I, as ane of yhour poer kyn, gif it likis yhow requere yhow of help and suppowell fore swilk honest seruice as I may do efter my power to yhour noble lordship and to yhour lande, Fore tretee of the quhilk matere will the dedeyn to charge the lord the Fournivalle, ore the Erle of West merland at yhour likyng to the Marche, with swilk gudely haste as yhow likis, quare that I may have spekyng with quhilk of thaim that the will send, and schew hym clerly myne entent, the quhilk I darre nocht discouer to nane other bot tyll ane of thaim be cause of kyn and the grete lewtee that I traist in thaim, and as I suppose the traist in thaim on the tother part, Alsa noble Prynce will yhe dedeyn to graunt and to send me, your sauf condust endurand qubill the fest of the natuate of Seint John the Baptist fore a hundredth knichtis and squiers and scruantz gudes hors and hernais as well within wallit Town as with owt, ore in quat other resonable manere that yhow likis fore tranaillying and dwellying within shour land gif I hafe myster, And excellent Prynce syn that I clayme to be of kyn tyll yhow, and it peraventure nocht knawen on yhour parte, I schew it to your lordschip be this my lettre that gif dame Alice the Bewmount was yhour graunde dame, dame Mariory Comyne hyrre full sister was my graunde dame on the tother syde, sa that I am bot of the feirde degre of kyn

tyll yhow, the quhilk in alde tyme was callit neire, and syn I am in swilk degre tyll yhow I requere yhow as be vay of tendirness there of, and for my seruice in manere as I hase before writyn, that yhe will vouchesauf tyll help me and suppowell me tyll gete amendes of the wrangs and the defowle that ys done me, sendand tyll me gif yhow likis yhour answere of this, With all gudely haste, And noble Prynce mervaile yhe nocht that I write my lettres in englis, fore that ys mare clere to myne vnderstandyng than latyne ore Fraunche, Excel lent mychty and noble prynce the halv Trinite hase yhow euermare in kepyng, Writyn at my castell of Dunbarr the xviij day of Feuerer,

LE COUNT DE LA MARCHE DESCOCE.

Au tresexcellent trespuissant et tresnoble Prince le Koy Dengleterre

Likis yhour Realie, if it please your Royalty oblising obliga tion halikere, holy church defowle, dishonour suppowell, support , qware, where , lewlee (leaute), loyalty , quhill till myster, need, feirde, fourth.

Robert Henryson (1430?-1506) has been called by Mr Henley 'Chaucer's aptest and brightest scholar,' and was doubtless the most Chaucerian of the Scottish Chaucerians, not a mere imitator, but with a rich and varied poetic gift of his own He has keen observation, humour, singular skill in rhyme and rhythm, and an artistic feeling and culture which prove that the spirit of the early Renaissance had at least one accomplished representative in the fierce, faction torn Scotland of the reign of James III Even his allegories have a marked flavour of realism Henryson seems to have been born about 1425, and was doubtless educated at some foreign university He was schoolmaster of Dunfermline, apparently in clerical orders-perhaps, as Lord Hailes suggests, preceptor in the Benedictine convent there—and he was admitted a member of the University of Glasgow in 1462, being described as the 'Venerable Master Robert Henrysone, licentiate in arts, and bachelor in decrees' He also practised as a notary public, and may have lived into the early vears of the sixteenth century The principal works of Henryson are Moral Fables of Esop, thirteen in number, with two prologues, Orpheus and Eurydice, describing the experiences of Orpheus in Hades, and his futile efforts to bring thence his wife, The Testament of Crisscide, a sequel to Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida, which contains some admirable descriptive writing, and is in general both vigorous and poetic in feeling, and Robens and Makyne, which is not merely the first pastoral in the Scottish vernacular, but is really the earliest pastoral in the English tongue.

The conjunct names of Robin and May may have been suggested by some of the forms of the Robin Hood and Maid Marian, commonly played in Scotland, or by the celebrated pastoral, Robin et Marion, of the great French trouvère, Adam de la Halle of Arras (c.1220-88) Li Gieus de Robin et de Marion takes a conspicuous place in the history of comedy and of opera, but though hero and heroine are shepherd and shepherdess, and there

is some allusion to sheep, the plan is totally different from Henryson's pastoral. In the French one the course of true love, ultimately triumphant, is deferred by the importunate lovemaking of chevaliers, to which Marion (or Mariotte) turns a deat ear, preferring coarse cheese with Robin to a palfrey and luxurious living elsewhere. appears, and there are numerous interlocutors Henryson's poem is a love dialogue between a shepherd and shepherdess. The stock properties -the pipe and crook, the hanging grapes, spreading beech, and celestial purity of the golden age-find no place in the northern pastoral Henryson's Robin is ungaliantly insensible to the advances of Makyne

> Robene fat on gud grene hill, Kepand a flock of fe Mirry Makyne faid him till, 'Robene, thou rew on me, have pity I haif thee luvit lowd and still, Thir years two or thre, My dule in dem bot gif thow dill,

Robene answerst, 'Be the Rude, the Rood, the Cross Na thing of lufe I knaw,

Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wude, Lo! quhair thay raik on raw

Doutless but dreid I de '

Quhat hes marrit thee in thy mude, Makyne, to me thow schaw, Or quhat is lufe or to be lude, loo ed, loved

move in a row

Fane wald I lear that law? learn

¹ Sheep sometimes cattle (A.S feok Ger meh). ² My grief in secret unless thou share. ³ Surely and without doubt I die 4 Show me what has disturbed thee in thy mind

Makyne explained and pleaded, but her plea failed to move the obdurate shepherd

> Robene on his wayis went, Als licht as leif of tre, Mawkyn murnit in hir intent, secret thoughts And trowd him nevir to fe. Robene brayd attour the bent, strode over the coarse grass Than Makyne cryst on hie, 'Now ma thow fing, for I am fehent, I am destroyed Quhat alis lufe at me?' What ails

Finally.

Makyne went hame blyth anneuche cnough Attour the holtis hair across the gray hills Robene murnit, and Makyne leuch, laughed Scho lang, he sichit fair sighed And so lest him baith we and wreuch wretched In dolour and in cair, Kepand his hird under a huche heugh, bank

Amang the holtis hair

The tables are soon turned Robin grew sick as Makyne grew well, and then she had the malicious satisfaction of rejecting him This is the old story with the old moral, which, though the fashion in pastoral and other poetry has changed, never be comes obsolete

The Garmond of Gud. Ladets is a clever series of conceits in ballad rhyme, with copious alliteraendure

tion, such as is found in many of Henryson's poems

Wald my gude lady lufe me beft
And wirk eftir my will,

I fuld ane garmond gudlieft
Gar mak hir body till

Her hood, gown, kirtle, are all symbolical, and so

Her belt fuld be of benignitie
About hir middill meit,
Hir mantill of humilitie
To thole baith wind and weit

Hir flevis fuld be of esperance, To keip hir fra dispair, Hir gluvis of gud govirnance, To hyd hir fyngearis fair

The Bludy Serk is a ballad of a knight who rescued a king's daughter from the dungeon of a foul and loathly giant, but, wounded to death in the encounter, bequeathed to the lady the garment wet with his life's blood. According to the 'moralitas,' this is to be understood of the human soul, Lucifer, and the Redeemer

The Prais of Aige proves that 'the moyr of aige the nerar heynnis bliss,' though in Aige and Yowth, Youth defends a contrary thesis.

The introduction to The Listament of Cressell is ingenious and entertaining

Ane doolie fefoun to ane carrfull dyte doleful season Suld correspond,

he says, and so chose to write on a bitter cold, clear night, in time of frost, with winds 'quhisling loud and schill' from the Arctic Pole, so that he was driven from the windows of his study to the fireside, where he seems to have made himself most comfortable before beginning to write his melancholy tale

I mend the fyre and betkit me about, warmed
Than tuik ane drink my fpreitis to comfort,
And armit me weill fra the cauld thairout
To cut the winter nicht and mak it fchort,
I tuik ane quair and left all other fport,
Writtin be worthie Chauccr glorious
Of fair Creffeid and luftie Troylus

Henryson's fables are bright, entertaining, witty, and dramatic. Even the extracts will show how much liker the Freir, Wait-skaith the Wolf, and Lowrie the Tod (Laurence the Fox) are to the animals in Reynard the Fox (some of the early French recensions of which Henryson may have seen) than to the talking beasts of the Greek fabulist. Witty and satirical comment on potentates, courts, lawyers, and functionaries, on sensuality, falsehood, and other human weaknesses in the guise of the animals, is the substratum of the whole, and the dramatic presentation is equal to Reynard at its best

Of Henryson's two Prologues to the fables, the second begins thus

In middis of June, that joly fweit feafoun, Quhen that fair Phebus, with his bemis bricht, Had dryit up the dew fra daill and doun,

And all the land maid with his lemis licht,

In ane mornyng, bettur mid dry and nicht,

I rais, and put all fleuth and fleip afyde,

And to ane wod I went alone, but gyde, without guide

Sweit wes the finell of flouris quhyte and reid,

Sweat wes the finell of flouris quhyte and reid,

The noyis of birdis richt delitious,

The bewis braid blomit abone my heid,

The ground growand with gerfis gratious

Of all plefance that place wes plenteous,

With fweit odouris, and birdis harmonie,

The morning myld, my mirth was mair forthy

The ross read arrayst on rone and ryce,

The prymerous, and the purpour viola,

To heir it was ane poynt of Paradice,

Sie mirth the mavis and the meric couth ma.

The blossummis blyith brak up on bank and bra,

The smell of herbis, and of soullis cry,

Contending quha suld haif the victorie

¹ Boughs broad bloomed above ² Greater for that reason-³ Could make, did make.

The Uplandis Mous and the Burges Mous, to which editors have thought Sir Thomas Wyatt may have been indebted for the idea of one of his satires, tells the tale of two sister mice, of whom the elder lived a luxurious life in a town—'a Burrowis toun,' while the younger, the 'rurall' sister, in winter 'had hunger, cauld, and tholit great distres.' The town mouse, wishing to hear of her sister's welfare, resolved to pay her a visit, and fared forth as a pilgrim, barefoot, with pikestaff in hand

I urth mony wilfum ways can feho walk, wild, lonely—did
Throw mosse and muir, throw bankis, busk and breir
Scho ranne cryand quhill scho cam till and balk

z

'Cum furth to me, my awin lifter deir, Cry "Peip" anis' With that the mous could heir, did And knew her voce as kinnifman will do, Be verray kind, and furth scho cum hir to

Unploughed ridge

The country mouse welcomes her sister warmly into her 'chalmer'—

As I hard fav, it was ane fober wane, dwelling Of fog and fairn full febilie wes maid, moss and fern Ane fillie feheill under one fleidfaft flaue— poor shelter and gives her of her best. This the luxurious town mouse could hardly accept with becoming grattude, she nibbles feebly at the 'rude dyet,' but frankly explains that she is accustomed to much better living

'Till tender meit my stomok is ay usit, Thir widderit peis and nuttis or that be bord

Thir widdent peis and nuttis or that be bord ere—bored Will brek my teith and mak my wame full sklender Quhilk wes befor usit to meittis tender,'

and winds up with an invitation to her house in town—an invitation cheerfully accepted by the country mouse. They straightway set out, and, after some alarming adventures, arrive, and are comfortably established at table in the town house

With fair tretie yit scho gart hir upryse, 1, 2
And to the burde thay went and togidder sat, board, table

And scanthe had thay drunkin anis or twyle, Ouhen in come Gib-Hunter our jolie cat. And bad God speid the burges up with that, And till the holl scho went as fyre of flinthole Bawdronis the uther be the bak hes hint. 3 Fra fute to fute he kest hir to and fra, cast Quhylis up, quhylis doun, als cant as ony kid. lively Quhylis wald he lat hir run under the ftra, straw Quhylis wald he wink, and play with hir bul hid. 4 Thus to the felie Mous great pane he did, simple, poor Qubill at the last, throw fortune and gude hap, Betuix ane burde and the wall scho crap And up in haift behind ane parralling panelling Scho clam fo hie, that Gilbert micht not get hir, Syne be the cluke thair craftelie can hing, Till he we gane, hir cheir wes all the bettir, Syne down scho lap guhen thair wes nane to let hir, And to the burges Mous loud can feho cry, 'Fairweill, lifter, thy feift heir I defy ! feast I renounce 'Thy mangerie is myngit all with cair, banquet-muigled Thy gule is gude, thy ganfell four as gall 9 10 The subcharge of thy service is bot fair, is but poor So fall thow find heir efterwart may fall I thank yone courtyne and yone perpall wall, 11, 12 Of my defence now fra ane crewell beift. Almychty God keip me fra sie ane feist!

Wer I in to the kith that I come fra,
For weill nor wo, fuld never cum agane.'

With that feho tuke hir leif and furth can ga, leave
Quhylis throw the corne, and quhylis throw the plane,
Quhen feho wes furth and fre feho wes ful fane,
And merihe merkit unto the mure hastened—incor
I can nocht tell how efterwart feho fure fared

Bot I hard fay, fcho passit to hir den,
Als warme als woll, suppose it was nocht greit,
Full benely stuffit, baith but and ben,
Of beins, and nuttis, peis, ry, and quheit,
Quhen ever scho list scho had aneuch to eit,
In quyet and eis, withoutin ony dreid,
Bot to bir sisters seist na mair scho yeid.

MOR LLITAS.

sumple

Bliffit be sempill lyfe withoutin dreid,

Bliffit be fober feift in quyette

Quha hes aneuch, of na mair hes he neid,

Thocht it be lytill in to quantitie,

Greit abondance, and blind prosperitie,

Oftymes makis ane evil conclusioun,

The sweitest lyse thairfoir in this cuntrie,

Is sickernes, with small possession

1 Treatment. 2 Made her rise. 2 Puss has caught the other by

the back 4 Hide and seek. 5 Between a board and the wall she crept 6 Afterwards by her claws there cunningly did hang 7 Leapt. 8 Hinder 9 Sauce. 10 Second course 11 You curtain. 12 Partition wall. 13 Were I once back amongst the kin I come from, I should never come again. 14 Wool 15 Great.

The Taill of the Paddok and the Mous thus commences

Upon ane tyme, as Liope culd report,
Ane lytill Mous come till ane rever fyde,
Scho micht not waid, hir fchankis wer fa fchort,
Scho culd not fwym, fcho had na hors to ryde,
Of verray force behovit hir to byde,

And to and fra befyde that rever desp Scho ran, cryand with mony pictuous pesp squal

'Help ower, help ower,' this fillie Mous can cry,
'For Goddis lufe, fum bodie ower this brym,'
With that ane Paddok in the watter by
Put up hir heid, and on the bank can clym,
Quhilk be nature culd dowk, and gaylie fwym,
With voce full rauk, scho said on this maneir

'Seis thow,' quod scho, 'of come yone jolie slat Scent thou Of ryip aittis, of barlie, peis, and quheit, npe oats I am hungrie, and sane wald be thairat,

'Gude morne, Schir Mous, quhat is your erand heir?'

Bot I am stoppit be this watter great, great
And on this syde I get no thing till eit to eat
Bot hard nuttis, quhilkis with my teith I bore.
Wer I beyond, my feist wer ser the more.

'I haif na boit, heir is na marineris

And though thair ware, I haif no fraucht to pay '

Quod fcho, 'Siftir lat be your havy cheir;

Do my counfall, and I fall fynd the way

Withouttin horfs, brig, boit, or yet gallay,

To bring you ower faifly—be not affeird '—

And not weitand the campis of your beird '

7

Of sheer necessity she was bound to wait.
 The love of God.
 River 4 Duck, dive.
 Rough, raucous.
 Money for the fare
 Not wetting the whiskers of your beard.

The mouse dislikes the look of the frog, and has serious misgivings, but ultimately accepts the offer of the frog to ferry her across. The paddok basely tries to drown the mouse, but a glaid or kite intervenes, clutches and eats them both. There is a long 'moralitas' explaining the significance of the fable.

Single poems of Henryson were printed as early as 1508 and 1593, and were included in various collections—the first edition by Dr David Laing (1865) is the standard one. In Henryson's poems we have retained the long f

William Dunbar was indisputably the most noteworthy of the Scottish disciples of Chaucer, he is generally reputed the greatest and most gifted of the old Scottish poets It is surmised that he was connected with the house of which the Earl of March was head, and he was born, probably, in East Lothian, about 1460 graduated at St Andrews University in 1479, he became a Franciscan, and, as he himself records, in the habit of that order made good cheer in every flourishing town in England betwixt Berwick and Calais, preaching as such from the pulpit at Canterbury and elsewhere, and, still a Greyfriar, Under what circumstances crossing to Picardy he threw off the habit and was permitted to with draw from his vows is not known. He appears to have been secretary to some of James IV's numerous embassies to foreign courts-one of them to In 1500 he obtained from the king a pension of £10, afterwards increased to £20 then In 1501 he visited England, seems in attendance on the ambassadors sent to arrange I the king's marriage, to have dined with the

Mayor of London, and as the 'Rhymer of Scotland' to have written his poem on London, and to have received a gift from Henry VII honour of the marriage he wrote his famous poem, The Thrissill and the Rois In 1504 he took priest's orders, and the king made an offcring at his first mass, his life seems hardly to have been in accordance with his clerical vocation, and he now lived chiefly about court, writing occasional poems, and sustaining himself with the vain hope of Church preferment Chepman printed in small separate sheets seven of his poems, among the very earliest specimens of Scottish typography Amongst the seven are not merely the Goldyn Targe and the Lament, but the Flyting, the Wemen and the Wedo, and Kynd Kyttok-among the least likely, one would think, to recommend him to pious patrons at a time when Elphinstone, most admirable of all the prelates of the old Scottish Church, was the foremost friend of learning in Scotland He visited the north of Scotland in May 1511, in the train of Queen Margaret, and his name disappears altogether If he fell there, the Orisone after Flodden (1517), usually ascribed to Dunbar, was the work of another poet.

Essentially a courtier and a court poet, Dunbar, unlike Lyndsay, did not write for the people also, he was not moved by sympathy for the people, was never a popular poet, and seems to have speedily passed out of general remembrance. He is named with appreciation by Douglas in his own time, and by Lyndsay in the next generation, thenceforward for nearly two hundred years he is hardly men tioned. Allan Ramsay revived his memory by printing in more or less modernised form twenty-five of his poems in *The Evergreen* in 1724, and Langhorne (died 1779) venturously affirmed that even in England—

In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows, And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose.

Lord Hailes, Pinkerton, and Sibbald included Dunbar's poems in their collections (1770, 1786, and 1802)—the last upwards of forty of them But it was not till Laing's edition (1824) that Dunbar's works, as far as preserved in the MSS, were put before the world Sir Walter Scott (in his Memoir of Bunnatyne for the Bannatyne Club) somewhat too enthusiastically said 'This darling of the Scottish muses has been justly raised to a level with Chaucer by every judge of poetry to whom his obsolete language has not rendered him unintelligible' Like unduly partial and patriotic judgments have been perhaps too often repeated by Scottish critics And it was reserved for a very famous transatlantic Chaucerian to adopt, apparently with right goodwill, the part of Advocatus Diaboli Mr Lowell (in his essay on 'Spenser') pointedly declined to thank Laing for 'disinterring' Dunbar, and, with an unusually unkind reference to Dunbar's most famous poem and to patriotic Scotsmen's clannish prejudices, added, 'Whoso is national enough to like thistles may browse there to his heart's content.' Save a few verses of The Merk and the Nightingale, Lowell found little in Dunbar's serious verses that was not tedious and pedantic. His humour he thought the dullest vulgarity, his satire 'becomes a mere offence in the nostrils' But most critics have recognised Dunbar's real and original genius, and, though some have accounted Douglas his superior as a descriptive poet, or credited Henryson with more originality in serious verse, agree in describing him, with Professor Nichol, as 'on the whole the most considerable poet of our island between Chaucer and Spenser'

Of extant poems attributed to Dunbar, upwards of ninety are pretty certainly his, and i dozen or more are almost certainly not by him Several that are his we could wish were not. Some are merely skits on persons unknown, more or less cleverly put, some of those described as 'precatory' arc short, rhymed begging letters, in several cases so happily turned as (like Buchanan's in Latin) thoroughly to deserve the rank of 'poems' Variety is one of Dunbar's strong points, and his poems have usually been printed in an absolutely chaotic order, the rhymes of the ribald priest and the lucubrations of the court moralist immediately succeeding one another with startling incongruity Various editors have suggested classifications Professor Schipper alone has rearranged the poems in twelve groups, and (somewhat arbitrarily) assumed that the most indecorous were written in early life, and the most devout or religious in his last years, mainly after the king's death may hope that this was the sequence. But it is impossible to draw sharp lines between the groups, and we do not know for certain the date of any one poem

The most famous poem on the whole, that with which Dunbar's name is most frequently associated, is The Thrissill and the Rois, which has been ex travagantly praised as the happiest political allegory in the English tongue. Though obviously connected with the marriage of James IV and Margaret Tudor, it was not one of the poems distinguished by being printed during the poet's life, it has been preserved in only one MS, and could hardly have become public property till Allan Ramsay printed his version of it in It is certainly very unlike a serious and regular allegorical epithalamium. The beginning, a playful adaptation of the roble opening of the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, leads up to a serious impeachment of the weather of May in Edinburgh, as ushered in by 'ane orient-blast' (a happy euphemism for the snell east wind!) and ruled over by Æolus (not, as in Chaucer, The unpleasantness of a Scottish Zephyrus) May the poet alleges in justification for his freely admitted unwillingness to fulfil his duty as laureate, and for the difficulties Aurora and May had in persuading him to get out of bed at all

mother

Quhen Merché wes with variand windis past, varying And Appryll had with her silver schours [pron Apec 131] Tane left at nature with ane orient blast,

And lusty May, that Muddir is of flouris, Had maid the birdis to begin thair houris Amang the tender odouris reid and quhyt Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt.

As the dreamer lies sleeping, Aurora, 'with her crystall ene,' looks in it morn and embraces him 'with visage pale and grene,' bidding lovers awake, Then May stood by his bed 'in but in vain brycht atteir of flouris forgit [forged] new,' and reproaches him sharply

'Slugard,' scho said, 'awalk annone for schame, awake And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt The lark hes done the mirry day proclame To raise up luvaris with confort and delyte, 3it nocht incressis thi curage to indyt Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull be ie Sangis to mak, undir the levis grene 17

'Quhairto,' quod I, 'sall I vpryss at morrow? uprise For in this May few birds herd I sing, That haif moir causs to weip and plane thair sorrow,

Thy air it is not holsum nor benyng, benign Lord Colus does in thy sessone ring, reign So busteous are the blastis of his horne violent Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.' boughs

For a poet of May this is certainly frank speech! And surely laureate never more honestly admitted the irksomeness and superfluousness of his official duties But May, though very forbearing, insists

With that this lady sobirly did smyll And said, 'Vpryss and do thy observance, Thow did promyt in Mayis lusty quhyle For to discreve the Roiss of most plesance Go se the birds how thay sing and dance

promise describerose

over

r

Illuminit our with orient skyls brycht Anamyllit richely with new asur lycht

Enamelled Quhen this wes said departit scho this quene, gentle sweet hastily attired

And than, methocht, full hestely beseene In serk and mantill eftir hir I went

And enterit in a lusty gairding gent,

In to this garth most dulce and redole of herb and flour and tendir plantis sucit And grenc levis doing of dew down fleit

1 Causing dew down to drip.

Hereupon May disappears from the poem, but the dream-from which the dreamer awakes finally only in the last verse—goes on As might be expected from his dream-like attire, the bard still has serious misgivings about May weather in these regions till-

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair

To ferss Neptunus and Eolus the bawld fierce Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air, And that no schours scharp nor blastis cawld

Effray should flouris nor fowlis on the fold. Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,

That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry pleasant

Under these exceptional weather conditions, Dame Nature sends out the roe deer to summon all the

animals to her presence, the swallow to assemble the birds, and the yarrow (milfoil) plant to gather all flowers before her First she crowns the Lion of the Scottish royal arms-'reid of his on feild of gold he stude full mychtely? -to be king of beasts, and commanded him to administer the laws fairly Next she crowns the Eagle king of the birds (for the sake of logical symmetry, apparently)

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild, Discernyng all thair fassionis and effeiris, fashions and properties. Vpone the awfull Thrissill scho behelde,

And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris,

Concedring him so able for the weiris, Considering-wars A radius croun of rubers scho him gaif, radiant-gave And said, 'In feild go furth, and fend the laif, defend the rest

And, sen thow art a king, thow be discreit,

Herb without verten thow hald nocht of sic pryce

As herb of vertew and of odor sueit, And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,

Match herself-Hir fallow to the gudly flour delyce, fleur de lis Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness, Compair hir till the lillers nobilness.

Nor hald non vdir flour in sic denty other-esteem As the fresche Ross, of cullour reid and quhyt.'

Finally Dame Nature, turning to the Rose, crowns her as of royal rank, illustrious of lineage above the Lily (of France), and as renowned for beauty also The flowers, which had made no sign when the Thistle was crowned, burst forth in exuberant laudation of the empress of herbs, and the birds also in solo and chorus accept the Rose as their queen

Than all the birdis song with sic a schout That I annone awoulk quhair that I lay

turned about 'to see this court, but all were went away,' and 'leaning up,' half in affray, the heavy headed dreamer wrote down the story

In Chaucer's Parliament of Foules also it is the 'noble goddesse Nature' that superintends the mating of the birds and gives them good advice.

> And with the shouting whan the song was do The foules maden at hir flight away I wook and other bokes took me to-

are Chaucer's words So that, as the Thrissill began with an adaptation of a Chaucer opening, it ends with an obvious imitation of a Chaucer ending

The Thistle, recognised as already a king, does not seem to be crowned to so high a rank as the Lion and the Eagle, there is no reference to any union between the Thistle and the Rose except what may be inferred from their being two of the four crowned heads of the piece, the main function of the Thistle seems to be to keep 'churlish weeds' away from the Lily or the Rose The poem is not, as is assumed, a simple self consistent allegory turning on the mating of the English rose with the Scottish thistle. It seems as if the poet, fearing lest such a union should, in spite of his skill, seem a mesalliance, had deliberately confused and complicated the plot by making the Scottish monarch also a lion-not to speak of the eagle simile thistle seems to have been quite unknown as the emblem of Scotland or of its king till the negotiations for the marriage of James and Margaret (advancing in 1500), though we know that James IV inherited from his dead father, amongst a vast number of things, crosses, jewels in the forms of swans, fleur de lis, cocks, pigeons, cockle shells, and one purple covering embroidered with 'thistles and a unicorn' Why James scleeted or used this badge has not been explained Pinkerton even thought it was this poem that gave the thistle its proud pre eminence in Scotland, and possibly the court poet was making fun of the king, as he obviously was of conventional May pocts epithalamium was written in May, presumably of 1502 or 1503, Margaret left home in June 1503, and arrived at Holyrood to be married in August It is noticeable that in his other poems, where Margaret, 'a rose red and white,' is explicitly welcomed as Scotland's queen, Dunbar avoids all mention of thistles, nor does he elsewhere allude to the supposed national emblem, save once where he ruefully calls the king

The Thrissill, Quhois pykis throw me so reutheles ran,

and plaintively wishes the rose would soften his hard heart towards the poor poet. Lyndsay, chief of the Heralds' College of Scotland in the next reign, who of all men should have been an authority on the subject, seems to have known nothing about thistles as conspicuous in Scottish heraldry or symbolism

The Golden Targe is also rather a jet d'espitt than a sustained allegory. It begins again with the praise of May, this time without any qualification, skies, flowers, and birds are all at their best. The following is one of the most noteworthy verses

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,
The birdis sang vpon the tender croppis,
With curiouse note, as Venus chapell clerkis.

With curiouse note, as Venus chapell clerkis,
The rosis yong, new spreding of thair knoppis,
War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall droppis,

beryl

Throu bemes rede, birning as ruby sperkis,
The skyes rang for schouting of the larkis,
The purpur heigh our scallt in silvir sloppis
Ourgilt the treis, branchis less and barkis
Overgilded

Scaled over (with clouds). 2 Slot

Drawn to a 'rosy garth,' the dreamer sleeps on Flora's mantle, and sees a noble ship land in the verdant meads a company of a hundred beauteous Indies, including Nature, Dame Venus, the Lady Flora, Juno, Diana, Fair Having, Fine Portraiture, Pleasance, Lusty Cheer, Will, Wantonness, and the rest, who are named merely and not described. The poet, as an intruder, is to be done to death by a detachment of fair ladies armed with bows and arrows, but is defended by Reason with a golden Targe or shield, until Presence throws a powder into Reason's eyes that blinds him, when his pro

tige is wounded nearly to death, made prisoner. and left in charge of Heaviness. The poem has been explained either as a fanciful account of a court masque after the event, or a poetical draft or plan for a possible court masque. It was noto rious that the Princess Margaret was fond of archery, the Somerset Herald who accompanied her to Scotland has recorded that she shot a buck with an arrow in Alnwick Park on her way north, and from Pitscottic we know that after the marriage there were such banquets, plays, and farces as had never before been heard of in Scotland poct's suggestion that only Homer or Tullius (') could have described the paradise where this adventure took place is apparently a serio-comic touch, like the mock heroic apostrophe to reverend Chaucer, moral Gower, and Lydgate laureate at the end

The Golden Farge has obviously much in common with the Parliament of Foules on the one hand, and the Romannt of the Rose on the other, if indeed it be not based on them The machinery vision, garden, May, flowers, birds singing, Cupid, Venus, &c.—is common to all three The some what incongruous grouping of personages, including Prinpus and Bacchus with Pleasance and Patience, comes into the Targe no doubt from the Parliament, so does Cupid and his two kinds of arrows (pointed and quarrel headed)-in the large, 'dredeful arrows, grundyn sharp and square,' in the Parliament, 'some for to slee and some to wound and kerve.' The shooting at the intruding dreamer or poet, and the wounding of him by the golden arrow called Beauty, in the Romannt of the Rose, is in the Turge represented by an arrow shot by one of Beauty's contingent of ladies, in both Reason plays a conspicuous though different And the strong Castle, its defence and assault, in the Romannt are apparently partly reproduced in Dunbar's Lady's Priconer things barely intelligible as they stand in the Targe become more significant when studied in the full light of the Parliament and the Romaunt

It is the more necessary to insist on this, as editors have ignored or unduly minimised Dunbar's debt to Chaucer and the pseudo-Chaucertan poems, to Gower and Lydgate. A recent editor recognises the direct influence of Chaucer in only two of Dunbar's poems-the "Wedo and the poem to the purse. Really it is unmistakable in the Thrissill and the Golden Targe, it is obvious in very many more—sometimes in the plan, sometimes in a leading idėa, sometimes in stanzas, rhythms, In Chaucer's rhymes, lines, and notable words Complayate to his Lady we have the old, old story of the cruel but beloved mistress, Dunbar's Io a Lady has the same inevitable argument, with some of the inevitable words, and many that were not inevitable—pitee, mercy, grace, rewthe, womanheid, &c. Chaucer says

Where is now al your wommanly pitce?

And Dunbar repeats

Allace ' quhair is 50ur womanlie petie? Dunbar begins the poem

My hartis tresure and swete assured for But Chaucer had said

My dere hert and best beloved fo,

and Dunbar's 'ladie bricht' is Chaucer's 'lady bright' Dunbar begins another poem, Of the Warldis Instabilite, thus

This waverand warldis wretchidnesse,

whereas Chaucer had begun his Fortune with

This wrecched worldes transmutacioun.

So in Lyndsav we have in one verse of the Diame a complaint of this fals warldis instabilitye, and of this warldis wracheit variation. Dunbar, On the Changes of Lyfe, has the first verse

I seek abowte this warld unstable
To find a sentence conveniable,
But I can not in all my witt
So trew a sentence find of it,
As say it is dissavable.

We can safely guess where he found this apt and noteworthy word when we see that Chaucer's 'balade' on Lak of Stedfastnesse commenced

Som tyme this world was so stedfast and stable That mannes word was obligacioun, But now it is so fals and deceivable, &c

The second, third, and fourth of the four verses, on the other hand, are the development of a motive, not from Chaucer, but from the Prologue to Gower's Confessio Amantis Dunbar has

Jisterday fair sprang the flowns, This day that ar all slane with schourts,

So mixt to symmer wyntir bene, Nixt efter confort cairis kene, Nixt efter midnycht myrthful morrow, Nixt efter joy ay cumis sorrow

Working out the same idea, Gower had written

Now be there lusty somer floures, Now be there stormy winter shoures, Now be the daies, now the nightes, So stant there no thing al uprightes, Now it is light, now it is derke

Dunbar evidently had a large measure of the skill Burns possessed of adapting to his own purposes poetic material, wherever found, lying ready to his hand

At least equally unmistakable is the connection when we find Chaucer, in another of the Fortune 'balades,' amusing himself by making four out of eight lines in each of the three stanzas rhyme to suffisaunce—thus, governaunce, countenaunce, plesaunce, &c., and Dunbar making six such rhymes in each of three eight-line stanzas of another pattern—chance, countenance, dissimulance, governance, plesance, &c. But Lydgate had already, in a

satire On the Times, yoked to the chariot no less than twenty-four different words of the same rhyme, including further attendaunce, Fraunce, demonstraunce, &c. Thus Dunbar sometimes played at bouts rimes with his deceased predecessors, the 'Vakars' he lamented

Lydgate's Dance of Death, the translation of the old French Danse Machabre, in which Death summons successively pope, emperor, prince, canon, friar, minstrel, &c, may at least have suggested the idea for the first and best stanzas of the Lament for the Makaris And it is fair to remember, in connection with Dunbar's Sevin Deadly Sins, in which the treatment is entirely his own, that Gower's Confessio Amantis is composed of tales illustrating the same Seven Deadly Sins, that the Parson's Tale expounds and illustrates them at tedious length, and that the Romaunt of the Rose, with which the Scottish poet was so familiar, describes near the beginning a series of pictures of Hate, Felonye, Vilanye, Coveitise, Avarice, Envye, Sorwe, Poverte, and other unamiable characters the older poems are in just such rhyming octosyllabics as are used, with the interruption of short lines once in three, in Dunbar's little Inferno

More seriously allegorical and didactic than the *Thrissill* or the *Targe* is The Uerle and the Vighting ie, the allegory is a very simple one this time

In May as that Aurora did vpspring,
With cristall ene chasing the cluddis sable,
I hard a merle with mirry notis sing
A sang of lufe, with voce rycht confortable,
Agane the orient bemis amiable,
Vpone a blisful brenche of lawryr grene,
This wes hir scritens sueit and delectable,
A lusty lyfe in luves scheruice bene.

Vndir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,
Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew,
Agane the hevinly aisur skyis licht,
Quhair did, vpone the tothair syd, persew
A nychtingall, with suggirit notis new,
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone,
This wes hir song and of a sentens trew,
All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.

With notis glaid and glorious armony
This joy full merle so salust scho the day,
Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,
Saying, 'Awalk, 5e luvaris O, this May
Awake, ye lovers
Lo, fresche Flora hes flurest every spray,
As natur hes hir taucht, the noble quene,
The feild bene clothit in a new array,
A lusty lyfe in luvis scheruice bene'

Nevir suetar noys wes hard with levand man,
Na maid this mirry gentill nychtingaill,
Hir sound went with the rever as it ran,
Outthrow the fresche and flureist lusty vaill.
O merle,' quod scho, 'O fule, stynt of thy tail,
For in thy song gud sentens is thair none,
For both is tynt the tyme and the travaill
Of every luve bot vpone God allone'

The merle said, 'Quhy put God so grit bewte In laders, with sic womanly having, bearin_ Bot gife he wild that thay suld luvit be? unless To luve cik natur gaif thame inclynnyng, And he, of natur that wirker wes and king, 3 Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be sene, in vain In to his creature of his awin making, OWII A lusty lyfe in luves scheruice bene. The nychtingall said, 'Nocht to that behufe Put God sic benty in a ladeis face, here That scho suld haif the thank thairfoir or lufe, she Bot he, the wirker, that put in hir sic grace, Off benty, bontie, richess, tyme or space, And every gudness that bene to cum or gone, The thank redounds to him in every place, All live is lost bot vpone God allone The merle said, 'Lufe is causs of honour ay Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchass Luve makis knychtis hardy at assev, I uve makes wreches full of lergeness, Luve makes sucer foll is full of bissiness, lazı Luve makis sluggirdis fresche and weill besene, I uve changis vyce in vertewis nobilness, A lusty lyfe in luvis schearice bene? The nych ingaill said, 'Trew is the contrary, Sic frustir luve, it blinds men so far. vanu In to thair myndis it makes thame to vary, In fals vane glory that so drunkin ar, Thair wit is went, of wo that ar nocht war, Qubill that all wirehip away be fro thame gone, Till-honour Fame, guddis and strenth, quhairfoir weill say I dar, All luve is lost bot vponc God allone ' I han said the merle, 'Myn errour I confess, This frustir luve all is bot vanite, Blind ignorance me gaif sie hardiness, To argone so agane the varite, argue-venty

Quharrfoir I counsall every man, that he With lufe nocht in the femdis net be tone Bot luve the lufe that did for his lufe de,

All lufe is lost bot upone God allone'

Then sing thay both with vocis lowd and cleir, The merle sang, 'Man, lufe God that hes the wrocht ' The nychtingall sang, 'Man, lufe the Lord most deir, That the and all this warld maid of nocht? The merle said, 'Luve him that thy lufe hes socht

thee Fri hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone ' The nychtingall sang, ' and with his deid the bocht, 4,5 All lufe is lost bot vpone him allone'

Thane flaw thir birds our the bewis schene, flew-bough gninida Singing of lufe among the levis small, Quhois ythand pleid 5it maid my thochtis grene, 6. 7 Bothe sleping, walking, in rest and in trivall, Me to reconfort most it dois awaill Agane for lufe, quhen lufe I can find none, To think how song this merle and nychtingaill, All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.

1 Flourished, flowery 2 Vale. 3 Worker-creator 4 Death ⁵ Bought. ⁶ Eager contest. ⁷ Long

Lowell, severest and unfairest of Dunbar's critics, confessed that the fourth of the stanzas quoted above had always seemed to him exquisite

is the Lament for the Makarls, written b, Dunbar in his most subdued tone when he was apparently very sick, each verse ending with the awkwardly iccented, rhyming Latin refruin, 'Timor mortis conturbat me? He bewails the shortness of life. the change ableness of all mortal things, and gives a goodly list of deceised poets, ill but three of them Scotsmen, and mostly now unknown or for The real note of pathos is unmistakably

The moralising poem most frequently referred to

Our plesance heir is all vane glory, This fals world is bot transitory, The flesche is brukle, the Fend is sle, I nittle-Fieud Timor mortis conturbat me

Now sound, now seek, now blyth, now sary, Now dansand merry now like to dee, Fimor mortis conturbat me. No start in erd heir standis sickir, As with the wynd wavis the wickir,

The start of man dots change and vary,

So waveris this warld's vainte, Limor mortis conturbat me Onto the ded gots all Lstatis, Princis, Prolotis, and Potestatis, Baith riche and pure of all degre, Limor mortis conturbat me

willow

suckin_

DUITABLE

straik, stroke

Anarmit under helm and scheild, Wictour he is at all inelle, Timor mortis conturbit me. That strang unmercifull tyrand

He takis the knychtis into feild

Takis on the moderis breist sowkand The bab full of benignite, Limor mortis conturbat me He takis the campioun in the stour,

The capitane closit in the tour. The lady in bour full of bewte, Timor mortis conturbat me. He spains no lord for his piscence,

Na clerk for his intelligence, His awfull strak may no man fle, Timor mortis conturbat me.

Art, magicianis, astrologgis, Kethoris, logicianis, theologgis,

are next named, then physicians and surgeons, and last the pocts, with the list so often referred to, followed by the poet's prayer for himself It is by his humorous and satirical works, his realistic and graphic pictures of contemporary life

and manners, that Dunbar establishes his claim to be ranked as the greatest of Scottish vernacular poets before and after Burns, and for variety, vigour, and satiric point Burns has in this depart ment neither predecessor nor successor who comes Dunbar's imagination so near to being a rival and conception are audacious, his humour is at times ghastly, his satire at times mere abuse

Dince of the Sevin Deldly Synnis is probably the most remarkable of his poems, and has usually been reckoned his masterpiece-a triumph of terse and realistic word painting, equal to the work of Callot's pencil at its best, as has been said Dance describes a procession of the sins personified before the Devil in hell, and is vividly and powerfully conceived and expressed The characterprinting is graphic, the satire apt and stinging The treatment of this serious subject is neither solcmn nor solemnising, even the satire being highly comic in tone. Both before and after the Reformation (Burns is another striking example) audacities of this kind seem to have commended a witty poet to the esteem of his grave and decorous Lowland countrymen. It has been hinted, but not proved, that Dunbar has here borrowed from some of the miracle plays, or clerk plays, as they were called in Scotland, or from some actual representation he had seen

Off I ebruar the fyiftene nycht, Full lang before the days lycht, I lay in till a trance, And then I saw batth hevin and hell Me thocht, amanges the feyr dis fell, tiends Mahoun gart cry ane dance Satan Off schrewis that wer never schrevin, worthless persous Agants the feist of Fasternis evin, Against-the eve of Lent To mak thair observance, He bul gallandis ga graith a gyiss, And kast up gamountis in the skyiss, capers That last came out of France.

'I at se,' quod he, 'Now quha begynnis, With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis Begowth to leip at anis. Began-at once And first of all in dance wes Pryd, With bair wyld bak and bonct on syd, I yk to mak vaistie wants, desolate houses and round abowt him, as a quheill, wheel Hang all in rumpillis to the heill creases-heel His kethat for the name long coat-nonce Mony proud trumpour with him trippit deceiver Throw skaldand fyre, ay as thay skippit Thay gyriid with hiddouss granis

Heilic harlottis on hawtane wyrss

Come in with mony sindric gyrss,

Bot 3rt luche revir Mahoun, But yet laughed never Satan

Quhill preistis come in with bair schevin nekkis,

Than all the feyndis lewche, and maid gekkis,

Blak Belly and Bawsy Brown

Than Yre come in with start and stryfe, disturbance His hand wes by yound his knyfe, He branderst lyk a beir swazgered—bear Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris, Lftir him passit in to pairis, All bodin in feir of weir, arrayed in equipment of war

In takkis, and stryppis and bonettis of stell,
I hair leggts wer chengeit to the hell,
I frawart was thair affeir Froward—bearing
Sum youin adir with brandis beft,
Sum jagget athirs to the helt,
With kn, vis that scherp could schere

Than cryd Mahoun for a Helcand padgane, 8
Syne ran a feynd to feche Makfad ane, Lucfady can
Ffar northwart in a nuke, neuk, corner
Be he the correnoch had done schout, coronach, lamria
Erschemen so gaddent him abowt, Ersch or Gaelee peak
In Hell grit rowne thay tuke

That tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,

Ffull lowd in Lrsche begowth to clatter,

And rowp lyk revin and ruke

The Devill sa devit wes with thair full,

That in the depest pot of hell

He smort thame with smyke

Smothered

1 Gallants go arrange a masque. 2 Grinned, made animices—groans. 3 Itil. 4 Shaven. 2 Laughed. 9 Grimaces. 2 Covered with chain armour. 8 Highland pageant or performance. 3 Make house noises like raven and rook.

His abhorrence of all things Highland, Irish, or Gaelic, thus effectively expressed, occurs again and again in Dunbar's verses, and must have been by no means peculiar to himself

The Turnament between a thievish tailor and a cowardly soutar or cobbler takes place in the same region and in the same presence, is somewhat in the same vein, but is even less edifying and more ultra Rabelaisian in treatment. In the Imends soutars and tailors are promised a place in heaven next to God and above the saints for their skill in concealing the defects of men 'misfashioned' by the Creator Fools who put away merriness, embarrass themselves with marriage, and cat dry bread 'while there is good wine to sell,' Dunbar consigns, in another set of verses, to 'the Devil of Hell'

The Tua Marit Wemen and the Wedo was no doubt suggested by the Wife of Bath's Tale. But here the poet, through a gap in a hedge, plays eavesdropper during a strictly confidential conversation between three ladies who discuss the dements of their husbands and their little schemes for getting their own ends served. Their language is such as perhaps the Wife of Bath might have permitted herself had she been speaking to intimates only. The verse is wholly alliterative, with a superfluity of alliterating words and no rhymes.

Kynd Kyttok is a short poem in a stanza closely resembling the alliterating poems mentioned at page 174. It tells how an alewife, at once a drunkard and worse—her name bewrays her—got into heaven when the guardian of the celestral gate was looking another way, whereat God laughed His heart sore!—

God lukit and saw her lattin in and leuch his hert sair. She was accordingly appointed to a post of trust and emolument as 'Our Lady's henvife,' and lived decently till, finding the ale of heaven sour, she vas tempted to an alchouse just outside, clime back tipsy, and on her return was hit by St Peter with his club, badly hurt on the head, and carried out, so that she is back again keeping the alchouse. It should be added that the writer represents this annable lady as his grandmother, and begs for her hostelry the patronage of his friends.

poem was doubtless a veiled attack on some person quite other than the alcuste

The Diege is a comic pirody of the solemn services of the Church, in which the 'glorious Trinite,' the Virgin Mary, the patriarchs and apostles, inc blasphemously petitioned with scraps of the Lord's Prayer, the Latin psalms, amens, responses, and other sacred liturgical forms to induce the ling to leave the thin ale and bad cookery of Stirling for the good Rhine wine indicate within sound of St Giles's bells, the playing, singing, and dancing of Edinburgh. It is highly probable that some of Dunbar's least admirable poems were, like some of Burns's, never meant for publication, but only for the entertainment of a few boon-companions, royal and other

The following, from the conclusion of the *Fua Wemen*, will show how Dunbar handled illiterative verse

Thus druf that our that deir micht with dincers full noble

Qubill that the day did up daw and dew doubit the flouris,

The morrow myld was and merk, the mayis did sing, And all remufit the myst and the meid smellit, removed Siluer schours downe schuke as the schene cristall, And bordis schoutit in schaw with their schill notis, The goldin glitterand glome so gladit their hertis. They made a glerius gle amang the grene bows., The soft souch of the swyr and soune of the stroms, glen. The suert sawour of the sward and singing of foulis, Myght confort ony creature of the kyn of Adam.

With the first line one cannot help comparing 'The night drave on wi's any and clatter' in 'Fam o' Shanter' 'Fhe petition of the Gray Horse, Auld Dunbar,' to the king at Christmas has some thing—if only a little—in common with Burns's 'Auld Farmer's New Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare' (also gray), and the earlier poem may have partly suggested the tone of the later one, though Dunbar's is an (obvious) allegory And Burns took over Dunbar's phrase 'sturt and strife'

The poem called in one of the MS's the Devill's Inquest might have given Coleridge a hint for the Devil's Thoughts. It deals with oaths more stringently than might be expected from the author of the Dirge, especially with such as run 'Devil take me if——' The Devil took the priest, the courtier, the merchant, at their word, and startled them with 'Renunce thy God and cum to me'

Ane goldsmyth said, 'The gold is sa fyne
That all the workmanship I tyne, lose
The I cind ressaif me gif I le,' receive
'Think on,' quod the Devill, 'that thow art myne,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

Ane tulzour said, 'In all the toun
Be thair ane bettir weiliniid goun,
I gif me to the I eynd all fre '
'Gramercy, tailzour,' said Mahoun,
Kenunce thy God and cum to me'

Ane souttar said, 'In guid effek
Nor I be hangit be the nek
Gif bettir butts of ledder malbe 'boots of leather
'Fy,' quod the Peynd, 'thow sairs of blek,
Go clenge the clene and cum to me.' cleanse

Savourest of blacking

The baxter, the flesher, the taverner, the malt man, the brewster, the smith, the minstrel, the thief, the fishwives, and 'the rest of the crafts' ill fall into the trap and are successively welcomed by Mahoun (Mohammed was thus unhesitatingly identified with Satan). The dangers of saying 'Devil take me,' brought home to heart and conscience in many a folk tale, is also a central idea of Chaucer's I nar's Tale

Fidings from the Session bears rather severch on weak points in the character of Scottish metropolitan society in the reign when Holyrood Abber was overshadowed by the royal palace now being built beside it

Ane myrlandis man of vplandis mak
At haine thus to his nychtbour spak,

'Quhat tydingis gossep, peax or weir?'
The tother rownit in his eir,
'I tell you this yndir confessionn,
Bot laitly lichtit of my meir,
I come of Ldinburch fra the Sessioun'

'Quhat tything is hard 5c thair, I pray 50w?'
The tother answerit, 'I sall say 50w,
Keip this all secreit, gentill brother,
Is no man thair that trestis and other
And commoun doar of transgres, foun
Of innocent folkis prevents a futher
Sic tydings hard I at the Sessioun.

Some with his fallow rowns him to pleas
That wild for my byt of his neiss,
His fa sum by the oxstar leids,
Sum patters with his mouth on beids,
That hes his mynd all on oppressioun,
Sum beckis full law and schawis bair heids,
Wald luke full heich war not the Sessioun

4, 5
nose
foe—shoulder
bous—low
Wald luke full heich war not the Sessioun

Sum castis summondis, and sum exceptis,
Sum standis besyd and skaild I w keppis 6
Sum is continuit, sum wynnis, sum tynis, lose
Sum makis him mirry at the wynis, wine
Sum is put owt of his possessioun,
Sum herreit, and on creddens dynis plundered—credit
Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun'

Moorland, ² Countryman build ³ Takes precedence of crowds, ⁴ Fellow ⁵ Whispers, ⁶ Gather spilt law

WOO

As he goes on to allege that

Religious men of diverss placis
Cumis thair to wow and see fair facis,

and makes similar but worse charges against Carmelites, Cordeliers, and young monks, it is obvious that he is not thinking so much of any particular law-court (the present Court of Session was not founded till 1532, long after Dunbar's death), but of the crowd that flocked to Edinburgh 'in the season,' as it were, when the courts were

sitting Obviously a law-court is the last place even an unholy friar would visit to woo and see fair faces

Another satire on Edinburgh begins

Quhy will ye, merchantis of renoun,
Lat Edinburgh your nobill toun
For laik of reformatioun
The commone proffeitt tyine and fame? lose
Think ye nocht schame
That onle uther regioun
Sall with dishonour hurt your name?

And the satirist makes a series of painful strictures on Edinburgh ways, on some of which travellers from 'other regions' continued to insist—the dirt, disorder, and ill smells of the High Street, the loud quarrellings and fightings there, the swarms of beggars and cripples not provided for, the blocking of the windows of St Giles's by mean buildings, the dearness of the Edinburgh shops and the extortionate charges of the Edinburgh inns, which he more than hints are likely to frighten away both 'strangers and lieges'

How Dunbar was desired to be a Friar by the Devil in the disguise of St Francis gives him a chance of saying stinging things against the hypocrisy of friars, drawn from his experience as a Franciscan. The Feigned Friar of Tungland is an attack on an Italian alchemist, Damian, whom the king had made abbot of the Abbey of Tongland in Kirkcudbrightshire, and who came to grief in attempting to anticipate our flying-machine men The Testament of Andro Kennedy is a skit on somebody made to behave in the hour of death as a highly impenitent drunkard. The 'Testament' is in alternate rhyming lines of Latin and Scots

Nunc condo testamentum meum
I leiss my saul for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum
Into my lordis wyne cellair,
Semper ad ibi remanendum
Quhile domisday without dissever,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum
With sueit St Cuthbert that lussit me never

It is not easy to say how far the Flyting between Dunbar and his contemporary Kennedy (see below, page 200) implied mutual dislike, and how far it was a mere amœbean exchange of abuse, a scolding match in response to a challenge to this extraordinary exercise, not peculiar to these two -1 sort of Scottish analogue to the contests of the Meistersinger Thus Skelton's invectives against Garnesche are extremely similar, not merely in scurrility of method, but in the choice of words and phrases Dunbar has indeed a good deal in common with the reprobate priest of Diss, his contemporary (see page 113) But whereas Skelton, though he sometimes wrote regular verse (his religious verse is some of it very like Dunbar's in the same vein), permitted himself the most rigged of rhymes, Dunbar's rudest verses show him an artistic master of clever rhymes and

elaborate rhythms He handles with equal facility rhymeless alliterative verse, heroic couplets, and a great variety of complicated rhyming stanzas, some English, some rather French, and some partly his own invention. Even when reviling Kennedy in such abusive phrases as

Muttoun dryvar, girnall ryvar [with worse names], foull fall the,

Herretyk, lunatyk, purspyk, carlingis pet, Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok or I shall quell the,

he puts in some of the eight line stanzas no less than thirty-two rhymes, internal and external, several of them dissyllabic.

He truly had, as Lyndsay complimentarily said, 'language at large'.' His command of vocabulary is almost as remarkable as his variety of rhythm Like his contemporaries, he is too fond at times of the 'aureate' style, which rejoiced in such words as matutine, preclare, mansuetude, pulcritude, his Address to London, 'London thou art of townes A per se' (a non such), is in contemporary Southern English, but in his realistic work his vocabulary is the homeliest vernacular

Though much of his verse is comparatively plain sailing, much of it is to the uneducated Scotsman, accustomed to speak or read modern 'broad Scotch,' perfectly unintelligible, very few educated Scotsmen can read him without constant reference to the glossary, some words are found only in Dunbar, the old vernacular of his raciest poems is a dead language—were it not so, ordinary decorum would hardly allow some of them to be printed nowadays, and Chaucer, on the whole, is easier even for Scotsmen

Dunbar seems almost equally at home in a pedantic conventional style and in the shortest, sharpest realism. And it is obvious that for him the transition in thought is equally easy from a meditation on the joys of heaven to merriment of the roughest kind. It cannot be regarded as certain that the indecorous poems are all early, the pious ones all late, more likely Dunbar illustrates and reflects the contrasts and contradictions so strangely coexisting in human nature, perhaps specially inherent in Scottish temperaments and conspicuous in Scottish history—grimness and gloom in the prospect of death and judgment chequered by devil may care jollity, orthodox religion by audacious irreverence.

It must be admitted that Dunbar's piety has a somewhat professional flavour, and suggests rather the expectant Churchman, his moralisings on the instability of earthly things betray rather the disappointed courtier and sated epicurean than the devout philosopher. The solemn confession, 'I cry thee mercy, and lasar to repent,' is hardly like the outpouring of a contrite soul, the penitunt seems, like Topsy, anxious to confess all possible sins at once, and is careful to recite them logically in the order of a theological manual. Even Dunbar's satire, it will be noticed, is seldomer the

sæva indignatio of a moral censor wholly in earnest than the more than half cynical amusement of a very tolerant man of the world, who sees through the petimess and self-deception of langs, nobles, judges, priests, frars, fools, upstarts, high and low, mankind and womankind generally. He throws his saure about rather indiscriminately, and is obviously more andous to amuse than to reform

Some of his religious poems were merely ingent out or funtastical exercitations in rhymes and rhythms on theological commonplaces. I Ballad of our Lady begins thus, and so continues

Haile sterne superne. Haile in eterne
In Gods sight to schyne.
I ucerne in derne for to discerne, Lamp—darknes
Be glory and grace decyne
Hodiem modern empitern
Angelicall regyne.

The difficulties of the rhyme in such cases he diminished by taking over such Intin vords is, when modified, suited his purpose, and thus gilding the sold of the faircate style. The most important of the poems attributed to him without sufficient reason is that called the I reiris of Ber will - the adventure of two White Friars detecting I rear John, superior of the Gray France in in intrigue with a farmer's wife The plot is a folk tile of wide distribution, and is found in Grimm and in Hans Andersen's 'Great Claus and Little Claus? Here it is put in an eminently Scottish setting, and the narrative of the detection and punishment of the evil doer is told with great spirit, much humour, and not a little coarseness Allan Ramsay vulgarised the tale in his Mork and the Miller's Wife

Dunbar shows constant reminiscences of Chaucer, and some of Lydgate and Cower, as ve have seen, but the examples given will show how utterly un like Chaucer his natural bent and temper are. He has not Chaucer's genial views of life, Chaucer's broad humanity, a certain grimness and terseness, again, is all his own. Chaucer's humour was kindly, Dunbar's caustic and cynical. We nowhere find in Dunbar the indefinable charm of Chaucer A comparison with Skelton, on the other hand, redounds wholly to Dunbar's glory Of his contemporaries, we feel that Dunbar was the most modern in spirit, and though he was a court poet and not a people's poet, he may fairly be regarded as a precursor of Burns-though not of the whole Burns It is the Burns of 'The Jolly Beggars,' 'Holv Willic,' and 'Tam o' Shanter,' and the Burns of the somewhat tame moral and religious verses -and even that is much, but it is not the bestbeloved Burns, the Burns of the songs There are in Dunbar poems about love in plenty, sometimes of the noblest, sometimes of the ignoblest kind, but there are no singable love lyrics. And one rarely distinguishes the note of outspoken patriotism so frequent in Burns and other Scottish There is much in Dunbar to repel all readers who do not make large allowances for a l

rude age, a ruder country, a dissolute court, and a Rabeliusem humour Professor Courthope com plans that Dunbar rarely touches the chords of human sympathy, even Sir Walter Scott admitted that in pathos Dunbar could not compare with the Bard of Woodstock.1 Irifler, moralist, ribild joker, and scolding and calding saturat by turns, he was always a literary craftsman, almost alvays a poet. He gives us a startlingly graphic picture of his own moods, of his time and his surroundings He had a very marked individuality of his o n, unusual versatility and a command of his materials in apt words, in metre, in rhyme, unparalleled And in spite of Mr amongst contempor iries Lowell, we may confidently say of Dumbar, and with more truth, what Mr Lowell said of Skelton, is of a genuine poet. 'He had vivacity, fine, humour, and originality Gleams of the truest poetical sensibility alternate in him aith an almost brut il coarsenesse. He was trul. Rabeliasi in before Ribelius But there is a triodom and hibrity in much of his writing that gives it a singular attrac-

See the distance with interest of the fire Social Teat See to tay Such Manage (to grad Manage) that of Professor Schipper (social rapid) if the information by Irofonder Schipper (social rapid) as multiple to the United Schipper (social rapid) as multiple to the United Schipper (social rapid) as multiple to the One that the social rapid is the Irofonder (100) IN Rossica that the social result of the Irofonder (100) IN Rossica that the social result is the Irofonder (100) IN Rossica that the social result is a function of the Irofonder of the Iro

Walter Rennedy, Dunburs antigonist in the I hard, is called by him in 'Ersch brylour burd' (Insh-speaking begins poetister', and is charged—extra is intly—with being unable to speak presible Ingla Another charge—tha his tongue had a 'fleland strend,' or Highland strum —is likely enough. For the Gilloviy Grehe was in use in Carrol, into the eighteenth centure, as we not know, and was even heard in the pulpit in the seventeenth, and the local tone of the Currick country folks still sufficiently distinguishes them from their neighbours of Kyle, once Welshspeaking. Walter Kenned, was the son of Lord Kennedy, head of the great Carrick sept, gradu ated it Glasgow University, acted as eximiner there, and Later was Bulle Depute of his name He charges Dunbar with Lollardya most unlikely story, if one may judge by his poems-and he was himself nothing if not orthodox on the Church question. The poems by him that have been preserved are mostly moral, devout, and edifying, save his part in the I lyting, which is as ribald as Dunbar's, but less masterly in its Billingsgite and complex rhythms in his edition of Dunbar printed Kennedy's poems, the Praise of Aige, Ane 15th Man's Invective against his own youthful dissipations, Ane Billat in Praise of our Lary, and parts of a poem On the Passioun of Christ But most of his vork is probably lost

folly lasts

glory

In the Praise of Aige Kennedy is more paradovical than Henryson on the same theme, and does not hint that an elderly person who, like Kennedy, sccms to have sown wild oats is apt not to be unbiassed on that head. In view of the temptations and weakness of youth, he protests that old age is decidedly to be preferred to youth

Grene youth, to aige thow mon obey and bow, Thy foly leftis skant ane May, That than wes witt, is naturall foly now, As warldly honour, riches, or fresche array, Deffy the divill, dreid God and domifday For all fall be accusit, as thow knaws, Blissit be God, my youth heid is away, Honour with aige to every verten draws

O bittir yowth ' that feimis fo delicious, O haly arge I that fumtymes femit foure, O reftless youth ! hie, hait, and vicious, hot O honest arge ' fulfillit with honoure, O frawart youth! fruitlefs and fedand flour, froward Contrair to confeience, baith to God and lawis, Of all vane gloir the lamp and the nurroure

This warld is fett for to diffaire us evin, Pryde is the nett, and cuvatece is the trane, For na reward, except the joy of hevin, Wald I be yong in to this world agone. The fchip of faith, tempeftous wind and rane Dryvis in the fee of Lollerdy that blawis, My youth is gane, and I am glaid and fane, Honour with aige to every vertew drawis-

Honour with aige till every vertew drav is.

Laing is quite unduly harsh in his judgment of the Invective as 'beneath criticism,' it was printed by Ramsay in The Evergrain The Ballat in Praise of our Lady has some happy thoughts, though each stanza rather artificially winds up with a detached fragment of the 'Ave Mary' or other The fourth verse runs thus Latin formula.

The modir fe, fludis, lochis, and wellis, mother sea War all thir yake, and quyk and deid couth wryte, The hevyne stellat, montanis, planetis, and fellis, War fur perchiament, and all as Virgillis dyte, poems And plefand pennis for to report perfyte War woddis, foreftis, treis, gardingis, and gravis, groves Couth nocht diferyse thy honouris infinit! Speciola lacta es, et luavis.

Some phrases are memorable 'Blist be thy wame that made us sib to Christ' is sound Catholic theology, and in homely terseness of speech is worthy of a Covenanting preacher, by taking on human nature in the Virgin's womb Christ became akin or sib (a word used both by Chaucer and Piers Plowman) to all mankind In Pious Cour sale to a discarded sweetheart, 'Leiff luiff, my luiff, no langer I it lyk' ('Leave oft loving, my love, I no longer like it'), is surely rather a one sided argument, even when fortified by the hint, 'And know in hell there is eternall pane.

In the Passioun of Christ he tells us Throu helpe of Him qualk deit on the tré, In Inglis toung I think to mak remembrance how through Christ's death man has come into a state of grace, and may finally hope for glory—a complete Koman Catholic Fourfold State in verse, as Scriptural as Boston's Man after the Fall is 'put to the horn, exilit fra Goddis face'-again a sentence Boston might have used, 'put to the horn' being a Scots law phrase for 'outlawed' In comparison with this solenin subject all books and studies are worthless, if men could only see it

Bot now, allace ' men ar mair fludy us To read the Seige of the toun of Tyre. The life of Turfalem, or Hector, or Iroylus, The vanite of Alexanderis empire, Bot quhen the warld fall all birn in a fire, burn Than vane flory is fall mal na remeid, Bot all thair helps mon cum throu Criftis deid

The tidings of salvation and the tidings of damna tion were neither of them first preached in Ayrshire by Burns's contemporary ministers 'Tursalem' is a monstrosity Oddly enough Douce, followed by David Laing, says 'unquestionably' we should read 'the Siege of Jerusalem,' though they do not tell us how to scan the line in that casc. Is not 'Tursalem' rather a copyist's blunder for 'Tristrom'?

In the tolbuth then Pilot enterit in, Callit on Crift and Sperit, Gif he was King?

introduces the colloquy from the Gospels partphrased

In the account of Christ's sufferings Kennedy Leeps pretty close to the Gospel story, but goes beyond it to tell how the persecutors 'twyn his banis' and 'depart the tender lithis [joints] of his Death, personified, not merely expresses profound regret, but is made to explain to the dying Saviour (') the Father's scheme of Redemption and the necessity for his own sacrifice

Quhen Deid enterit within the breift of blis, His nobill hert he grainit in his hand, groped, clutched Sayand, O King thocht ye have done no myfs, For your pepill ye mon bow till our wand, hor-napm

For your Fader hes gart us understand, That be your dead Man is reftorit to grace, Bot you, faikles, I dred to fla, allace!

1 Though-nothing amiss.

The poct himself 'flites' with Death in terms very different from those of that other Flyting, and thus states some of the signal results of Christ's death by the 'subtill working of the Haly Grist'

He garris the occourar leif his gul in haift, makes-usurer And him follow in gret powerte poscity Ane hird, a king, a propheit makis he

Off and perfewar he makes a protectour, And of a cowart, quhilk denyit his name Thris for ane word or runyn wes and hour, cre run He garns contempne all erdly pane, and thane Iganis knychtis and princis him allane Stand constantly, and Cristis faith defend, Leif as and postill, syne as a marter end apostle-afterwards

Another Ayrshire poet of Kennedy's name, pos-How God maid man how man fell thron myfchance, I sibly of his kin, was named by Knox with such

unusual tenderness that one regrets all trace of his precocious and early extinguished genius has been lost. Thomas Kennedy, a young main of tyr, not passing the yeares of arge, was, Knot tells us, for excellent injune in Scottish poesy, but, convicted of Lollardy before the Archbishop, was burnt at the stake in Glasgow in 1539.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and poet, was born at Iantallon Castle about 1474, third son of Archibald, Earl of Angus, famous as 'Bell the Cit,' ind was educited for the Church at St Andrews, and perhaps it Paris He had a living at Preston kirk, near Dunbar, and in 1501 was appointed Provost of St Giles's in Edinburgh After I lodden he was nominated abbot of Arbroath, and was promised the archbishopric of St Andrews hostile influences triumphed, and he was not allowed to enter in 1515 even into possession of the see of Dunkeld without unple is intness. Albany, returning to Scotland and to power, imprisoned the Bishop for nearly a year, and when the Douglas party was wholly overthrown at Cleanse the Causeway in 1520, Gavin fled to England, to the court of Henry VIII Hc was proscribed as a trutor, and the revenues of his bishopric of Dunkeld sequestrated, but he did not live long to regret his loss he was stricken with the plague, and died in London in 1522 He was a min of great gifts, sound learning, and amirble character, but family connections and the currents of the time led him to be come a political intriguer-not over scrupulous, it would secm Douglis wrote two original poetical works, both apparently in his youth Palice of Honour (1501) is an apologue showing the triumph of virtue over difficulty, with special reference to a good king, and addressed to Jimes IV The poet sees in a vision a large company travel ling towards the Pilace of Honour, joins them, and tells the story of the pilgrimage, not with out reminiscences of Chaucer and Piers Plovo The singular company includes heathen goddesses, Scriptural and classical personages, vir tues and vices, poets and patriots King Hart is ilso an allegorical view of human life. The human heart is personified as a king in his castle, with the five senses around him, he is attacked by Dame Pleasaunce, who has conquered many a king, from Solomon downwards, but at length Age and Experience come to the rescue, and King Hart is set free There is also a small moral poem on Con But Douglas's best known work is his complete translation of the Encid (1513) in the Scottish language, being the first version of a great Latin poet into any British tongue. (Caxton printed a translation of Cuero De Senectute in Phaer's incomplete translation of Virgil was made in 1555-58) The translation is in the heroic couplet, of ten syllables to the line. As a translation it is by no means accurate, but the translator shows a true and poetic appreciation of Virgil's beauties, and makes no unworthy effort

to reproduce them for his unlettered countrymen, in verse none too smooth or flowing. There is poetry in the translation, but much is only prosyrhyme. The introductions to the seventh and twelfth books—describing winter and May—have been praised even by Lowell, most grudging critic of the old Scottish poets, and here, too, he takes exception to the 'item kind of description.' In the famous passage of the descent of Æneas to the infernal regions, we read in Douglas

It is right facill and cith grit, I the tell, easy join I or to discend and pas on down to I ell. The blak jettis of Pluto and that dirl way Stands ever opyne and pitent night and day, But tharfra to return agine on hyeli, And heir abuse recover this aims light, That is difficill werl—thar laubour lie.

In regard to his temper and his relation to the Remassance, Mr Courthope surely evaggerates when he says that 'no poet, not even Dante him self ever drink more deeply of the spirit of Virgil than Givin Doughts,' compared with Dunbar he is medicall in spirit. Though later in point of time than Henryson and Dunbar, Douglas is much less easily read. He was, like Spenser, fond of irchiisms, and he resolved, he said, to write wholly in the vernicular of Scotland, which he was the first notable writer to call Scottis (see page 165). His language is, however, far from being pure Lowlind Scots, and this he himself admits, as Professor Skeat says, his style is 'much affected by Anglicisms,' and he seems to have manufectured new words from Latin at will is what he himself says

And jit, forsuith, I set my best pane
As that I suld, to mak it braid and plane,
Repand na sudroun bot our twin language,
And speaks as I lernit quhen I was page.
Nor jit sa clene all sudroun I refuse
Bot sum word I pronunce as nychtbour doise,
I yk as in Latyne bene Grew termes sum
So me behavit quhilum, or than be dum,
Sum bastard Latyne, Frensch, or Inglis oiss,
Quhar scant war Scottis I had na wither choises.

1 Southron English of the south. - As our neighbours [f England] do

Doughs disapproved strongly of Caxton's translation of Virgil—really of a I rench romance on the subject—as an insult to the great poet's name

Adherand to my protestatioun,
Thocht Williame Caxtoun, of Inglis natioun,
In pross hes prent ane buik of Inglis gros,
Clepand it Virgill in Fneados,
Quhilk that he sais of Frensch he did translait,
It hes na thing ado therwith. God wait,
Nor na mair like than the devill and Sanct Austyne,
Hauc he na think therfor, bot lost his pyne,
So schamfully that storye did pervert,
I red his work with harmes at my hert,
That sie ane buik, but sentence or engyne, sense or ability
Suld be intitillit efter the poet divyne,

His ornait goldin versis mair than gilt, I spittit for despyt to see sua spilt so spoiled With sic a wicht, quality treulie be myne entent, Knew neuer thre wowrds of all that Virgill ment.

The following verses-with their double or triple internal rhymes-are part of an apostrophe in praise of Honour at the end of the Palice of Honour

O hie Honour, sweit heuinlie flour degest ' gracious Gem verteous, maist precious, gudhest, For hie renoun thou art guerdon conding, condign Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest, But quhome in richt na worthie wicht may lest, last, endure Thy great puissance may maist auance all thing, And pouerall to merkall auail sone bring poverty I the require sen thow but peir art best, without peer That estir this in thy hie blis we ring

Of grace thy face in euerie place sa schynis, That sweit all spreit baith heid and feit inclynis Thy gloir afoir for till imploir remeid before thy glory He docht richt nocht that out of thocht the tynis, loses Thy name but blame and royal fame diuine is, die Thou port at schort of our comfort and reid, at hand To bring all thing till glaiding after deid, All wicht but sicht of thy greit micht ay crynis, shrinks O schene I mene, nane may sustene the feid.

1 O fair [one whom] I mean, none can endure thy ill will. But, four times, means 'without.

Much of the translation is very pedestrianhardly more poetic than the doggerel of the chroniclers The bishop cannot be accounted happy in his rendering of the beginning of the first book of the Encid

The batellis and the man I will descrive, Fra Troys bounds first that fugitive, By fait to Itale covme and coist Lavyne, I, 2 Our land and see cachit with mekle pyne, 3, 4 By force of goddis abuif, fro euery steid, place Of cruell Juno throw ald ramembrit feid. feud, quarrel Greit pane in batell sufferit he also, Or he his goddis brocht in Latio, And belt the crete, fra quhame, of noble fame, 5 The Latyne peple takin hes thair name, And eik the faderis, princis of Alba Come, and the vallers of great Rome alswa. 6

1 Come. 2 Coast of Lavinia. 3 Over 4 Chased, driven 5 Built 4 Wallers, fortifiers. the city

The most poetic parts of Douglas's work are the Prologues to the several books of the *Enerd*, which are free creations, absolutely without any parallel in the original, and breathe the air of sixteenth century Scotland, not of ancient Italy This, for example, is a Scotch winter, though added as Prologue to the seventh book of the Eneid

Quhen brym blastis of the northyne art 1 3 Ourquhelmit had Neptunus in his cart, Overwhelmed-car And all to schark the levis of the treis, The rageand storm ourwalterand wally seis, 4 Revens ran reid on spait with watter broune, 5 And burns hurhs all thair bankis downe, brooks And landbrist rumland rudely with sic beir, 6 So loud ne rummist wyld houn or beir

Fludis monstreis, sic as meirswyne or quhailis, For the tempest law in the deip devallyis

1 Fierce. 2 Art [later Scotch airt], direction, quarter 2 Cf 'All to break his skull' in Judges ix 53 4 Over weltering wavy seas. 5 Red in flood 6 Landships rumbling loud with such noise. 7 As never bellowed hon or bear 8 Monsters of the flood, such as por poises and whales. 9 By reason of the storm sink low in the deep

The two following passages, both from the Prologue to the twelfth book, represent a Scottish May-day in somewhat rosy colours

As fresch Aurora, to mychty Tythone spous, Ischit of hir safron bed and evir hous, Issued from-nory In crammysin cled and granit violat, cramoisie-grain dyed silk With sanguyne cape, the selvage purpurat, Onschot the windows of hyr large hall, Unshut, opened Spred all wyth rosys, and full of balm ryall, royal And eak the hevinly portis crystallyne eke also Vpwarpis braid, the warld to illumvn Throws up, opens wide

Wenchis and damysellis, In gresy gravis wandrand by spring wellis, Of blomyt branchis and flowris gulite and rede Plettand thar lusty charplettis for thar hede, Sum sing sangis, dansis ledys, and royndis, Wyth vocis schill, qubill all the daill resovndis, 4.5 Whereso wherever Quharso that walk into thar caraling, -carolling For amorus lays douth all the rochis ryng rocks Ane sang, The schip salis our the salt fame, Will bring thir merchandis and my lemman hame, sweet heart Sum other singis, I wil be blyth and lycht, Myne hart is lent apon sa gud y roycht so goodly a youth And thochtfull luffaris rowmys to and fro, roam To less thar pane, and plene thar joly wo, 6 7 Estyr thar gys, now syngand, now in sorow, guise manner With hartis pensyve, the lang symmeris morow Sum ballettis lyst endyte of his lady, Sum levis in holp, and sum aluterly hope-utterly Disparyt is, and sa quyte owt of grace, His purgatory be fyndis in euery place.

¹ Grassy lanes or groves. ^a Bloom-covered blossomed. ^a Lead dances and round-dances. ⁴ Voices clear ^a Till. ^a Get rid of 7 Lament their pleasing sorrow

The second is a welcome to the summer sun

Welcum the lord of lycht, and lamp of day, Welcum fostyr of tendir herbys grene, Welcum quyknar of florist flowris schene, Welcum support of euery rute and vane, vein, fibre Welcum confort of alkynd fruyt and grane, Welcum the byrdis beyld apon the breyr, bield, shelter nest Welcum maister and rewlar of the gevr, Welcum weilfar of husbandis at the plewis, Welcum raparar of woddis, treis, and bewis, boughs Welcum depayntar of the blomyt medis, decorator of the flowers meads Welcum the lyfe of every thing that spredis,

guardian of all Welcum stourour of alkynd bestiall, Welcum be the brycht bemys, glading all, Welcum celestiall myrrour and aspy, espier, sentinel

Attechyng all that hantis sluggardy I Arresting arousing

1 Qu chener of flourishing flowers bright.

The Palice of Honour seems to have been first printed in 1553 the same year as the Eneul Ruddiman's edition of the Eneid is notable as having had a glossary of Scots words which served as a basis for Jamieson a Dictionary The next edition was that of the Bannatyne Club (1839). The first collected edition of the works was by Dr John Small (4 vols. 1874).

in the open air. The performance at Linlithgow took place at the Feast of Epiphany, January 6, 1539-40, in the presence of the king, queen, the ladies of the court, the bishops, and a great concourse of people of all ranks. When Lyndsay called his play a 'Satyre,' he meant the word to in clude something of the ancient sense of 'medley,' it has for us a curious interest as the only specimen of the old vernacular Scottish play-for Buchanan's Latin plays, so important in their influence on vernacular play-writing in Germany, belong to another category We have a bit of an interlude from Dunbar, and we have innumerable allusions in books (Knox, James Mchille, Calderwood), biographies, and kirk-session records to show that from early in the sixteenth century at least, or about the seventeenth century, plays in some connections—as at the grammar schools-were either directly sanctioned or encouraged by the authorities, and when the presbyteries intervened, they did so on account of the 'much bawdry and banning' which seem a separable accident of the plays Lyrdsay's is a cross between the old morality, the interlude as managed in England by Heywood and Bale, the modern play, and explicit and systematic satire Sensualitic, Wantonness, Flatterie, Falset [Falsehood], Dissait [Deccit], are characters who have too much authority with Spiritualitie, Temporalitie, and Mcrchand (the three cstates), John the Commoun Weill has many and bitter complaints to make, and by help of Gude Counsall and Correction things are to be put on a better footing, in spite of the recalcitrancy of Spiritualitie saure is indeed keen and scathing, particularly of the abuses of the Church and of Churchmen, in the interludes the allegory gives way to very real istic buffooner, and the picture of contemporary manners of Scotland is amazingly vivid Historic of Squyer Meldrum is perhaps the most entertrining of all Landsay's works, rough but lively and full of verve. A belated specimen of a metrical romance, it is founded on the actual adventures of a well known Fife laird, William Meldrum, of Claish and Binns, who served in France during the war in 1513, and on his return to Scotland was noted for his gallantry and for his tragic fate.

The Dreme, addressed to the still young King James V, thus begins

Quhen thow wes young, I bure thee in myne arme
Full tenderlie, tyll thow begouth to grus,
And in thy bed oft happit thee full warme,
With lute in hand some sweathe to thee sang
Suintyme in dansing feiral e I flang,
And sumtome play and farsis on the flure,
And sumityme on myne olinee takkand cure

And sumtyme lyke one feind, trans igurate, fier i, devil And some yone lyke the preshe grust of Gye, in divers forms of typics disfigurate,

And sumtyme disaggist full pleasandly.

So sen thy birth I have continewalve.

Bene occupyit, and age to thy plesoure, And samt, me Se vare, Coppare, and Carvoure,

Thy purs maister and secret Thesaurare,

Thy Yschare, age sen thy natyvite,

And of thy chalmer cheffic Cubiculare,

Quhilk to this hour hes keipit my lawtie,

Lovyng be to the blyssit Trynite!

That sie and wricheit worme hes maid so hanyll,

Tyll sie and Prince to be so greabyll

agreeab of

Bot now thow arte, be influence naturall,

Hie of ingyne, and right inquisitive genics
Of antique storers, and deadrs materall,

More pleanable the tyme for till overdrive,
I have at lenth the storers done descrive
Of Hectour, Arthour, and gentill Julyus,
Of Mexander and worthy Pompeyus,

Of Jasone and Medea, all at lenth,
Of Hercules the actis honorallyll,
And of Sampsone the supernaturall strenth,
And of heil luffaris stores amiabyll, loyal lovers
And oft tymes have I feinyeit mony fabyll, feigned
Of Troylus, the sorrow and the joye,
And seigns all of Tyrr, Thebes, and Troye.

The Propheces of Rymour, Beid, and Marlyng,
And of mony uther plesand storye,
Of the Reid Ltin, and the Gyir Carlyng,
Confortand thee, quhen that I saw thee sorye
Now, with the supporte of the King of Glorye,
I sall thee schaw and storye of the new,
The quhilk affore I never to thee schew

But humilic I bescik thyne Excellence
With ornate terms thocht I can nocht expres
This sempyll mater, for laik of cloquence,
Yit, nochtwithstandyng all my besvnes
With hart and hand, my mynd I sall addres,
As I best can, and most compendious
Now I begyn—the mater hapnit thus

In to the Calendis of Januarie,

Quhen fresche Phebus, be movyng circulair,

I rome Capricorne wes enterit in Aquarie,

With blastis that the branchis mind full bair,

The snaw and sleit perturbit all the air,

And themit Flora frome every bank and bus,

Through supporte of the austeir Lolus.

The works and stories named may be regarded as Sr David's notion of the best books for young people. Give fill true be as we know it has no grisly whose head Fitth and the Gyr Civ. r_o (so page rog) are still extant though the latter's canabal guint would hardly be a pleasant acquaintance for youth. The purple cies of Phoma the Khymer and of Metha were very famous, for that attributed to the Vererable Lede (about the overthing of Fig. and) see the S - first latigatory xiv. 72.

The Sewer was the court officer who previded over the serving of meals the Coppare is the cop-bearer. He Cobicular took charge of the sleep to chambion

Of Lyndshy's freedom in satirising blunders in State policy vie may judge from a passage in the Compliant to the King, on the Scottish revolution in 1524, vien—the king being welve years of age—the Douglases gained the iscendency

Impro lentle, lok worlds funds, That take the young Prince frome the Leules, Quhare he, under obedience, Was lernand vertew and science, And haistelie platt in his hand placed The governance of all Scotland, As quho wald, in ane stormye blast, Quhen marinaris bene all agast Throw damger of the seis raige, Wald tak ane chylde of tender aige, Ouhilk never had bene on the sey, And to his biddyng all obey, Geving hym haill the governall whole, all Of schip, marchand, and marinall, For dreid of rockis and foreland, To put the ruther in his hand Without Goddis grace is no refuge Ιſ Geve thare be dainger, ye may juge I gyf thame to the Devyll of hell, Ouhilk first devysit that counsell, I will nocht say that it was treassoun, Bot I dar sweir it was no reassoun I pray God, lat me never se ryng reign In to this realme so young ane Kyng

Much of Lyndsay's work is hardly smoother or more melodious than Wyntoun's Chronicle, a part of it is in the same rhyming octosyllabics, the lines made up with 'as I heard tell,' 'as I you tell,' 'with out sudgeorne' [sojourn, delay], and the like needless phrases English spellings and rhymes were adopted when he thought fit (see below, where he has bone and none, instead of bane and nane, as clsewhere), and his Scripture history and tales of the Assyrian kings are not, as a rule, more truly poetical than Zachary Boyd's Bible renderings Yet it is often interesting for other reasons—for the insight it gives us into contemporary notions of geography and history among the educated, of religious and political thought among all classes. for its shrewd and often sage remarks on men and things, for its humour, and even sometimes for its lack of humour The Satyre of the Thrie Estartis seems like a curious and uncouth jumble of Piers Plowman, Bishop Bale, and Goethe's With Lyndsay allegory was not adopted for the love of it, but as a literary expedient for providing varied satirical effects Lyndsay, like his predecessors, reverenced Chaucer, and unlike as their tempers were, there are in Lyndsay many direct traces of Chaucer's influence.

The creation of woman is thus recorded in the Monarchio (an elaborate compendium of events in sacred and profane history, in some parts based on Melanchthon's Daniel, but taken partly direct from Scripture and from a series of authors duly specified, from Orosius to Polydore Vergil)

God putt Adam in sic sapour sofor, drowsiness That for to sleip he tuke pleasour, And laid hym down apone the grounde, And quhen Adam was slepand sounde He tuke ane rib furth of his syde, Syne fyld it up with flesche and hyde, And maid ane woman of that bone Fairar of form wes never none

I han tyll Adam incontinent That fair Ladyc he did present.

The Fall is described in an equally unimpressive manner, and tells how, being ashanied, 'thai maid thame breiks of levis grene' (nearly as the Geneva Bible of 1560 has it, and as Wyclif's translators rendered it long before)

The Flood is much more vigorously described

Ouhen wynd and rane began to ryis. The roikis with rerd began to ryve, rocks-noise Quhen uglie cluddis did ouerdryve, And dirkynnet so the Hevinnis brycht darkened That Sonne nor Mone mycht schaw no lycht, The terrabyll trymlyng of Erthquaik Gart biggyngis bow and cietcis schaik buildings The thounder raif the cluddis sabyll, rived tore With horrabyll sound appoventable, terrific The fyre flauchtis flow ouerthorte the fellis, 1 2 Then wes thare nocht bot youtis and yellis 1 Lightnings - Athwart

He has keen sympathy for the poor animals' dismay

The fysches thocht thame euyll begyld
Quhen thay swame through the wodds wyld,
Quhalis tumbland among the treis,
Wyld beistes swomand in the seis.
Birdis with mony pictuous pew
Affeiritlye in the air they flew
Sa lang as thay had strenth to flee,
Sync swalterit down into the sea.

There are few of his poems in which he does not find occasion for a few shrewd strokes at abounding corruption in Church and State, and when he does directly address himself to denounce the unholy lives of bishops, priests, and friars, he is appallingly frank Many a man has been burnt for less, for, though he did not attack theological mysteries, and said nothing about the mass, he demanded most that the martyrs asked sisted on the use of the vulgar tongue in prayers, protested against the mumbling of prayers in halfunderstood Latin, and jeered in the freest manner at pilgrimages, processions, images, relics, and Rutebeuf and the medreval satirists used the same freedom in an age of stricter orthodoxy the amusement they gave to all classes, including those satirised, covered a multitude of sins, the court minstrel and the court fool were, in fact, permitted the same liberties. The very broad humour (not soldom indecent) mixed up with Lyndsay's satire would have made a solemn prosecution for heresy ridiculous, and no doubt, as with Rabelais, this ingenious but indecorous expedient was deliberately adopted to embarrass clerical interference. Lyndsay, who was, besides, till James's death in 1542, the king's old and faithful and intimate friend, seems to carry the freedom of his address to bishops and princes into his appeals to the Almighty, whom he thus invokes

Gett up' thow slepist all too lang, O Lord And mak one haistie reformatioun On thame quhilk doeth tramp down thy gratious Words

D125

relics

And probably there are few prologues more insistent, even in works more directly theological, or in which the author more plainly indicates where the blame will lie if the book fail of effect, than in that to the *Monarchie*, the last verse of which runs thus

First planely in the Cane of Galelee,

Quhare thow convertit cauld watter in wyne,

Convoye my mater tyll ane fructuous fyne, frutful effect
And save my sayingis baith frome schame and syn
Tak tent, for now I purpose to begyn
Give heed

The next three passages are from

The Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis.

Pauter Gude man, will ye gif me of your charitie, And I sall declair yow the black veritie. My Father was ane auld man, and ane hoir, hoarv And was of age fourscoir of yeirs and moir And Mald, my mother, was fourscoir and fysteine, And with my labour I did thame baith susteine. Wee had ane meir, that carrit salt and coill, mare-coal And everie ilk yeir scho brocht us hame ane foill each Wee had thrie ky, that was baith fat and fair, cows Nane tydier into the toun of Air My Father was sa wark of blude and bane, weak That he deit, quhairfoir my Mother maid gret maine Then scho deit, within ane day or two, And thair began my povertie and wo Our guid gray meir was baittand on the feild, feeding And our Land's laird tunk hir, for his hyreild, The Vickar tuik the best cow be the heid, Incontinent, quhen my father was deid And quhen the Vickar hard tel how that my mother Was deid, fra hand, he tuke to him ane uther Then Meg, my wife, did murne baith evin and morow, Till at the last scho deit for verie sorow And quhen the Vickar hard tell my wyfe was dead, The thrid cow he clerkit be the heid caught, clutched Thair umest clayis, that was of rapploch gray, The Vickar gart his Clark bear them away Quhen all was gane I micht mak na debeat, Bot with my bairns past for till beg my meat. Now haif I tald yow the blak ventie,

How I am brocht into this miserie

Dil How did the Person? was he not thy gude freind? 5

Fair The Devil stick him! he curst me for my teind 6

And halds me yit under that same proces,

That gart me want the Sacrament at Pasche.

Easter

In gude faith, Sir, thocht he wald cut my throt,

I have na gen except ane Inglis grot,

Quhilk I purpois to gif ane man of law

Diligence Thou art the daftest full that ever I saw, Trows thou, man, be the law to get remeid Of men of Kirk? Na, nocht till thou be deid.

Pauper Sir, be quhat law, tell me quhairfoir or quhy, That ane Vickar suld tak fra me thre ky?

Dilizence Thay have na law exceptand consuetude, Quhilk law to them is sufficient and gude.

Pauper Ane consuetude against the common well, Suld be na law, I think, be sweit Sanct Geill. St Giles

¹ Voan. ² A fine extorted by a superior on the death of his tenant. ³ Uppermost [bed]clothes. ⁴ Coarse woollen ⁵ Parcon Excommunicated me for my tithe.

From the Speech of the Pardoner

My patent Pardouns, ye may se, Cum fra the Cane of Tartarie, Khan Weill seald with oster schellis Thocht ye have na contritioun, Ye sall have full remissioun, With help of buiks and bellis Heir is ane relict, lang and braid, jaw bone of Of Fine Macoull the richt chaft blaid, Ossian's father With teith and al togidder Of Colling's cow heir is ane horne, For eating of Makconnal's corne, Was slaine into Balquhidder Heir is ane coird, baith great and lang, cord Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang Of gude hemp soft and sound Gude, halie peopill, I stand for'd Quha ever beis hangit with this cord, Neids never to be dround. The culum of Sanct Bryd's Low, fundament The gruntill of Sanct Antoni's sow. snout Quhilk buir his haly bell Quha ever he be heiris this bell clinck, Gif me ane ducat for till drink, He sall never gang to hell, Without he be of Baliell borne Beliai Maisters, trow ye, that this be scorne! Cum win this Pardoun, cum. Quha luifis thair wyfis nocht with thair hart, I have power thame for till part.-Me think yow deif and dum! Hes name of yow curst wickit wyfis, That halds yow intill sturt and stryfis, Cum tak my dispensatioun Of that cummer I sall mak you quyte, COSSID Howbert your selfis be in the wyte, blame And mak ane fals narratioun Cum win the Pardoun, now let se,

Pauper's Complaint against the Law's Delays

For meill, for malt, or for monie,

For cok, hen, guse, or gryse

Of relicts heir I haif ane hunder,

I trow ye be nocht wyse

Quhy cum ye nocht? this is ane wonder

Marie ' I lent my gossop my meare to fetch home coils, And he hir drounit into the Querrell hollis Quarry holes And I ran to the Consistorie for to pleinye, complain And thair I happinit amang ane greidle meinye, company Thay gave me first ane thing thay call Citandum, Within aucht dayis I gat bot Lybellandum, Within ane moneth I gat ad Opponendum, In half ane year I gat Interloquendum, And syne I gat, how call ye it? ad Replicandum Bot I could never ane word yit understand him, And than thay gart me cast out many plackis, small coin And gart me pay for four and twentie actis Bot or thay came half gait to Concludendum, The Feind ane plack was left for to defend him Thus thay postponit me twa year, with thair traine, Syne Hodie ad octo bad me cum againe And than thir ruiks thay roupit wonder fast, croaked For sentence silver thay cryst at the last Of Pronunciandum thay maid me wonder faine, Bot I got never my gude gray meir againe.

There are editions of Lyndsay by G Chalmers (3 vols. 1806) and David Laing (3 vols. 1879) some of the poems have been edited for the Early English Text Society (1865-71), and the Scottish Text Society has promised an edition. See Dr John Ross's Early Sottis I History and Literature (1884), and Hugh Walker's Three Centuries of Scottish Literature (1893).

Early Minor Poets and Anonymous Pieces.-The writing of books was not largely practised in early Scotland, though probably much that was actually produced in the way of verse has been utterly lost. In his Lament for the Makaris Dunbar names along with Chaucer, Lydgate, and Gower no less than a score of Scotsmen We need not suppose that he meant thus to rank them with or near Chaucer, but he presumably held them fairly entitled to the style and credit of poets is noticeable that he does not name James I works of only six of them are certainly known to us - Barbour, Wyntoun, Blind Harry, Henryson, Holland, and Kennedy Sir Hew of Eglinton, or Huchown, and Clerk of Tranent have been discussed above at pages 171-175 The Cursing of Sir Johne Rowlis against the Steilaris of his Towlis, a profane and playful parody of a solemn excommunication still extant, will hardly establish the claim of either of the Roulls named by Dunbar to be considered poets For the rest, only guesswork can identify them with persons bearing like names in exchequer rolls and court archives, and there is but the slenderest ground for accepting the doubtful attribution to them of otherwise anonymous poems in MS or in print. An orthodox Christian, such as Dunbar professed to be, forgives his enemies, a dying poet may be expected to be in the least critical humour in speaking even of his professional brethren It is difficult to be enthusiastic over what 'great Kennedie' has left us, or to grieve much for what of his and his still less known colleagues has wholly perished Wyntoun could only be accounted a poet at a time when the term was generously interpreted.

We may here mention summarily a few early pieces not yet dealt with, some of them referred to by Douglas, Dunbar, and Lyndsay, and in The Complayat of Scotlande (see also page 214)

Elegy on the Princess Margaret -The unfortunate Princess Margaret, daughter of James I, was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI of France, in 1436, when she was about eleven years old. Louis, an unnatural and disloyal son, proved a heartless and callous husband, and the princess sought solace for her husband's neglect in books and in poetry-she spent many a sleepless night writing rondeaux, we are At her early death in 1445 many pens lamented her loss, including, it appears, that of her sister Isabel, Duchess of Brittany, and in the Book of Pluscarden, based on the Fordun-Bower Scotichronicon, there is a poem on her death in Scots, by one of her attendants It is described as having been translated 'in lingua Scotticana' from the epitaph on her tomb 'in lingua Gallicana.' But as there seem to have been thirtysix complex stanzas of ten lines each, the elegy in Scots must have been considerably extended t It is obviously an original poem, not a trans-George Buchanan, who was acquainted with it, calls it an 'epitaphial poem' Skene, who edited the Book of Pluscarden (1877-80), gives reasons for believing that the chronicler and poet was Maurice Buchanan, a cleric who was treasurer to the Dauphiness, and spent his later years as a monk in the priory of Pluscarden. The eleventh book, containing the poem, was separately pub lished by Father Stevenson for the Maitland Club ın 1837 The—somewhat conventional—lament for the princess is put in the mouth of the reprobate husband, who calls upon the Creator to

Ger all the cloudis of the hevin habound And souk up all thir watters hale and sounde Baith of salt sey, of burne, well and revere,

that they may descend in tears, air and winds are to become 'sobbyng and sichyng soore, song-birds are to lament, and 'myrth, musik and glew [glee]' are to be turned into mourning. After five stanzas of this the copyist, shrewd in his criticism and anxious to improve the occasion, adds nochtwithstandyng thaire is maire of this lamentacioune (xvii) coupill and the ansuere of Resoun als mekill) this may suffyce, for the complant is bot fengeit thing, bot be caus the tother part, quhilk is the Ansuere of Resoure, is verray suth fastnesse, me think it gud to put mare of it, quhilk follows thus efterwarte.' And he accordingly copies the whole eighteen stanzas of the answer Reason points out sensibly, piously, and not with out a touch of poetry here and there, that men and even princes are but mortal at best, the beloved princess is in no way profited by excessive sorrow, which is merely harmful to her friends, she herself does not wish such grieving

Scho thankis nane to be Iamentable, Scho is in joy as be oure faythe trast we-The lang lyff is nocht profitable heire, Quhill we be went our will is ever in weire, Till-war And syne the passage is rycht peralous We have bot bale quhill we be brocht on beire, bier Bot syne we ordand ar till have gud cheire And we do well traist well it sall be thuss, Cryst scheu quhen [that] he rasyt Lazaruss, showed He grat oure hym, for he kneu well the payn wept over him He suld have in his lyffyng langaruss, languorous Never till have joy till he war deide agayn

Since

Sene we have here na cete permanente, Our saule quhilk is in our body lent Is haldyn in us as it were in presoun, Ordant to purvay for the parliament, Till ansuere at the dreidfull jugement, Thaire is oure rest, thaire is oure rycht sesoun, This warld is bot a permutacioun.

Sene warldis welth is al bot vayn glory And warldis wysdome al bot fvne foly,

we should seek to be reasonable over our losses

Quhat proffyt is it with fortoun for to flyt? scold Deed, weird, na fortoun ar no.ht for to wyt, blame Than do nocht bot throu soverayn ordinance.

Death, fate, nor fortune, as the elegist says, are not to be blamed, the princess's perfections should be allegiance to sorrow for her death

Let be thi mane and murne for hir no mare,
Thou suld mak joy quhare now thou makes care,
Sen scho decest with all the sacramentis.
Quhen scho was borne men wyst scho suld cum thaire,
Thaire is no thying that ma lest evir mare,
That compunde is of brukyll alymentis
Scho has assythit deid of all his rentis,
Hir dule is done, scho as no more ado,
Bot double hir joy eftir the jugimentis,
Weill war the wy that well ma cum therto'

Take gud comfurte and leife in hop of grace,
And think how scho throw vertu and gudnasse,
Baith luffit and lovit with God and men has beyn
And think how that XM gene that wasse a thousand years
Quhen it is gane semys but ane houre of spasse,
Like till a dreme that we had dremyt geistreyn, yestreen
Gar haly kirk have mind on hir and meyn,
Think on thi self and all thi myss amend, shortcomings
And pray to Mary moder, virgin cleyn,
That for hir grace scho bring ws to gud end.

Amen.

This poem is interesting alike for the pathos of the event it celebrates, the period of the language it illustrates, and the matter and manner. At the end of the same eleventh book is another poem, a *Morahtas*, apparently by the same author, 'exhibiting the state of the kingdom of Scotland under the figure of a harp'—then the Scottish national instrument of music—in some forty seven-line stanzas, opening thus

Rycht as all stryngs are rewlyt in a harpe ruled tuned. In an accord and turnet all be ane uth, key (*)
Quhilk is as kyng, than curiusly that carpe,
The sang is sueit quhen that the sound is suth,
Bot quhen that ar discordand, tals, and muth
Thaire wil na man tak plesance in that play,
That mycht we'll thole the menstrale war away

¹ Exquisitely they play ² Sooth true. ³ Well endure be glad.

The poet gives a poor account of the administration of justice and of the state of the kingdom generally, and the poem is an exhortation to the king, presumably James II. In one verse he hints pretty broadly that they do these things better in France, oddly suggesting that the French Parliament would not be so complainant to the powers as the Scottish one

War it in France men wald mak cession hale In parliament, and nocht bow to thi croune, Quhill thou had maid them a reformacioune.

boisterous burlesque ruder in form than Skelton's rudest, partly a sort of fable, and partly a tale of knightly provess and true love evalted to runk and power. It has not been noted that in 1483 is

Sir John ye Ros, King's Advocate and onc of Dunbar's 'makars,' had to defend his title, as laird of Montgreenan in Kilwinning, to the lands of Cockilbie or Cokylby in the adjoining parish of Kilmaurs The Wowing of Jok and Jynny is very rude love-making, the Gyra Carling, on the adventures of the Mother Witch of Scottish supersution, is much coarser if not more uncouth, King Birdok is a fragmentary caricature of chivalrous romance, The IVife of Aucutermuchty is a homely Scottish but distinctly amusing version of a widespread folk-tale of rivalry between husband and wife, Symmie and his Bruther is a satire, not without point, against pardoners or begging friars The Hermeit of Alareit-Loretto, near Musselburgh-is a rude but pithy satire on the Grey Friars, and is quoted The work of the fifth by Knox in his History Earl of Glencairn, a strenuous Reformer, who died in 1574, it is much later in date than most of the pieces just named Grey Steill is a modernised version of a really old but poor romance dus is another Middle Scotch romance, based on a French original, and first published for the Maitland Club in 1830 Recent researches, including those of Dr Curtis on its rimes and phonology (Anglia, 1894-95), and of Dr Bulbring, who edits it for the E.E TS, tend to show that it belongs to the first half of the sixteenth century Roswall and Lillian exists only in a modernised shape, and is probably English in origin (see Englische Studien, vol xvi.) Philotus, first printed in 1603, is a comedy, in vernacular verse, of the inconveniences of a marriage between age and youth, it was reprinted by the Bannatyne Club in 1835

The Three Priests of Peblis, also partially modernised in spelling, is a more notable performance than most of the above, the tales told by three Churchmen in a hostelry in Peebles while the capons were roasting are in many ways interesting and readable. Maister Johne tells how a king summoned the Three Estates of the realm, and asked first the Burgesses,

Quhy Burges barms thryves not to the third air, heir why the wealth of merchant princes is squandered before the third generation—a question quite easily answered, with many side lights on Scottish mercantile and domestic ways. His Lords he isks,

Quhairfoir and quhy and quhat is the cais
Sa worthie Lords war in mine elderis davis
Sa full of fredome, worship, and honour,
Hardie in hart to stand in every stour,
And how in yow I find the hail contrair,

and why they are so perpetually at feud with one another—a question the answer to which involved more self examination. The question addressed to the Clergy or Prelates was

That is to say, Quhairfoir and quhy
In auld times and days of ancestry,
Sa monie Buhops war, and men of kirk,
Sa grit will ad ay gude warkes to wirk

And throw thair prayers, maid to God of micht,
The dum men spak, the blind men gat their sicht,
The deif men heiring, the cruikit gat thair feit,
War nane in bail bot weill they culd them beit.
To seik folks, or in sairnes syne, illness
Til al thay wald be mendis and medecyne.
And quhairfoir now in your tyme ye warie,
As thay did than quhairfoir sa may not ye,
Quhairfoir may not ye as thay did than?
Declair me now this questioun, gif ye can—

perhaps the sorest home-thrust of the three. Warying or excommunication is represented both by satirists and reformers as the main occupation of the Scottish clergy in the sixteenth century There are parallels to this poem in that strange mosaic, *The Complaynt of Scotlande*, and in more than one of Lyndsay's works, the satire is not so bitter as in Lyndsay, and the priests evidently meant to amuse as well as edify one another and the readers. And there are Chaucerian touches in thought as well as in word. Thus the iterations of

Quhairfoir & quhy and quhat is the cais? are quite like those of

Good Sir, tell me all hoolly In what wise, how, why, and wherefore,

in Blaunche the Duchesse

The ballad **Tayls Bank**, referred to the reign of James IV, combines a comparatively modern ballad rhythm with superabundant alliteration, and in spite of much over ornate and artificial phrasing, has some happy touches. It may have been written to the old tune *Twysbank*, mentioned in *Colkelbie*, and seems meant to celebrate the praises of Margaret Drummond, a favourite mistress of James IV, who died of poison

Quhen Tayıs bonk wes blumyt brycht, and when

Wod winter with his wallowand wind
But weir away wes went,
Brasit about with wyld woodbynd
Wer bewis on the bent
Without doubt
Embraced
boughs

On Tayside, where, as on the banks and braes of bonnie Doon, rose-bushes or 'roseris raiss on raw,' was to be met—

This myld meik mensuete Mergrite, gentle
This perle polist most quhyt,
Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,
The dyamant of delyt.

Never was made 'a figour more perfyte,' and by her beauty and 'womanly vertew' she was well fitted to rejoice the heart of king and knight

Hir cullour cleir, hir countinance,
Hir cumly cristall ene,
Hir portratour of most plesance
All pictour did prevene
Off every vertew to avance
Quhen ladeis prasit bene,
Rychtest in my remembrance
That rose is ruit grene

The poet seems to have become confused between the beauty of the landscape, the flowers, the birds, the weather, and the lady's charms, the story does not progress, and ends abruptly, without anything happening except the birds 'schowtting'

Peblis to the Play and Chrystis Kirk of the Grene are old poems of which the authorship has been much debated and is still debatable have much in common, and might have been the work of one author, though Chrystis Kirk, which refers to Peblis expressly, must be the later of the two, and is of more vigorous workmanship than the other In 1521 John Major credited King James I with a poem beginning At Bellayne, and Peblis so begins, though there is nothing else The Bannatyne MS to prove them identical Collection (1568) attributes Chrystis Kirk also to James I, and a later tradition - perhaps based on a misprint of 'Fift' for 'First'-refers it to James V (to whom, with as little ground, The Gaberlunzie Man and The Jolly Beggar have also been attributed) The tradition is at best rather vague and confused, and most authorities, including Professor Skeat, unhesitatingly refuse to admit that James I had anything to do with either of the poems in question certainly difficult to associate the peculiar and characteristic humour of these poems with the author of the Kingis Quair, and it is not easy to believe that either of them was written before 1437 The tendency of criticism is to refer both to some time in the sixteenth century, probably near the Professor Skeat has argued beginning of it. against the theory of James I's authorship in his introduction to the Kingis Quair, Mr Henderson has defended it in his Scottish Vernacular Litera ture, crediting the comic poems as well as the Quair to James I

Peblis and Chrystis Kirk are the first full fledged examples of a genre which was to be very con spicuous in Scottish literature-descriptions in rattling stanzas of popular amusements, giving full play to any contretemps and comic incidents that might arise. There are analogies in Cockelbies Sow and in several of Lyndsay's poems, Robert Sempill's Piper of Kilbarchan and Francis Sempill's (?) Blythsome Bridal and Hallow Fair are in the same vein, Allan Ramsay continued Chryslis Kuk by adding a second series of very similar, but coarser, adventures, and the same kind of humour appears again in Fergusson's Leith Races and Hallow Fair, in several of Burns's, Holy Fair, Jolly Beggars, Halloween, and other characteristic poems, and in Tennant's Anster Fair earlier poems the incidents are rude and the fun not very humorous, though the go and spirit are undeniable Piblis makes more of the dancing and lovemaking, Chrystis Kirk of the quarrelling and fighting with fists, cudgels, and even more deadly Peblis in some of its twenty-six stanzas, and Chrystis Kirk in many of its twenty-three, add copious and effective but unsystematic alliteration.

Peblis thus begins

At Beltayne quhen ilk bodie bownis

To Peblis to the Play

To hear the singin and the soundis,
The solace, suth to say,

Be firth and forrest furth they found,
Thay graithit them full gay—

God wait that wald they do that stound,
wet—hour
For it was thair feist day

Thay said,

Of Peblis to the Play

All the wenchis of the west
War up or the cok crew,
For reiling thair micht na man rest,
For garray and for glew,
Ane said My curches ar nocht prest,
Than answerit Meg full blew,
To get ane hude I hald it best,
Be Goddis saull that is true,
Quod scho,

Of Peblis to the Play

By the time the twenty-third stanza is reached-

The pyper said Now I begin
To tire for playing to,
Bot yit I have gottin nathing
For all my pyping to you,
Thre happenis for half ane day
And that will nocht undo you,
And gif ye will gif me richt nocht
The merkill devill gang wi you,
Quod he,

Of Peblis to the Play

The whole winds up, like so many folk lore tales, with

Had thair bein mair made of this sang Mair suld I to yow say,

and the superfluous repetition

At Beltane ilka bodie bownd To Peblis to the Play

Pinkerton published the poem in 1783 from a transcript made by Bishop Percy with his own hand from the MS at Cambridge. We follow Pinkerton, only modifying his punctuation a little for sense's sake 'Play,' like' ploy' in modern Scotch, means entertainment, festivity noticeable that the last line or refrain of the stanza does not as a rule connect in sense with The stanzas are usually the words preceding printed (as by Pinkerton) with a short line of two syllables between the eighth and last lines Bannatyne MS, however (printed for the Hunterian Society), tacks this short line on to the eighth in the quite similar stanza of Chrystis Kirkof which the following are the first four stanzas

Was never in Scotland hard nor sene
Sie dansing nor deray disturbance
Nowther at Falkland on the grene
Nor Peblis at the play
As wes of wowaris as I wene wooers
At Chryst Kirk on and day,
Thur come our kitters we schine clene
In thair kittillis of gray, full gay
At Chrystis kirk of the grene

To dans thir damy sellis thame dicht,
Thir lassis licht of laitis,
Thair gluvis wes of the raffel rycht,
Thair schone wes of the straitis,
Thair kirtillis wer of lynkome licht,
Weill prest with mony plaitis.
They wer so myss quhen men thame nicht
They squelit lyk ony gaitis, so lowd,
At Chrystis kirk of the grene that day

Of all thir madynis myld as meid meadow
Wes nane so gympt as Gillie, slim
As ony ross hir rude wes reid, rose—cheeks
Hir lyre was lyk the lillie skin
Fow yellow yellow wes hir head, Full
But scho of lufe wes sillie,
Thocht all hir kin had sworn hir deid, Though—death
Scho wald haif bot sweit Willie allone,
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

Scho skornit Jok and skraipit at him,
And myrionit him with mokkis, flouted
He wald haif luvit, scho wald nocht lat him,
For all his yalow loikkis locks
He chereist hir, scho bad ga chat him, liang
Scho compt him nocht twa clokkis, counted—bettes
So schamefully his schort goun set him,
His lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis, scho said
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

In a rage 'ane bent a bow' and 'chesit a flame'—chose an arrow, and 'when the toder said Dirdum dardum' to insult him, he let fly, determining to pierce him through the cheeks or inflict other serious injury

Bot be an akerbraid it come nocht neir lum,
I can nocht tell quhat mard him, thair marred
At Chrystis kirk of the grene

With that a freynd of his cryd Fy!

And vp and arrow drew,

He forgit it so fow riously
The bow in flenders flew
Sa wes the will of God, trow I,

For had the tre bene trew,

Men said that kend his archery
That he had slane anew, that day,

At Chrystis kirk of the grenc.

Finally there was a general molée, bloody faces, cudgels in use, 'hiddous yells' from the women the common bell rang so rudely that the steeple 'rokkit,' and many of the merrymakers are left on the green faint and 'forfochin' or in a state of collapse. The scene of this Scottish Donnybrook may have been the village still called Christ's Kirk or Rathmuriel, near Insch, in Aberdeenshire

If the bob-wheel of the third stanta (especially) be dropped thresemblance in thythin to Sally in our Alley is very marked. The riske is the red or risky part of the skin-here the checks the lire the part naturally white.

The Scottish ballads are treated at pages 520-541

In this connection reference may be made to the pieces named in Ine Complayat of Scotlande and to the list of works Lynd by (q v) says he read to the young king to Lord Hailes, Incient Scotlar Peems (170) Production, In cont Scotlar I cans (1726), Irving History of Scotlar Petry (1828-61) Lang. First Feety ar Poetry of Scotlard (1822-26) republished in 1995), T. F. Hender

son, Sco tish Vernacular Literature (1898), to many of the publications of the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs and of the Scottish Text Society as also to the Bannatyne MS, as published in full by the Hunterian Club of Glasgow (3 parts 1874-87)

John Hajor was one of two contemporary Scottish authors who wrote only in Latin, and deserve mention for their eminence and for their influence on the thought of the nation one is conspicuously, yet not wholly, a medievalist, the other in literary style at least a representative of the Major-or Mur-born near North Renaissance Berwick in 1469, studied at Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris, and at Paris became one of the most distinguished lecturers on scholastic logic and philosophy He also wrote voluminous commentaries on Peter Lombaid and numerous other works in theology and philosophy, and in 1521 printed at Paris his famous Historia Majoris Britannia, a history of England and Scotland In 1518 he was teaching in the college of Glasgow, where he had know among his pupils, at St Andrews (1523-25) he had Patrick Hamilton and George Buchanan In 1525 Major returned to Paris where he remained till about 1530, ad mired and honoured by all who still held out against the new light of the Renaissance, and acclaimed as head of the scholastic philosophy and prince of the divines of Paris he became provost of St Salvator's College, St Andrews, an office which he held till his death in 1550 Mair's Latin is crabbed school Latin, and he was a stout defender of medieval philosophy and theological orthodoxy, althougha Gallican and not an ultramontane-he recog nised and protested against many ecclesiastical In some things he was more modern in spirit than Boece He was distinctly sceptical about many of the marvels Boece swallowed wholesale, he abstained from pushing the genealogy of the Scottish kings into an indefinite antiquity, he was not unwilling to admit the superiority of England to Scotland in many matters, and was in favour of a union of the But most chiefly he was a strong Liberal in politics, and taught that the power of kings came from the people In this respect Buchanan was a faithful if not very grateful pupil Knox inherited this part of his teaching, which has never lacked supporters in Major's native The History has been admirably translated by Mr Constable (Scottish Hist Soc 1891) the appendix Dr Law has given a bibliography of works by Myor's countrymen in Paris who were also his disciples in scholasticism-David Cranstoun, George Lokert [Lockhart], William M inderston, and Robert Caubraith [Galbraith].

Hector Bocce was the principal redactor of that extraordinary tissue of preposterous fable and scrious fact which till the days of Father Innes (1729) was usually accepted as the history of Scotland. He was born at Dundee about 1465, and studied at Paris, where from about 1492 to

1108 he was a professor of philosophy and a friend Thence he was called by Bishop of Erasmus Elphinstone to preside over his newly founded university of Aberdeen, and became canon of the Cithedral In 1522 he published his Lives, in Latin, of the Bishops of Mortlach and Aberdeen (Bannatyne Club, 1825, trans by Moir for New Spalding Club, 1895), in 1527, also in Latin, his famous History of Scotland He based largely on Bower's Fordun (see above, page 182), partly on Wyntoun, and partly on some more doubtful authorities—a certain Veremundus, a Spaniard, and one John Campbell, whose MSS he says came to him from Iona. It may be that he had seen such MSS, though he was long suspected of having invented them as well as the tales he took from them Certainly the fabulous reached its culmination in his work, written in Latin so comparatively elegant as to justify us in calling him a humanist, in contrast with the scholastic yet more critical Major Buchanan was also much more discreet, though he followed Boece in the The patriotic mania for believing and proving the incomparable antiquity and dignity of the Scottish monarchy, as compared with that of England, must have moved either Boece or some of his predecessors to the deliberate invention of utterly baseless facts, which, patriotically invented, were patriotically believed in long after their baselessness was pretty obvious. The king rewarded him with a pension, and he was promoted to a benefice a year or two before his death in 1536 (See page 256)

The Scots Wyclifite New Testament.— It has often been remarked with surprise that the Scots had made no attempt to render the Scriptures into their own vernacular, but were content to import English versions, which must have been with difficulty understood by the mass of the people. The statement can, however, no longer be made so absolutely Lord Amherst of Hackney became the fortunate possessor of a manuscript, which from the hand writing is ascribed to the first decade of the sixteenth century, containing a Scottish version of Purvey's revision of Wyclif's New Testament (see above, page 87), with certain lessons from the Old Testament. The author's name is un known, but the work probably proceeded from the Lollards of Ayrshire, and the manuscript was for many generations in the possession of the Nisbet family The vocabulary of this in teresting version is not so distinctly Scottish as it would have been if it had been made directly from the Vulgate, for, though the grammar and spelling are purely Scottish, the reviser has followed Purvey closely in his vocabulary, miking alterations only where the English would have been unintelligible or unfamiliar north of the Tweed Thus Purvey writes, 'Suffre ye litle children to come to me, and forbede ye hem not.' The Scots version similarly, 'Suffir ye littl childre to cum

to me, and forbid ye thame nocht, while in Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism (1552) we have, 'Thoule young barnis to cum' But the list of Middle English words and phrases for which the Scottish reviser was construined to find for his readers more familiar expressions is a large one, and it is this which gives to his version for students of the language an almost unique philological value.

In the Scots New Testament the last eight verses of the first chapter of Matthew's gospel are thus worded

Bot the generation of Crist was thus Quhen Marie the Moder of Jesu was spousit to Joseph, before that com togeddir, scho was fundin hauyng of the Haligast in wambe. Ind Joseph hir husband, for he was richtiuse, and wald not publice hir, he wald priudie haue left hir Bot quhile he thoughte this thingis, Lo the angel of the Lord appent to him in slepe, and said, Josephe, the Lonn of Dauid, wil thou nocht drede to tak Marie thin wif for that that is born of hir is of the Haligast And scho sal bere a sonn, and thou sal cal his name Jesus for he sal mak his pepele saif fra thar synnis. Forsuth al this was done that it suld be fulfillit that was said of the Lorde be a prophet, sayand, Lo a virgine sal haue in wambe, and scho sal bere a sonn, and that sal cal his name Emmanuel, that is to say, God with vs. And Joseph raise fra slepe and did as the angel of the Lord comandit him, and tuke Marie his spous and he knew hir nocht til scho had born hir first begettin sonn and callit his name Jesus.

How closely this follows the English rendering from which it was adapted will be seen on comparing Purvey's version of the same passage as given in Dr Skeat's Wyclifite New Testament, reprinted from Forshall and Madden (Clarendon Press, 1879)

But the generacioun of Crist was thus Whanne Marie, the modir of Ihesu, was spousid to Joseph, bifore their camen togidere, she was foundun hau, nge of the Hooli Goost in the wombe. And Joseph, hire hosebonde, for he was 113htful and wold not puplisch hir, he wolde pruielt haue left hir But while he thoughte these thingis lo ' the aungel of the Lord appende in sleep to hym, and seide, Joseph the sone of Dauid, nyl thou drede to take Marie, thi wijf, for that thing that is borun in hir is of the Hooli Goost. And she shal bere a sone, and thou shalt clepe his name Jhesus, for he schal make his puple saaf fro her synnes For al this thing was don, that it schuld be fulfilled that was seed of the Lord be a prophete, selynge, I o' a virgyn shal haue in wombe, and she schal here a sone and thei schulen clepe his name Emanuel, that is to see, God with vs. And Joseph roos fro sleepe and dide as the aungel of the Lord comaundide hym, and took. Warre his wiff, and he knew her not, til she hadde borun her firste bigete sone, and clepide his name Thesus.

The Parable of the Virgins begins thus in the Scots, in direct agreement with the English

Than the kingdome of heuris salbe like to ten virginis, the quhilk tuke thare lampis and went out agence the spouse and the spouses. And v of thame war fules, and v prudent. But the v fules tuke thare lampis, and tuke nocht oile with thame. But the v prudent tuke oile in the veschels with there lampis. And while the spouse

tariet al that nappit and slepit. Lot at midnycht a cric vias made, Lo the spouse cummis ga ye out to nuct him. Than al the virginis raise up and arayit thare lampis. And the fules said to the wise, Gefe ye to vo of your oile for our lampis ar sloknyt [Engl. 'ben quenchid']. The prudent ansuerde and saide, Or per aventure it suffice nocht to us and you ga ye rather to men that sellis and by to you. And quhite that went for to by, the spouse com, and that that war reddy entered with him to the weddings and the yet was closet.

r G L

[This Scots New Testament, interesting from so many points of view, was in 1899-1904 being edited for the Scottish Text Society by Dr Thomas Graves Law, to whom we owe the above account of the work, as well as the extracts from it.

The close dependence of the Scots version on Purvey's English

wording is conspicuous in every verse, the usual difference being merely that Scots spellings or forms are put-word for word-in place of the corresponding English or southern ones-3 t and gut for go and gotth fra for fro Lirk for chir he guhat, guhan, guham for what when, whome 'thou knows for thou knowst 'quhy breks thy disciplis for whi breken thi disciplis, and so on Sometimes of course a distinct northern word is used-biggit his hous on a staan for 'bildid his hous on a stoon Rarely the changes seem needless and arbitrary but mir2 and mirknesse are regularly substituted for derk and derkness though derl is a common Scots word. Not seldom as mucht be expected from the date and other circumstances, the Scottish version is nearer the modern English than the old English rarely, but occasionally, more archaic. In Matthew's gospel there are only two or three passages in which the Scottish scribe either deliberately chooses a slightly different rendering or perhaps follows a copy with readings different from those of the printed editions of Purvey thus in All 3e that travailes and ben chargid, come to me, and Y schal fulfille you the Scots makes it, Al ye that travales and ar chargit cum to me and I sal refresch you, where the older Wychfite version has fulfille or refresch and in the phrase schal not quenche a smoyage flax the Scots has 'slokin a smewkand brand. Almost the only word that need seriously puzzle a Scotsman who knows modern Scotch is in the phrase 'a flok of mony swyne lesewand -lesewand unusual in Scotch being an adapted Scotti h spelling of the standard old English lesenynge 'pasturing which is Purvey's word. The Scots has peple for the English pupie (people), pirilisie for faleue except for outlahus adultrs for an etrie tusum and their for hem and her (in the sense of them and their) abide and abidis for abiden and abidith, realise for resome liand for ligginge call for clefe follow for sue seache for diche—'gif a blindman leid a blind man bathe falle down into the seache The English teon and totlar are not represented in Scots by time and tother but by that are and that ther English tire is Scots (with gloss) dornells (or avidis) sour dou's becomes sour danene (or lit en) braschel is buschel (or furlot) eris of corn are ekiris (Burns's ickers) str ngere becomes s'arker fathis roddis gessen tiene greten sains repen scheris herzing longing mesils lefermen. In the parable of the talents we have bestunt (Engl.) and bestud respectively 'pupplicans and hooris and puplicants and hures. In synagogis or corners of stretis the Scotsman rejects the French word corr eris (Fr corindre) and prefers the Anglo-Saxon neukis. Caundel ir is one of the very fer cases where the Scots prefers a French form for the English can lilstike Describing Christ's boat schoolid with wawis (so Purvey), the Scotsman puts catchet with waivis and for 'hilfid with waves keneral with waivis (i.e. covered). The 'reed waved with the wand becomes, less olemnly, waggit with wind Nouther cast ye your margaritis befor swyne is the Scots respelling of nether caste 3e 3our margantes before swyne and Purvey, description of Matthew sittynge in a tolbothe (i.e. in the custom house) is faithfully reproduced in the Scots sittand in a tolbuthe, The Scots simply repeats the English muchtir mutan its in draw on breed that philateries and inagnities hemmis. 'this teendis mynt is an obvious alteration less so clengeand a myge bot suelliand a cample for 'clensinge a gnatte but swo enynge a camele. Eddris and eddris birdis is almost literatum (a vipers and generation of vipers) and so is 'abbonimation of discomfort (A.V 'desolation'). The Scots has 'tolbuthe again where the English has 'moot halle' for the ball in the governor's house where Christ was crowned with thorns. Pilate of Pounco in both oddly represents Pontius Pilate and Symount or Symout the usual form in the English, is in the Scots Symon. - En I



Sir David Lyndsay, (as by Laing) to Robert Wedderburn, vicar of Dundee, one of the same family to which we owe the Gude and Godlie Ballatis (pages 216-17), to Sir James Inglis, abbot of Culross (died in 1531), and to Sir James Inglis, chaplain of Cambuskenneth Abbey—in no case on conclusive evidence. Thus Leyden, having re marked on imitations of Gavin Douglas in the Complaynt, insisted that the coincidences in detached thoughts, arguments, illustrations, and words between the Complaynt and Sir David Lyndsay's works were sufficient to justify the attribution of the Complaynt to the Lyon King (four of whose acknowledged works are called Complaynt) Mr Craigie's discovery that the author of the Complaynt plagransed from an unprinted translation of Ovid, by Octavien de St Gelais, Bishop of Angoulême-possibly from the same MS now in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenalmakes it almost certain that the work was written as well as printed in Paris, and probable that the author was in attendance on the young Queen of Scotland Robert Wedderburn was also, it should be noted, in Paris in 1534-49.

The following is another portion of this odd miscellany, the 'Monologue'

There eftir I herd the rumour of rammasche foulis ande of beystis that made grite beir, quhilk past besyde burnis and boggis on green bankis to seik ther susten Their brutal sound did redond to the hie tatione skyrs, quhil the deepe hou cauernis of cleuchis and rotche craggis ansuert witht ane high not of that samyn sound as thay beystis hed blauen. It aperit be presumyng and presuposing that blaberand Eccho had been hid in ane hou hole, cryand hyr half ansueir, quhen Narcissus rycht sorye socht for his saruandis, quhen he vas in ane forrest, far fra ony folkis, and there eftir for love of Eccho he drounit in ane drau vel to tel treutht of the beysus that made sic beir, and of the dyn that the foulis did, ther syndry soundis hed nothir temperance nor tune. For fyrst furtht on the fresche fieldis the nolt maid noyis vitht mony loud lou Baytht horse and meyris did fast nee, and the folis The bullis began to bullir, quhen the scheip began to blait, because the calfis began till mo, quhen the doggs berkit. Than the suyne began to quhryne quhen that herd the asse rair, quhilk gart the hennis kekkyl quhen the cokis creu. The chekyns began to peu quhen the gled quhissillit. The fox follouit the fed geise and gart them cry claik. The gayslingis cryit quhilk quhilk, and the dukis cryit quark. ropeen of the rauynis gart the crans crope The huddit craus cryst varrok varrok, quhen the suannis murnit, because the gray goul mau pronosticat ane storme. The turtil began for to great, quhen the cuschet zoulit. The titlene followit the goilk, and gart hyr sing guk gul. The dou croutit hyr sad sang that soundit lyik sorrou. Robeen and the littl vran var hamely in vyntir The jurgolyne of the suallou gart the iay iangil, than the maueis maid myrtht, for to mok the merle. The lauerok maid melody vp hie in the skyis. The nychtingal al the nycht sang sueit notis. The tuechitis cryit theuis nek, quhen the piettis clattrit. The garruling of the stirlene gart the sparrou cheip. The lyntquhit sang cuntirpoint quhen the ossil selpit. The grene serene sang sueit, quhen the gold spynk chantit. The rede schank cryst my fut my fut, and the oxee cryst tueit. The herrons gaif ane vyild skrech as the kyl hed bene in fyir, quhilk gart the quhapis for fleyitnes fle far fra hame.

Rammasche (Fr ramasshe) collected beir, bir, noise clenghs della rotche (Fr roche), rock blaberand whispering nolt neat-cattle gled kite crans cranes goul man gull maw cuschet, cushat dove titlene, hedge spirrow goth, gowk, cuckoo, dou, dove maneis, thrush merle blackbird lauerok lark tuechitis, pee wits lapwings piet magpie stirlene starling lyniquiat linnet ostil ousel grene serene, greenfinch gold spynk gold finch oxer, ox-eye tomiti quhapis whaups curlews fleyitnes, frightenedness

The odd list of beast and bird cries has a noteworthy resemblance to the seventy-one given by Urquhart in translating from Rabelais, Book iii. chap 13, though only a few of Urquhart's quite correspond (e.g. kekyl instead of cackle, rammasche and ramage are used differently) Rabelais had but nine cries, the rest being Urquhart's Not merely the sudden and inconadditions gruous transitions of the 'Monologue,' but its method of giving detailed and preposterous lists of odd or unusual words and names is in the Rabelaisian manner, and Pantagruel's voyage in Book is —if we were sure that it was by Rabelais and was known before the Complaynt in its first form was issued-might almost be held to have suggested several things in the 'Monologue'-the nautical words of command, shipmen's chanties, the list of culverins and other guns, and the confounding noise of the gunnery in the naval battle. Thus it is difficult to believe, for example, that the odd cry holabar is other than the hault la barre shouted in the storm in Rabelais The third book was doubtless the book of the season at Paris in 1546, and the fourth, like the third, may have been read in MS before it was printed or published

See the editions of Leyden and Murray above mentioned for the dependence on Alain Chartier see Mr W A Neilson in the Journal of Germanic Philology No. 4 for the plagiarism from St Gelais, Mr Craigle in the Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature, No. 4 (1899).

John Bellenden was born towards the close of the fifteenth century, and in 1508 matriculated at St Andrews as 'of the Lothian nation' He completed his education at Paris, where he took the degree of D D at the Sorbonne He was attached to the court of James V, had some charge of the young king's studies, and for him executed his famous translation of Boece's Historia Gentis Scotorum This and his version of the first five books of Livy (both done in 1533) are interesting as early specimens of Scottish prose. strength of his metrical 'Prohemes,' or prologues, the Dictionary of National Biography has described him as a poet. The Croniklis of Scotland is a very free rendering, and contains so many passages not to be found in Boece that it is in some places almost an original work -though-t an original authority Bellenden

favour at the court of James V he executed the translations.

mcks

plesand Ballatis, contains again translations mainly direct from German versions But to each part are added a number of miscellaneous pieces, some probably quite original, some possibly from English sources More of them are religious, either devotional or controversial, many of them are profane songs spiritualised, such as those that still retain the old first lines Quho is at my windo, quho, Johne, cum kis me now, Hay now the day dawis One, Welcum, Fortoun, was as obviously a song of worldly love, which, proscribed by the General Assembly of 1568, was unknown till Dr Mitchell printed it in 1896, one not in the oldest editions-The Pape, that Pagane full of pryde-and not from Wedderburne's pen, was not proscribed, has survived to be perhaps the best known, and yet is, in its reprobation of the ways of priests, monks, and nuns, in places so scurrilous that Dr Vitchell, editing a standard text for a learned society, has thought it advisable to suppress some of the lines Several of those from the German were originally done into German from old Latin hymns, one, In dulcs Jubilo, is originally a macaronic of Latin and German, Scotch taking the place of the German in the Dundee version, and the Latin being left untranslated Of the collection Dr Julian, supreme authority on hymns, says 'Some of the pieces, though rude, have a wonderful pathos, and even beauty' It should be noted that at the same date the English people had no popular collection of anything that could be called hymns Sternhold and Hopkins in the various issues contained only versions of the psalms Coverdale's Psalms and Spirituall Songs, which are much tamer than the Ballatis, never took hold on the popular mind Coverdale's were largely translated from the same sources, and four of them very closely agree with four of the Ballatis, so that it has been alleged that Coverdale's four were simply done by Wedderburne into Scotch Dr Mitchell inclines to think the Scots version the The attempt to utilise for sacred purposes popular profane tunes, and to supersede unholy songs by pious ones, was nothing new, it had been practised in France and Germany long before the Reformation, and Bardesanes, the Syrian Gnostic, and his son Harmodius, in the third century, were amongst the number of those who, as John Wesley put it, refused to let the devil have all the good tunes

The first verse only of the following is an adaptation of the old English song usually printed

> The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well nigh day, And Harry our king is gone hunting To bring the deer to bay

The spiritualised version runs thus

With huntis vp, with huntis vp, It is now perfite day, Jefus, our King, is gane in hunting, Quha lykis to speid thay may

Ane curfit fox lay hid in rox This lang and mony ane day, Denouring scheip, quhill he micht creip, Nane micht him schaip away

escape

It did him gude to laip the blude Of zoung and tender lammis, Nane culd he mis, for all was his. The zoung anis with thair dammis.

Loung

The hunter is Christ that huntes in haist, The hundis ar Peter and Paull, The Paip is the fox, Rome is the rox, That rubbis vs on the gall.

The Paip

The Paip, that pagane full of pryde, He hes vs blindit lang, For quhair the blind the blind dois gide, Na wonder thay ga wrang Lyke prince and king he led the ring Of all iniquitie Hay trix, tryme go trix,

Vnder the grene wod tree.

Bot his abomination The Lord hes brocht to light His Popische pryde, and thrinfalde crowne, threefold Almaist hes loift thair micht, His plak pardounis ar bot lardounis decests Of new found vanitie Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

His Cardinallis hes caus to murne. His Bischoppis borne aback His Abbottis gat ane vincouth turne, Quhen schauelings went to tack

As no German original is known for the following, it may both be a spiritualised form of the song with the same name mentioned in The Complaynt of Scotlande

Rycht sorelie musyng in my mynde, For pietie sore my hart is pynde Quhen I remember on Christ sa kynde, That savit me Nane culd me saif from thyne till ynde here to India

He is the way, trothe, lyfe and lycht, The varray port till heaven full rycht Quha enteris nocht be his greit mycht Ane theif is he

Bot onlie he.

That wald presume be his awin mycht Saunt to be

Saved

I grant that I haif faultit sore, have committed faults To stok and stane geuand his glore giving his glory And heipand warkis into store

For my remeid War nocht his mercy is the more I had bein deid

Thow lytill bill, thy ways thou wend And schaw my mynde fra end to end Till thame that will repent and mend

book, poem

Thow schaw thame till Beleue in Christ, quhom God hes send And wirk his will

In dulci fubilo, printed both by Laing and Mitchell in four lines, thus begins

In dulct jubilo now let
us sing with mirth and jo,
Our hartis consolatioun
lyis in presepto,
And schyms as the Sone,
Matrix in grenio
Alpha es et O,
Alpha is et O

In 1878 Dr David Laing edited the Gude and Godlie Billatis (1863), from the edition of 1578 Professor Mitchell, in his elaborate edition for the Scottish Text Society, had also for comparison a copy of the older edition of 1567, one copy of which he had heard of first in 1866.

Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism.—The Catechism known as Archbishop Hamilton's be cause it was issued by his authority after being examined and approved by the Provincial Council over which he presided in Edinburgh, January 26, 1551–2, is a masterpiece of its kind. It was very carefully prepared for its purpose as a popular exposition of Roman Catholic doctrine to be read by the parish priest from the pulpit in lieu of a sermon. Dignified in style, free from colloquialisms or any affectation of foreign phraseology, it is one of the best standards of the literary Scots of the period (see page 167).

The Catechism thus expounds the ninth sin against the first command—the first in the Catholic reckoning including what most Protestants divide into first and second. Witchcraft, it will be seen, was as real a trouble to the Catholic Kirk in Scotland as it was afterwards to the Church of the Reformation.

The nynt, that brck this Command, quhasacvir usis Wichecraft, Nicromansie, Enchantment, Juglarie or trastis in thame, or seikis thair help, quhasa hppinnis to words or dreinis, quhasa hppinnis to defend thair self, or thair beistis, or geir aganis fyre, watter, swerd, noysum beistis, with certene takinnis or writingis supersticiously

And gyf ony man or woman wald say Oft tynus we se, that thingis cummis to passe, qualik divinaris sais. Oft tymes men and beistis ar helpit be wytchis charmis Oft tymes geir, tynt or stowin, is gettin aganc be cown gerars, and sa apperandly, it is nocht evil done to seike O thou wretchit and blind man or for siclike help woman, that thinkis or says sichke wordis, knaw thow weil and understand, that quhen saevir thow speris or serkis for ony help, counsel, remede, consolation or defence at ony wytche, socerar, cowngerar or sichke dissaveris, thow does great injure to the Lord God, because that thow takis the honour and service quhilk aucht to be gevin to God allanerly, and giffis it to the devil, qubilk is deidly enemie to thy saul. For without dout, all Wytches, Nigromanceris and siclike, workis be operatioun of the devil under a paction, condition, band or obligation of service and honour to be made to him. Mairouir thow sa doand, condemnis thi awn saule to panis eternal, because that thow forsakis utterly thi Lord God quhilk hais creat the to his awin ymage and liknes, and redemit the with na lesse price than with the precious blud of his awin natural sone our salviour Jesus Christ Attour thow brekis thi condition and band of service

made to him in the sacrament of Baptyine. Finally thou art made as ane Pagan, Saracene or Infidele and sall perische for evirmair, except thou amend thy lyfe be trew, scharp, and lang penance Quhat is deidly syn, bot wilfull transgressioun of the command of God? Than, how can thow that is and wytche, or giffis credite to be helpit be Wytcheraft, excuse the fra deadly syn and endles damnation, seand that God almychty expresly in his haly law forbiddis al kindis of wytchecraft and siclike devilrie saiand thus Aon auguralimim, na obser valitis somma Use na kynd of wytcheraft, and tak na And a litle efter hend. Aon declinetis tent to dremis ad. Mazos, nee ab arrolis ali piid sei eitemini ut polluamini per eas, eyo dominus deus vester. Gang nocht to witchis for ony help or confort, nother seek for counsell at ony socerar, for sa doand, ye are fylit in your saulis be thame, for I am your Lord God. And to mak an answar to the argument. The devil sumtyme in smal matters schawis to the the verite, but to that effeck, that finally he may cause the gif credit to his lesingis and black fallet, in maters of great weekt concerning the saul. Suintyme he will help the to get ogane the guddis of this world, bot his intent is, that finally he may cause the type the guddes of the warld to cum Sunityme he wil help the to recover the helth of thi body, but to that effect, that finally he may bring the to eternal dede of thi saul-Quharfor all trew christin men and wemen, suid nocht only be the command of God use na kind of witchcraft, bot alswi suld seek for na help at witchis, because that all sichke doing is injurius to God, and damnable to mans saul

Nother can that excuse thame self fra transgression of the first command, that supersticiously observes and day mair than and other, as certaine craftis men, quhilk will nocht begin thair warke on the saterday, certane schipmen or marinars will nocht begin to sail on the satterday, certain travelars will nocht begin thair jornav on the sattarday, quintle is plane super tition, because that God almychty made the satterday as well as he made all other days of the wouke. Quhartor all lesum warkis may be begon als well on the Satterday as ony other day of the would, quhilk is nocht commandit halv day Sielik supersticion is among thame, that will nocht berisch or ende the bodis of thair freindis on the North part of the kirk yard, trowand that thair is mair halynes or vertew on the South side than on the North It is nocht un knawm to us, that mony and sundry uther sinfull and damnable kindis of witchecraftis and superstitionis ar usit amang sum men and wemen, quhilk at this tyme we can nocht reherse and reprove in special, thairfor according to our dewtie we require you forbeir thame all, because that ar all damnable to your saults

Tristis trusts werlis, weirds, predictions liffin trust tikinnis, tokens speris; asks distincers deceivers lesing, lying tyne, lose de te, death wouke, week lesini lawful.

[The Catechism was edited by Dr Thomas Graves Law for the Clarendon Press in 1884, the extract follows that edition.—Ed.]

John Knox —Though in the first place and pre eminently a man of action, it is by undoubted right that John Knox claims a place in the history of English literature. His published writings fill six thick volumes, and two at least out of the six, alike by their literary quality and the importance of the themes with which they deal, may furly be ranked among the great books of the language.

What was said of Julius Cæsar may be said with perfect truth of Knox—he wrote with the same force with which he fought.

Knox received a learned education, and, as far as incessant and absorbing public cares would permit, he was a student to the end of his life. Born near Haddington in 1505, he probably attended the burgh school of that town. During the years 1522 and 1523 he studied at the University of Glasgow, and during part of this period he had as

one of his teachers the famous schoolman, John Maior, by whom he would be initiated into all the intricacies of the scholastic theology Whatever may have been his debt to Major, it is certain that the theological writings of Knox are essentially scholastic. alike by the abstractness of their subjects and the method and spirit with which they are handled For a period of some eighteen years Knox now passes completely out of sight, When he reappears he is in official connection with the Church of Rome, but is on the verge of that turning-point in his career which divides his life in

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twain was his intercourse with George Wishart, begun in December 1545, which led to his embracing that form of faith to which he was henceforth to devote himself with such memorable results for the future of Scotland The immediate consequences of his change of faith were disastrous for himself The burning of Wishart and the murder of Cardinal Beaton directly bore on his own His abode in the Castle of personal safety St Andrews, his nineteen months in the French galleys, his twelve years' exile, were the immediate results of his association with Wishart, and his changed purposes in life determined the entire aim and scope of his literary production. There is but one theme and one object in all his six volumes -the furtherance of the Protestant form of faith and the extinction of the doctrines of Rome all absorbing is his purpose that it would be hard to find a page in all his writings (including his familiar letters) that does not bear more or less directly on the mission to which he had given himself

From 1549 to 1554 Knox spent his exile in various parts of England The results of his sojourn in that country—his success in spreading the new religious opinions at Berwick-on-Tweed, Newcastle, and elsewhere, the modifications he succeeded in effecting in the formularies of the

Church of England - are a notable chapter in the religious history of Britain. As far as literary effort is concerned, however, these years in England were not fruitful It is with his flight to the Continent shortly after the accession of Mary Tudor (1553) that he began that long series of occasional writings which were to make him a voluminous author Some months spent at Dieppe, about a year (1554-5) at Frankfort - on - the-Main, and about four in Geneva (with an intervening visit to Scotland) completed the period of Knox's exile Hortatory letters to the Protestants in Scotland

and England and expository theological treatises make up the bulk of his literary production throughout these years By the place it holds in the history of political opinion, one of his many pamphlets deserves at least a passing notice -his famous First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women The pamphlet had a resounding notoriety at the time of its appearance, and may still be read with interest at once as a specimen of the controversial literature of the period and as the expression of opinions which were shared by Jean Bodin, the greatest political thinker of the sixteenth century As far as literary quality is concerned, however, the Blast by no means shows Knov at his best. It is essentially an ill-considered performance, as he himself, indeed, came to admit-undigested and ill-reasoned, violent without being powerful, and with few of those great strokes which abound in the work on

which his reputation as a writer must mainly

It was the singular fortune of Knox to be at once the chief actor in a national revolution and its pre eminent interpreter and historian in the beginning of May 1559 that he finally returned to Scotland He found the country in the throes of the struggle which was to end in the overthrow of the ancient Church and in the establishment of Protestantism, and till his death in 1572 it was to these ends that he devoted himself with that intensity of purpose and those extraordinary gifts of mind and character which have given him his supreme place in the memory of his country-It was at once by word and deed that know advanced the cause on which he had set his he irt, for, unlike men of the type of Savonarola, he combined the passionate self abandonment of the popular orator with the prudence of the practical 'I assure you,' wrote Randolph, the politician English agent in Scotland, to Cecil, the great Minister of Elizabeth-'I assure you the voice of one man is able in one hour to put more life in us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears? If his power of speech was thus so formidable, the course of events conclusively proved that none of the Protestant lords, pro fessed politicians though they were, saw so clearly and comprehensively the conditions of the eventual triumph of the new faith and the new national With the details of the great struggle we are not here directly concerned, but it is to be noted that it is precisely those qualities which he displayed in his public action—the combination of enthusiasm and shrewd sense-which gives its distinctive character to his monumental Historie of the Reformationn in Scotland

As originally conceived, Knox's Historic was to have been limited to the period between 1558 and August of 1561-the date of the return of Queen Mary to Scotland, and its main object was to be the justification of the Protestant party in its proceedings against the Crown Fortunately both for literature and history, the work grew on his hands till it attained a scope which fully justifies the title by which it came to be known. Of the five books of which it consists, the first relates the growth of Protestant opinion till the year 1558, the second and third deal with the revolution which ended in the Freaty of Leith and the establishment of Protestantism as the national religion, the fourth is in large degree autobiography, and the fifth continues the narrative from 1564 to 1567 With the exception of the last, which did not receive the author's final touch, each of the books possesses a specific character and value of its own. As a rapid and vivid survey of the gradual breach of Scotland with Rome the first is equally striking from the point of view of literature and history Such passages as those which describe the martyrdom of Patrick Hamilton, the rout of Solway Moss, the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and the battle of Pinkie are historical paintings which are engraved on the national The second and fourth books deserve the high priise that by the substantiation of facts by abundant original documents they satisfy the criterion of modern historical criticism But it is the fourth book of his *Historie* that reveals in their strength and weakness all the powers of Knox as a man and as a writer. His theme is the conflict of the old and the new religions, but here we are far from the abstract disquisitions which make un readable the bulk of his other productions. Mary Stuart as the embodiment of error, and himself as the vehicle of truth—it is on these two figures that, as in some spiritual drama, he fixes our eyes with all the passion and skill of a great unconscious artist. His reports of his four successive interviews with Mary are inclined thle photographs, which by their truth and vivacity would alone be the adequate proof of his special literary gift in truth, Knox was endowed in abundance with all the equipment of the so called picturesque his-He had the keenest of eyes for all the details of life, and from his varied experience in court and cump and deliberative assembly, he had enjoyed the most ample opportunities of exercising Of bittles he writes with a gusto that suggests the doughty man at arms rather than the apostle of the religion of peace. We have called him an unconscious artist, but this description must be taken with certain reserves. Owing per haps to his residence in England and his intercourse with English exiles abroad, he was led, in his Historie especially, to employ a style so much more English than the vern real ir Scots of the period as to draw down on him the reprobation of Catholic controversialists for his unpatriotic preference for the southern form of speech. We have it on his own word that he deliberately introduced the lighter play of mind into the conduct of the most scrious affairs 'Mel incholious reasons,' he said, 'would have some mirth intermixed' Even in his phriseology it would seem that, at least on occasion, he consciously employed a certain literary artifice Such an expression as 'The foolish fantasy of facile flesh' attests a conscious aim at literary effect. Nevertheless the general impression produced by the work of Knox is that of a great natural force manifesting itself in literature as in life with the various and overpowering energies of an original mind and character, which under no circumstances could have been determined by conventional trammels, whether of art or life

Such are the high qualities that are generally conceded to Knox as a writer of history, yet in exact proportion are the defects that belong to them. In adversaries he sees no virtue, in opinions that collide with his own he sees only wilful and pernicious error. Large and same views of human affairs, comprehensive grasp and luminous development of his subject as a whole—of these historical virtues Knox is totally void. As in his actions so

in his writings, it is precisely that lack of repose combined with force, of dignity and weight of thought conjoined with intensity of feeling, which place him beneath the first rank equally of men of action and men of letters.

An English Invasion.

Thus ceassed nott Sathan, by all meanes, to manteane his kingdome of darkness, and to suppresse the light of Christis Evangell But potent is he against whome their faught, for when thay wicked war in greatast securitie, then begane God to schaw his anger For the thirde day of Mail, in the year of God Jm. Vc. vlinj years, without knowledge of any man in Scotland, (we meane of such as should haif had the care of the realme,) was seene a great navve of schippis arryving towards the Firth The postis came to the Governour and Cardinall, (who botth war in Edinburgh,) what multitud of schippis ware sene, and what course thei took. This was uponn the Setterday before nune. Questioun was had, what should their meane? Some said, 'It is no doubt but thei ar Englis men, and we fear that thei shall land ' The Cardinall scripped [mocked] and said, 'It is but the Island flote [fleet] thei ar come to mak a schaw, and to putt us in feare I shall lodge all the men-of-ware into my eae [eye], that shall land in Scotland' Still sittis the Cardinall at his dennare, eavin as that there had bene no danger appearing. Men convenis to gase upoun the schippis, some to the Castell Hill, some to the Craiggis, and other places eminent. But there was no questioun, 'With what forces shall we resist, if we be invadit?' Sone after sax hours at nycht, war arryved and had casten anker in the Read [Roads] of Leyth, mo then two hundreth sailles. Schortlie thare after the Admirall schot a flote boite, which, frome Grantoun craigis till be east Leyth, sounded the deipe, and so returned to hir schippe Heirof war diverse opinionis. Ven of judgement foresaw what it ment. But no credite was geavin to any that wold say, 'Thei mynd to land.' And so past all man to his rest, as yf thei schippis had bene a gard for thare defence.

Upone the poynt of day, upon Sounday, the fourt of May, addressed thei for landing, and ordered thei thare schippis so that a galay or two lade there snowttis to the craiggis The small schippis called pinaces, and light horsmen approched als near as thei could schippis discharged there souldiouris in the smallare veschellis, and thei by bottis, sett upon dry land befoir ten hours ten thousand men, as was judged, and mo The Governour and Cardinall seing then the thing that thei could nott, or att least thei wold nott beleve befoir, after that thei had maid a brag to feght, fled as fast as horse wold cary them, so that after, thei approched not within twenty myllis of the danger The Erle of Auguss and George Douglas war that nycht freed of ward, (ther war in Blakness.) The said Schir George in mervnes said, 'I thank King Hary and my gentill Maisteris of England '

The Engliss army betuin twelf and one hour entered in Leyth, fand the tables covered, the dennans prepared, such aboundance of wyne and victuallis, besidis the other substance, that the lyik riches within the lyik boundis was nott to be found, neyther in Scotland nor England Upone the Mononday, the fift of Maij, came to thame from Berwik and the Bordour, two thowsand horsmen, who being somewhat reposed, the army, upoun the

Wednisday, marched towards the Toune of Edinburgh, spoyled and brynt the same, and so did their the Palice of Halyrud house. The horsmen took the House of Crag myllare, and gatt great spoyle tharein, for it being judged the strongast house near the Toune, other then the Castell of Edinburgh, all man sowight to saif thare movables thairin. But the stoutness of the Larde gave it over without schote of hackque boote, and for his reward was caused to merch upoun his foote to Londoun. He is now Capitane-of Dumbar and Provest of Edinburgh.

(From Book L of the Historie)

An Interview of Knox and Mary

The Queyn looked about to some of the reaportaris, and said, 'Your wourdis ar scharpe yneuch as ye have specken thame, but yitt thei war tald to me in ane uther maner. I know (said sche) that my Uncles and ye ar nott of one religioun, and thairfoir I can nott blame you albeit you have no good opinioun of thame. But yf ye hear any thing of my self that myslyikis you, come to my self and tell me, and I shall hear you.'

'Madam,' quod he, 'I am assured that your Uncles ar enemyes to God, and unto his Sone Jesus Christ, and that for manteanance of thair awin pompe and worldhe glone, that thei spair not to spill the bloode of many innocents, and thairfoir I am assured that thair inter pryses shall have no better successe then others baif had that before thame have done that thei do now your awin personage, Madam, I wold be glade to do all that I could to your Graces contentment, provided that I exceed nott the bounds of my vocatioun. I am called, Madam, to ane publict functioun within the Kirk of God, and am appointed by God to rebuk the synnes and vices of all. I am not appointed to come to evene man in particular to schaw him his offense, for that laubour war Yf your Grace please to frequent the publict sermonis, then doubt I nott but that ye shall fullie under stand boyth what I like and myslike, als weall in your Majestie as in all otheris Or yf your Grace will assigne unto me a certane day and hour when it will please you to hear the forme and substance of doctrin whiche is proponed in publict to the Churches of this Realme, I will most gladlie await upoun your Grace's pleasur, tyme, and place But to waitt upour your chalmer-doore, or ellis whair, and then to have no farther libertie but to whisper my mynd in your Grace's eare, or to tell to you what others think and speak of you, neather will my conscience nor the vocatioun whairto God hath called me suffer it. For albeit at your Grace's commandiment I am heare now, yitt can not I tell what other men shall judge of me, that at this tyme of day am absent from my book and wayting upoun the Courte."

'You will not always,' said sche, 'be at your book,' and so turned hir back. And the said Johne Knox departed with a reasonable meary countenance, whairat some Papistis offended said, 'He is not effrayed' Which heard of him, he answered, 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentill woman effray me? I have looked in the faces of many angrie men, and yit have nott bene effrayed above measure.' And so left he the Quene and the Courte for that tyme. (From Book is)

Knox and Mary's Ladies-in-Waiting

Herwith was the Quene more offended, and commanded the said Johne to pass furth of the cabinet, and to aby d farther of hir pleasur in the chalmer The Laird of Dun targed, and Lord Johne of Coldinghame cam into

the calinet, and so that boyth remained with hyr neyr the space of are house. The said Johne stood in the chalmer as one whom men had never sein, (so war all c fragest, except that the Lord Ochiltric bayre him com but the and thairfeir began he to forge talking of the lad e who was their sitting in all their gorgiouse apparell, whiche espeed, he mearche said, 'O fayre Ladre, how pleasing war this lyeff of yours, yf it sou'l ever abyd, and then in the end that we might tase to heaven with all this gay gear. But fye upoun that kna e Death, that will come whither we will or 1 , 1 And when he has laid on his arcist, the foull norman vilbe busic with this flesche, be it never so fayr a d so ender, and the scalls sowll, I fear shalbe so feable, that it can neither cary with it gold, garnassing, tar, itting [tasseling], pearle, nor pretious stanes? And b, suche meanes procured he the cumpany of women, ad so just the tyme till that the Laird of Dun willed I un to departe to his house qubill new advertisement.

(From book iv)

See Fac 3 rks f J in Knox collected and edited by David Lat , M Crie Life of J in Knox (1812) Hume Brown, John K c is It grif is (1855) The History of the Keformation of Keety, it in S I'm Lat in It Seelm of Scotland, written by John Krox edited In edecuated and abridged] for popular use by Sherial C I Guthris (1878).

Р И В.

George Buchanan.-As far as his contribution to English or Scottish literature is concerned, George Buch man would call but for the most cursory notice in the present work. Of the two fol o volumes which make up his published writings, some twelve pages contain all that he wrote in the vernicular—the rest being in classical Latin, prose and verse. Yet for learned Scots, from his own dry till this, Buchanan has been one of the most interesting and important figures in the literary history of their country. His Latin para phrise of the Psalins has been for three centuries the delight of cultivated Scottish readers, and the sime book, studied in Scottish schools for at least two centuries, formed the taste and ministered to the futh of the successive generations of Scottish By his History of Scotland also-hailed at the time of its appearance as the most successful reproduction of classical models - he made the annals of his native country known to educated Morcover, the inspiration of his name and example, as of the greatest scholar whom Scotland has produced, has been of the most potent emeacy in determining a special line of culture followed by his countrymen, for to Buch man it is mainly due that the study of Latin came to hold its peculiar place in the higher educution of Scotland "No man," says Calderwood, writing of Buchanan in the seventeenth centuryno in in did merit better of his nation for learning, nor thereby did bring it to more glory,' and Hill Burton, in the nineteenth could still write that 'there are not, perhaps, above three or four n ones holding so proud a place in the homage of h countrymen is Buchanin's.' Such being the acki miledged name and influence of Buchanin, it would seem that in the reckoning of the literary |

achievements of his country he must command an interest peculiarly his own

The life of Buchanan is a typical chapter from the history of the Revival of Letters The scholars of the Renaissance were the veritable knights errant of their time, and few of them had a more varied and adventurous career than Buchanan February 1506, at Killearn in Stirlingshire, he received the elements of his education in various schools of his native country In his fourteenth year he was sent to the University of Paris through the good offices of his maternal uncle, James Paris had for centuries been the dream of the studious youth of Scotland, and at the date (1520) of Buchanan's first sojourn there the uni versity was passing through a critical period of its history A double conflict was engaging the best The teaching of Luther was minds in its schools clashing with the religion of Rome, and the study of Latin and Greek in the new spirit of the Italian Renaissance was asserting itself in opposition to the traditional curriculum of the Middle Ages was doubtless during the two years he now spent in Paris that Buchanan acquired that special bent of mind and of intellectual interest which gave him his distinctive character as a typical personality of his age Henceforward the study of the classics, and specially of Latin, became the engrossing aim of his life, and he pursued it with such natural aptitude and such industry as finally won for him the admiration of learned Europe and the first place among the scholars of his age health and the failure of means through the death of his uncle forced Buchanan to return to Scotland after some two years' sojourn in Paris. When next we hear of him, it is as a volunteer in an expedition led by the Regent Albany against The result of his experience in soldier-England ing was not encouraging, as in consequence of his hardships he was bedridden for the ensuing Apparently convinced that the career of scholar was his true vocation, he resumed his studies, but on this occasion at the University of St Andrews, where he had for his principal teacher the most famous literary Scotsman of his gene ration, John Major, the author of a History of Great Britain and of several folios of scholastic theology It was the meeting of the old world Buchanan, who had in Paris been and the new initiated into the intellectual ideals of the new generation, found in the highest degree uncon genial mere logical subtleties which in the later Middle Age had become so barren and unpro-After a session at the feet of Major, fitable therefore, Buchanan, on taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, returned (1526) to Paris, where he was to make his home for the next ten years

The Scots College in Paris, founded in 1326 by the Bishop of Moray, was his first home, and thence he graduated MA. in 1528 Being thus qualified to act as regent or tutor, Buchanan chose the profession of teaching as the means of earning his bread, and to the close of his career he remained faithful to his choice. With his notable gifts he might easily have assured himself a far more luxurious existence had he chosen to enter the Church, but, as his future was to show, Buchanan was a born man of letters whose chief gratification was the untrammelled expression of opinion on all the questions which were then agitating men's minds.

As far as Buchanan's literary ambitions were

concerned, his ideals now lav clearly before him, with the rest of his career. therefore, we may deal somewhat more briefly After some years spent in the College of Ste Barbe in Paris he became tutor to the young Earl of Cassillis, whom he accompanied to Scotland in 1536 It is a proof of the distinction he had already won as a scholar that he was now charged with the education of Lord James Stewart, a natural son of James V (not the Lord James, it should be said, known in Scottish history as the Earl of Moray) series of ıncıdents now befell

GEORGE BUCHANAN

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

Buchanan which, according to his own testimony, determined his whole future. At the request of the king he wrote a satire (Franciscanus) against the great Order of the Franciscans, which made Scotland too hot for him and drove him to seek refuge in England Even in England, where, in his own words, he found Henry VIII 'burning Protestant and Catholic alike on the same day and in the same fire,' Buchanan was not safe, and after a stay of six months he once more sought a refuge in France (1540) Here for the next three years we find him acting as a master in a large school recently founded at Bordeaux, where, it is worthy of note, he had among his pupils the great essayist, Montaigne. Again his sarcastic humour seems to have brought him into trouble. A satirical dialogue on monasteries created some sensation in the city, and, as the Franciscans of Scotland had never lost sight of him, he found it advisable to follow his fortunes elsewhere. For some years, during which he suffered much from ill health, he resided in various parts of France, but in 1547 he received an offer which led to the most notable experience in his varied career. This was to make one of a band of scholars chosen to act as professors in the University of Coimbra in Portugal. On the way to his destination he passed a few days at Salamanca, famous for its great university. It

was the season of Lent, the only fish to be had were conger eels . the bread of the town was detestable, and Buchanan's digestion, as we know, was of the feeblest. In an evil hour for himself he ate meat in the sacred season The sin was discovered. and was not forgotten Within little more than a vear Buchanan found himself in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Combra on a general charge of heresy, and specially of eating meat in Lent. After a trial which was protracted through a year and a half, he was confined in a monastery by way of penance for his

past unsatisfactory conduct as a true son of the Church, and it was during his enforced seclusion that he mainly accomplished his famous Latin paraphrase of the Psalms On his release (1552) he again, after a brief visit to England, settled in France, for, though he had spoken so freely regarding the doctrines of the Church and the morals of the clergy, he was still at heart a Catholic. His last years in France were spent in the capacity of tutor to the son of the Maréchal de Brissac, and on the expiry of this engagement there were special reasons for his seek ing a final home in his native country (1561) By further study of the questions at issue between Protestantism and Rome he had become convinced that the truth lay with the former, and by the date when he saw fit to change his religion Protestantism had triumphed in Scotland.

Though Buchanan was in his fifty sixth year at the date of his return, and though his health, never robast, disabled him from playing a great part in public affors, the various offices he successively niled prove the esteem in which he was held as the most famous literary Scotsman of his day read Lavy with Queen Mary, he took a prominent par in the business of successive General As sembles of the new religion, and he acted for a time as Principal of the College of St Leonard's in The part he played in the arraign St Andrews ment of Queen Mary for the murder of Darnley belongs to his history of the time, and is embodied in his terrible indictment known as the Delection On the dethronoment of Mary he was entrusted with the education of her son, afterwards James VI, and during the regency of Lennov he filled necessively the otness of Director of Chancery and Keeper of the Privy Scal His last years were occupied in the writing of his History of Scotland, which was published the year after his death on 28th September 1582. The circumstances of his end are memorable in the history of letters, he died so poor that his means were insufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral

With Buch inan's two Litin folios before us the question inevitably suggests itself-What would have been his literary ichievement had he chosen Scots or English as his vehicle of expression? That his work would have been memorable there cin be no manner of doubt. In the range and variety and quality of his gifts-displayed, it is to be remembered, through the hampering medium of a foreign tongue—he is indubitably superior to the most distinguished of the early Scottish vernacu Lir writers-Dunbir, or Douglas, or Henryson, or He has passion, wit, humour, and playful funcy, and in such productions as his Epitha lamium (on the mirriage of Mirry Stuart with the D tuphin of Irance, is vell as in many of his Pailins, he rises to the heights of pure imaginative feeling. As to his genius he added the most varied experience of life and all the accomplishments of his time, he would have approached his themes with advantages for beyond those of any early As it is, the few pages in the Scottish writer Scots tongue which he has written only prove that, h d he chosen to use it, he had the perfect commind of all its capacities. Even from the two brief letters here quoted it will be seen that he handles the language with a detiness and precision which is unequalled in any specimens of early Scots that have been preserved, while the extract from the A foren two in proves that on higher themes he could produce a harmony and symmetry in the old Scots tongue which recalls the periods of Cicero or In.

To his a'ngular freynd M. Randolph maister of postis to the Queinis Grace of Ingland

It said the pair of lettres of any sens my latter wryt-15 as A. With the type I research Marinus [ne] Scotus, of special thank you creatly and specialy that your inglessmen ar fund hars in thair cronicles allegying on hvm sic thongs as he never said. I haif beyne vexit with seiknes al the tyme sens, and geif I had decessit ve suld haif lesit [lost] bath thankis and recompens. Now I most neid thank you, bot geif wear [war] brekks up of this foly laitly done on the border, than I wyl hald the recompense as Inglis geir, bot gif peace followis and nother ye die seik of marriage or of the two symptomes following on marriage quhylks ar jalozie and cuccaldry, and the gut [gout] cars not me away, I most other find sum way to pay or ceise kyndnes or allis geifing up kyndnes pay you with cul words, and geif this fasson of dealing pleasit me I haif reddy occasion to be angry with you that haif wissit me to be ane kentys man, qualk in a maner is ane centiute, half man, half beast 1 And yit for ane certaine considera tion I will pas over that iniury, imputing it erar [rather] to your new foly, than to ald wysdome. For geif ye had being in your right wyt, ye being anis escapit the tem pestuous stormes and naufrage of maringe had never enterit agane in the samyn dangeris. For I can not tak you for ane Stock philosopher, havinge ane head mex pugnable with the frenetyk tormentis of Jalozie or ane cairless hart that take cuccaldris as thyng indifferent. In thys cause I most needs prefer the rude Scottis wyt of capitane Cochurne to your inglis solomonical sapience, quhylk wery of ane wyfe deliuerit hir to the quevne agrine, bot you deliuerit of ane wyfe castis your self in the samyn nette, et ferre potes dominam saluis tol restibus ullam And so capitane Cocburne is in better case than you for his seiknes is in the feitte and yours in the heid. I pray you geif I be out of purpose thynk not that I suld be marvit Bot rather consider your awyn dangerouse estait of the quhylk the speking has thus troublit my braine and put me safar out of the way As to my occupation at this present tyme, I am best with our story of Scotland to purge it of sum Inglis lyis and Scottis vanite. As to maister Knoks his historie is in hys freindis handis, and that ar in consultation to mitigat sum part the acerbite of certaine words and sum taintis quhair in he has followit to muche sum of your inglis writaris, as M. Hal et suppelatorem eius Graftone,2 &c. As to M Bezn I fear that cild [old age] quhylk has put me from verses making sal delivre him sone a seable poetica, quhylk war ane great fittye, for he is and of the most singular poetes that has being this lang tyme. As to your great prasyng gevin to me in your lettre geif ye scorne not, I thank you of luif and kyndnes towart me, bot I am sorie of your corrupt ingement. Heir I wald say mony inturies to you war not yat my gut [gout] com mandis me to cesse and I wyl als spair mater to my mixt Fairweal and god keip you At Sterling the writings sext of August. G BUCHANAN 1 The allusion is to the old story that the men of Kent had tails-2 Grafton was the continuator of the chronicler Hall.

To Maister Randolf Squiar Maister of Postes to the Quenis Grace of Ingland.

Maister, I haif resavit diverse letters frome you, and yit I have ansourit to name of thayme, of the quhylke albeit I haif mony excusis, as age, forgetfulnes, besines, and disease, yet I will use nane as now, except my swerr ness [laziness], and your gentilnes, and goif ye thynk nane of theise sufficient, content you with ane confession of the falt, without fear of punitioun to follow on inv As for the present, I am occupit in writing of our historic, being assurit to content few, and to the please mony than throw As to the end of it, yf ye fell it not or thys winter be passit, hippen not for it [do not depend or count on it], nor nane other writyngs from me. The rest of my occupation is with the gout, quhilk haldis me besy both day and night. And quhair je say ye haif not lang to lyif, I traist to god to go before yow, albeit I be on fut, and je rid the post, praying you als [also] not to dispost my hoste at Newwerk, Jone of Kelsterne. Thus I pray you, partly for his awyne sake, quhame I thocht ane gud fellow, and partly at request of syl as I dar nocht refuse. And thus I tak my leif shortly at you now, and my lang leif quhen God pleasis, committing you to the protection of the almychty. At Sterling xxx day of August, 1577

Yours to command with service, G BUCHINAN

Exhortation to the Lords of the Privy Counsell agaynst the Hamiltons.

It may seame to sour lordships that I melling [med dling] with hie materis of governing of commoun weill pas myne estart being of sa meane qualitie and forsettis my devoir giving counsale to the wysest of this realme Nochtyeles seing the miserie sa greit apperand and ye calamitie sa neir approcheand, I thocht it lesse falt to incur the cryme of surmonting my privat estait nor the blame of neglecting the publict dangeare chosit rather to underly the opinioun of presumptioun in speking than of tressoun in silence, and specialie in sic thingis as seme presentlie to redound to perpetuall schame of 50ur lordships, distructionn of this royall estait, and rewyne of ye haill commoun weill of scotland On this considerationn I haif tane at this tyme on hand to aduerteis your honors of sic thingis as I thocht to pertene bayth to 30ur lordships in speciall and in generall to ye haill communitie of yis realme in punitioun of traitors, pacifi catioun of troubles amangis our selffis, and continewatioun of peace with our nychtbouris. Of the quhilk I haif tane the trivell to wryte and remittis the jugement to your discretioun, having that hosp at the leist that gif my wit and foirsicht can not satisfie 50w my gude will sall not dis pleis 50w-of the qubilk advertisement the summar is this. First to considder how godlie is the action that 5e haif tane on hand to writ. The defence of your king, ane innocent pupill, the establissing of religioun, punitioun of thevis and tratouris, manteinance of peace, and quietnes amangis 30ur selffis and with forayne nationis Nixt to remember how 5e haue vindicat this realme out of thral dome of strangearts, out of domestik tyranne, and out of ane publict dishonour anentis all foragne nationis, quhair we wer altogridder estemit ane people murtherare of kingis, impacient of lawis and magistrattis-in respect of ye murthour of ye last king Henry within ye wallis of ye principall towne, the greatest of ye nobilitie being present with ye Quene for the tyme. And how eftir sour power 30 tryit out ane part of ye cheif tratouris frome amangis the trew subjectis and constraint strangearis to prays eftir wart als mekill jour justice as that had afoir condampnit wrangusle 30ur injustice

The vernacular writings of Buchanan, as far as is known, consist of the two letters given above The Chaineston, a samreal allegory on the career of Maitland of Lethington and the Idmonition to the Frie Lords a political pamphlet addressed to the Protestannobles of Scotland. The Scots translation of the Detectio is probably by another hand. The most satisfactory edition of Buchanan's Latin works is that of Ruddiniann (1715). His vernacular writings are published by the Scottish Text Society. During Buchanan's ocjourn in Bordeaux he wrote four Latin trugedies for acting by the students. It is interesting to know that two of these—the Espirites and the Tephties, translated it to German after 1570—set in Germany

the example of treating sacred subjects in the severer style of the classical tragedy, somewhat on Senecan lines. See Irving s Life of George Buchanau (and ed. 1817), and Hume Brown's George Buchan in, Humanist and Reformer (1850).

Robert Lindesay, tenant rither than laird of Pitscottie, near Ceres in Fife, is gratefully remembered as the gossiping chronicler of Scottish history, the 'auld Pitscottic' who was Sir Walter Scott's authority for many a vivid passage in his prose and verse-as, for instance, the story in Marmion of James IV's vision in Linlithgow kirk before Flodden, 'for quaint interest, the Herodotus of Scotland, Mr Lang calls him For the dates of his birth and death, c 1500-c.1565, formerly accepted by him, Dr Mackay on no very convincing grounds substituted in 1899 c 1532-Pitscottie belonged to a branch of the noble family of Lindsay, but though, like all Scotsmen in this 'romantic' age, he was a strong partisan, he took no conspicuous part in public His sympathies were with the English or Protestant party throughout, and he is manifestly unable to be fair to the other side. is apt to be wonderfully wrong in his dates, he sometimes exasperates us by giving the driest and briefest annals in years full of great events for which he might rank as a contemporary authority But when it does occur to him to tell a story in full, he does it with a will, and is both graphic, humorous, ample in striking details, and eminently quaint He proposed to himself to be the continuator of Boece and Bellenden, and his first book is a translation, with additions, from Boece first printed edition-that of 1728-was 'modernised,' that of 1814 was well meant but uncritical And all before that of the Scottish Text Society (2 vols. 1899) were incomplete. Of sixteen MSS examined for that edition by Sheriff Mackay, only one (which came to light in 1896) contained any account of the events of the interesting decade 1565-1575, which saw the murder of Darnley, the Bothwell marriage, Queen Mary's flight, the regency of Murray, the deaths of Knox and Lethington Dr Mackay is convinced the newly discovered portion is Pitscottie's own, suppressed in the other MSS because the scribes were afraid to copy Pitscottic's frank account of these critical Pitscottie thus recounts the escape of the Duke of Albany, the brother of James III, from Edinburgh Castle, to which, after a rebellion in 1479, the king had committed him

Sone efter this they consallit the king to justifie the Duik of Albanic his brother, thinkand gif they war quyte of him they suld do with the king quhat they pleissit, for they stude in sic aw of the Duik of Albanic they durst not mell witht the king nor put hand in him, so lang as the said Duik was on lyue. Quhairfor thir consperatours desynt at all tyines to have this Duik put to deid, trustand the better to come to thair purpois of the king Althocht the conspiratours thocht to have this matter that is above specifyit in quyetnes, yet nochtwithtstanding the king of France gat wit of the samin tressoun be moyen of sum that fawored the Duik of Albanie, and

the exercise one frincle chip out of I rance haistelie it is her laid with cereit writtings to the Duik of INA a , 121) then was in presone in the castell of List, sh, to advertise him that it was concludit with to a king and cor all that he sould be justified with in a e ce tare day, quh lk was the day before the schip rate in the rad of Levill Leside the Newheavin and kull hir self tourt it as and passinger with they and send upe word to the castell to the Durk of Albanic gif he , 'd had of the damin. Quhen he hard thir nowellis he de viit the captinus lecence to send for tuo bossis of yee, quho gaif him left glaidhe and provydit the bossis h might. And then the Duik of Albanic send his familiear cryand to the said frincheman for the wyne and prayit mm to send of the best and starkest, quho grantit the samm were heartfullic and send him the tuo bossis of ma asie, and in the on of the bossis he pat ane roll of vax quhairin was clossit and secret writing quhilk the Durk of Albanic sie tydings as he was nocht content witht, but in the wither boss thair was ane certaine fad one of cords to support him in his neid at that tyme The Lo is was of the quantitie of tuo gillouns the peace, quhamfoir they war the les to be knawin that thair was ought in to them but the wyne-Nochtwithtstanding the man that brocht the wyne sped him hame to his maister and schew him certaine things be toung quhilk this stringer had bidin him, and that night the Duik of Albanic callit the captane to the supper and promissit him are drink of goode wyne and he glaidlie desynt the same, and came to him incontenent and suppit witht The Durk off Albanic gaif his chamberchyld com mand that he could drink no wyne that night bot keip him fresche ffor he knew not quhat he wald haue adoe, t saufor he prayit him to be war witht him self and gif thur raise ony thing amangis them he prayit him to tak has part as he wald scrue him. Quhen supper was done the captane went to the kings challmer to sie quhat he was double qube was then ludgit in the eastill, and quben he had sart west it, he gart syne steak the zettis and you part sett the witch min and thairefter came againe to the Durk of Albanicis chamber to the collatioun, and efter that they had drukin and all men was in thair led, the Durk and the capture zeid to the tabilis and plant for the wane The fyre was hott and the wyne vi stirl and the captane and his men became meric, quall at the last the Durk of Albanic personcit his tyme and saw them merrie and maid ane signe to his chamber chyll to be redy as he had instructit him before the Duik thocht at that tyme that thair was no wther re need bot other do or die, becau e that he was surlie discreased be the frinche schip that he was to be heidit aroun the morne thurfor he thocht it best to prevene the tyme and to jut his lyffe in jeopardic, thinkand the ten a might rill that he might releif himself. Thairfor he gul the e into r and lap fra the boorde and struk the easterne with time quhinger and slew him and allso this o are wher Bot his chamber chyld was right is the meane tyme and sua the tua wther turk 1 10, that is to say the captane and his thrie men, and paren they had fore east them in the fire, and efterwart "an eat trair cords and past to the eall heid at anc (4) it flace (alar the author might have no sight of the -, and their laid over the tow over the wall and he Durk la dot e his chamber child first. But the tow was about his the baine and I we ter creat is his tractic and had here mak lang for 1

Then the Durk raif the schoittis of his he was game bed and maid the raipe langer and past doune him self saithe and quben he come doune he persawit his servant lyand in the point of his lyfe. He turk him wpc on his bak and bure him as far as he might win away and hide him in and quyit place quhair he trowit he might be saif, and sync went to the New hevin, quho send thair bott to the land to him and ressawit him in to the schip, bot I knaw not give his servant past witht him or not, bot suirle money gentillmen of Scottland wissit to be witht him Amangis the Inf Schir Alexander Jeardane laird of Apillgirth past with him, with sindne gentillmen. Bot on the morne quhen the watchis persault that the tow was hingand ower the wall, they ran to seek the captane to have schawin him the maner, bot he was not in his chamber, they could not gett him. Then they passit to the Duik of Albanicis chamber and thair they fand the doore standard oppin and are deid man lyand athort it, and also they saw the captane and tuo wther in the fyre burnand, whiche was werie dollarus and feirfull with them, but they mist the Duik of Albanic and his chamber chyld, and thairfoir they rane spedelie and tauld the king how the matter had happit, that the captane was slaine and his servantis. Bot the king wald not credit them quhill he past him self and saw how the matter stude, and saw the captane and his men lyand deid and brunt in the fyre. Then he considerit the haill cause how it stude, and caussit the zettis to be haldin close that no worde sould pass to the toune quhill he had searchit all the place to se gif the Duik of Albanie had bene withtin the place or not Bot quhen he could on nawayis comprehend him, he caussit to send out horsemen in all pairtis of the contrie to se gif they could comprehend him in ony place and bring him to the king againe, and they sall haue great revairds thairfoir Bot on nowayis could they gett wott of him, bot at last thair came ane man out of Leyth and schew the king that thair came are bott of the frenche schip and turk in certain men and thairester pullit whe thair saillis and trevissit wpc and doune the firth, quhom they judgit all to be the Duik, as it was trew, for he past to I rance incontenent and thair was well ressawit with the ling and gitt in marienige the Duches of Ballan and gat wpoun hir Johnne Stewart quhilk efter him was Durk of Albanic and governour of Scottland.

The extract follows in all essentials the 1899 edition. The x in such words as 'zettis is for the old 3-practically; the win wpon' is of cour e.u. Quhill means till, to justifie is to execute, mell, meddle thir, these novellis news ('nonrelles') bors, cash or leathern butt mavisie, malvoisie, malmsey, fadame fathom gart, caused, acrit visit, sterk, shut, zettis, jetts gates and gaed went drukin, drunken x'irk strong headth, beheaded zith the erintour, 'gave the adventure, made the venture judinger, whinger, hanger, large duth, tow, rope this bains, thigh bone visit, wished, make lang, make away, athert, athwart dollarus dolorous get vott get wit Ballan Boulogie. It is characteristic of Priscottie that by him this very circum tabulal story is referred to the jear 1483, when Albany again fled to England, not to France, and conversely he makes him do in 1470 what he could not have done till 1483

John Leslie, or Lesley, Churchman and historian, was the son of the parish priest of Kingussic. Born in 1526, he studied at Aberdeen, and Paris, was professor of canon law at Aberdeen, and in 1565 was made Bishop of Ross. He was a wirm supporter of the queen, followed her in her evil fortunes, and was her commissioner and confidential friend as well as ambassador to Elizabeth,

by whom he was imprisoned or confined for a year or two for promoting the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk. He pled Mary's cause at the courts of France, of Spain, and of the Empire, was sent from Rome as papal nuncio to the Emperor Maximilian, was vicar-general of the diocese of Rouen, and after Mary's execution (1587) retired to a monastery near Brussels, where he died in 1596 While in England he wrote in the vernacular Scots a History of Scotland from the death of James I (where Boece left off) to his own time, which he finished during his confinement 'in the Bishope of London's house in the Cite of London' in 1570. At Rome after 1575 he rewrote this History in Latin, considerably expanding it, and prefixing a description of Scotland and a history from the fabulous beginnings, based on Boece and Major This latter extended work was translated into Scots in 1596 by Father James Dalrymple, a monk of the monastery of St James at Ratisbon, the translation being edited for the Scottish Text Society in 1885-88 Leslie's History is wooden on the whole compared with Pitscottie, though it has its merits, and his original homely Scotch is both clear and vigorous, and is much less artificial than Father Dalrymple's translation

The following is part of Leslie's account of the reign of James IV, in which we have the Churchman's frank admissions as to ecclesiastical abuses in the court of Rome as well as in Scotland

James, eldeft fone to King James the third, wes borne the [17th] day of Marche 1472, quha eftiruart was callit James the fourt, and was ane juste and guide prince

Ane comette mervellus appeint in the fouthe, the xvij day of Januer till the xvij day of Februar, caftand gret beames of licht touart the fouth, and wes placet betuix the pole and the pleyaids callit the fevin flurnis, quhilk the aftrologis did afferme to be ane figne of mony mervellus changes in the warld.

The greyt fehip biggit be the bischop of St Androis, callit the bischoppis barge, being laidinnit with mer chandice, brak and perischit besid Bamburghe, the xijth day of Marche, in the quhilk mony merchandis, clarkis, and utheris passingeris war drownit, except ane sew number quha did eschaip be ane boilt, in the quhilk the Abbot of Saint Colme was takin presoner, and haddin be ane James Kar in Ingland, quhill he payit sour score pundis for his ransoun. The haille gudeis being in the saide schip was spulyeit and takin away be the Inglish men, to the gryet hurt of the merchandis and awnaris thaircos, notwithstanding of the trewis.

The Abbacye of Dunfermeling vacand, the convent cheifit ane of thair awn monkis, callit Alexander Thomf sun, and the Ling promovit Henry Creychtoun Abbat of Paiflay thairto, quha wes preferrit be the Paip, through the Lings supplicationis, to the saide Abbacye. And so lik Mr Robert Shaw, personn of Mynto, was promovit be the Kings, of the Abbacye of Paislay, and sua than first began sic maner of promotione of secularis to abbacies be the Kings supplicationis, and the godlie electiones war frustrate and dekayde, becaus that the Court of Rome admittit the princis supplicationis, the rather that they gat greyt proffeit and sownes of money thairby, quhair

fore the bischoppis durst not conferme thame that wes chosin be the convent, nor thay quha wer electit durst not perfew thair awn ryght. And sua the Abbayis come to secular abussis; the abbottis and pryouris being pro movit surth of the court, quha levit courtlyk, secularlye, and voluptuoslye. And than ceissit all religious and godlye myndis and deidis, quhairwith the secularis and temporall men beand sklanderit with thair evill example, sell fra all devocioun and godlynes to the warkis of wikednes, quhairof daylie mekill evill did increase

This year [1474] in September, the indulgence of the feitt of St Androis wes publischet be Patrick Grahame Archebischop thairof, and the same seitt erectit in ane Archebischoprik, quhilk wes impetrat be the saide Patrick Grahame, quha maid narrative to the Paip, that becaus the Archebischopnick of York wes metropolitane of Scotland before, and that thair wes oftymis wearis beture Scotland and Ingland, quhairthrough thay could not haif accesse to thair metropolitane, speciallie for remedie of appellacione, the Paip confentit to mak St Androis primat and metropolitan of Scotland, and ordanit the uther an bischoppis of Scotland to be under his primacie, quha reliftit thairto, and promelit ane taxacione of xii thousand merkis to the King for his mayntenance aganis the Archebischop And the prelattis fund to Rome, quhair thay pleyit the cause

Guide good, starnis, stars laidinnit, laden clarkis, clergy quiull, till spulyeit, spoiled plundered aumaris, owners trewis, truce cheisit, chose Paip Pope impetral obtained, pleyil, plead pled.

The following, from the same reign, is Leshe's story of a famous incident, the subject of a satire by Dunbar (see page 199), who made out that the alchemist was the devil in disguise

This tyme thair wes ane Italiene with the King, quha wes maid Abbott of Tungland, and wes of curious ingyne. He caufet the King believe that he, be multiplyinge and uthers his inventions, wold make fine gold of uther metall, quhilk fcience he callit the quintaffence, quhair upon the king maid greit coft, bot all in vaine. This Abbott tuik in hand to flie with wingis, and to be in Fraunce before the faids ambaffadours, and to that effect he caufet mak ane pair of wingis of fedders, quhilkis beand feffinit apoun him, he flew off the caffell wall of Striveling, bot shorthe he fell to the ground and brak his thee bane, bot the wyt thairof he afferyvit to that thair was sum hen fedders in the wingis quhilk yarnit and cover the mydding and not the fkyis.

Multiplying is a regular word for alchemy in Chaucer the saids, the said, the above menuoned fedderis, feathers, festivit, fastened thee, thigh, wyt, blame jarnut &c., yearned for and desired mydding, dunghill

A sentence or two from Dalrymple's translation of the passage on the corruption in monasteries will show his Latinised style

Now alms deidis abuset ar turnet into plesures, now what laid up was to help the miserie of the pure, is gyuen to satisfie the volupteousness of the ryche. The mounkis now electis nocht Abbotis quha godlie ar maist and deuote, but kingis cheisis Abbots quha ar lustiest and maist with thame in fauour.

Sir James McIville (1535-1617), privy councillor and gentleman of the bed chamber to Mary Queen of Scots, was born at Hallhill, in Fifeshire. He was page to Queen Mary at the French court, and subsequently undertook missions to the court

Lingland and to the Elector Palatine. He left in the Lacripe are historically ork, which long by unknown in the Castle of Edinburgh, but, discovered in 1920, the published in 1883, as the Memoirs of Sir Jones Melville of Hallfull, professing to give in important account of the most remarkable of first of state during the last age, especially those at der Flirabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and James, a which the author was personally concerned. This work, of which the Bannatyne Club's standard edition appeared in 1827, is memorable for the vigour and hydriness of its style, and as one authority for some important events.

An Interview with Queen Elizabeth.

a Le appoint to be fa effectionit to the Quen hir gud falce, that fehr had a gret defire to fe hir, and because ther defined meting culd not be in haiftely brocht till rais, sche delyted oft to luk ypen hir picture, and tok me in to hir bed chamber, and opposit a little lettroun wherin ver dyners litle pictures wrapped within paiper, and sret a your the paper, ther names with hir awen hand Vien the first that sche tok up was wreten, 'My lordis picture.' I held the candell and preffit to fe my lordis I b importunite obteant the ficht therof, and afkit the fame to cars hame with me vito the Quen, quhilk fehe telifed alleging felic had but that ane of his. I faid ann, that fee had the principall, for he was at the turthest part of the chamber speaking with the secretary Cient. Then fehr tow out the Quenis picture and kiffit it, all I I fift hir hand, for the gret lone I faw fehe bure to the Quen-Sche schew me also a fair ruby, gret lyk Then I defyred that fehr wald either fend a ruch (1 ball) it is a token anto the Quen, or elis my I ord of Lecesters pic use. Sche find, gene the Quen wald folou hir con taill, that sche wald get them brith with tym, and all he felic had, bot fuld fend hir a dyamont for a token uth m Novitwis lait efter supper, sche appointed me to be at hir the nyxt morning be 8 hours, at quhilk ts a felic yfed to walk in hir garden, and inquired undre thirbs at me of this contre, or other contrees wherm I had lattly traucht, and caufed me to eat with hir de ic of ho iour, my lady Stafford, and honorable and , elly lally, who had bene at Geneva, banifut during the thank of Quen Mary, that I mycht be alwayes near hir 'Ia effe, that sche rijeht conferr with me, and my lady Statumbs dochter was my meftres, for I was of ther a q stance when they patht throw France, and had and intelligence be hir and be my lady. Throgmortoun

It discess metings ther wall be discess purposes, and the Q-n my seacrone had instructed me sometimes to can ratters of grante, and east in some purposes of unitine or clis I vald be tyred upon, as being well mourised of hir isters natural. Therfore in declaring it callones of Dutchland, Polle and Italy, the busking of callones of Dutchland, Polle and Italy, the busking of callones of Dutchland, Polle and Italy, the busking of callones of Dutchland, Polle and Italy, the busking of callones of Dutchland, Polle and Italy, the busking of callones of Dutchland, Polle and Italy, the busking of callones are larger to have the dames and venion as not for-et, it is a contrast and a busk fether fether larger than the Frenche, it is the Vialien, and so of others, asking at me at the fitter fether larger than the Italien wend, and a position fether fether acts, for some delyted to solve a they are the process had, for solve delyted to solve a they

do in Italy Hir hair was reder then Jellow, curlit appa rantly of nature Then fehr entrit to dicern what kynd of coulour of hair was reputed best, and inquyred whither the Quenis or hirs was best, and quhilk of them two was fairest I said, the fairness of them baith was not thur worst faltes. Bot sche was ernest with me to declain. quhilk of them I thouht faireft. I faid, fche was the fairest Quen in Lingland, and ours the fairest Quen in Scotland. Let sche was emest. I faid, they wer baith the fairest ladyes of ther courtes, and that the Quen of Lugland was whytter, bot our Quen was very lusome Sche inquyred quhilk of them was of hyest stature. I faid, our Quen Then fehe said, the Quen was ouer heych, and that hir felf was nother ouer hich nor ouer laich. Then sche askit what kynd of exercyses sche wed. I faid, quhen [when] that I was dispatchit out of Scot land, that the Quen was bot new com bak from the hyland hunting, and when fehe had leafer fra the affaires of hir contre, fche red vpon gud bukis, the histories of dyuers contrees, and fomtymes wald play vpon lut and virginelis. Sche sperit gene sche plaid weill. I said, raifonably for a Quen.

That fame day efter dener, my L of Hundsden drew me up till a quyet gallerie that I mycht heir fome musik, bot he faid he durft not advow it, wher I mucht heir the Quen play upon the virginelis Bot efter I had harkenit a whyll, I tok by the tapisserie that hang before the dur of the chamber, and feing hir bak was toward the dur, I entrit within the chamber and stod still at the dur chek, and hard hir play excellently weill, bot sche lest aff it schone as sche turnit hir about and saw me, and cam forwartis femyng to flryk me with hir left hand, and to think schame, alleging that sche ysed not to play before men, bot when sche was solitary hir allaine, till eschew melancholy, and askit how I cam ther I said, as I was walken with my L of Hundsden, as we past by the chamber dur, I hard fic melodic, quhilk raujst and drew me within the chamber I wist not how, excusing my falt of hamelynes, as being brocht up in the court of France, and was now willing to fuffer what kynd of punissement wald pleise hir lay upon me for my offence. Then sche sat down laich vpon a kusschen, and I vpon my knee befyd hir, bot fehe gaif me a kuffehen with hir awen hand to lay vnder my kne, quhilk I refused, bot sche compellit me, and callit for my lady Stafford out of the nyxt chamber, for fche was hir allain ther sche asked whither the Quen or sche played best. In that I gaif hir the prayle Sche faid my Frenche was gud, and sperit gif I culd speak Italen, quhilk sche spak raisonable weill. I said, I taried not abone tun monethes in Italy, and had brocht with me fome bukis to reid upon, bot had na leafer to learn the langage perfyth Then fehr fpak to me in Dutche, bot it was not gud, and wald wit what kynd of bukis I lyked best, whither of theologie, history, or loue matters. I faid, I lyked weill of all the fortis

I was crucht to be dispetischit, bot sche said that I tyred schoner of hir company nor sche did of myn. I said, albeit I had no occasion to tyre, that it was tym to retourn, bot I was stayed two dayes langer till I mycht se hir dance, as I was infourmed, quhilk being done, sche inquyred at me whither sche or the Quen dancit best. I said, the Quen dancit not sa hich and disposedly as sche did. Then again sche wisht that sche mycht se the Quen at some convenient place of meating. I offent to convoy hir secretly in Scotland be posse, clothed lyk a

pange difgyfed, that sche mycht se the Quen, 38 K. James the 5 past in France difgyfed, with his awen ambassadour, to se the Due of Vendoines sister that suld have bene his wys, and how that hir chamber suld be kepit as thoch sche ver seak, in the mean tym, and nane to be preuj therto bot my lady Stassord, and ane of the grumes of hir chamber. Sche said, Alace! gene sche mycht do it, and seamed to lyk weill of sie kynd of langage, and vseall the meanis sche culd to cause me persuad the Quen of the gret loue that sche bure vinto hir, and was myndit to put away all geleusies and suspitions, and in tymes comying a straiter frendschip to stand between them then euer had bene of besore, and promysed that my dispasche suld be delyuent vinto me very schortly, be Wester Cicill at Londoun.

Lettroun, lectern, desk, gene gin, if leau, leave tyret t fou, fatigued Polle, Poland weld raiment setten, suited, kell, cap lusome, lovely heych, nich, high laich low kussenen cushion wistif, wished seak, sick.

James Melville (1556-1614) was, like his uncle, the Hellenist, divine, and great Presbyterian Churchman, Andrew Melville (1545-1622), born at Baldowie, Montrose, and became successively regent or tutor in the College of Glasgow, professor of Oriental Languages at St Andrews, and minister in 1586 of Anstruther and Kilrenny, whence he was ejected in 1606. He died at Berwick-on-Iweed. He is best remembered for his Diary (rather autobiography), which was edited for the Bannatyne Club (1829) and the Wodrow Society (1842).

His Childhood.

I haid an evill inclyned woman to my nuris, therefter speaned and put in a cottar hous, and about four or fyre year auld brought hame to a step mother, yet a verie honest burges of Montros hes oft tauld me, that my father wald ley me down on my bak, pleying with mic, and lauche at me because I could nocht ryse, I was sa fatt, and wald ask mie what caled mie. I wald answer, 'I am sa fatt I may nocht geang' And trewlie sen my rememberance, I cam never to the place bot God moved sum an with a motherlic affection towards me About the fift year of my age, the Grate Burk was put in my hand, and when I was scaving, lytle thairof haid I lernit at hame, therfor my father put my clicist and onlic brother, David, about a year and a halff in age above me, and me togidder, to a kinsman and brother in the ministene of his, to scholl, a guid, lerned, kynd man, whome for thankfulnes I name, Mr Wilyam Gray, minister at Lopic Montrose. He haid a sistar, a godlie and honest matron, rewlar of his hous, wha often rememberst me of my mother, and was a verte loving mother to us, indeid Ther was a guid nomber of gentle and honest men's berns of the country about, weill treated upe buthe in letters, godlines, and exer ceise of honest geames Ther we lerned to reid the Catechisme, Prayers, and Scripture, to rehers the Catechisms and Prayers par ever, also nottes of Scrip ture, efter the reiding thairof, and ther first I fand (blysed be my guid God for it') that Sprit of sanctifica tion beginning to work sum motiones in my hart, even about the aught and neat year of my age, to pray going to bed and rising and being in the fields alan to say ower the privers I hard lernit with a sweit moving in my hart, and to abhore swearing, and rebuk and complean upon sie as I hard swear. Wherunto

the exemple of that godlie matron, sciklie, and giffen to read and pray in hir led, did mille profit inc. for I ley in hir chamber and heard hir exercuses We lerned ther the Rudiments of the Latin Grammur withe the vocables in Latin and I renche, also dyverse speitches in Frenche with the reiding and right pronunciation of that toung. We proceedit fordar to the Etymologie of Lilius and his Syntax, as also a lytle of the Syntax of Linacer, therwith vas joyned Hunter's Nomenclatura, the Minora Colloquia of Lrasinus, and sum of the Eclogs of Virgill and Epistles of Horace, also Ciccro his Epistles ad Terentiam He haid a verie guid and profitable form of resolving the authors, he textehed grammaticallic bathe according to the Etymologie and Syntax, bot as for me, the treathe was, my ingrae and memorie war guid ancuche, bot my judgment and understanding war as yit smored and dark, sa that the thing quhilk I gat was mair be rat ryme nor knawlage also we hard the aire guid, and fields reasonable fear, and be our maister war teached to handle the bow for archerie, the glub for goff, the batons for fencing, also to rin, to loope, to swoom, to warsell, to preve pratterks, evene and haiffing his matche and andagonist, bathe in our lessons and play. A happie and golden tyme, indeed, giff our negligence and unthankfullnes haid nocht moved God to schorten it, partlie be deceying of the number, quhilk caused the maister to weine, and partlie be a pest qualk the Lord, for sinne and contempt of his Gospell, send upon Montrosc, distant from Over Logie bot two myles so that scholl skalled, and we war all send for and brought hame. I was at that scholl the space of almost five years, in the quality tyme, of publict news I remember I hard of the mariage of Hendrie and Marie, King and Quein of Scots, Seingnour Davie's [Kiccio's] slauchter, of the king's mourder at the kirk of I ield, of the Quein's taking at Carbarri, and the Langsyd feild. Wherof reid Mr Boweliannan Cornicle, lib 17, 18, 19

Even at that tyme, me thought the heiring of these things moved me, and stak in my hart with sum joy or sorrow, as I hard they might helps or hender the Relligion Namelie, I remember the ordour of the fast keipit iii anno 1566, the evill handling of the ministerie be taking away of their stipends, for Mr James Melvill, my uncle, and Mr James balfour, his eusing perman, bathe ministers and stipendles, with guid godlic, and kvnd Patrick Lorbes of Cors. The Land of Kinnaber and the godlie and zealus gentlemen of the countrey partlic for thair bernes cause, and partlic for that notable instrument in the Kirk of Scotland, Jhone Erskine of Done, Superintendent of Merns and Angus, his residence in Logy at certain tymes, did oftentymes frequent our hous, and talk of sic maters. remember weill whom we past to the head of the muir to sie the five of joy burning upon the stiple head of Montrose at the daye of the King's birthe These things I mark for the grait benefit of that place and companie, wherin the Lord wald haiff me treated upe in my first and tender age

Special wanted out I ailed genues, games, sports exercise usin, alone sciller with it give intelligence trivial southered obscired. It is maintaint typic nor kins clage was more by to other wrowsedne. It is fair to the loop glob, elab, wareful wrestle proof particular proof practiques defend theres do em a decay in a halfel, en pried was dismined. I minimit a tori of a diamans thintony of method, tennes, butter made how the for fathering the fathering of the fathering fathering for the fathering of fathering fa

displayed

finish my cours with joy, to his glory, and comfort of his Kirk, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to quhome with the Father and the Halie Gaist be all honour, praise and glorie for now and ever Amen

There is an anonymous Historie and Life of King James the Sixt, an anonymous Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents in Scotland from the time of James IV to 1575, scrappy but highly entertaining, The Diarie of Robert Birrel, Burges of Edinburgh, from 1532 to 1605, David Moysie's Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland from 1577 to 1603, and from Richard Bannatyne, John Knox's secretary, we have a Memoriale of Transactions in Scotland from 1569 to 1573, which, though it records interesting facts, is, like most of the rest, lacking in almost all the graces of style. Dr Gilbert Skene lest Ane Briefe Description of the Pest, The Sea Law of Scotland was expounded 'for the reddy use of seafaring men,' and John Skene prepared an Exposition of the Termes and Difficill Words in some collections of old Scots laws Most of these have been reprinted by the Bannatyne Club or the Scottish Text Society The Rolment of Courtis, by Abakuk Bysset, written in the reign of Charles I, remains in MS, and is, according to Dr J A. H Murray, 'perhaps the latest specimen of literary Middle Scotch prose existing?

Sir Richard Haitland of Lethington, now Lennoxlove, near Haddington (1496–1586), father of the more famous Secretary Lethington, was educated at St Andrews and Paris, and served James V, the Queen-Regent, Mary, and James VI as judge, privy-councillor, and Keeper of the Great Seal, and as commissioner for dealing with Border troubles. After he had become blind (before 1560) he filled in his spare time by writing a Historie of the House of Seaton, by writing a large number of poems, notable chiefly for shrewdness, sense, wit, and good feeling, and by making a very valuable MS collection of Early Scottish poems by various authors, his daughter serving as amanuensis Many of his own poems, largely occasional—On the New Year, On the Quenis Maryage, On the Assemblie of the Congregatioun, &c -beseech the factions which rent the country to be reconciled in the public interest. His record proves that in that time of fierce party conflict he was little of a partisan, but on the whole he favoured the Reforming party His facetious verses have something in common with Lyndsiy's The following is from his

Satire on the Toun Ladyes

Sum wyfis of the burrows toun
Sa wondir vane ar, and wantoun,
In warld they watt not quhat to weir
On claythis thay wair monye a croun,
And all for newfangilnes of geir

And of fine sill, they furth clayler.

And of fine silk thair furrit cloikis,
With hingand sleivis, lyk geill poikis,
Na preiching will gar thame foirbeir
To weir all thing that sinne provoikis,
And all for newfangilnes of geir

Thair wylecots man well be hewit, petiticoats
Broudirit richt brud, with pasmentis sewit lace
I trow, quha wald the matter speir,
That thair gudinen had caus to rew it,
That evir thair wyfis weir sic geir

Thair wovin hois of silk ar schawin, Barnt abone with tasteis drawin, With gartens of one new maneir, To gar thair courtlines be knawin, And all for newfangilnes of geir

Sumtyme thay will beir up thair gown,
To schaw thair wylecot hingeand down,
And sumtyme bayth thay will upbeir,
To schaw thair hois of blak or broun,
And all for newfangilnes of geir

Thair collars, carcats, and hals beids, carcanets and necklaces
With velvet hats height on thair heids,
Coirdit with gold lyik ane younkeir,
Brouderit about with goldin threids,
And all for newfangilnes of geir

Thair schone of velvot, and thair mullis, slippers
In kirk ar not content of stuillis, with stools
The sermon quhen thay sit to heir
Bot caryis cusching is lysk vaine fullis
And all for newfangilnes of geir

And sum will spend mair, I heir say, In space and droggis, on ane day, Nor wald thair mothers in ane yeir Quhilk will gar monye pak decay, Quhen thay sa vainlie waist thair geir

Leif, burgess men, or all be loist,

On your wyfis to mak sic cost,

Quhilk may gar all your bairnis bleir
Scho that may not want wyne and roist,

Is abill for to waist sum geir

Betwene thame, and nobilis of blude, Na difference bot ane velvous huid! Thair camroche curcheis are als deir, Thair uther claythis ar als guid, And that als costlie in uther geir

cambric kerchiefs

Of burgess wyfis thoch I speik plaine,
Sum landwart ladyis ar als vain, country ladies
As be thair cleithing may appeir,
Werand gayer nor thame may gain, may suit
On ouir vaine claythis waistand geir

Maitland's own poems were many of them printed by Pinkerton (1786) and by Sibbald (1807) and all of them by the Maitland Club (1830), so called in honour of the collector of the MSS

Alexander Scott (1525?-1584?) is on slender evidence conjectured to have been the son of a (Catholic) prebendary of the Chapel-Royal at Stirling, and seems to have spent most of his life in Edinburgh, in what office or profession is not known. He left thirty six short poems, of which the most notable is Ane New Year Gift to Quene Mary, which gives a rather melancholy picture of social conditions at the time, and a satire on the tournament, called Justing at the Drum, written obviously on the model of Chrystis Kirk of the Gren. The others are mainly love poems (some

of them very coarse, some of them mere graceful exercises in verse, some with the note of true passion), Pinkerton, not quite unreasonably, called Of Scotch authors him the Scottish Anacreon he stands nearest his English contemporaries Wyatt and Surrey, his verse is pointed, graceful, and melodious, and very varied in stanza and rhythm.

A Rondel of Lufe

Lo, quhat it is to lufe, love Learn 5e that list to prufe, By me, I say, that no wayis may The grund of greif remufe, Bot still decay, both nycht and day, Lo, quhat it is to lufe!

Luse is ane fervent fyre, Kendillit without desyre, Schort plesour, lang displesour, Repentence is the hyre, Ane pure tressour, without messour, Luse is ane servent fire

To lufe and to be wyiss, To rege with gud adwyiss, rage, be mad Now thus, now than, so gots the game, Incertane is the dyiss, There is no man, I say, that can Both lufe and to be wyiss.

Fle always from the snair, Fly-snare Lerne at me to be ware, It is ane pane and dowble trane pain-train Of endles wo and cair. For to refrane that denger plane, Fle always from the snair

In wayes, goes, the e is not pronounced wise in Scotch (here wysss) thymes with dice

To his Heart

Hence, hairt, with hir that most departe, her-must And hald thee with thy soverane, For I had lever want ane harte, the rather Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane, I hairfoir, go with thy lufe remane, And lat me leif thus vnmolest, live And se that thow cum not agane, Bot byd with her thow luvis best

Sen scho that I haif scheruit lang, she—served Is to depairt so suddanly, Address thee now, for thow sall gang And beir thy lady cumpany ra scho be gone, hairtless am I, Since she

Ffor quhy? thow art with her possest. Thairfoir, my heart, go hence in hy, haste And byd with hir thow luvis best.

Though this belappit body heir beleaguered. Be bound to scheruitude and thrall, servitude My faithful hairt is fre inteir, And mynd to serf my lady at all. Wald God that I wer perigall equal, fitted Vnder that redolent ross to rest! rose

Set at the leist, my hairt, thow sall

Abyd with hir thou lufis best.

Sen in 3our garth the lilly quhyte May not remane amang the laif, Adew the flour of haill delyte, Adew the succour that ma me saif. Adew the fragrant balme suaif, And lamp of ladeis lustrest ! My faithful hairt scho sall it haif, To byd with hir it luvis best.

rest

may

Deploir, 5e ladeis cleir of hew, Hir absence, sen scho most departe, And specially 3e luvaris trew, That woundit bene with luvis darte, Ffor sum of 50w sall want ane harte Als weill as I thairfoir at last Do go with myn, with mynd inwart, And byd with hir thow luvis best.

The merit of Scott's translations of the First and Fiftieth Psalms may be gathered from the first verse of the former (the double rhymes in first and third lines being a feature)

> Happie is he hes hald him fre From folkis of defame, Alwayis to fle iniquite

And sent of syn and schame. scent, taint Some of Scott's poems were printed by Allan Ramsay, Lord

Hailes, and others, the whole of them were edited by D Laing (1821), in the Hunterian Clubs transcript of the Bannatyne MS. in which alone they were preserved (1874-81) and for the Scottish Text Society by Cranstoun (1895).

Robert Sempill (1530?-95), author of The Sempill Ballates, was the most considerable versesatirist in the period immediately following the He has been-absurdly Scottish Reformation enough-identified with both the third and the fourth Lords Sempill, but was probably an illegiti mate member of that noble house. Either as combatant or as spectator he was present at the siege of Leith in 1559-60 He was in Paris before 1572, whence he escaped at the massacre of St Bartholomew, and there is record of his having been paid for some service to the Scottish Govern ment. A violent partisan of the ultra-Reforming party, he in his verses reviled Mary, Bothwell, Lethington, Kirkaldy of Grange, and the episcopal ('Tulchan') dignitaries, and treated their opponents as glorious and spotless heroes pieces (three of which are in the Bannatyne MS) are highly indecorous, his principal satires are rather lampoons - coarse, rude, but pithy and clever, his most decorous 'deplorations' of deaths and disasters are dismal diatribes, not poems he is doubtless the representative spirit of a party that has left no equally vivid picture of the temper The Regentes Tragedy was a lament of the times for the Earl of Moray's death, Ane Complaint upon Fortoun records his regret for the fall of Morton, the Legend of the Bischop of St Androis Lyfe is a scurrilous invective against Archbishop Adamson, and opens thus

> To all and sundrie be it sene Mark weill this mater what I meine, The legend of a lymmans lyfe, Our Metropolitane of Fyffe,

rogue s

Ane schismatyke and gude swyne hogge,
Come of the tryb [of] Gog Magoge,
Ane elphe, ane elvasche incubus,
Ane leurand laurie licherous,
Ane fals, forloppen fenyeit freir,
Ane ranigard for greid of geir,
Still daylie drinckand or he dyne,
A wirriare of the gude sweit wyne,
Ane baxters sone, ane beggar borne,
That twyse his surname hes mensworne

How little descriptive poetry was Sempill's forte will be seen from these verses from The Sege of the Castil of Edinburgh in 1572

The vehement schot 5eid in at other syde,
By threttie Cannonis plasit at partis seuin,
Quhill thay thair in mycht not thair heidis hyde
For Pot Gun pellettis falland from the heuin.
The Bumbard stanis derecthe fell sa euin,
That in to dykis by dint it deidly dang thame,
Quhill all the housis in the place wes reuin
The bullatis brak sa in to bladis among thame. fragments

Continewand this ane dosand of dayis or mair, Quhill tyme apointit, neuer man durst steir, I he larum rang, the Regent self wes thair, My Lord Ambassat, to, stuid uerry neir, The manile Generall, lyke the god of weir, Not vsit to sleip quhen sic thingis ar a do, Our Cronall als, quha is ane freik bot feir, With all his Capitanes reddie to ga to

colonel,

Allan Ramsay printed in the Evergreen three of Sempill's poems given in Bannatyne's MS. T G Stevenson printed them all (with many not by him) in The Sempill Ballates (1873), and of the forty eight pieces in Cranstoun's Satirical Poems of the Reformation (Scot. Hist. Soc. 1889-93) those certainly by Sempill are twelve in number, and a good many of the twenty seven that are anonymous or pseudonymous were by the editor regarded as probably Sempill's.

Alexander Montgomerie (c 1545-c. 1610), born probably at Hessilhead Castle near Beith, was in the service of the Regent Morton and James VI, travelled in France, Flanders, and Spain, and, having lost favour and retired from court, became devout in his later years. His pasquinades are coarse and savage without being strong, his amatory poems laboured, and his devotional pieces His fame rests on The Cherrie and the Slae (1597), which is an allegorical poem representing virtue and vice, and was possibly written in Compstone Castle, on Tarff Water, above Kirkcudbright (seven of the stanzas were recast shortly before his death) The allegory is poorly managed, and is both obscure and incoherent, some of the descriptions are lively and vigorous, but there is more sound sense than poetry in the reflections The metre, partly at least his own invention, seems to have been first developed in his poem, The Bankis of Helicon Here he follows a poetic but non classical convention which, in speaking of the Muses, opposes a well or stream called Helicon to the mountain of Parnassus-a convention followed also by Chaucer ('By Elicon the clere well'), Caxton, Gavin Douglas, Skelton, Davie Lyndsay, Spenser, the academic Pilgrimage |

to Parnassus, and even Ben Jonson, as well as by Mount Helicon was sacred to the Muses. and on it were the hallowed fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene (also called Fons Caballinus), and though there was a spring named Helicon near Parnassus and a river so called in Sicily, there is no classical authority for associating either with the Muses The stanza is made up of a common enough ten-line verse followed by four short lines having double rhymes analogous to those of some Latin hymns It has not usually been noted that Turberville (see page 265) uses a stave which in the matter of these double rhymes and other essentials is very similar. Maitland adopted this stanza, Ramsay revived it, and Burns often used it, but, like several of Montgomerie's rhythms, this is rather complicated for his metrical skill or poetic gift. He was influenced by Alexander Scott and the English lyrists, and it has been pointed out that several of his seventy sonnets are translations from Ronsard The Flyting with Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth is as coarse as that of Dunbar with Kennedy Like Dunbar, Holland, and other old Scottish poets, he wrote bitterly and contemptuously against 'Hielandmen.' The first verse of the Bankis of Helicon (which Dr Cranstoun accepted as certainly Montgomerie's) is

Declair, 5e bankis of Helicon, Parnassus hillis and daillis ilk on. each one And fontaine Caballein, Hippocrene (Fons Caballinus) Gif ony of zour Muses all Or nymphis may be peregall equal Vnto my lady schein. bright Or if the ladyis that did lave Their bodyis by your brim So seimlie war or 5it so suave, So bewtiful or trim Contempill, exempill Consider Tak be hir proper port, Take example by Gif onye sa bonye Amang 50u did resort

This is one of Montgomerie's sonnets to the king, begging for his pension

greatest

If lose of guids, if gritest grudge or grief,

If povertie, imprisonment, or pane, If for guid will ingratitude agine, If lauguishing in langour but relief, without If det, if dolour, and to become deif, If travell tint and labour lost in vane tined, lost Do properly to poets appertane, Of all that craft my chance is to be chief, With August Virgill wantit his renard, And Ovids lote as lukless as the lave, lot Quhill Homer had his hap was wery hard, Jet when he died, sevin cities for him strave, Thoght I am not lyk one of thame in arte I pingle thame all perfythe in that parte. surpass

From the recast of the 'Cherrie and the Slae.'

About an bank with balmy bewis, Quhair nychtingales thair notis renewis, With gallant goldspinks gay, thrush,

swallow

linnet

The mavis, merle, & Progne proud,
The lintquhyt, lark, & lavrock loud
Salutit mirthful May,
Quhen Philomel had sweitly sung,
To Progne scho deplord,
How Tereus cut out her tung,
And falsly hir deflourd,
Quilk story so sorie
To schaw hirself scho seimt,
To heir hir so neir hir,
I doutit if I dreimt.

The cushat crouds, the corbie crys, 0005 The coukow couks, the prattling pyes To geck hir they begin, taunt The jargoun of the jangling jayes, The craiking craws and keckling kays, jackdaws They deavt me with thair din The painted pawn with Argos eyis peacock Can on his mayock call. make, mate The turtle wails on witherit treis, And Eccho answers all, Repeting with greiting How fair Narcissus fell.

His schadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare In hidlings hirpling heir and thair, secret—hopping Fo mak thair morning mange.

The con, the cuning, and the cat, squirrel—rabbit

Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat, With stiff mustachis strange The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae

By lying and spying

The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae

The fulmart and false fox,

The beardit buck clam up the brae

bristly bears

and badgers

With birssy bairs and brocks,
Sum feiding, sum dreiding
The hunters subtle snairs,
With skipping and tripping
They playit them all in pairs

The air was sobir, saft and sweit,
Nae misty vapours, wind nor weit,
Bot quyit, calm, and cleir,
To foster Floras fragrant flouris,
Quhairon Apollos paramouris
Had trinklit mony a teir,

The quhilk lyke silvir schaikers shynd, spangles
Embroydering Bewties bed,
Quhairwith their heavy heids declynd,
In Mayis collouris cled
Sum knoping, sum droping
Of balmy liquour sweit,

Throw Phebus hailsum heit.

He skilfully worked up an old *motif* and refrain into a new song, of which we hardly know how much is Montgomerie's and how much the original ('spiritualised' in the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis*). The first two stanzas run

Excelling and smelling

Hey, nou the day dawis,
The jolie cok crawis,
Now shroudis the shawis
Throu Natur anone
The thissell cok cry is
On louers wha ly is,
Nou skullis the skyis
The night is neir gone

flame

row an

The feildis ouerflous
With gouans that grous,
Quhair lilies lyk lou is,
Als rid as the rone.
The turtill that treu is,
With nots that reneus,
Hir pairtie perseus
The night is neir gone.

Montgomeries Poems have been edited by Irving (1821) and Dr James Cranstoun (Scot. Text Soc. 1886-87) See also Dr Hoffmann's Studien on Alexander Montgomerie (Altenburg, 1894).

ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEAN LITERATURE.

LATER SIXTEENTH AND EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES



Is growing to be more and more difficult, as knowledge becomes more exact, to find a general term by which to distinguish the magnificent literature of England at the close of the sixteenth and the

opening of the seventcenth centuries. It was customary in earlier times to call everything from Sackville to Shirley Elizabethan, and in common parlance the entire period of sixty or seventy years is still laxly termed the Elizabethan age. In point of fact, the adjectives 'Elizabethan' and 'Jacobean,' though con venient, are misleading, and the literary movement from 1558 to 1625 cannot be regarded with reference to political events. The date of Elizabeth's death, 1603, is a particularly inconvenient one to the student of literature, and divides the epoch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in a meaningless way Nor is there anything which properly connects a writer like Gascoigne with a writer like Quarles proper way of regarding this intensely vivid and various age is, perhaps, to divide it into four periods of unequal length and value before we define these stages in the evolution of the Elizabethan Jacobean history, we must see where England stood among the peoples of Europe in 1558

Italy at that moment was still at the summit of the intellectual world, easily first among the

nations for learning and literary accomplish-But she was already closely pursued by France, and before the age we are considering ended she was to be passed in the race by This, then, is to be noted, Spain and England that we find Italian literature the first in Europe, and that we leave it the fourth, the rapid, steady decline of Italy being a phenomenon of highest import in our general survey But prestige lingers long after the creative faculty has passed away, and the nations of Western Europe were still dazzled by the splendours of Italian poetry long after Italy had ceased to deserve homage The chivalrous epic of Italy, with its tales 'of ladies dead and lovely knights,' whether entirely serious with Boiardo (1434-1494) and Ariosto (1474-1533), or tinged with burlesque humour with Pulci (1432-1487) and Berni (1497-1535), had been the last great gift of Italy to literature before she sank into her decline The Orlando Furioso and the Morgante Maggiore set their stamp on European literature, and most of all on that of England. To note the influence of Ariosto on Spenser, in particular, is of the first critical importance

All these Italian poets, it will be observed, were dead when Elizabeth came to the throne. There succeeded to these great names nothing better than those of serio-comic poets of the third class, such as Tassoni and Bracciolini, although, during our own great age, the light of Italian poetry made another flicker in the

socket with Guarini and with Torquato Tasso If, however, Italian verse was not any longer of commanding importance, Italian prose was so still less. Italy had possessed a noble school of political historians, but they had passed away before the middle of the sixteenth century The novelists of manners, who exercised so important an influence on our drama, and on Shakespeare himself, belong to a period antecedent to the revival of English prose, Bandello died in 1561, Cinthio in 1573, the Notti Piacevoli was published in 1554 A blight fell upon Italian prose after the appearance of these novels. More curious still was the early attempt made, at first apparently with extraordinary success, to create an Italian drama. It was doomed to sudden and abject failure In all things it seemed as though Italy, after the splendours of the Cinque Cento, was deliberately drawn into the background by Providence to make room for France, and for Spain, and most of all for England

If we turn to France, we find that by 1558 the principles of the Italian Renaissance had been completely introduced among the young The famous Defense et Illustration de la Langue Française dates from 1549, and in its reformation of the language led to a parallel revival of literary forms and a return to natural poetic inspiration The result had been an instant and extraordinary renovation of the essential French genius, dipped again in the waters of antiquity and transformed to youth That France was ahead of Engand beauty land in her literary revival is easily exemplified by the fact that Joachim du Bellay, by whom the principles of that revival were illustrated with peculiar perfection and delicacy, died in 1560, before Shakespeare and Marlowe were Ronsard, who lived to the confines of born old age, died just six months after Shakespeare came of age The creation of tragedy in France followed a little later, but it was coincident with the earliest years of Elizabeth, and the date of the Cléopatre of Jodelle is 1552 The beginnings of original comedy in France, with Grevin and Jean de la Taille, belong to the first decade of Elizabeth's reign In all forms of imaginative revival France is seen to be about one generation ahead of us at this time. The same may be said of French prose in the hands of the writer who affected us most, namely, Montaigne (1533-1592)

In Spain the reign of Philip II (1555–1598) was so nearly coincident with that of Elizabeth

that we can trace the literary parallel with some The following of Italian models is far more general in Spain than it is with us, but it takes a form which is a perfectly original one and native to the Peninsula, namely, the lynco-In St Teresa (1515-1582), St John of the Cross (San Juan de la Cruz, 1542-1591, abbot of the monastery of Ubeda, who was called 'the ecstatic doctor'), and Luis Ponce de Leon (1527-1591) we have poets of the tran scendental order who were far-ahead of any English writers of 1570 in vigour of diction and accomplishment of poetic art, these lyrists were destined to exercise an intense, though limited, The novel, influence on our own poetry picaresque or pastoral, was cultivated in Spain before it was transplanted to us Montemayor, who died in 1561, is the direct inspirer of Sidney and the school of Greene Moreover, in the days of Philip II the drama found in Spain that acceptance which it had failed to find in Italy, and the life of Lope de Vega beyond the life extends on both sides of Shakespeare Mr Fitzmaurice-Kelly has dwelt on the dramatic experiments of Encina (1468-1534), and we have nothing in English of the early sixteenth century to compare with his 'liturgical' dramas The amazing tragi comedy or dramatised novel of Calisto and Melibea, by Rojas, dates from 1499, and is precisely on a level with what some Englishmen of like mind might have composed in 1599 We are not, however, to presume from this that England was all through the century a hundred years behind Spain, since there seems to have been made no further progress at all, in the novel or the drama, until the days of Cervantes and of Lope de Vega, who were exact contemporaries of Shakespeare and Spenser

We may therefore roughly say that, standing on the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, we see Italy, flushed and garlanded with triumphs, and taking as a matter of course her prestige of supremacy, practically unsuspicious of the fact that her vitality has left her, and that she is dwindling to the fourth rank among the nations. We see France, at this very instant of sudden revival and reconstitution of her literature, taking the principles of humanism with a sort of limpid innocence, like a child, amusing herself by applying them to the outer surface of life and language, without troubling herself to see that they permeate into the veins of the race. France is in the heyday of her brief literary Age

of Gold. Spain is the one country in Europe whose literary history at this moment resembles our own. Like ourselves, she has tardily accepted the Renaissance, the mediæval strain has nearly worked itself out of her, she is starting, or has started, each of the purely modern forms of literary expression. But, while Spain began her revival earlier than we did, she progressed with it in far more dilatory fashion. In 1558 we are still almost barbarous, while she looks back on Boscán and Garcilaso and Guevara, but Spain moves so slowly that by 1588 we have caught her up, and before 1600 we have passed her

For in 1588 there was little being produced or prepared that could have suggested to such a general observer as did not then exist in the world that we could pretend to anything better than the fourth place among the literary nations If we give a brief consideration to the first of the four divisions of one period of which we have spoken above, the record it presents to us is mainly one of sterile turmoil and the irritability of inexperience From 1558 to 1570 we are told, indeed, that 'Minerva's men and finest wits' swarmed like bees at the universities and the Inns of Court, but little honey resulted, and that neither sweet nor translucent. One great poetic genius, indeed, born out of his due time, and crushed (it would appear) by the absolute inability of his age to comprehend what he was doing, does appear in the form of Thomas Sackville, whose Induction, a meteoric portent of a poem, not connected with any other in the generation, appeared in 1563 in the second edition of a dreary and antiquated verse-iniscellany called A Mirror for Magistrates, where its vivid modern note clashes astonishingly with the droning and mumbling measure of its As I have remarked elsewhere, a sign fellows of the unhealthy condition of letters in this hectic generation is that, although it produced experiments in literature, it encouraged no literary man, and Sackville passed abruptly from us into politics and silence Ascham, an opponent of the Italian influence, and the head of a school which had endeavoured to press upon Englishmen a crabbed Hellenism, stripped of all the elements of beauty, died in 1568, leaving us unconvinced of the value of his own scheme of humanism, yet suspicious of and unprepared for any other Arthur Brooke, convinced to the finger-tips that salvation can only come from Italy, produces a poem worthy of more historical attention than we have

been accustomed to give Churchyard, Googe, Turberville, dull dogs without much to say or voice for singing, keep the level of accomplishment as low as they can, while Ascham's theories about the classics lead to a great activity in the rendering of Greek and Latin classics into a horrible jargon that passes for the newest English The year 1570 comes and goes, and English literature is still in doleful case

It is permissible, however, to take the somewhat arbitrary date of the publication of the Bull of Excommunication by Pope Pius V (April 25, 1570) as the opening of a new intellectual era in England. Elizabeth, not in the least daunted by her enemies, adopted an attitude of resolute isolation which gave confidence to her entire people. For the next ten years, by contrast with the distracted condition of Europe, the internal affairs of England were prosperous and tranquil, for the country had realised that it was face to face with an implacable foe, whom, nevertheless, by the exercise of patriotic virtue, it might confidently In this condition of evalted hope to defy public feeling, under this pleasurable tension, these seeds of Renaissance culture, which had hitherto sent up such dwindled shoots into the English air, began to thrust forth an abundant harvest The Bull of Deposition, which it was hoped by the Roman party would paralyse England, was a trumpet-blast calling upon all the slumbering forces of intelligence to waken and come forth Hence the period from 1570 to 1590—the real and essential Elizabethan period-is one of the most vivid and exciting spaces of twenty years with which the student is called upon to deal in the whole history of letters It rustles with growth, like a tropical forest in early summer We find it difficult to take note of what is happening, so sudden and so manifold are the manifestations of originality

In the higher poetry, Spenser, still a school-boy, leads the chorus with his first lisping translations from Petrarch and Joachim du Bellay as early as 1569. But for the solitary voice of Sackville, calling twice in the wilderness, like a ghostly clarion, there had been none to point out the excellent way of modern English poetry since Surrey. But by this time some of the poets had at least reached the age at which independent impressions are formed and can be retained. In 1570 we may recollect that Marlowe and Shakespeare were six years old, while Constable, Daniel, Drayton,